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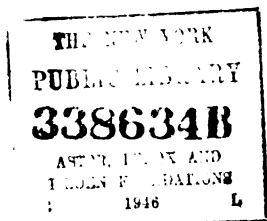
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FROM OCTOBER, 1852, TO JUNE, 1853.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1852.

A PLEA FOR SOFT WORDS.

BY ALICE CARRY.

Strange and subtle are the influences which affect the spirit and touch the heart. Are there bodiless creatures around us, moulding our thoughts into darkness or brightness, as they will? Whence, otherwise, come the shadow and the sunshine, for which we can discern no mortal agency?

Often, as we grow older, come the shadows; less frequently the sunshine. Ere I took up my pen, I was sitting with a pleasant company of friends, listening to music, and speaking, with the rest, light words.

Suddenly, I knew not why, my heart was wrapt away in an atmosphere of sorrow. A sense of weakness and unworthiness weighed me down, and I felt the moisture gather to my eyes and my lips tremble, though they kept the smile.

All my past life rose up before me, and all my short-comings—all my mistakes, and all my wilful wickedness, seemed pleading trumpet-tongued against me.

I saw her before me whose feet trod with mine the green holts and meadows, when the childish thought strayed not beyond the near or the possible. I saw her through the long blue distances, clothed in the white beauty of an angel; but, alas! she drew her golden hair across her face to veil from her vision the sin-darkened creature whose eyes dropt heavily to the hem of her robe.

O pure and beautiful one, taken to peace ere the weak temptation had lifted itself up beyond thy stature, and compelled thee to listen, to oppose thy weakness to its strength, and to fall—sometimes, at least, let thy face shine on me from between the clouds. Fresh from the springs of Paradise, shake from thy wings the dew against my forehead. We two were coming up together through the sweet land of poesy and dreams, where the senses believe what the heart hopes; our hands were full of green boughs, and our laps of cowslips and violets, white and purple. We were talking of that more beautiful world into which childhood was opening out, when that spectre met us, feared and dreaded alike by the strong man and the little child, and one was taken, and the other left.

One was caught away sinless to the bosom of the Good Shepherd, and one was left to weep pitiless tears, to eat the bread of toil, and to think the bitter thoughts of misery,—left “to clasp a phantom and to find it air.” For often has the adversary pressed me sore, and out of my arms

has slid ever that which my soul pronounced good: slid out of my arms and coiled about my feet like a serpent, dragging me back and holding me down from all that is high and great.

Pity me, dear one, if thy sweet sympathies can come out of the glory, if the lovelight of thy beautiful life can press through the cloud and the evil, and fold me again as a garment; pity and plead for me with the maiden mother whose arms in human sorrow and human love cradled our blessed Redeemer.

She hath known our mortal pain and passion—our more than mortal triumph—she hath heard the “blessed art thou among women.” My un-availing prayers, goldenly syllabled by her whose name sounds from the manger through all the world, may find acceptance with Him who, though our sins be as scarlet, can wash them white as wool.

Our hearts grew together as one, and along the headlands and the valleys one shadow went before us, and one shadow followed us, till the grave gaped hungry and terrible, and I was alone. Faltering in fear, but lingering in love, I knelt by the death-bed—it was the middle night, and the first means of the autumn came down from the hills, for the frost specks glistened on her golden robes, and the wind blew chill in her bosom. Heaven was full of stars, and the half moon scattered abroad her beauty like a silver rain. Many have been the middle nights since then, for years lie between me and that fearfulest of all watches; but a shadow, a sound, or a thought, turns the key of the dim chamber, and the scene is reproduced.

I see the long locks on the pillow, the smile on the ashen lips, the thin, cold fingers faintly pressing my own, and hear the broken voice saying, “I am going now. I am not afraid. Why weep ye? Though I were to live the full time allotted to man, I should not be more ready, nor more willing than now.” But over this there comes a shudder and a groan that all the mirthfulness of the careless were impotent to drown.

Three days previous to the death-night, three days previous to the transit of the soul from the clayey tabernacle to the house not made with hands—from dishonor to glory—let me turn them over as so many leaves.

The first of the November mornings, but the summer had tarried late, and the wood to the south of our homestead lifted itself like a painted

wall against the sky—the squirrel was leaping nimbly and chattering gaily among the fiery tops of the oaks or the dum foliage of the hickory, that shot up its shelving trunk and spread its forked branches far over the smooth, moss-spotted boles of the beeches, and the limber boughs of the elms. Tithe and blithe he was, for his harvest was come.

From the cracked beech-burs was dropping the sweet, angular fruit, and down from the hickory boughs with every gust fell a shower of nuts—shelling clean and silvery from their thick, black hulls.

Now and then, across the stubble-field, with long ears erect, leaped the gray hare, but for the most part he kept close in his burrow, for rude hunters were on the hills with their dogs, and only when the sharp report of a rifle rung through the forest, or the hungry yelping of some trailing hound startled his harmless slumber, might you see at the mouth of his burrow the quivering lip and great timid eyes.

Along the margin of the creek, shrunken now away from the blue and gray and yellowish stones that made its cool pavement, and projected in thick layers from the shelving banks, the white columns of gigantic sycamores leaned earthward, their bases driven, as it seemed, deep into the ground—all their convolutions of roots buried out of view. Dropping into the stagnant waters below, came one by one the broad, rose-tinted leaves, breaking the shadows of the silver limbs.

Ruffling and widening to the edges of the pools went the circles, as the pale, yellow walnuts plashed into their midst, for here, too, grew the parent trees, their black bark cut and jagged and broken into rough diamond-work.

That beautiful season was come when

"Bustle girls in hoods
Go gleaming through the woods."

Two days after this, we said, my dear mate and I, we shall have a holiday, and from sunrise till sunset, with our laps full of ripe nuts and orchard fruits, we shall make pleasant pastime.

Rosalie, for so I may call her, was older than I, with a face of beauty and a spirit that never flagged. But to-day there was heaviness in her eyes, and a flushing in her cheek that was deeper than had been there before.

Still she spoke gaily, and smiled the old smile, for the gaunt form of sickness had never been among us children, and we knew not how his touch made the head sick and the heart faint.

The day looked forward to so anxiously dawned at last; but in the dim chamber of Rosalie the light fell sad. I must go alone.

We had always been together before, at work and in play, asleep and awake, and I lingered long ere I would be persuaded to leave her; but when she smiled and said the fresh-gathered nuts and shining apples would make her glad, I wiped her forehead, and turning quickly away that she might not see my tears, was speedily wading through windrows of dead leaves.

The sensations of that day I shall never forget; a vague and trembling fear of some coming evil, I knew not what, made me often start as the shadows drifted past me, or a bough crackled beneath my feet.

From the low, shrubby hawthorns, I gathered the small, red apples, and from beneath the maples, picked by their slim, golden stems, the notched and gorgeous leaves. The wind fingered playfully my hair, and clouds of birds went whirling through the tree-tops, but no sight nor sound could divide my thoughts from her whose voice had so often filled with music these solitary places.

I remember when first the fear distinctly defined itself. I was seated on a mossy log, counting the treasures which I had been gathering, when the clatter of hoof-strokes on the clayey and hard-beaten road arrested my attention, and looking up—for the wood thinned off in the direction of the highway, and left it distinctly in view—I saw Doctor H—, the physician in attendance upon my sick companion. The visit was an unseasonable one. She whom I loved so might never come with me to the woods any more.

Where the hill sloped to the roadside, and the trees, as I said, were but few, was the village graveyard. No friend of mine, no one whom I had ever known or loved, was buried there—yet with a child's instinctive dread of death, I had ever passed its shaggy solitude (for shrubs and trees grew there wild and unattended) with a hurried step and averted face.

Now, for the first time in my life, I walked voluntarily thitherward, and climbing on a log by the fence-side, gazed long and earnestly within. I stood beneath a tall locust tree, and the small, round leaves, yellow now as the long cloud-bar across the sunset, kept dropping and dropping at my feet till all the faded grass was covered up. There the mattock had never been struck; but in fancy I saw the small leaves falling and drifting about a new and smooth-shaped mound—and choking with the turbulent outcry in my heart, I glided stealthily homeward—alas, to find the boding shape I had seen through mists and shadows, awfully palpable. I did not ask about Rosalie. I was afraid; but with my rural gleanings in my lap, opened the door of her chamber. The physician had preceded me but a moment, and, standing by the bedside, was turning toward the lessening light the little wasted hand, the one on which I had noticed in the morning a small purple spot. "Mortification!" he said, abruptly, and moved away as though his work were done.

There was a groan expressive of the sudden and terrible consciousness, which had in it the agony of agonies—the giving up of all. The gift I had brought fell from my relaxed grasp, and hiding my face in the pillow, I gave way to the passionate sorrow of an undisciplined nature.

When at last I looked up, there was a smile on her lips that no faintest moan ever displaced again.

A good man and a skilful physician was Dr. H—, but his infirmity was a love of strong drink; and, therefore, was it that he softened not the terrible blow which must soon have fallen. I link with his memory no reproaches now, for all this is away down in the past; and that foe, that sooner or later biteth like a serpent, soon did his work, but then my breaking heart judged him hardly. Often yet, for in all that is saddest me-

mory is faithfulest, I wake suddenly out of sleep, and live over that first and bitterest sorrow of my life: and there is no house of gladness in the world that with a whisper will not echo the moan of lips pale with the kisses of death.

Sometimes, when life is gayest about me, an unseen hand leads me apart, and opening the door of that still chamber, I go in—the yellow leaves are at my feet again, and that white hand between me and the light.

I see the blue flames quivering and curling close about the smouldering embers on the hearth. I hear soft footsteps and sobbing voices, and see the clasped hands and placid smile of her who, alone among us all, was untroubled; and over the darkness and the pain, I hear a voice saying, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Would, dear reader, that you might remember, and I, too, always, the importance of soft and careful words. One harsh or even thoughtlessly chosen epithet may bear with it a weight which shall weigh down some heart through all life. There are for us all nights of sorrow in which we feel their value. Help us, Our Father, to remember it.

THE OLD QUEEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

In a small but magnificent cabinet of Hampton Court, sat Elizabeth, the stern old monarch of England. Upon her forehead—darkening the furrows of age—a frown lowered ominously. Her eyes were vivid in their expression, and her thin lips clung together with the tenacity of stern and long endured passion—the iron passion of age, in which there is so much pain.

Around her was everything beautiful and costly enough to gratify even her queenly pride and fastidious taste: hangings of rare old tapestry—cushions glowing with crimson and gold—ebony tables carved to a network and woven over with gold, supporting vases and caskets of the same precious metal, in which the royal jewels were occasionally flung—birds of Paradise, preserved in all the brilliancy of their flowing plumage—and many a rare curiosity from the East filled the royal cabinet. A Persian carpet, gorgeous with arabesque and flowers, covered a small portion of the floor, and upon this stood the great ebony chair, cushioned with purple velvet, in which the old Queen was seated. The light from a large crystal window fell upon her wrinkled brow, shaded, not by the cold and wintry gray of age, but with false ringlets of sunny gold, surmounted by a small crown. Over her bowed but still majestic figure a robe of glowing crimson fell, wave after wave, till it lay a mass of mingled velvet, ermine and jewels, over the cushion on which her foot was pressed. Her withered neck, and the small pale hand, that rested on the arm of her chair, were one blaze of jewels that only kindled up the ravages of time they were intended to conceal. Before her stood a small cabinet of silver, encrusted with a Mosaic of precious stones, whereon lay a jewelled pen and a roll of vellum that seemed to have been freshly written upon.

Everything in the palace seemed moving on with

the slow and regular magnificence that always surrounded the Queen. Through an open door which led to the ante-chamber of her withdrawing-room, several pages and yeomen of the guard, in their crimson vestments and golden roses, were moving about with the listless and indifferent air of persons on easy duties. Beyond, might be seen the maids of honor and ladies in attendance, gliding through the gorgeous apartments with that hushed and reverential manner which always bespoke their close neighborhood to royalty. But now even more than usual silence prevailed among the high-born beauties. Many a wistful glance was cast through the open door, and the color paled on each fair cheek, as the old Queen sat with that stern frown upon her features, gazing upon the roll of parchment that her minister, Cecil, had just brought for her signature. She reached forth her hand, took up the parchment, and slowly unrolling it, began to read. The light lay broad upon her face—and those who gazed upon it, saw that a slight change fell upon her features. Some memory seemed busy with her heart—and, heaving a deep sigh, she laid the parchment down upon the cabinet; and while her hand rested on the edge, allowed it to roll together again, while she fell into a deep thought.

All at once, Elizabeth seemed to remember that she was not entirely alone. The form that had been gradually bowed as with oppressing thought, was straightway uplifted. She turned her eagle eyes upon the door, and rising, swept across the room, and closed it with her own hand. And now her aged features were sorely troubled; alternate flashes of fierce passion, and tenderness that seemed almost as wild, shot from her eyes. Great emotion swept aside the infirmities of age for a moment, and she paced the floor of her cabinet with a quick and imperious tread that had been so conspicuous in her first queenly days.

"Why is he thus stubborn?" she muttered, clasping her hands, and then dashing them apart, as if ashamed of the feminine act. "He has the ring!—he has the ring, and yet sends it not! To save his own life, will he not bend that stubborn will—and to his Queen, his loving, too loving mistress?" These words seemed to overwhelm the haughty woman with recollections of the past; a tear started to her eye, and with something of lofty pride, she added—"But if the loss of our love and favor bowed him not, what can be hoped from a fear of death? Is that stronger than—than—" Elizabeth did not finish the sentence, but sinking into her chair, pressed one hand over her eyes, and tears gushed through the jewels that burned upon it.

And Elizabeth gave free course to the tears, that she might indulge in secret without detriment to her queenly pride; for that moment she was all the woman—a weak, trembling, disappointed old woman—in whose wrung heart tenderness had conquered pride. Essex, the petted favorite—the lover of her old age—it was his *death-warrant* that her counsellors had laid before her. The pen was ready; the deathly black ink welled to the top of her golden standish; the vellum was before her, and lacked nothing but the royal signature. She arose, and while her hands and face were wet with tears, snatched up the scroll with a burst of

passionate feeling, and trampled it under her foot.

"May thy Queen perish with thee, Essex—my best, last beloved—if her hand touches this death-paper!" she cried, in a voice that reached the ante-room. "What if thy proud stomach does refuse to send the token—Elizabeth can forgive the pride her favor has fostered. The lowest man may take life, but mercy is a royal prerogative. Let them gibe, if they dare, and say that the Queen could not shed the blood of him she loved. Ha! what intrusion is this?" she added, crushing the vellum beneath her foot, and dashing aside the tears that hung on her cheek. "Who dares thus force themselves on our privacy?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth drew herself up with more than regal majesty, and awaited the approach of two females dressed in deep mourning, who came tremblingly toward her: one, a tall and beautiful woman, in the full bloom and summer of life, but pale from emotion, and trembling like an aspen leaf, in every delicate limb, seemed to grow desperate as she met the eagle eyes of the Queen; clasping her hands with a sort of wild and timid grace, she sprang forward and fell at Elizabeth's feet.

"My Lady of Essex, here—here in our very presence!—and you also, Lady Blunt—or Leicester—or Essex—for of your many husbands, dame, we are puzzled to know whose name befits you. Have you not both received our command not to approach the court?"

"We did receive it, most gracious Lady—most august Queen," cried the elder female, kneeling by her young and beautiful daughter-in-law, and speaking with that subdued and touching pathos that seems born of the troubled waters in a heart that has been long in breaking. "We did receive it; but despair has made us bold. God, in His mercy, touch your heart in our behalf—for we have no hope save in this disobedience!"

The thin lips of Elizabeth Tudor curled with a cruel and haughty smile. Her rivals—the two rivals of her youth and of her age—were at her feet. The widow of Leicester, her first favorite—the wife of Essex, her last. Ah, how cruelly her heart exulted in the triumphs of that moment! how hard and stern it grew with thought of revenge! An oath broke from her, and she replied, with bitter violence:

"Then in this disobedience let all hope perish!"

"Oh, say not so, great Queen—say not so!" cried the Countess of Essex, lifting her beautiful face from the floor, where it had fallen, in the bitter anguish of her first repulse. "He has been rash—headstrong; but there is not in all England a heart more loyal, nor one that loves your august person so truly."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth, with a bitter sneer, "he proved it, by wedding with thy baby face!"

"Oh, that he had never seen it!" cried the beautiful woman, in a passion of bitter anguish, and burying the reviled features in her hands—for she saw that their very loveliness pleaded against her. "God help me!—I know not how to plead his cause! Will nothing save him? Great Queen, will nothing save him?"

Again that face was lifted from the clasped hands, and the mass of golden ringlets in which it

had been for a moment buried. Oh, how piteous, how full of sorrow, were those deep blue eyes, those tender and tremulous lips!

The old Queen shook off the passionate grasp which the wretched woman had fixed upon her garments, and drawing back, bent her keen and disdainful eyes on the poor suppliant, but she made no answer; and Lady Essex read her fate too truly in those stern features. Her hands dropped, and her head sunk forward on her bosom, from which the last gleam of hope had gone forth.

And now the widow of Leicester—the mother of Essex—grew desperate in her anguish. As Elizabeth turned from the lovely form of her last rival to the faded beauty of Essex's mother, a shade of more gentle feeling stole over her face. In those sad and withered features there was nothing to excite envy, or outrage her own self-love. If Elizabeth was old, the suppliant at her feet had also outlived all the bloom and brightness of youth, and a bitter sorrow added its pallor to the marks that time had left.

"And you," said Elizabeth, "methought years ago the Countess of Leicester was informed that her presence would at all times be unwelcome to Elizabeth Tudor."

"I have come," said the Countess, in a voice of meek humility, pathetic with sorrow, but how unlike the passionate grief of Lady Essex! "I have come, knowing that my presence must always be hateful to your Highness."

"And why hateful, pray?" cried the Queen, with a haughty sneer.

"Alas, I know not; for I have ever been an humble and loving subject,—a—a——"

The poor lady paused, for there was something in the Queen's eye that warned her not to tread upon the ground of difference that existed between them. She bent her forehead till it almost touched Elizabeth's feet, and her demeanor was full of humility.

"I know, your Highness, I know that with this bent form and aching heart I am no longer deemed worthy even of that displeasure which sent the most faithful and loyal subject that ever Queen had, to his grave, and now threatens all that is left to me—my last husband and noble son—with a darker death. Oh, that I could but die to save them! How willingly would I be stricken down here at your Majesty's feet!"

There was something in this speech that seemed to move the old Queen. The angry expression of her mouth relaxed a little, and turning her eyes away, she seemed to meditate.

"Oh, Lady, look on me! Am I not sufficiently bereaved?" cried the mother of Essex, sweeping back the raven hair from her temples, where many a silver thread was woven. "My youth was clouded by your displeasure. Must its blight press me to the grave? If so, let me perish, but save my son!"

Still the Queen seemed to ponder; she evidently heard nothing that her rival was saying.

"I was his mother," continued the unhappy woman, "and loved him as only a mother can love. Yet, when he found favor with your Highness—when I saw that his heart was lured by your generous condescension, till even his own mother was as nought, compared to the worship

which he lavished upon his Queen, I rejoiced in the sacrifice, and surrendered him willingly—but to death, oh, not to death! Great Queen, say that he is not rendered up to that! It were a cruel return for so much love.”

Elizabeth was now greatly disturbed; she withdrew her garments gently from the suppliant's grasp, and sat down. Once more the woman grew strong against the Queen.

“Your son was a traitor,” she said, “taken with arms in his hands—he has had a fair trial, and death is but justice!”

“He loved you, lady, and your continued displeasure drove him mad!” pleaded the mother, searching eagerly for some shadow of hope in the dim eyes of Elizabeth. “When you condemn him, I can but answer—he was guilty, but he loved you beyond all earthly things.”

“Beyond all earthly things!” cried the Queen, turning her eyes upon the Countess of Essex, who still knelt upon the carpet, pale and hopeless.

The wretched young Countess lifted her eyes at these words, and a mournful smile crossed her lips.

“Spare but his life,” she said, “and I will never see him more—I can give him up—but not to the block—oh God—not to the block!” and, shuddering from head to foot, she sank to her old position again.

The Queen glanced at her with a sort of impatient motion of the head, and then turning to her cabinet, took up a slip of parchment, and wrote upon it. “Take this,” she said, reaching it toward the elder Countess; “it is an order for your admission to the Tower. Go and see your son.”

The Countess of Essex almost sprang to her feet, but sunk down again as she met the stern eyes of Elizabeth, who, remarking the eager joy that sparkled over her face, coldly added: “Go and see your son—but go alone, and when you leave the Tower, come back hither, and then our answer to your prayer shall be given!”

The Dowager Countess took the order, and cast a supplicating glance from the face of the tortured young wife—which was pale and wild with sudden emotions—to that of the Queen.

“The Lady Essex will remain here,” she said, with cruel deliberation, and a grim smile crept over her mouth as she marked the air of keen disappointment with which the poor creature watched her mother-in-law as she rose to depart.

“Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, let me go with her,” cried the agonized wife, as her companion in misery moved toward the door. Mother—mother—plead for me.”

“Go!” said the Queen, sternly, waving her hand. “The Countess of Essex will await you here.”

Still upon her knees, the unhappy wife of Essex watched her mother-in-law as she opened the door and disappeared. Her lips were parted, and her eyes grew wild and eager like those of a newly-prisoned bird, when he seeks to dart through the wires of his cage. The Queen watched her narrowly, and that cold smile deepened around her lips. She found inhuman satisfaction in the torture which she was inflicting on the young and suffering wife whom Essex had

dared to marry against her own imperious will. The humble position which the suppliant dared not change, unbidden, even if weakness had not chained her to the floor—the look of keen disappointment that settled on her eloquent face, were all sources of cruel pleasure to the iron-hearted Elizabeth. Her revenge on the youth and beauty that had won the love of Essex from herself, seemed almost perfect. Notwithstanding his contumacy and his pride, she could have pardoned him then, but for the thought that her clemency must re-unite him to that beautiful young wife.

For some considerable time, Elizabeth sat fostering her revengeful jealousy in silence. Lady Essex had almost fallen upon the floor, and cowered, rather than knelt, at her enemy's feet. She seemed withered to the heart by the cruel scorn with which her petition for mercy had been received.

At last the Queen arose, and entered her bed-chamber, into which the cabinet opened. With her, all struggle was ended; she had resolved how to act, and left the room with a slow but imperious tread, leaving the poor wife faint and heart-sick with suspense.

Half an hour after, the Queen was in her audience chamber, receiving some foreign ambassadors with more than her usual elaborate courtesy; but the reception soon became wearisome, and her heart grew heavy beneath its weight of jewels. She had offered Essex a last chance for life. Would his pride yield? Would he take advantage of his mother's visit to forward the ring that she had given him years before, as a pledge, that, in any extremity, she would be merciful to him? She began to fear that he might still hold out—that his haughty pride would bend only beneath the keen edge of the axe. Then another doubt entered her heart and fired it with fierce passions again. What if Essex no longer possessed the ring? What if he had parted with her gift as a love-token to some other woman? This doubt became insupportable; and, as she stood there in all the pomp of her regal state, it fastened on her like a bird of prey; she could not shake it off; and when Elizabeth returned to her closet hours after, she was almost as much an object of compassion as the wretched woman whom she had forgotten there.

The Countess of Essex had been alone in that gorgeous little room all the time that Elizabeth was occupied with her court. The torturing suspense of each miserable hour as it crept by, no pen can describe. She had neither strength nor courage to go away, and seating herself upon one of the crimson chairs, remained motionless and heart-sick, waiting for her destiny.

It came at last, for the old Queen entered her cabinet, having dismissed her ladies in waiting, at the door. She too was suffering the stern torture of suspense, and had come there for rest and solitude. The unhappy Countess arose as she saw the Queen. Her clasped hands dropped meekly downwards, and her lips grew pallid, as she was preparing herself for some cruel taunt, some bitter sneer, from the royal lips.

But if Elizabeth could have found it in her heart to increase the affliction that oppressed the poor suppliant, she had no time for such cruelty.

Scarcely had she reached her chair, when an aged gentlewoman of the bed-chamber opened the door, and announced—"The Lady Blunt, Countess Dowager of Leicester." This lady seemed completely exhausted with the terrible sorrows of that weary day. She approached the Queen, tottering in her walk, and knelt at her feet.

"Well," said Elizabeth, sharply, for she was anxious almost as the suppliant at her feet, "our order admitted you, doubtless—and your son: felt he a proper sense of our clemency in granting the visit?"

"He was grateful, and upon his bended knees besought many a blessing upon the mistress who could thus send comfort to an offending servant. He——"

"But the ring—the ring! Why talk of lesser things, woman? If Essex is in truth penitent, he has sent the ring given with our own hand, under a solemn pledge of mercy, even though his crime were deserving death. If he has sent the ring, render it up at once. It should plead his cause against our whole council—nay, against all England!"

"Alas, alas!" said the Countess, "he gave me no ring!"

"Nor mentioned one?" said the Queen, still in a sharp, anxious voice.

"Nor mentioned one," was the faint and heart-broken reply.

"Then God have mercy upon him, for I will have none!"

Elizabeth stooped as she spoke, and took up the roll of parchment, which still lay where she had trampled it on the carpet. She laid it upon the silver cabinet, slowly smoothing it out with both hands: very pale those hands were, and so also was her face, but every feature seemed locked with fierce resolution: she was calm and stern as death.

When the parchment was smoothed, Elizabeth took a pen from the standish before her, and, without a tremor or the pause of a moment, wrote her signature. A cry of terrible anguish broke from the two women as they saw her take up the pen, and they cast themselves at her feet, clinging wildly to her robe.

Elizabeth took no heed, but appended the usual bold flourishes to her signature, and touched a little bell that stood upon the cabinet.

"Take this to the Lord Chancellor, and see that the great seal is affixed," she said to the person who entered—"then conduct these ladies from the palace, and see that they enter it no more."

"That parchment!" cried the Countess of Essex, following the man, as he went forth, with her wild eyes—"Great Queen, in mercy say it is not—it is not——"

The wretched wife could not finish the question that she had begun; her lips seemed turned to ice, and her breath choked her.

"It is the Earl of Essex' death-warrant," said Elizabeth, rising sternly up. "Go!"

She lifted her withered finger, and pointed toward the door.

The young wife knelt motionless, frozen as it were with the horrid truth that had been told her; but the mother of Essex stood up; her lips were ashen, her eyes had a terrible light in them.

"Elizabeth of England! the Great God of Heaven will call you to judgment for this act!"

Before the Queen had rallied from the awe with which these words had filled even her undaunted spirit, Lady Blunt had raised her daughter-in-law from the floor.

"My daughter, let us go. Henceforth, we must only trust to the God who will avenge us."

A moment after, and the old Queen was alone.

CHAPTER II.

It was done; the axe had fallen. The Queen's dignity was saved, and her heart broken. She was at her harpsichord when they brought her tidings of Essex' execution. Her face was turned from the light, and no one saw the spasm of pain that convulsed its stern lineaments. She did not pause even for an instant, but her hand was dashed violently on the instrument, sending forth a harsh, sharp note, that was almost a wail, and then the soft music gushed forth again, sweetly, as if nothing had happened. Alas, how slight are sometimes the indications which a proud heart allows the world to see of those struggles that pass through the soul like an earthquake! That moment had left the haughtiest woman, and the most imperious queen that trod the soil of England, utterly desolate.

"What ho! what ho! Who claims admittance to the palace at this late hour?" cried the yeoman of the guard, as he arose an hour after midnight, to answer an abrupt summons at the great portal which opened to the Thames. A few words from without, of explanation and entreaty, soon prevailed upon the guard to admit the untimely visitor, who paused by the entrance, and, taking the yeoman on one side, spoke to him earnestly for some moments.

"What! the old Countess of Nottingham dying, and would have speech of her grace?" exclaimed the royal door-keeper. "Why, think you the Queen would arise from her couch, at this hour of the night, and risk her sacred person on the water at the behest of fifty dying countesses?"

"I tell you," rejoined the man, whose face was pale with excitement, "I tell you, this message of my dying mistress must be brought to her majesty; there is that in it which the boldest man in England dare not keep from Elizabeth an instant. As you value liberty and life, friend, do nothing to hinder me in deliverance of my mission. The soul of my poor mistress will wrestle sorely with the body till I bring back tidings to her death-bed. I must see the Queen!"

"Be it so, then, as your business is so momentous," cried the yeoman; "I will lead you to the ante-room, and arouse some of the ladies—but remember, if evil comes of this I will not hold myself responsible. The man should be bold, and the business weighty, that disturbs Elizabeth from her slumber at this hour."

"The business is weighty, and the scene that I have witnessed this night is enough to make a man brave any earthly peril without shrinking. What is it to ask an audience here, when my poor mistress is summoned before the King of Kings!"

"Have you a letter, or bring you only a message by word of mouth?" said the yeoman, still

hesitating, though the agitation of his untimely visitor had made a strong impression upon him.

"Here is the letter!" cried the man, taking a large, square missive from his bosom, sealed with the Nottingham arms in black. "Hasten, good friend—hasten, I beseech you, and give it to the Queen. Heaven only knows what torment my wretched mistress will know till the errand is done!"

The guard seemed greatly relieved by this tangible and imposing excuse for disturbing the slumbers of his mistress. He took the letter, and passing through many a state-chamber and richly decorated gallery, paused in an ante-room, where half a dozen pages lay upon their couches asleep, some disrobed, and others muffled in mantles of azure velvet, and pillowed upon their own perfumed ringlets.

"What ho!" cried the guard, shaking one of these pages by the arm, and half lifting him from the couch. "Arouse yourself, good master George, and rub open those blue eyes, without loss of time. Here is a letter, which you must give to one of the Queen's bed-chamber women this very instant. Say that it is a case of life and death. Do you hear, jackanapes?"

"Do I hear?" cried the lad, rubbing his eyes with a little hand, white as a lady's and sparkling with rings—"I should be deaf if it were otherwise. Why, man, your voice is like a trumpet. Do you guess what hour of the night it is? coming after this fashion to the very door of her majesty's chamber. This will make you a head shorter, some fine day, master yeoman!"

"Take the letter, and leave me to the care of my own head," replied the yeoman, sharply. "Give it to the first Lady of the Bed-chamber—and say that a messenger from the Countess of Nottingham awaits her majesty's pleasure here."

The lad took the letter, held it to the light of a large silver lamp that swung overhead, examined the seal minutely, and then turned his eyes with equal assurance upon the messenger, whose anxiety became each moment more apparent.

"It must be a pressing business, and if one may judge by the white face of our friend there, full of peril! No matter, it shall not be said that the beloved of—the fairest and sweetest lady about the court—mind, master yeoman, I mention no name—ever allowed the peril of an enterprise to count anything with him. Rest content, good friend," he added, turning to the messenger, "I will find a lady, who, for my sake, would take upon herself greater danger than that of arousing the Queen at midnight; fortunately, you have chanced upon the only courtier who could have managed the matter for you."

"Well, jackanapes, get about the errand after your own fashion!" cried the yeoman, with an impatient laugh.

"Nay, you would not have me present myself before her without some preparation," said the youth, shaking the scented and glossy ringlets, with which his head was adorned, over his shoulders, and arranging the folds of his cloak with an air of the most perfect self-conceit. "Tell me, master yeoman—for, lacking a mirror, I must even take counsel of your ignorance—think you not this garment falls a trifle too much over the right

shoulder? Let me step beneath the lamp that you may judge."

"Tush, boy! this is no time for such foppery. Begone upon thy errand, or I will find it in my heart to knock a portion of the conceit from that little body. Go—go! See you not our friend here is fast losing patience?"

This allusion to the messenger from Nottingham house was well authorized by the appearance of the man. Once or twice, as if bereft of all patience by the boy's foppish airs, he advanced a pace to take the letter from his hand, half determined to enter the Queen's chamber, and at all peril present it himself. His cheek grew more and more pale, and his eyes burned with anxiety that nothing could restrain, as the page turned his head superciliously over one shoulder to look at him after the yeoman's remark, still holding the letter carelessly between his thumb and finger. His impatience broke all bounds. He strode forward, and grasping the youth by the arm, gave him a slight shake—"You trifle with a message from the dying," he said, sternly. "No more of this folly! Begone!"

The boy shook himself free, and with a petulant lift of the shoulder, muttered something about his cloak being forced awry; but there was something in the deep passion with which he had been addressed, that completely quelled his frivolous spirit, and without attempting any further excuse for delay, he left the chamber.

The Queen had been ill in health, and becoming daily more infirm, it was necessary that some one of her ladies should remain in attendance at night, ready at a moment's warning to answer her summons. Thus it was that the page, on entering the small ante-room, or rather boudoir, which led to the royal bed-chamber, found a lovely woman in full dress, but with a rich brocade dressing-gown thrown over her shoulders, sound asleep in a large easy-chair heaped with crimson cushions, upon which her fair head had fallen, crushing a mass of beautiful hair, that had cost an artist much labor that morning, beneath the warm roses of her cheek.

"Lady Arabella," whispered the page, stealing toward the fair slumberer, and sinking upon his knees while he touched the little hand that fell over an arm of the chair, timidly with his—"Lady Arabella."

His voice was very low—for the boy could hardly breathe, his agitation was so great. With all his audacious vanity he was timid as a child in the presence of purity and high-born loveliness like that. "Lady Arabella, I have a letter—I would speak with you!"

The lady started up in her chair, passed a hand over her eyes, as if to be quite sure that they were not deceiving her, and then bent them, full of sleepy wonder, upon the youth.

"Why, George, how is this? Here, and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.

"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal: "a messenger has just arrived from Nottingham house. He says the Countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella.

"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, *will* have speech with the Queen—that this letter *must* be given to her majesty even now!"

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand—"our royal mistress is ill at ease, since—since his death, she gets but little sleep. I dare not disturb her!"

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet if the poor Countess is in such a strait—if she is in truth dying!" said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake—

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bed-chamber. "Arabella—Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed—her face looked haggard in the crimson shadows cast downward from the cumbrous hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor, that partook both of the infirmities of age, and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her night-coif, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream?—I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady as she entered, and sinking slowly back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying! The Countess of Nottingham—who told me the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just came up from Nottingham house with this letter," said the Lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up, and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil—"I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sundering of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands, the Queen burst the black seal and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside, sprang to the floor. "Yon' garments, Arabella; bring yon' garments, and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick, quick! No ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who waits in the ante-chamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness' yeomen, and the messenger from Nottingham house."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the Lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger."

"Hither?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and

a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summon the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of her chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but her gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves."

"Lead on!" said the Queen. "Arabella, follow us with the boy: and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return;" and the Queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the few last months of her life.

As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress. "Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old Queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive.

"Nay—the cool wind does me good," replied Elizabeth, and with a firm step she descended to the barge, and took a seat upon one of the cushions.

Midnight darkness lay upon the river; clouds, heavy and black, were heaped over the sky; and the shores, save here and there a solitary light from some residence, lay in profound night. Amid this wilderness of gloom, the barge swept rapidly downward with the tide. The flow of the waters, heavy and monotonous, was all the sound to be heard; no word was spoken, save when the old Queen bade the rowers make more speed.

At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring.

"Go on to the sick room," said the Queen, as her conductor would have taken her to another apartment, that her presence might be announced. "Stay you below, Arabella; we will see this dying countess alone;" and, with a firm step, Elizabeth mounted the stairs, and found herself in the chamber of death.

A huge bed, canopied with masses of purple velvet, so deep tinted that it seemed black in the gloom, stood at an extremity of the chamber; and upon it lay the pale form of a woman struggling in her death-agony. A group of persons stood around the bed, silent and awe-stricken. Toward this group Elizabeth moved slow, upright, and majestic.

"It is the Queen!" cried the dying countess,

lifting her thin hand. "God has had mercy! It is the Queen—and I can now die!"

"Leave us," said Elizabeth, waving her hand. The next moment she stood alone with the dying.

"Countess of Nottingham, you have sent for the Queen—and she is here. What have you to say of Essex? In what can your death-bed confessions concern one whose fate is now sealed?"

The Countess of Nottingham clasped her pale hands, and held them imploringly toward the Queen. Those hands were almost transparent, and, as the light fell upon them, upon one of the fingers it revealed a ruby, glowing like a spark of fire upon it. Elizabeth's eyes fell upon the gem, and instantly she became pale as the woman who lay prostrate before her, pleading, with mute eloquence, for mercy.

"Woman," she said, grasping the pale hand of the dying countess, and bending her eyes close to the ruby, whose light made the heart tremble in her bosom: "Woman! how came you possessed of this ring?"

The Countess of Nottingham closed her eyes, to shut out the terrible anger that convulsed the aged face bending over her death-pillow; her lips moved again and again, before they could utter a word. At length she spoke, but feebly and very low. The Queen bent her head close to those pale lips, that her thirsty ear might drink in every syllable of the confession they were whispering. She held her breath—and a wild, fierce expression, like that of a wounded eagle, came to her eyes. When all was told—when the dying woman opened her eyes, and, with a look of most touching entreaty, besought mercy for the fraud which had brought the noble head of Essex to the block—then the volcano which her words had lighted in the old Queen's heart, blazed forth. Elizabeth stood upright: the infirmities of age were swallowed up in her mighty wrath: her lips grew livid—her eyes burned as with fire—and every nerve in her body seemed hardening into iron.

"Mercy!" she cried, in a voice shrill with anguish and wrath; "*Woman! God may forgive you, but I never will!*"

The wretched countess, terrified even in her death-throes, cowered down and groveled in her bed. "Oh, God! wilt thou too withhold mercy?" broke from her shivering lips.

"Mercy!" whispered the old Queen—for wrath made her voice very low, and she spoke between her locked teeth—"Mercy!" and, mad with anguish, she seized the dying woman, and shook her, till the huge couch, with its gloomy masses of velvet and its dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old Monarch withdrew her hands from this unquenchable act, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrifice to the dead.

Ten minutes went by, during which Elizabeth stood over that death-couch; then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling, she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of the fingers.

It was night when the Queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace-grounds, and leaned heavily upon the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning—her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight—gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood-spot on her finger—a blood-spot—and so it was. That ring she had given to Essex, when highest in her favor, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring, a few days before his execution, by the wretched Countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud—and, by this treachery, Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it strange that the old Queen never smiled again—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace—or that, in a few weeks, she lay upon the cushions heaped in her chamber, weary, heart-sick—afraid to die, and yet dying?

OUR INDIAN FRIENDS.

FROM "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH," BY MRS. MOODIE.

Their sense of hearing is so acute that they can distinguish sounds at an incredible distance, which cannot be detected by a European at all. I myself witnessed a singular exemplification of this fact. It was mid-winter; the Indians had pitched their tent, or wigwam, as usual, in our swamp. All the males were absent on a hunting expedition up the country, and had left two women behind to take care of the camp and its contents, Mrs. Tom Nogan and her children, and Susan Moore, a young girl of fifteen and the only truly beautiful squaw I ever saw. There was something interesting about this girl's history, as well as her appearance. Her father had been drowned during a sudden hurricane, which swamped his canoe on Stony Lake; and the mother, who witnessed the accident from the shore, and was near her confinement with this child, boldly swam out to his assistance. She reached the spot where he sank, and even succeeded in recovering the body; but it was too late; the man was dead.

The soul of an Indian that has been drowned is reckoned accursed, and he is never permitted to join his tribe on the happy hunting-grounds, but his spirit haunts the lake or river in which he lost his life. His body is buried on some lonely island, which the Indians never pass without leaving a small portion of food, tobacco, or ammunition, to supply his wants; but he is never interred with the rest of his people. His children are considered unlucky, and few willingly unite themselves to the females of the family, lest a portion of the father's curse should be visited on them.

The orphan Indian girl generally kept aloof from the rest, and seemed so lonely and compan-

ionless, that she soon attracted my attention and sympathy, and a hearty feeling of good-will sprang up between us. Her features were small and regular, her face oval, and her large, dark, loving eyes were full of tenderness and sensibility, but as bright and shy as those of the deer. A rich vermilion glow burnt upon her olive cheek and lips, and set off the dazzling whiteness of her even and pearly teeth. She was small of stature, with delicate little hands and feet, and her figure was elastic and graceful. She was a beautiful child of nature, and her Indian name signified "the voice of angry waters." Poor girl, she had been a child of grief and tears from her birth! Her mother was a Mohawk, from whom she, in all probability, derived her superior personal attractions; for they are very far before the Missasaguas in this respect.

My friend and neighbor, Emilia S——, the wife of a naval officer, who lived about a mile distant from me, through the bush, had come to spend the day with me; and hearing that the Indians were in the swamp, and the men away, we determined to take a few trifles to the camp, in the way of presents, and spend an hour in chatting with the squaws.

What a beautiful moonlight night it was, as light as day!—the great forest sleeping tranquilly beneath the cloudless heavens—not a sound to disturb the deep repose of nature but the whispering of the breeze, which, during the most profound calm, creeps through the lofty pine tops. We bounded down the steep bank to the lake shore. Life is a blessing, a precious boon, indeed, in such an hour, and we felt happy in the mere consciousness of existence—the glorious privilege of pouring out the silent adoration of the heart to the Great Father in His universal temple.

On entering the wigwam, which stood within a few yards of the clearing, in the middle of a thick group of cedars, we found Mrs. Tom alone with her elvish children, seated before the great fire that burned in the centre of the camp; she was busy boiling some bark in an iron spider. The little boys, in red flannel shirts, which were their only covering, were tormenting a puppy, which seemed to take their pinching and pommelling in good part, for it neither attempted to bark nor to bite, but like the eels in the story, submitted to the infliction because it was used to it. Mrs. Tom greeted us with a grin of pleasure, and motioned us to sit down upon a buffalo skin, which, with a courtesy so natural to the Indians, she had placed near her for our accommodation.

"You are all alone," said I, glancing round the camp.

"Ye'es; Indian away hunting—Upper Lakes. Come home with much deer."

"And Susan, where is she?"

"By and by," (meaning that she was coming.)

"Gone to fetch water—ice thick—chop with axe—take long time."

As she ceased speaking, the old blanket that formed the door of the tent was withdrawn, and the girl, bearing two pails of water, stood in the open space, in the white moonlight. The glow of the fire streamed upon her dark, floating locks, danced in the black, glistening eye, and gave a deeper blush to the olive cheek! She would have

made a beautiful picture; Sir Joshua Reynolds would have rejoiced in such a model—so simply graceful and unaffected, the very *beau ideal* of savage life and unadorned nature. A smile of recognition passed between us. She put down her burden beside Mrs. Tom, and noiselessly glided to her seat.

We had scarcely exchanged a few words with our favorite, when the old squaw, placing her hand against her ear, exclaimed, "Whist! whist!"

"What is it?" cried Emilia and I, starting to our feet. "Is there any danger?"

"A deer—a deer—in bush!" whispered the squaw, seizing a rifle that stood in a corner. "I hear sticks crack—a great way off. Stay here!"

A great way off the animal must have been, for though Emilia and I listened at the open door, an advantage which the squaw did not enjoy, we could not hear the least sound; all seemed still as death. The squaw whistled to an old hound, and went out.

"Did you hear anything, Susan?"

She smiled, and nodded.

"Listen: the dog has found the track."

The next moment the discharge of a rifle, and the deep baying of the dog, woke up the sleeping echoes of the woods; and the girl started off to help the old squaw to bring in the game that she had shot.

The Indians are great imitators, and possess a nice tact in adopting the customs and manners of those with whom they associate. An Indian is Nature's gentleman—never familiar, coarse, or vulgar. If he take a meal with you, he waits to see how you make use of the implements on the table, and the manner in which you eat, which he imitates with a grave decorum, as if he had been accustomed to the same usages from childhood. He never attempts to help himself, or demand more food, but waits patiently until you perceive what he requires. I was perfectly astonished at this innate politeness, for it seems natural to all the Indians with whom I have had any dealings.

There was one old Indian, who belonged to a distant settlement, and only visited our lakes occasionally on hunting parties. He was a strange, eccentric, merry old fellow, with a skin like red mahogany, and a wiry, sinewy frame, that looked as if it could bid defiance to every change of temperature. Old Snow-storm, for such was his significant name, was rather too fond of the whiskey-bottle, and when he had taken a drop too much, he became an unmanageable wild beast. He had a great fancy for my husband, and never visited the other Indians without extending the same favor to us. Once upon a time, he broke the nipple of his gun; and Moodie repaired the injury for him by fixing a new one in its place, which little kindness quite won the heart of the old man, and he never came to see us without bringing an offering of fish, ducks, partridges, or venison, to show his gratitude.

One warm September day, he made his appearance bareheaded, as usual, and carrying in his hand a great checked bundle.

"Fond of grapes?" said he, putting the said bundle into my hands. "Fine grapes—brought

them from island, for my friend's squaw and papouses."

Glad of the donation, which I considered quite a prize, I hastened into the kitchen to untie the grapes and put them into a dish. But imagine my disappointment when I found them wrapped up in a soiled shirt, only recently taken from the back of the owner. I called Moodie, and begged him to return Snow-storm his garment, and to thank him for the grapes.

The mischievous creature was highly diverted with the circumstance, and laughed immoderately.

"Snow-storm," said he, "Mrs. Moodie and the children are obliged to you for your kindness in bringing them the grapes; but how came you to tie them up in a dirty shirt?"

"Dirty!" cried the old man, astonished that we should object to the fruit on that score. "It ought to be clean; it has been washed often enough. Owgh! You see, Moodie," he continued, "I have no hat—never wear hat—want no shade to my eyes—love the sun—see all around me—up and down—much better without hat. Could not put the grapes in hat—blanket-coat too large, crush fruit, juice run out. I had nothing but my shirt, so I takes off shirt, and brings grape safe over the water on my back. Papouse no care for dirty shirt; their lee-tel bellies have no eyes."

In spite of this eloquent harangue, I could not bring myself to use the grapes, ripe and tempting as they looked, or give them to the children. Mr. W—— and his wife happening to step in at that moment, fell into such an ecstasy at the sight of the grapes, that, as they were perfectly unacquainted with the circumstance of the shirt, I very generously gratified their wishes by presenting them with the contents of the large dish; and they never ate a bit less sweet for the novel mode in which they were conveyed to me!

The Indians, under their quiet exterior, possess a deal of humor. They have significant names for everything, and a nickname for every one, and some of the latter are laughably appropriate. A fat, pompous, ostentatious settler in our neighborhood they called *Muckakee*, "the bull-frog." Another, rather a fine young man, but with a very red face, they named *Segoskee*, "the rising sun." Mr. Wood, who had a farm above ours, was a remarkably slender young man, and to him they gave the appellation of *Metiz*, "thin stick." A woman, that occasionally worked for me, had a disagreeable squint; she was known in Indian by the name of *Sachabo*, "cross-eye." A gentleman with a very large nose was *Choojas*, "big or ugly nose." My little Addie, who was a fair, lovely creature, they viewed with great approbation, and called *Anook*, "a star;" while the rosy Katie was *Nogesisgook*, "the northern lights." As to me, I was *Nonocosiui*, a "humming-bird;" a ridiculous name for a tall woman, but it had reference to the delight I took in painting birds. My friend Amilia, was "blue cloud;" my little Donald, "frozen face;" young C——, "the red-headed woodpecker;" from the color of his hair; my brother, *Chippewa*, and "the bald eagle." He was an especial favorite among them.

I have said before that the Indian never forgets a kindness. We had a thousand proofs of this, when, overtaken by misfortune, and withering be-

neath the iron grasp of poverty, we could scarcely obtain bread for ourselves and our little ones; then it was that the truth of the Eastern proverb was brought home to our hearts, and the goodness of God fully manifested towards us, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." During better times we had treated these poor savages with kindness and liberality, and when dearer friends looked coldly upon us they never forsook us. For many a good meal I have been indebted to them, when I had nothing to give in return, when the pantry was empty, and "the hearth-stone growing cold," as they term the want of provisions to cook at it. And their delicacy in conferring these favors was not the least admirable part of their conduct. John Nogan, who was much attached to us, would bring a fine bunch of ducks, and drop them at my feet, "for the papouse," or leave a large muskinonge on the sill of the door, or place a quarter of venison just within it, and slip away without saying a word, thinking that receiving a present from a poor Indian might hurt our feelings, and he would spare us the mortification of returning thanks.

When an Indian loses one of his children, he must keep a strict fast for two or three days, abstaining from food of any kind. A hunter, of the name of Young, told me a curious story of their rigid observance of this strange rite.

"They had a chief," he said, "a few years ago, whom they called 'Handsme Jack'—whether in derision, I cannot tell, for he was one of the ugliest Indians I ever saw. The scarlet fever got into the camp—a terrible disease in this country, and doubly terrible to those poor creatures who don't know how to treat it. His eldest daughter died. The chief had fasted two days when I met him in the bush. I did not know what had happened, but I opened my wallet, for I was on a hunting expedition, and offered him some bread and dried venison. He looked at me reproachfully.

"Do white men eat bread the first night their papouse is laid in the earth?"

"I then knew the cause of his depression, and left him."

On the night of the second day of his fast another child died of the fever. He had now to accomplish three more days without tasting food. It was too much even for an Indian. On the evening of the fourth he was so pressed by ravenous hunger, that he stole into the woods, caught a bull-frog, and devoured it alive. He imagined himself alone, but one of his people, suspecting his intention, had followed him, unperceived, to the bush. The act he had just committed was a hideous crime in their eyes, and in a few minutes the camp was in an uproar. The chief fled for protection to Young's house. When the hunter demanded the cause of his alarm, he gave for answer, "There are plenty of flies at my house. To avoid their stings I came to you."

It required all the eloquence of Mr. Young, who enjoyed much popularity among them, to reconcile the rebellious tribe to their chief.

They are very skilful in their treatment of wounds, and many diseases. Their knowledge of the medicinal qualities of plants and herbs is very great. They make excellent poultices from the bark of the bass and slippery-elm. They use se-

veral native plants in their dyeing of baskets and porcupine quills. The inner bark of the swamp-alder, simply boiled-in water, makes a beautiful red. From the root of the black briony they obtain a fine salve for sores, and extract a rich yellow dye. The inner bark of the root of the sumach, roasted, and reduced to powder, is a good remedy for the ague; a tea-spoonful given between the hot and cold fit. They scrape the fine white powder from the large fungus that grows upon the bark of the pine into whiskey, and take it for violent pains in the stomach. The taste of the powder strongly reminded me of quinine.

I have read much of the excellence of Indian cookery, but I never could bring myself to taste anything prepared in their dirty wigwams. I remember being highly amused in watching the preparation of a mess, which might have been called the Indian hotch-potch. It consisted of a strange mixture of fish, flesh, and fowl, all boiled together in the same vessel. Ducks, partridges, musk-nonge, venison, and muskrats, formed a part of this delectable compound. These were literally smothered in onions, potatoes, and turnips, which they had procured from me. They very hospitably offered me a dishful of the odious mixture, which the odor of the muskrats rendered everything but savory; but I declined, simply stating, that I was not hungry. My little boy tasted it, but quickly left the camp to conceal the effect it produced upon him.

Their method of broiling fish, however, is excellent. They take a fish, just fresh out of the water, cut out the entrails, and without removing the scales, wash it clean, dry it in a cloth, or in grease, and cover it all over with clear hot ashes. When the flesh will part from the bone, they draw it out of the ashes, strip off the skin, and it is fit for the table of the most fastidious epicure.

ANNIE.

BY MARCUS H. TROWBRIDGE.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
One calm June morning,
I saw upon the heavenly stairs,
A band of angels, unawares,
Her path adorning.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
A music flowing
Filled my sad soul with love and light,
That made me seem, by day and night,
To Heaven going.

The grave is Heaven's gate they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
A saintly whiteness
O'erspread the beauty of her face,
And filled it with the tender grace
Of angel brightness.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
An angel splendid
Cast his large glories to the ground,
While waves of throbbing music-sound
In sweetness bled.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
In holy sweetness—
When life's sad dream with her was o'er,
Her white soul stood at Heaven's door,
In its completeness.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Time and Patience' these are Angels
By our Heavenly Father sent;
Whispering to our restless spirits,
"Cease to murmur— be content;
God, who is thy truest friend,
Doth our aid in trial send.

When thy weary spirit failest,
'Neath the weary cross it bears,
God is not unmindful of thee—
He is listening to thy prayer;
From His children's tearful pleading,
He will *never* turn unheeding!"

Heart of mine! Trust thou these Angels;
Lean on Patience and be calm;
Trust in Time, who is preparing
For thy grief a spirit-balm;
God is merciful, and He
Gave them charge concerning thee.

PICTURES.

I.

Light, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'er all
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down
Tranquility upon the deep-hushed town,
The freshening meadows, and the hill-sides
brown;

Voice of the west-wind from the hills of pine,
And the brimmed river from its distant fall,
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood—
Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,
With reverent footsteps keeping pace with
mine—

Once more, through God's great love, with you I
share

A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom,
From the dark night and winter of the tomb!

II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway
winds

Before me: dust is on the shrunken grass,
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass;
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,
While mounting with his dog-star high and
higher,

Ambushed in light intolerable, unbids

The barnished quiver of his shafts of fire.
Between me and the hot fields of his South
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,
As if the burning arrows of his ire
Broke as they fell, and shattered into light!

Yet on my cheek I feel the Western wind,
 And hear it telling to the orchard trees
 And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
 Tales of fair meadows, green with constant
 streams,
 And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
 Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
 And starred with white the virgin's bower is
 twined.
 So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
 Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
 Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
 Of a serener and a holier land,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
 Preath of the blessed Heaven for which we pray,
 Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad our earthly
 way!
National Era.

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a dark, cold, rainy morning, late in November, that Helen Lee came down from her room, with a thin shawl drawn around her shoulders. She had nearly reached the street door when her steps were arrested by her mother's voice.

"You're not going out on such a morning as this, Helen, surely!" said Mrs. Lee.

"Oh yes," replied the young girl, in cheerful tones. "I must give my lessons, you know."

"But you will not be expected, Helen. And even if you were, a regard for health should keep you at home on a day like this."

"I have on my thick shoes, mother," returned Helen, in the same cheerful tones with which she had at first spoken. "And you know I am warmly clothed. I shall not feel the cold."

Warmly clothed! Her garments were more fitting the month of June! Thick shoes? A wafer might be called thick as well!

"Don't go, Helen," said Mrs. Lee, in an almost pleading voice. She was not deceived by her daughter's words.

"I must go, mother," returned Helen, now speaking more seriously. "I cannot afford to miss giving a single lesson. But don't feel worried about me. Good by—I will be home by twelve o'clock."

And, saying this, the brave-hearted girl turned quickly away, and went forth on her errand.

As she closed the door, and stepped upon the pavement, the rushing wind swept against her, and penetrated, almost in an instant, her thin garments, causing a chill to run through her slender frame; and almost as quickly did she feel the dampness reach her feet from the wet pavement.

But she shrunk not in the cold blast, for the earnest and high purpose that was in her heart, lifted her above the consciousness of physical suffering like this.

Helen Lee, an only child, was now in her twenty-second year. Her parents were in reduced circumstances. But they had once been moderately well off. There had been no withholding of means, on their part, so far as the education of their child was concerned; and in the dark days of their adversity she was repaying

them for all their care and affection. Ills of life too rarely come alone. This was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Very soon after the former failed in business, his health became so bad that even the smallest mental or bodily exertion was attended with dangerous consequences; and the physician enjoined the most perfect quiet, as absolutely necessary.

In this unhappy extremity, Mrs. Lee found herself almost helpless. What could she do to support the family? In vain did she ask this question. She had no resources in herself.

But now it was that the seed sown in their daughter's mind began to germinate. The true affection which Helen had for her parents, led her thoughts to the projection of means whereby to serve them. She had been well educated in most of the branches taught in schools, and her first effort was to endeavor to get a situation as an assistant in some established female academy. But, this she found no easy matter. She next endeavored to get music scholars, and was successful in procuring a few, the instruction of which was immediately commenced. From these, the income was not large; yet it was something, and helped to eke out their slender resources, that were fast melting away.

Months went by, and then one sacrifice after another having been made, the family found itself reduced to an entire dependence on Helen's income, which was now swelled by the addition of scholars, to about four hundred dollars a year.

Such was the state of affairs at the time we introduce Helen Lee to the reader. Four hundred dollars were not sufficient to meet the expenses of the family. The small house, into which they had removed, was obtained at a rent of one hundred and twenty dollars a year, leaving two hundred and eighty dollars with which to buy food and raiment for three persons. Accustomed to a different style of living, Mrs. Lee found it impossible to shrink into the dimensions required by outward circumstances, and was, therefore, unable, by any modes of economy understood by herself, to supply the wants of the family with so small a sum. A gradual accumulation of debt to the baker, butcher, and milkman, was the natural consequence; which debt soon became a source of annoyance and trouble.

If Helen had felt no other motive impelling her to attend to the lessons that were to be given on that stormy morning, the fact of two persons having made imperative demands for the settlement of bills, since breakfast time, would have been all sufficient.

The brave-hearted girl had gone but two or three blocks when she was met by a young man, who turned and walked along by her side.

"A very bad morning, this, for you to be out, Helen," said he, seriously. "Aint you afraid of taking cold?"

"Oh no," she replied, but not with a great deal of warmth in her manner, and partly averting her face as she spoke.

The young man seemed surprised at the character of his reception by Helen, and bending towards her, looked earnestly upon her countenance. As he did so, she turned still farther from him; while from the quick rising and falling of her

bosom, it was evident that her mind was much disturbed.

"Have I offended you in anything?" said the young man, after a brief silence.

"No, Henry, I am not offended with you. Why should I be?"

Helen spoke in a softer tone, in which tenderness and sadness were both blended. But still she kept her face partly averted.

"Why this change, then, Helen?"

"What change?"

"You are cold to me; and reserved beyond anything that I have known since we were acquainted."

Helen was silent.

"You are unhappy about something, Helen," said the young man. "Tell me what it is."

"How can I help feeling unhappy?" was returned with some bitterness of tone. "You know the circumstances of our family."

"I do, and Heaven knows how gladly I would relieve them. Oh, Helen! how often I have desired riches for your sake."

"I know the goodness of your heart, Henry," replied the young girl, with visible emotion.—

"But your hands are tied. You have claims as sacred and imperative as those that are binding upon me."

A deep sigh was the young man's only answer. Yes, there were claims equally binding upon him. He was a widowed mother's sole dependence.

"Henry," said Helen, breaking the silence, and speaking in a low, firm voice—"we had better be to each other as strangers."

"Helen!" the young man started, as if he had been stung.

"I am in earnest," was continued in the same low, steady voice. "Each of us has indulged an idle dream. We must bend to the iron stroke of circumstance."

"Helen! Helen! Why do you speak thus?" exclaimed her auditor, in a distressed voice. "You cannot mean what you say?"

"I mean it, Henry."

"Then you do not love me," was replied in a voice that evidently hurt the young girl, for she answered in still sadder tones.

"You have never looked into my heart. But, no matter. Think so, if you will, Henry. It is better, perhaps, that you should have something to make the trial easier. I shall not have even this to sustain me."

By this time they were in front of a large house, and Helen, with a hurried "good by," sprang up the steps, and after ringing the bell, stepped into the vestibule. Not once did she glance back towards her companion, who stood for a few moments gazing after, and then walked slowly on.

"We hardly expected you this morning, Miss Lee," said a lady, who met Helen as she entered one of the parlors, where a young lady was practising at the piano. "It is wet and cold with-out."

"I don't mind the weather," replied Helen, forcing a smile.

"But in weather like this you should put on warmer clothing," said the lady seriously. "You are no more thickly clad to-day, than you were

at your last visit, and then the air was as soft as in May. It will not do, my young friend. Health is a thing too valuable to be risked after this fashion. Are your feet wet?"

"Only a little damp," replied Helen.

"A little may be too much. There's a fire in the dining room grate. Go up and get dry and warm before you begin Mary's lesson. She can go on with her practising in the meantime."

Helen, who really felt chilled, did as she was directed, and sat before the glowing fire until a genial warmth pervaded her body. Then she gave her music lesson of an hour, and again went forth in the wet and chilling atmosphere.

After a walk of nearly half an hour, by which time her shoes and stockings were saturated with water, Helen came to the residence of a man far past the middle period of life, the only female inmate of whose family, besides domestics, was a young niece whom he was educating. His name was Bullfinch. Helen had been engaged to give this niece instruction in French and Spanish, both of which languages she spoke with fluency. As Helen was raising her hand to pull the bell, some sudden thought passing through her mind, caused her to stop, and then slowly to turn away and walk on. For nearly half a block, she moved along slowly, with her eyes cast to the ground. Pausing, at length, she retraced her steps, and again stopping at the house of Mr. Bullfinch, rung the bell. On being admitted, she passed into the parlor.

"Why, Miss Lee! My dear young lady! What has induced you to come out on a day like this?"

Such was the unexpected salutation received by Helen, as she entered the parlors, in one of which a bright fire was burning. Before this fire sat Mr. Bullfinch and his niece. The former, quite an old man, rose up quickly, and extending his hand took that of his visiter, and pressed it warmly.

"Your hand is like ice," said he, with much kindness of manner, that was blended with interest and sympathy. "It is wrong for you to risk your health in this way. Dear bless me! Look at the girl's feet. Completely soaked in water! Fanny, dear, take Miss Lee right up into your room, and get her a pair of dry stockings and shoes. She may take her death a cold."

"It isn't at all necessary, Mr. Bullfinch," returned Helen, blushing with confusion. "I shall not take cold."

"But I say it is necessary," persisted the old gentleman. "What strange, inconsistent creatures you young girls are! Go right up stairs with Fanny and get dry stockings."

And he put his hand upon her and almost forced her from the room.

Helen was trembling all over when she entered the chamber of Fanny; so much so, that it attracted the young lady's attention.

"What ails you?" said the latter. "I do believe you are chilled through, and are shaking in an ague fit. What could have possessed you to come out this morning? I never thought of expecting you. As for lessons in French, I'm in no humor for that. I gave you up immediately after breakfast, and set myself down to a new novel. Being at a deeply interesting part of the book, a French

lesson is out of the question. So, you may run back home again, and take your comfort for the rest of the day."

Helen smiled faintly at the animation of the young girl, as she replied—

"I've two more engagements yet to meet, before I can go home and take my comfort."

"You'll kill yourself," said Fanny, seriously.

"Oh no. I can bear a good deal." Helen spoke partly to herself, yet in a voice that was sad in spite of her effort to seem cheerful.

"I've sent for a carriage," said Mr. Bullfinch, when Helen returned again to the parlor; "and as soon as it arrives, you must go directly home. It was very bad for you to come out on such a day."

"I have two more engagements yet this morning," replied Helen.

"No matter if you have a dozen," said the old gentleman, as he gazed earnestly and admiringly upon the fair and innocent face of the young teacher. "You've got to go home. Health and life are first to be considered."

"But, Mr. Bullfinch—"

"I'll hear no arguments," he interrupted her, smiling, with an air of self-satisfaction as he spoke. "I've sent for a carriage, and shall take it upon myself to send you back to your father's house; or, rather take you back—for I will not trust you to go alone, lest you jump out, and run off to give some of your confounded music lessons."

"Oh! you needn't fear that," quickly replied Helen; her face flushing, and then becoming extremely pale.

"I do fear it," persisted the old gentleman; "and shall not trust you. You are now my prisoner, and I will not lose sight of you until I have returned you safely to the place from which you escaped this morning."

"Uncle is exceedingly gallant," said Fanny, laughing. "He's a gentleman of the old school."

Just then the carriage, which a servant had been sent to order, drove up to the door.

"Don't think of going home with me, Mr. Bullfinch!" said Helen, in a very earnest way. "It's very stormy out."

"Tut, child! I'm not afraid of the weather; if it isn't too stormy for a delicate young girl, it certainly is not for a hale, hearty man like myself."

And as Mr. Bullfinch said this, he glanced involuntarily at his face and figure in a large mirror, opposite to which he was standing.

In spite of all the remonstrances of Helen, the old gentleman persisted in his purpose of accompanying her home, and, to this end, entered the carriage with her. The moment the vehicle moved away, his whole manner changed, and he attempted to take the young girl's hand. This she at first resisted, but at length permitted him to hold it passively within his grasp.

"My dear Miss Lee," said Mr. Bullfinch, with all the ardor of a young lover, leaning close to his auditor as he spoke—"I need not repeat to you what I have already said. You fully comprehend my feelings. From the first moment I saw you, I have been deeply interested in all that concerns you. Sympathy has quickly given place to a

warmer and purer sentiment. I am older than you are, it is true; but my heart is still young—as young I trust as yours. Have you well considered the proposition I made? Are you ready to become my wife?"

A quick shudder ran through the frame of Helen as the last sentence reached her ear; a shudder perceived by Mr. Bullfinch in the hand he was holding.

"At once you will be elevated above your present condition,—above the necessity for this wearing toil, that is sapping the very foundations of your life!"

But there was no reply from the old man's statue-like companion, whose face was still in part averted; nor did a word pass her lips, until the carriage drew up before the humble abode of her parents. Then, as she was about stepping out—he remaining behind, and shrinking back, as if to avoid observation—she said, in a husky whisper—

"To-morrow you shall hear from me."

A moment or two more, and Helen Lee had passed from his sight.

CHAPTER II.

"You're home early," said Mrs. Lee, as her daughter came in. "I did not expect you back for an hour or so yet. Are you not well?"

"O yes, I am very well," returned Helen, with forced animation. "But, Fanny Milnor's uncle said I ought not to have ventured out on a day like this, and actually made me come home. He wouldn't let me give Fanny a lesson."

"It was very thoughtful in him, certainly," said Mrs. Lee—"very thoughtful. Didn't I hear a carriage stop at the door just now?"

The color deepened in Helen's face as her mother asked this question. Mrs. Lee perceived the change, and her interest and curiosity were immediately excited. As her daughter did not answer her last enquiry: she repeated—

"Didn't I hear a carriage stop at the door?"

"I presume so," was replied.

"Did you come home in it?"

Mrs. Lee's eyes were now intently fixed on her daughter's countenance.

"I did," said Helen.

"Indeed! why, how came that? Whose carriage was it?"

"Mr. Bullfinch sent for a carriage, and insisted on my coming home in it," returned Helen, with as much self-possession as she could assume.

"That was kind in him—very kind, indeed! But why should he do this? Were you sick at his house?"

"Oh, no, mother, I was not sick, but my feet were very wet, and he seemed to think I was in danger of taking cold. It was kind in him, certainly."

"It is not often that such kindness is received from total strangers."

"Certainly it is not. But Mr. Bullfinch is a very kind-hearted man, I believe."

Saying this, Helen passed by her mother, and went up to her own room, there to ponder the new relations which things had assumed, and to endeavor to see, in a clear light, what it was her duty to do. If she had been standing alone in the world, there would have been no doubt in her

mind. Her heart would have pointed the way in which to go. But others were deeply interested in the decisions she might make touching the future. Others were dependent, even for food and raiment, upon her personal efforts. Was it not her duty to regard them, even to the sacrifice of herself? This was the momentous question she was called upon to decide.

Towards Henry Wellford, the best and tenderest affections of her heart had gone forth; and she knew that he loved her with a true devotion. She had not only read it in his eyes, but listened to the ardent confession as it fell from his lips. Formally they were not betrothed. It had been enough that they loved, and were happiest in each other's society. But, Henry Wellford was poor. He was simply a clerk, on a small salary, and had a widowed mother to support. Helen was also poor,—an humble teacher, whose income was insufficient to meet the wants of those dependent upon her.

Thus it stood, when a rich old man saw the gentle, brave-hearted girl, and, won, by her graces of mind and body, conceived the idea of making her his wife. In his love, if the sentiment may be called by such a name—there was nothing with which her heart could possibly reciprocate. He was a bachelor of nearly sixty; a confirmed sensualist, whose very sphere tended to suffocate the heart of a young, pure-minded girl like Helen. For a true conjugal union to take place between them, was impossible; and that Helen felt the instant he approached her with the idea of marriage.

But, as her thoughts dwelt upon the hopeless indigence of her parents, and her own inability to meet their common wants—while the deep affection she felt made her heart yearn towards them—she looked away from herself; or, rather, calculated the extent of the sacrifice it was her duty to make, in order to secure them from want and privation. Mr. Bullfinch had wealth—she had only to consent to become his wife, and a portion of that wealth came under her control. At once she could lift her parents above their humble, suffering condition, and place every comfort within their reach.

Against all this her heart rebelled. But she laid her hand upon her heart, and called its shrinking from the ordeal proposed, mere selfishness. She kept close to her mental vision the feeble form and pale face of her father, and said, almost aloud, in the effort to give weight to the forced conclusions of her mind—

"It is my duty to make his last days peaceful at any sacrifice."

And, as the words trembled in husky and unnatural tones on the air, a low chilling shudder ran along her nerves.

Then stood distinctly before her the form of Adam Bullfinch, and the shudder ran deeper. She shut her eyes; but he was before her still. She bent her head forward upon the table by which she was seated, and drew her hands over her face. It availed not.

"God help me!" she at last exclaimed, in a despairing voice, and starting up, flung herself, with a low moan of anguish, upon her bed, where she lay for a long time as still as death.

There was something in the manner of her

daughter, when she came in, that Mrs. Lee did not understand; and she was still wondering to herself what it could mean, when it occurred to her that Helen remained an unusual time in her room.

"I'm afraid she's sick. It was wrong for her to go out on a day like this," said she, and, acting from a newly awakened concern, she went up to her daughter's chamber.

Mrs. Lee came in so softly, that Helen did not observe her entrance. She was still lying upon the bed, her face deeply buried in a pillow.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Lee; and she laid her hand on Helen as she spoke.

Now first conscious of her mother's presence, the suffering girl did not move, nor reply, but commenced a strong effort to regain the control of her feelings. If she looked up, she knew that her face would betray her intense suffering; and that she wished above all things to conceal.

"Helen! Daughter! Are you sick?"

And Mrs. Lee shook her gently. The girl murmured something that did not reach, with any meaning, the ears of her mother; turned herself partly, yet still concealing her face; thus seeking to gain time, while she strove, with an almost desperate energy, to regain her self-possession.

"Are you sick, Helen?" repeated Mrs. Lee, anxiously.

"Not sick, mother," said Helen, now venturing to speak, yet still keeping her face averted. Her voice was low, yet steady. What an effort it cost to give it steadiness!

"What ails you then, dear? Something is the matter."

Helen now ventured to look towards her mother. Hard as she had striven, she had not been able to call back the blood to her cheeks, and their deathly paleness frightened Mrs. Lee.

"Oh, my child!" she exclaimed. "You are ill—very ill! What is it? Speak, dear."

A feeble smile—how it mocked the shadows that lay, like a pall, on her heart—flitted over the countenance of Helen.

"I am not very well," she answered; "but I shall be better soon." And, rising from the bed, she bathed her face, and re-arranged her hair and dress; seeking, thus, to produce a mental as well as physical reaction, that would conceal, in a measure, the fearful trial through which she was passing. She did not, however, satisfy Mrs. Lee, whose anxieties were fairly aroused. But, how little dreamed the mother of what was passing in the bosom of her child! To efforts in support of the family beyond her strength, and to cold taken from exposure that morning, she attributed the utterly exhausted condition in which she had found her. Had she known the truth, it may be doubted whether she were woman enough at heart to sympathize fully with the deeply tried and unhappy girl.

"I feel a great deal better now," said Helen, turning upon her mother a countenance less pale than before, and lit up with a warmer smile. "I will come down soon. Don't say anything to father about my not being well. It will only make him feel more anxious, and he is troubled enough as it is."

"I wouldn't come down at all, this morning,"

replied Mrs. Lee. "Take as much rest, and be quiet as possible to-day. You will feel all the better to-morrow."

It did not take much urging on the part of Mrs. Lee to induce Helen to remain, at least for some hours, in the seclusion of her own room. A dress to alter would employ her hands, without bodily fatigue, she said. After repeating her injunction that Helen would remain quiet, at least for the morning, the mother retired, and the unhappy girl was once more alone with her distracting thoughts.

During the time that Mrs. Lee lingered in her chamber, Helen had taken from a closet the dress she proposed to alter, and was sitting with it in her lap, scissors in hand, when her mother retired. How quick a change passed over her the moment she was again alone! Her hands sunk down nerveless, the feeble flush an effort had called to her pale cheeks, faded; her body swayed weakly forward, while her dark lashes drooped until the inward-looking orbs beneath were scarcely visible. How very still she sat for a long, long time! Oh, the fearful trial through which she was passing! With what panting eagerness did she search for a way of escape from the terrible fate impending over her!

Had the peace of her own heart alone been at stake, the trial would have been a lighter one for Helen Lee—the decision more easily made. But, she loved Henry Wellford truly, deeply, and unselfishly. All the purest and tenderest affections of her maiden heart had gone out towards him; and to make him happy, would have been the joy of her life. His looks, his tones, and his whole manner, during the last brief interview, were daggerretyped in her mind; and the question of her duty to him, came up and arrayed itself against the questions of duty to her parents. On the side of her lover, her heart sustained the argument; yet filial self-devotion stood firmly up, and with the spirit of a martyr, held its painful position.

"Have I a right thus to dispose of myself? Is it not sinful? Will God smile on such a sacrifice?"

These words were spoken aloud, as, in the anguish of strong trial, she was searching for a way of escape. Their very utterance brought light into the mind, and imparted a measure of strength.

"No—no," she added, as the light shone more clearly, "I dare not do this. God will not smile on the deed. He asks not so fearful a sacrifice of any heart. Death! Death!" she added, in a quicker voice—"Oh! it would be a sweet alternative—a welcome visitant."

Her pulses beat with a freer motion. A ray of hope had dawned. Alas! how quickly did it fade away into darkness! There came, at this moment to her ears, the sound of a strange voice from below. It was the voice of a man, and its sudden loudness startled her. Going quickly to the door of her room, she partly opened it, and stood listening. The words that came to her ears left her in no doubt. The voice was strange, but it demanded the payment of money.

"It is impossible to-day," she heard her mother answer in a distressed voice.

"Impossible, sir! we have not the money," said her father, in tones feeble and tremulous.

"And when will you have it, pray?" the man asked, with rude impertinence.

To hear her father spoken to thus—her father, so feeble in health, that his physician had warned him against the danger of any excitement—her father, so tenderly loved, so highly honored and regarded, was more than Helen could bear. At once the balance trembling, so nicely equipoised in her mind, yielded. Filial self-devotion gained the preponderance. Springing, with a sudden impulse down the stairs, she confronted the rude collector, and said, with a decision of manner that surprised her parents—

"You shall be paid to-morrow, sir. Call at this hour, and the money shall be ready."

The man, almost as much surprised as Mr. and Mrs. Lee, looked upon the flushed and indignant face of Helen for a moment or two, and then recovering himself, said—

"A promise is all very well, my young lady, but I have had, in the last two or three months, more than enough of these. What surety have I that your promise will be kept?"

"I have just said," replied Helen, drawing her form up proudly, "that you would be paid to-morrow; let that suffice."

"The bill is sixty-four dollars," said the man, still lingering.

"If it were a thousand, I have told you that it would be paid to-morrow," returned Helen, sharply, while her eyes, that were fixed upon the man, flashed with a fiery indignation, that caused him to retreat a pace or two involuntarily.

Never before had the parents of Helen seen her so moved; and they looked upon her with a feeling of wonder. She had made her decision, and now, a feeling akin to desperation was in her heart.

"To-morrow at this hour?" said the collector, now speaking in a respectful voice, and slightly bowing, with a deferential air.

"I have said it," was briefly answered.

A moment or two the man fixed his eyes curiously upon the maiden's excited face, and then left the apartment. As he did so, Helen turned and fled to her chamber. Thither Mrs. Lee soon followed, but she found the door locked. Half an hour later she came again, but the lock was still turned; and it was so at the end of an hour.

"Helen!" she now called; for anxiety had overcome the instinctive reluctance at first felt to intrude herself forcibly upon her child. There was no answer, nor any movement heard within.

"Helen, dear! Helen!" repeated Mrs. Lee.

Still, all remained silent.

She called again, louder than before, and rattled the lock. There came, now, a feeble, half-smothered reply, as of one awaking from sleep.

"Helen, dear!"

"Yes, mother, I will be down in a little while," answered Helen.

Mrs. Lee retired, but with a troubled, restless feeling in her heart. What did Helen mean by the promise to pay so large a sum on the following day? Over and over a hundred times had she asked herself that question; but no satisfactory reply came. Where was she to get sixty-four dollars? All her resources she knew perfectly well. There would not be a single quarter bill due for a

month. It was in vain that she continued to puzzle her thoughts. No satisfactory answer came.

At dinner time Helen joined her parents. She was very pale, and the expression of her countenance strangely altered. But she was more cheerful in manner than she had been for many days. She made no reference to the exciting scene of the morning, until her father said, with much concern of manner—

"I'm afraid, Helen, that you were wrong to promise that payment to-morrow. Where are you to get so much money? The collector will certainly be here at the time, and, if disappointed, will be more uncivil than he was to-day, and more inclined to give us trouble."

Helen smiled, as she answered in a composed voice—

"I did not promise lightly, father. I knew where I could get the money by simply asking for it."

"Where, my child?" enquired Mr. Lee, looking at his daughter very earnestly.

"More than one of those by whom I am engaged to give lessons, would, I know, advance, if applied to, what I need."

"I am not so sure of that, Helen," said Mr. Lee. "Most persons object to advances of money. Indeed, with some, such an application might end in the loss of scholars. People don't like to be annoyed in this way."

"I know at least one person who will neither object nor be annoyed," said Helen, in a low, yet firm voice. But she did not look into her father's face as she said this.

"Of whom do you speak?" enquired Mr. Lee.

"Of Mr. Bullfinch," replied Helen. Her voice was still lower, yet it did not in the least falter. Its firmness was preserved by its depression.

"Of Mr. Bullfinch!" Mr. Lee spoke with some surprise, yet with no manifestation of pleasure. "Why will you apply to him?"

"He has always treated me with great kindness," said Helen.

"He was certainly very kind to you to-day," remarked Mrs. Lee, "and we are greatly indebted to him for sending you home, instead of letting you go from house to house, in wet garments, for the purpose of giving your lessons. I have often heard him spoken of as a good-hearted man."

"Good-hearted only where some selfish end is to be gained," said Mr. Lee. "That is my estimation of his character."

Helen bent her head to conceal her face, the expression of which she feared was passing from her control.

"Have you not looked at him through the glass of prejudice?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"I believe not," was firmly answered. "I believe not," repeated Mr. Lee. After a pause, he added: "I met Mr. Bullfinch occasionally, while in business, but never was much drawn towards him. The sphere of every man's quality of mind is around him, as certainly as the quality of a rose is diffused in the atmosphere, and perceived by its odor, and this quality may be, and is perceived by all who came in contact with him. In Mr. Bullfinch I always had a repulsive perception of something extremely sensual and selfish."

"It is hardly safe," replied Mrs. Lee, "to decide upon a man's character on such slight and altogether intangible evidence."

"Yet," said Mr. Lee, "it is always safe to let such evidence place you upon your guard; and, believe me, that opportunities for personal observation will, in most cases, confirm the instinctive repugnance."

Helen listened to this brief conversation with an eagerness that would have betrayed itself had not the observation of her parents been, for the time, withdrawn from her. How fully did her own perceptions of Mr. Bullfinch's quality accord with those of her father! The thought of becoming his wife, when it was distinctly presented, caused her heart to cease, for the moment, its beating, and produced a feeling of suffocation.

The conversation between her father and mother was continued for some time, but she took no part in it whatever. To conceal, as far as possible, the painful state of mind from which she was suffering, Helen tried to partake of food. A few mouthfuls were received and swallowed—though producing on the palate no sensation of taste—and then the forced effort was abandoned. As soon as she could, with propriety, leave the table, she did so, and retiring once more to her chamber, abandoned her feelings to any current in which they might be inclined to flow. She did not again join her parents until tea-time, when she met them with a cheerfulness which they did not look for, and which she had scarcely hoped to assume. The father, however, saw much below the false exterior. He saw that Helen was acting a part; but what the part, and why assumed, he could not clearly understand.

CHAPTER III.

The day closed as it had begun, cold and stormy, adding its gloom to the already too sad hearts of Mr. Lee and his family. Soon after tea, Helen bade her parents good night, and retired to her own room. Here she strove, once more, to collect her thoughts, to ponder the way before her, and to search again for the means of escape. Her promises to Mr. Bullfinch, and to the collector, had narrowed the chances against her. The one was to have an answer to his suit in the morning, and the other to receive the large sum of sixty-four dollars. Unless the answer to Mr. Bullfinch were favorable, she saw no way by which the demand of the latter could be satisfied.

Hour after hour, during the wretched night that followed, the unhappy girl remained awake, now pondering, with shrinking heart, the fearful abyss down which she was about to plunge, and now eagerly renewing the search for a path leading to a place of safety. It was long after midnight, when she, at length, found temporary relief in sleep. When she awoke, the sun was shining brightly into her window. The storm had passed away, and the face of nature smiled again. Alas! her heart gave back no answering smile. Dark and portentous clouds were yet above and around it.

The time for a decision had come. Ere mid-day, the unfeeling collector would be there, and his demand must be satisfied. Was there no other resource for the poor girl but Mr. Bullfinch? In

ten families she gave music lessons, and six out of the ten families were wealthy. Among these, was there no true woman to whom she could go and find wise counsel and aid in her great extremity? Was there not a single heart of sympathy among all these? No one able and willing to stand forth and forbid the fearful sacrifice about to be offered up? We know not. But, doubtless, there was. Yet, even where there exists a humane regard for others, how rarely does it suffer itself to become fully interested! How quick are we to turn away with indifference when the needy and the seeker present themselves!

As the time of decision drew nearer and nearer, a feeling of desperation came over the maiden's heart.

"This must not be!" she said, with a sudden energy of feeling, as she stood thoughtful in her chamber, prepared, at a much earlier hour than usual, to go out. "This must not be. I will make one effort, at least, to gain time, even if all is lost in the end. Mrs. Barker has been very kind; has always shown great interest in me. To her I am indebted for many scholars. She cannot, she will not refuse to help me in this great extremity. I will go to her, and tell her everything."

With this resolution, Helen left her home that morning.

Mrs. Barker was a widow, with two daughters. She had a large income, and was regarded in society as a humane and liberal woman. In many of the public charities she took an active part, and contributed of her money freely to their support. Her style of living was expensive, but not beyond what her ample means would justify. In her intercourse with others, no matter what their condition, she was generally kind and lady-like. In part, this flowed from natural goodness, and in part from a desire to be thought well of by every one.

Mrs. Barker sat reading. The book was one of imaginary pictures; yet the groupings were from characters in real life. Against the wrong now visible, the heart of the reader was indignant; and now she sympathised deeply with suffering innocence. Those who knew of this suffering, and yet relieved it not, and those who remained in ignorance thereof, from lack of thought, she blamed alike. "I would not have done so," she said to herself, with a feeling of self-complacent virtue. As she thus thought within herself, a servant came to say that Miss Lee was in the parlor, and would like to speak with her.

"This is not the day for your Spanish lesson, Clara?" said Mrs. Barker, speaking in a slight tone of surprise to her eldest daughter, a young lady in her eighteenth year.

"I don't take my Spanish lesson until to-morrow," replied Clara.

"I wonder what she can want? Perhaps she has mistaken the day. You had better go down and see her, Clara."

Clara went down to the parlor, while Mrs. Barker re-opened her book. She was in the midst of a scene that drew strongly on her sympathies, and the interruption had not been altogether agreeable. She had just caught up the broken thread of the narrative, when Clara returned, and said that it was her mother Helen wished to see.

"What does she want?" asked Mrs. Barker, in a disappointed tone.

"I don't know, mother. She didn't say."

"Well, I suppose I must see her." And Mrs. Barker, with a reluctance that she did not seek to conceal, laid aside her book, and arose to leave the room.

"I don't think she is very well," remarked Clara. "I never saw her look so badly. There isn't a bit of color in her cheeks."

Scarcely heeding this, Mrs. Barker withdrew, and descended to the parlors, in one of which she found the young teacher.

"Well, Helen," she said, rather coldly, as Miss Lee arose on her entrance.

This coldness was perceived by the poor girl, and it dashed the hope of succor she had permitted herself to cherish. She stood, her eyes upon the floor, and without the courage to make known the purpose of her visit.

"Sit down, Helen," said Mrs. Barker, noticing her embarrassment. Helen sunk back into the chair from which she had just arisen. She had not yet uttered a single word.

"You wished to see me, Clara said." If there had been, in the voice of Mrs. Barker, anything of sympathy, Helen would, in the abandonment of a heart appalled by the approach of utter ruin, have thrown herself upon her, and cried—"Oh! save me! save me!" As it was, she hurriedly sought to compose herself, and, as soon as she was composed enough to speak, said—

"I am not very well, Mrs. Barker, and if you do not object, would like to omit Clara's lesson to-morrow."

"Object, Helen!" replied Mrs. Barker, with manifest surprise, at so singular an application. "Why should I object? Sickness is a sufficient excuse under all circumstances."

Helen cast her eyes to the floor, and remained silent for a few moments, in hurried conference with herself, as to whether she should make known the real object of her visit. But the repulsive sphere of the lady was so strong, that she felt her case to be hopeless.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said, as she arose up, and slightly inclined her body.

There was something in the tones of Helen's voice, and in her manner, as she said this, and then turned away, and almost ran from the house, that Mrs. Barker did not, for a long time, forget. Scarcely had the jar of the closing door ceased to vibrate in the ears of the lady, ere she repented of her coldness, and wished that she had received the visitor in a different spirit. But it was now too late to remedy the evil.

CHAPTER IV.

"I shall not have even this to sustain me." These last words of Helen Lee, as she hurriedly turned from Henry Wellford, at their last interview, kept ringing in the young man's ears; and as he pondered them, he saw but too clearly the painful struggle through which her heart was passing.

"Her love for me is still the same." This was the just conclusion to which he arrived, so soon as the agitated waters of his spirit had time to run clear. "Why, then, does she propose that

we be to each other hereafter as strangers? Oh, poverty! Thou art a curse!"

In this bitter exclamation, Wellford answered his own question. Still, the answer was far from being entirely satisfactory. There was a future for them both. He had ability, industry and energy; and he was willing to suffer, to work and to wait. Could Helen not do the same? Why this sudden, unwomanly impatience? The more he thought, the more difficult to be found seemed the clue to Helen's strange conduct. But for the words—"I shall not have even this to sustain me," he would have fallen back on the usual explanation in such cases—estranged affections. He could not do so now. He *knew* that she loved him. What, then, could it mean? Why did she wish to break the cord entwining both their hearts, and feeling a mutual pulsation? As he continued to think, suggestion after suggestion was presented; and among them one near the truth; yet that was quickest repelled, as both monstrous and impossible.

"No—no—no!" he said, with an inward shudder, "she would never make that sacrifice. There is about her too much of the true woman for that."

And he cast the thought from his mind.

"What can it mean?" Again and again the distressed young man asked himself this question. But his thoughts gave back no reliable answer. If Helen were alone in the world, how clear would have been the way before him! He would have gone to her, and asked her at once to become the sunshine of his humble dwelling; or, if Providence had blessed him with abundance, would have opened wide the doors of home and heart, to take in the beloved ones for whom she was toiling with such an earnest self-devotion. Alas for him! neither of these conditions existed. She was not alone, and he was poor. His slender income barely sufficed, under a system of the closest economy, to procure for himself and mother the meagre necessities and a few of the comforts of life. To have proposed any thing to Helen, under such circumstances, would have been a mockery—and so the young man felt it.

The gloomy day had waned towards evening, and Wellford was about bringing his uncheered labors to a close, when the merchant in whose service he was drew him aside and said—

"Henry, I have for some time wished to see you getting a higher salary. Your ability is worth more than you receive. And yet, in my business, only a certain sum can be paid for assistance. That sum is now paid, and cannot be increased. If there was a vacancy above you, I would at once promote you to that vacancy. But, as you know, none exists, or is likely for some time to exist. I cannot fill your place to my satisfaction as well as it is now filled; that I know too well. Still, I am not so selfish as to wish to keep you when an opportunity for rising is offered. There is such an opportunity now, Henry. Do you wish to embrace it?"

The young man's face flushed, and he became instantly excited. Is it any wonder? With as much composure as he could force himself to assume, he replied—

"I need very much an increase of salary, Mr. Vincent; but have no wish to leave your service."

"Your duty to yourself is first, Henry," said the merchant. "I can fill your place without trouble; though not so well as it is now filled, I am assured; but an opportunity like the present may not offer to you again for years."

"What is the situation to which you refer?" asked Wellford, by no means concealing the eager interest he felt.

"You are aware, I suppose, that Mr. Burton, one of Lane & Latta's book-keepers, has been in very poor health for a long time. Well, I heard this morning, that his physician had positively ordered him to leave the desk, and travel for at least two or three months. His place will, in consequence, be vacant."

"Not permanently?"

"Yes. His physician says that he must, when his strength is sufficiently restored, seek other and more active employment. He has, accordingly, given notice to Lane & Latta that he will be obliged to give up his situation finally."

"He receives a thousand dollars a year."

"Yes; that is the salary."

"Do you think it possible for me to obtain the place?" said Wellford, holding his breath as he waited for a reply.

"I do," was the assured answer.

"There will be many applicants, so soon as it is known that Burton intends to leave."

"We must be in advance of these applications," said Mr. Vincent, in a manner that showed his entire confidence in the result.

"I have no acquaintance with Messrs. Lane & Latta," said Wellford.

"But I have," replied his kind employer, "and my word with them will go a great way. In fact, Henry, to set your mind at rest, I have already spoken to them, and the place is yours if you are willing to accept of it."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Wellford, suddenly grasping the hand of Mr. Vincent, and exhibiting strong emotion. "I will never, never forget this! You don't know the good you have done."

Mr. Vincent smiled, and said something kind about the just reward of faithful service, adding—

"Ever be as true to the interests of your future employers as you have been to mine, Henry, and you will never want for friends to promote your interests. Ability and honesty are ever in demand; and the higher the ability the more ample will be the reward."

Though clouds and darkness were in the sky when Henry Wellford turned his steps homeward on that evening, the face of nature was not gloomy to him. Light seemed shining all around him, and he walked with a step so elastic that he scarcely seemed to leave his weight upon the earth. After telling his mother of his good fortune, and taking, hurriedly, his evening meal, for which he found little appetite, he dressed himself to go out, determined at once to call upon Helen Lee, tell her of his good fortune, and offer his hand in marriage.

A few times only had Wellford visited Helen at her father's house. He did not belong to a family which, from any cause—whether from wealth, or

from literary or professional standing—had gained a prominent place in the community. His father, a poor but honest man, had lived and died in obscurity, though honoring the position he held, and transmitting his virtues to a son better educated than he had been, and, therefore, better fitted for that higher place in society he was destined to gain. His visits to Helen were not smiled upon by Mrs. Lee, whose mind had become fixed in the hope of social elevation through the marriage of her accomplished child. How this was to be brought about, she did not exactly know. Extreme poverty had excluded Helen from that social contact formerly enjoyed; and now, she only entered the mansions of wealth as a humble and unregarded teacher. We are forced to say, that the marked interest shown by Mr. Bullfinch, in sending Helen home in a carriage through the storm, had affected her with a pleasure beyond what the simple act of kindness might legitimately have awakened. Almost truant to themselves, her thoughts played with pictures drawn against the future, in which Helen, as the wife of Mr. Bullfinch, formed a prominent figure. Half ashamed of herself, the mother would sweep an obliterating hand across these pictures; but, ere she was aware of it, fancy would sketch them again, while she looked on dreamily, yet with a pleased emotion. And thus it was, at times, through all that day of agony to her nearly distracted child.

Thus it was, at an early hour in the evening, when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Lee opened it, and there stood Henry Wellford.

"Is Helen at home?" he enquired.

Mrs. Lee held the door partly open; and, without asking the young man to walk in, replied—

"She is in; but not well. She has retired to her room."

Wellford expressed regret, and asked if she were seriously indisposed. Mrs. Lee answered, indifferently, that she had taken some cold.

"If not too much indisposed to come down, I should like particularly to see her this evening. Will you say this to her, Mrs. Lee?"

"I cannot permit her to be disturbed," was coldly replied.

Still the young man lingered, while the damp air swept against Mrs. Lee's thinly clad person, causing her to close the door farther; almost, in fact, shutting it in Wellford's face.

"Good evening, sir," she said, finally; and, in the next moment, the generous lover of her daughter, who had come to lay his hand and opening fortune at her disposal, stood alone, repulsed rudely, on the outer threshold.

Indignant pride held, for a time, the mastery over Wellford. At first, he permitted himself to believe that Mrs. Lee had repulsed him in accordance with her daughter's wishes. But his cooler judgment made a more correct decision. This decision was strengthened by the fact that Mrs. Lee had treated him with exceeding formality on each of his previous visits. At the house of a mutual friend, he had most frequently met her, and an intimacy, almost as unreserved as that between a brother and sister, had grown up between them. Freely had they spoken to each other of what was personal to themselves, their

hopes, fears, trials and privations; and, without a formal avowal of love on the one side, or a looking for it on the other, they had come to regard the uncertain future as a way they were to tread side by side; and that thought was the pleasantest of all the thoughts that flowed through their minds.

No wonder that the sudden interruption of this thought produced turbulence in the minds of both.

From the residence of Helen, Wellford returned immediately home. Half the night was spent in pondering the new aspect which things had so suddenly assumed. In the morning, with a calmer mind, he was able to look at the whole subject.

"I must and will see her." This he said as he left home. He had frequently met Helen, on her way, at an early hour in the morning, to give lessons, and thus secured the brief pleasure of seeing her face, and listening to a voice the tones of which grew daily more musical to his ears. Now, he would see her with a more defined and higher purpose.

CHAPTER V.

"All lost! all lost!" sobbed the wretched girl, as she hastily retired from the dwelling of Mrs. Barker, and took her way, she knew not, in the bewildered state of her mind, whither. Utterly hopeless as she now was, fluttering like a charmed bird almost in the very jaws of the serpent, she yet held back from the final, dread alternative that loomed up the more awfully the nearer it approached.

With her eyes cast upon the ground, Helen moved along with hurried steps, the agitation of her mind giving fleetness to her motions, and continued to walk for nearly half an hour: when, in some measure, recovering her external consciousness, she looked around in surprise to find that she was in a strange part of the city, and remote from her home. Retracing, now, her steps, and, at the same time, forcing her thoughts to a consideration of what was next to be done in the limited space of time left to her, she took her way towards the dwelling of Mr. Bullfinch, attracted thitherward by an influence which she did not seek to resist, and yet she was not fully determined to go there, without another effort to escape the doom that now seemed almost inevitable. She had reached the neighborhood in which Mr. Bullfinch resided, and was only a short distance from his house, when, lifting her eyes, she saw, a few paces in advance of her, one, whom of all others, she least wished to encounter—her lover, Henry Wellford. And yet, how the sight of him caused her heart to bound, and the blood to rush in hot currents through all her veins! How earnestly did her woman's nature take up instantly the plea for him, and chide the cold, mercenary, calculating spirit to whose influence she was giving herself up body and soul.

Wellford was not approaching Helen, and did not, therefore, see her at the moment she recognized him. How little knew she of what was in his thought! How little dreamed she that he was then in search of her; and that he was both able and ready to save her from a fate more dreaded than death!

Checking her pace, Helen lingered along, in order that Wellford might get sufficiently in advance, to remove the danger of observation. A crowd of passengers hiding him, for the space of a minute from his sight, she found herself suddenly within a few feet of him. He had paused on a corner, and was gazing, first along one street and then another, his eyes alternately ranging both pavements. At the moment he was partly turned from her; starting quickly forward, she almost brushed him with her garments, passing and hurrying on. For the time, her heart ceased to beat, and her breath was suspended.

"Helen! Helen!"

In an instant after his voice reached her. Why, why did she not obey the quick impulse of her heart, and pause as that voice, to her ears so full of music, fell upon her ears? Why did she not turn for one more look at the face so beautiful to her eyes? Had she done so, she would have been saved. Alas! that it was otherwise. For an instant only were her steps arrested; then, like a frightened deer, she started forward, and quickly disappeared from the sight of Wellford, who did not attempt to follow, but, with a heavy heart, took his way to his place of business. Fortune had begun to smile upon him; but, how cold the smile now, that was so warm and bright when its beams first shone!

Panting from excitement and speed, Helen next found herself at the door of Mr. Bullfinch, and, with a kind of blind desperation, ascended the marble steps, and placed her hand upon the bell to ring for admission. But, ere the summons was given, the native delicacy of her pure heart aroused itself against the unmaidenly act, and, still irresolute, she was about turning away, when the door opened, and Adam Bullfinch met her face to face.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, and drawing her with a force she had neither the strength of mind or body to resist, into the hall, closed the door, and led her, now all passive, to her destiny, into the elegant parlors where she was so soon to preside as mistress!

"My dear Miss Lee!" He still held tightly the hand of the poor young girl. "I have been looking for you this hour. My heart told me you would be here"—he laid a hand gracefully upon his bosom—"and more than this, told me that my love for you was no rejected passion."

The words were like heavy strokes on the heart of Helen. She caught her breath, panted, grew faint, and would have sunk to the floor, had not the arm of Mr. Bullfinch, who saw, from her extreme paleness, that she was suddenly ill, been drawn around her. Her head drooped upon his shoulder. Not voluntary, oh no! She had become half unconscious. Slightly alarmed, the old man bore her to a sofa, and commenced bathing her face with cold water. He called for no attendance. In fact, his niece was not at home. In expectation of the coming of Helen, he had induced her, on some pretence, to go out on a visit for the morning.

Suspended consciousness was but temporary. Helen soon recovered, and arose from the reclining position in which she had been placed. Mr. Bullfinch was holding her hand; but now she

forcibly withdrew it from his grasp, a movement that caused a shadow to flit over his animated face.

"You have come to a decision, Helen, or you would not be here," said Mr. Bullfinch, endeavoring to recover the hand of his victim, but not succeeding in the effort. "Do not keep me long in suspense; and, before you speak, remember how much is at stake."

That was unwisely said. Helen did remember how much was at stake, and it caused her to start in sudden terror, at thought of the horrible pit opening at her feet, to rise quickly from the sofa, and spring towards the door, saying, as she did so, in an agonized voice—"O, spare me! In mercy spare me! I am too weak for this. Kill me; but ask me not to encounter so fearful an ordeal."

Pausing, ere she had reached the door, the wretched creature pressed, convulsively, her open hands over her face. A gush of tears gave vent to the stifling oppression of her bosom, and sinking into a chair, she sobbed for a time violently.

There came not to the selfish heart of Adam Bullfinch, as he looked upon the quivering form of the poor girl, now within his toils, the smallest motion of relenting. In fear of losing the object of his sensual regard, his passion grew into an intenser flame; and, with the skill of the mere sensual man, he composed and controlled his exterior with most consummate art.

Until Helen had grown calm, Mr. Bullfinch did not speak again; but he was by her side, caressing a hand she had relinquished, not without resistance. With the utmost tenderness he now spoke to her; but he did not urge his suit as at first.

"It is a hard life that you are leading, Helen," he said, with such well assumed sympathy, that her heart was deceived, and it leaned, hearkening, and with a softened response, to the tone.

"A life," he continued, "that is obscuring and destroying one fitted to adorn the highest station."

This was not adroitly said. It appealed to her pride, and that was nearly extinct. Perceiving the lack of response, Mr. Bullfinch, after a moment's silence, resumed—

"You have seemed in trouble for some time, Helen. Will you not confide in me as a true friend? There is, believe me, none living who would do more to secure your happiness than I. Come! Make me your confidant. Tell me freely of your anxieties, your cares and your fears, and if there is power in a human arm, they shall be relieved. Love ever seeks to bless its object."

"I am in trouble," said Helen, with the calmness that always follows the subsidence of strong emotion.

"Speak, then. Let it have full utterance. There is no human ear that will listen so earnestly as mine."

Helen, with partly averted face, remained silent.

"Your father is in poor health," said Mr. Bullfinch, slowly. "His physician has forbidden all exertion, bodily, as well as mental. On your feeble arm rests the heavy burden of sustaining the family. But your arm is too weak. Will

you not let me hold it up? I have manly strength. Let me put it forth in your behalf. Believe me, that the privilege of doing so will be the dearest pleasure of my life."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Helen, turning suddenly towards him, "you can aid me if you will."

A smile of encouragement lit up the old man's countenance.

"Speak!" said he. "Speak freely, my dear Miss Lee. To your wish I can only give a quick response."

"My father needs——"

"Go on," said Mr. Bullfinch, seeing that Helen paused with hesitation.

"Our circumstances are very limited, as you must know, Mr. Bullfinch." Helen was now entirely self-possessed, and, as she spoke, she looked calmly into the old man's face. "My earnings are our sole income. But these have, hitherto, proved insufficient for our wants, small as we have endeavored to make them. Several debts have accumulated, and the persons to whom they are owed, have become impatient. Yesterday, a man to whom sixty-four dollars is owed, demanded its payment. He was angry and insolent. Distressed beyond measure at my parents' distress, I desperately promised the payment of the money this morning. If you can lend me that sum, or advance it on Fanny's lessons, the act will be one for which my heart will bless you."

"Is it so bad with you, my poor child!" said Mr. Bullfinch with great tenderness. "Why did you not tell me of this before? Have I not ever sought your friendship and confidence? Have I not always manifested the warmest interest in your welfare?"

He was now holding her hand tightly, and looking fondly into her face.

"You have but to say the word," he continued, "and all I have is yours. One little word, spoken now, will lift you, and those you love with such deep self-devotion, above the shadow of earthly evil. I hold your promise to an answer to my suit this morning. Are you ready for the response? Think, dear Helen, how much you have to gain for you and yours; and think of the exquisite happiness you will confer upon one, who, until he looked upon your sweet young face, never saw the angel of his being. Say that you will be mine, Helen, and the words will unlock for you the iron doors of wealth. A day need not pass, before the joy of seeing your parents forever raised above the pressure of want and care, may be yours. Can you look at them, and hesitate?"

Helen was silent for a few moments. But, her election was made. That appeal in favor of her parents had decided the question. But, there was still a matter of justice that she wished to settle—justice to her infatuated suitor. If he took her, he must take her for what she was. She could yield him a hand, but she had no love to give. So far as she was concerned, the struggle was now over. The throbbings of her heart had ceased. Upon its surface had passed an icy calm; and if there was agitation beneath, it was far too deep for visible manifestation.

"Mr. Bullfinch," said she, her fine person

seeming to grow taller under his admiring gaze, while a change passed over her pale countenance that excited a moment's surprise. How beautiful it was, in its pale, cold, elevated dignity! "Mr. Bullfinch, you have asked of me this hand, in marriage. It is yours——"

She extended the hand, which he seized eagerly, and covered with kisses. Not a flush passed over her face. There was no softness in her cold, bright eyes. An observer would have noticed on her finely arched lips, a slight curving motion, and he would not have mistaken its meaning.

"But"—she added, as the ardent lover lifted his eyes again to her countenance—"that is all it is in my power to give you. The heart, Mr. Bullfinch, is not so easy of disposal."

"I will trust for that," said he fondly. "Love begets love. I have no fears. Give me the hand, and I will not despair of the heart. That will come in its own good time. Oh! you have made me the happiest man alive, to-day."

And with ardor he kissed her brow, cheek and lips. Helen did not shrink from the salutation; but her reception of it was statue-like. Her eyes now rested upon a mantle clock, and she saw that it was near the hour when the money she had promised must be paid.

"Let me repeat, Mr. Bullfinch," and Helen spoke with solemnity, "that my heart cannot go with my hand; and you must never hope to possess it. I will be to you dutiful and faithful. All in my power will be done for your happiness. But, love goes not at the mere bidding. I do not love you—I can never love you. The difference between us is too great. And now, sir, if, after this declaration, you wish to withdraw the offer you have made, still hold yourself at full liberty to do so."

"Not for a moment will I think of it," replied Mr. Bullfinch, with ardor—"no, not for a moment. Angel!" And again seizing her hand, he pressed it to his lips. "Be it the highest aim of my life to secure your happiness."

From Helen there was not the slightest response. Nothing could have been colder or more passive than her reception of this little piece of fond enthusiasm on the part of her lover.

"Ah, my Helen," he resumed, "you do not yet know me fully. You cannot realize how entirely my life will be devoted to your happiness, and to that of your parents."

"For the sake of my parents," said Helen, in a voice from which all feeling was removed, "I would do and sacrifice everything I dare sacrifice. And now, that you refer to them, let us understand each other in regard to the future. My home must be their home."

"I desire nothing else," was quickly answered.

"They must be at once raised above care and want; in fact, above all anxiety touching the future."

"It shall be as you wish, Helen. You cannot be happy without seeing them happy; and your happiness I desire above all things. Such filial devotion I honor. And, moreover, it is an earnest to me of a pleasant future. So devoted, self-sacrificing a daughter, cannot but make a good

and loving wife. Heaven bless you, sweet one!"

"And now, Mr. Bullfinch," said Helen, rising—he kept tightly hold of her hand—"I can remain no longer. The time has already come when my promise to the collector must be fulfilled. I wish to keep my word with him, as well as save my parents from the pain his insolence will occasion."

Mr. Bullfinch released her hand, and going to a secretary which stood in one of the parlors, unlocked it, and, taking a purse, filled it with pieces of gold.

"Here, sweet one," said he, placing the money in her hands, and kissing her white cheek as he did so, "go home quickly and set the hearts of your parents at rest. They may thank Heaven for so good a child, as I do for the destiny of so good a wife."

Helen received the purse, and, without looking at it, thrust it in her pocket.

"You will call as usual, to-morrow," said Mr. Bullfinch. "We will then talk about the future."

"Call here, Mr. Bullfinch!" returned Helen, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes—no—why—I didn't think"—stammered the old man—"oh no; of course not. It would not be just delicate for you to visit here now. But when shall I see you again?"

"That will be according to your own good pleasure," replied Helen, coldly.

"I will visit you this evening."

Helen inclined her head in acquiescence, and then, with a "Good morning, sir," turned and passed hurriedly from the room. At the door, Mr. Bullfinch, who had followed with light footsteps, was by her side. He had lifted his hat from the rack, in passing, and was now ready to accompany her in her walk home. Against this she offered a feeble remonstrance; but gallantry and inclination were not to be overcome.

Of the many tender things said by Mr. Bullfinch, and unheard by Helen, we will make no record. They parted at her father's door, Helen not even looking into his face, nor, in fact, giving to his stealthy pressure of her hand, or low spoken—"I will see you to-night," the smallest response.

CHAPTER VI.

It was eleven o'clock, the time at which the collector was to receive his money, and yet, Helen, who had been out nearly three hours, had not yet returned. For more than an hour, Mr. and Mrs. Lee sat awaiting, momentarily, the return of their daughter. Thought was busy; but their feelings too much oppressed for conversation. And so both remained silent.

Eleven o'clock had come, and still Helen was absent, and now each listened for a knock at the door in a state of nervous anxiety. Both started, at length, at a loud, impatient rap. Mrs. Lee answered the summons, and there stood the hard-featured collector.

"Well, madam?" spoke the man, with a rude familiarity of tone, "I'm here."

"Will you walk in, sir?" said Mrs. Lee.

He entered, and was conducted to the small sitting-room.

"Good day." Mr. Lee arose, and handed him a chair.

"Well, sir," said the collector, as he sat down, "I'm here at the hour. Is the money you promised me, ready?"

"I didn't promise you any money," replied Mr. Lee, so much fretted at the man's insolent manner that he could not control his feelings.

"Didn't promise to pay me sixty-four dollars at eleven o'clock, to-day!"

"No, sir."

"Ah, pray what did you promise, then?" asked the collector, in a voice still more insolent and annoying.

"I promised nothing. I had no present means of paying your bill, and I told you so."

"Too bad! I ought to have known you were merely trifling with me to gain time. But, it will be worse for you; mark my word for it! Promised nothing, ha! I wonder why I'm here at precisely eleven o'clock?"

"My daughter promised, under excitement of feeling—wrongly promised—to pay your bill this morning," said Mr. Lee, speaking more firmly, and in that manly, re-active tone which always subdues vulgar impertinence. "That she is making an effort to keep her promise, her absence for some hours is to me sufficient evidence. We look for her return every moment. Whether she will bring the money or not, is more than I can tell. I almost hope she will not. You can await her return, or leave the house, as best suits your fancy. In either case, it is of little consequence to me. Your rudeness, I might better call it insolence, has made me quite indifferent. As to the consequences, which you have so freely threatened, I stand in no fear."

The collector did not anticipate a reaction like this. It came upon him so suddenly, that he cowered under the fixed gaze of Mr. Lee, who, at once conscious of the power he had gained, kept his eye upon him as he would have done upon a wild beast. He was still holding him thus at bay, when the street door was heard to open; then fight feet came along the passage.

"Remember, sir!" said Mr. Lee, sternly, "not an improper word or tone to my child, under any circumstances. If she have not the money for you, it is no fault of hers."

Helen entered the room as he was speaking. So altered was the expression of her face, that her parents hardly recognized her.

"My child!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, "what has happened?"

She did not answer him, but turning to the collector, said, somewhat sternly:

"Here, as I expected."

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket the purse received from Mr. Bullfinch, adding, as she commenced counting out the pieces of gold:

"I have kept my promise. Your money is ready for you."

Not another word was spoken, until the collector, after receiving the amount of his bill, and passing a receipt, uttered a subdued good morning. He was rougher and ruder as a collector than as a man. To a great extent, his business had encrusted his feelings with a hard and jagged exterior. For the first time, in many

weeks, he was touched by what he saw; and, as a thought of his own daughter came into his mind, accompanied with a question as to the price Helen Lee might have paid for gold, a low chill ran along his nerves.

"I didn't think it was quite so hard with them," he said to himself, as he left the house. "Money is often gained at too great a cost, and has been in this instance, I greatly fear. Ah, me! This is a hard business. I sometimes wish I were well out of it. A man must have iron nerves, and a heart like steel."

Thus musing to himself, he passed on his way. The tenderness and regret were but momentary. Soon, the man was in occultation, while the collector gained the ascendant. The inner softness was hidden by the rough, jagged, acquired exterior.

"My dear child!" said Mr. Lee, catching hold of his daughter, the moment they were freed from the collector's presence, and speaking in a voice of deep concern—"what have you done? Where did you get all this money? Speak, my child! Oh, speak!"

Helen had dreaded this meeting with her parents. While hurrying homeward, her thought had gone forward, picturing the interview which had now come, and she had sought to prepare herself for it, and to fix a rule of action. Alas! of how little avail do we often find preparation for a great heart-trial! It proved of no avail now. For a brief time only did Helen struggle against o'ermastering emotion; then, with a low, bursting sob, she let her head fall upon his bosom. How still she lay there; all the strength of mind she could rally, striving for external composure. This was at length gained; when raising herself up, and laying her hands upon her father's temples, she pressed backwards his fast whitening locks, and said, with a loving smile, that seemed like sun-light suddenly breaking on her pale face—

"You shall know all, soon."

"All what, dear Helen? All what? I am frightened. What have you done? Why concealment now? Speak out, my child: speak now, if you love me."

"Have you seen Mr. Bullfinch?" asked Mrs. Lee. She had her own thoughts, and she wished to verify them as quickly as possible.

"I have," replied Helen; the smile she had assumed fading from her countenance.

"And you received this money from him?" continued Mrs. Lee.

"Yes, mother. To his kindness are we indebted for timely relief!"

"Helen!" Mr. Lee held his daughter from him, and gazed into her face with a look of intense anguish. "Helen!" and he spoke with solemnity—"At what price, my child? At what price?"

"You will know that soon, dear father!" replied Helen, now regaining her self-possession. "Mr. Bullfinch will be here to-night."

She moved away a pace or two, saying that she had lessons to give during the morning.

"I cannot remain in doubt, Helen," said Mr. Lee; "suspense like this is more than I am able to bear."

"You shall know all in good time. But do not urge me now," returned Helen; "for I can speak no further."

"Has Mr. Bullfinch asked you to marry him?" said Mr. Lee, advancing towards Helen, and grasping the hand a few moments before withdrawn from him. She tried to escape, but her father kept a firm hold.

"Speak, dear. Say yes or no. I ask but a word."

A breathless silence followed. Then, with averted eyes, she answered,

"Yes."

"I feared as much," returned Mr. Lee, sadly.—"I feared as much. Oh!" clasping his hands together and looking upwards—"has it come to this!—to this!"

"And you have given consent?"—he added, a few moments after. But Helen, instead of answering, went hastily from the room. A little while afterwards she came down from her chamber, and without saying anything to her parents, or even turning her face toward them as she passed through the room where they were sitting, left the house to give her lessons in music as usual.

"Dreadful! dreadful! dreadful! That it should come to this!" almost sobbed Mr. Lee.

"Come to what?" asked Mrs. Lee, who had, from the first, been far less moved than her husband.

Mr. Lee gazed at his wife, in undisguised wonder, for a short time.

"Come to what, did you say?" he at length asked, in a half rebuking voice.

"What dreadful consequence do you fear, Mr. Lee? Mr. Bullfinch's proposals are, of course, perfectly honorable."

"Honorable! Good Heavens, Helen! This from you!"

Mr. Lee was strongly excited. His wife looked rebuked; but it was more from his manner, than from any clear comprehension of the error she had committed in seeming to favor the marriage of her daughter with Mr. Bullfinch; for both understood clearly enough that this question was now to come up for consideration and decision. After a few moments, Mr. Lee said—

"If Mr. Bullfinch comes to us with honorable proposals for the hand of our daughter, and she is willing to accept his offer, what will you do?"

"Never, while I live, will I consent to so unnatural a sacrifice," replied Mr. Lee, warmly.

"But, if Helen have already accepted his offer. What then?"

"She has *not* done so."

"She has taken from him a gift of money," said Mrs. Lee.

"No—no—no," replied the father. "Not a gift, but a loan. Only an advance on the tuition of his niece. It can be nothing more."

"She had a purse full of gold. It could not have contained less than two or three hundred dollars."

Mr. Lee groaned aloud.

"My own impression is," said Mrs. Lee, and the tone in which she spoke did not indicate much distress of mind arising from the conviction—"that Helen has consented to become the wife of Mr.

Bullfinch. If this be so, opposition on our part will be unavailing. As something inevitable, let us look at it with at least a degree of calmness."

"Calmness! Oh, Helen!" said Mr. Lee, reproachfully.

"Mr. Bullfinch, besides having large wealth, is a man in good social standing," resumed his wife. "The only drawback is his age. But, if Helen can accept of this, she may be happier with him than as the wife of a younger man, less favorably circumstanced, and with an undisciplined character. Think, Mr. Lee, from what a condition of toil, anxiety, and suffering she will at once be lifted."

"Into gilded misery," said Mr. Lee, bitterly, "and there is none so hard to endure as that. Helen! Helen! Do not talk so to me. From your lips I did not expect to hear words like these. Would you sell your child's happiness for gold?"

"Happiness!" returned Mrs. Lee, in a voice of equal bitterness. "For her, poor child! there has been little, for a year or two past, that we might call by that name. Any change has in it a promise of good; and this one, it seems to me, of great good."

"Good in such a life-companionship! Oh, Helen! Poverty has strangely altered you, or you never would speak thus. Never—never! Poor child! How sadly her white face told the story of her heart-despair in prospect of so fearful a sacrifice. But it cannot—it must not take place."

"Do you know any harm of Mr. Bullfinch?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! You will drive me distracted. Are you not a woman and a mother? How, then, can you favor such a marriage? In it, there cannot be a single element of conjunction—nothing of a true marriage. The adjunction will be merely external, and attended by a sphere of repulsion, on one side at least, that will be the fruitful source of untold misery. An old man, sixty years of age, and a confirmed sensualist at that—and a pure young girl, in the bloom of innocent maidenhood! The angels would weep at such a union! I could smile, and thank God for the death of my child, as I stood by her newly-made grave, if death had snatched her from a fate like this."

"You look only at the shadows in this picture, Mr. Lee," said his wife, in answer. "It has strong lights as well as deep shadows. They must be allowed to blend under our vision, if we would truly appreciate the picture. Look for a moment at our present condition. Could anything be more hopeless? Could there be for our child, a rougher way in life, or a stormier sky?"

"Rougher and stormier a thousand fold!" replied Mr. Lee. "A very paradise are her present surroundings, to what they will be, if so sad a fate as to become the wife of old Adam Bullfinch awaits her."

"I cannot see and feel as you do," said Mrs. Lee. "Helen must act her own good pleasure in the matter. If she thinks she can be happy as the cherished wife of Mr. Bullfinch, why should we object? Above the thousand ills that are now sapping the very foundations of her life, she will

be at once removed. It is no use to talk about it. I cannot see anything so dreadful in such a marriage. Old men are proverbially tender and indulgent of their young wives. Better be an old man's darling, you know, than a young man's slave."

"Spare me, Helen! Spare me!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, putting up his hands, while an expression of blended pain and disgust darkened his countenance. "From another, I might have borne this with some patience; but, from you, it is terrible. Never, never, shall my voice sanction so fearful an outrage of all that is pure, and good and holy."

Under this strong reaction, Mrs. Lee remained silent. Yet did she not feel the force of her husband's objection. Already her fancy was picturing, in warm colors, the proud, social elevation that her daughter would attain. To be lifted at once from extreme poverty, to ease, wealth and abundance, was a change which she could not contemplate, without a feeling of lively satisfaction. For, looking at this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, she could not see the painful steps by which it must be attained. So dazzled were her eyes by the glitter of the golden exterior, that the ghastly skeleton, shrouded in gorgeous attire, was wholly invisible.

Thus were the parents of Helen Lee affected, when the prospect of so great a change in the future life of their daughter was suddenly presented. Mrs. Lee had been a woman of the world—we will not say a heartless woman of the world, for that would be giving rather too unfavorable an impression of her character. She had a higher appreciation of things external than of things internal; for she comprehended them much more clearly. A condition in life, and its power to give happiness, she could understand; but she was not able clearly to realize how a state of mind could make or mar everything. They were all very unhappy in consequence of their poverty, and the evils it entailed upon them; and it seemed to her that wealth would restore the sunshine. The prospect of this, presented so unexpectedly, dazzled her. Not so her husband. He had ever been unworldly. A man of pure, deep feeling, he understood how much of life's happiness depends upon states of mind. Helen's true character—its purity, delicacy, and womanly sensibility—he understood much better than his wife; and he at once comprehended, and with a distinctness that made him shudder, the consequences that would inevitably follow such a marriage as was proposed.

CHAPTER VII.

The more Mrs. Barker thought about her treatment of Helen, the more uncomfortable her feelings became. Her icy reception had, evidently, prevented the young teacher from making known some request, upon the granting of which much, it might be, depended.

"I will see her when she comes in the morning to give Clara a lesson, and learn in what way I can serve her."

With this resolution, she endeavored to dismiss the subject from her mind, but, for some reason, it would keep returning, and troubling her.

"I will try and get her a few more scholars,"

said Mrs. Barker, as she still thought of Helen. "Her parents are entirely dependent upon her, and I hardly think her income can, at present, be equal to their wants. Struggling industry needs encouragement and aid at times, as well as absolute indigence. I did think of letting Madame Arcot give Maggy lessons in French, in order to secure the true Paris pronunciation; but Helen's French is very pure, and I am not certain that I would really gain anything for my daughter, by giving her a foreign instructor. There are many things about Madame Arcot which I do not like, and, besides, she has not always borne the most unblemished character. I think, upon the whole, I will give Miss Lee another scholar. And there are Jane and Florence Ewing. Only yesterday I was talking with their mother about Madame Arcot, and she was hesitating on the question of employing her as their teacher. A word from me will, I know, determine the question in her mind. If I say that I prefer Miss Lee, and am about engaging her to give lessons to Maggy, she will decide to do the same. This will give Helen three more scholars, and make a very important addition to her income."

Her mind now thoroughly interested, Mrs. Barker called upon Mrs. Ewing, who was very ready to act from her suggestion. And not only so, becoming, through Mrs. Barker, interested in Helen, she promised to get up an interest for her among her friends, and did not, in the least, doubt her ability to secure for her some two or three more scholars.

Greatly relieved in mind, Mrs. Barker waited for the appearance of Helen, on the next morning. The hour had nearly arrived, at which she usually came, when she remembered that the lesson had been deferred on account of indisposition.

"That was but an excuse to cover some more important request, which my want of kindness prevented her from making. She will probably come as usual."

And in this she did not err; for, even as she thought so, Helen entered. There was so marked a change in her appearance, that Mrs. Barker could hardly help an exclamation when she came in. Marks of intense mental pain were strongly visible on her pale face, and there was a tightness about her lips, that no longer arched gracefully. Her eyes, usually drooping and modest, looked strangely large, and in them was something that Mrs. Barker could not comprehend, and from which she shrunk instinctively.

"You have been sick, Miss Lee," said she. "Why did you come out this morning?"

"I am quite well," Helen replied; but without referring to the fact that she had asked the privilege of omitting a lesson, on the plea of indisposition. There was a coldness in the tones of her voice, unmarked before, and a distance in her manner that repelled.

"When you called, yesterday," said Mrs. Barker, now forcing herself to approach a subject that was uppermost in her mind, "my attention was so much occupied with a book I was reading, that my manner must have seemed to you repulsive. It did not occur to me, until after you had gone away, that, in all probability, your visit

to me was of more importance than merely to ask permission to omit a lesson on account of indisposition. In fear that my absent manner may have repulsed you, I have been troubled ever since. Am I right in this conclusion?"

"You are," replied Helen, with cold dignity.

"I regret, exceedingly, that you did not make known your wishes," said Mrs. Barker, with earnest kindness. "Believe me, that if I can serve you in anything, I will do so with sincere pleasure. What did you wish to ask of me?"

"The advance of a sum of money on Clara's lessons, in order to pay a small debt, for which my poor father was sorely troubled. In a moment of desperation, on hearing him abused and threatened, I promised that the money should be paid by a certain hour. I had no present means to do this, and, in a moment after the promise was made, felt that I had done wrong. But my word was given and must be kept. I knew where I could get the needed assistance, but, above all things, wished to avoid that application; and so, ma'am, I came to you, believing that you had not only the heart to feel for me, but the willing hand to help me in my extremity."

"So I have, Miss Lee! So I have," replied Mrs. Barker, warmly. "How much money do you need? Oh! why did you not make free to tell me this, yesterday?"

And, while she said this, Mrs. Barker drew her purse from her pocket.

"I was choked when I saw you, and could not utter a word of what was in my mind," replied Helen, with a distance and reserve that Mrs. Barker partly attributed to an offended state of mind.

"It is not now too late to aid you," resumed Mrs. Barker. "Tell me how much you need, and be assured, Miss Lee, that I will supply the sum with heart-felt pleasure."

"It is too late," said Helen, in a tone that came like a freezing breath on the feelings of her auditor.

"Too late! Say not so, Miss Lee. Have you obtained the needed sum?"

"I have."

"From whom did you get it?"

There was a pause of some moments. Then Helen answered, in a voice that betrayed but little feeling—

"From Mr. Bullfinch."

"Adam Bullfinch!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, in surprise. "Why, of all others, did you apply to him?"

"Because, I knew that I had but to make known my want, and it would be supplied."

"And it was?"

"It was."

"Did he advance the sum you needed on the lessons you were giving his niece?" asked Mrs. Barker, her eyes fixed earnestly on the face of Helen.

"I asked the money as an advance," was coldly replied.

"How much did you require?"

"The debt was sixty-four dollars."

"I will lend you the money, or double the sum, if required. Here it is," and she unclasped her

purse. "Take it, and at once cancel this obligation to Mr. Bullfinch. Was there none but him to whom you could go for such a favor?"

"None," sighed Helen, as she pushed back the hand of Mrs. Barker. "I thank you for your kindness; but it is too late, now."

"Too late! Miss Lee. Too late! How am I to understand this?" said Mrs. Barker, in visible concern.

"Time will explain all," murmured Helen, speaking in part to herself. Then, rising, she said, "It is late, and I have two more lessons to give this morning. Is Clara in her room?"

"A moment longer," said Mrs. Barker, laying her hand upon the arm of her auditor. "I have some good news for you. Mrs. Ewing told me, yesterday, that she was going to engage you to give French lessons to her two daughters. And I have another scholar for you, besides."

The expression that came into the face of Helen, when Mrs. Barker said this, was one of pain rather than pleasure. It was evident that she was disturbed by a quick emotion, to subdue which cost her a strong effort. In a little while, she replied, calmly—

"Two days ago, this would have been pleasant news to me; but it is of no particular interest, now. I have concluded to make no more engagements, and to give up all my present scholars, at the end of their respective quarters."

"Why, Helen! What does this mean!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker. "What are you going to do?"

Helen had no voice to reply. There was a genuine interest in the lady's manner, that touched her feelings; the more so, as the full conviction now dawned clearly on her mind, that, if she had but spoken out freely what was in her heart, on the day before, she might have been saved from the dread alternative she had so reluctantly taken. It was too late, now. A little while she sat silent, striving to regain her icy self-possession. Failing in this, she left the room abruptly.

At all this, Mrs. Barker was greatly troubled; and sorely did she repent of her fatal indifference, on the day before.

"When golden opportunities are lost," she sighed, "how rarely do they return to us again! We only have the present in which to do good; and if the present is neglected, it passes away from us for ever. Poor child! What has she done? What can be the meaning of her suddenly formed resolution, to give up her present occupation. Surely, she cannot have consented to become—"

She left the sentence unfinished in her own mind. She could not, even in thought, utter the word that was suggested.

"I must see her again before she leaves the house," said Mrs. Barker, after musing for some minutes. "It will not do to let a matter so serious as this take its course. Unhappy girl! What must she not have suffered! I never saw any one so changed in as brief a space of time."

The longer she continued to dwell upon the subject, the more earnest did she become. Impatiently she waited the hour to expire during which Helen was engaged with her daughter.

More and more clearly did her mind begin to see how she might extricate the poor girl from the unhappy position into which she had fallen.

"I will save her from a fate so dreadful," Mrs. Barker had just said to herself, when her ear caught the sound of light footsteps along the passage.

"Miss Lee!" she called, starting up and going quickly to the door of the room in which she was sitting. There was no answer, but she was in time to catch a momentary view of Helen as she was passing hurriedly from the house.

"Miss Lee! Helen!" she called again. But her voice was drowned in the heavy jar of the closing door. Claspings her hands together, she stood for a few moments, all her thoughts in a state of bewilderment. Then, as she turned slowly, and went back into the apartment from which she had come, she murmured, sadly—

"Unhappy girl! What a future is before her! Oh! that I had but known the greatness of her extremity! And I might have known it. God sent her to me; and when she came, shrinkingly and fearfully, my coldness and indifference repulsed her. Will He call me to answer for the marring of so fair and noble a spirit? But, is it yet too late? No, no, I will not believe it. She will be here again several times. I will secure her confidence, learn all the truth in relation to this matter between her and Mr. Bullfinch, and, if it is as I suppose, devise some means to save her from the false step she is about to take. To accomplish this, I will do and sacrifice much. And," she added, in a confident tone, "I must succeed in so good a work."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODERN JERUSALEM.

Bayard Taylor gives us a not very flattering picture of the Holy City, as it now is. He says, in a recent letter to the New York Tribune:

Jerusalem, internally, gives no impression but that of filth, ruin, poverty and degradation. There are two or three streets in the western or higher portion of the city which are tolerably clean, but all the others, to the very gates of the Holy Sepulchre, are channels of pestilence. The Jewish Quarter, which is the largest, so sickened and disgusted me, that I should rather go the whole round of the city walls than pass through it a second time. The bazaars are poor, compared with those of other Oriental cities of the same size, and the principal trade seems to be in rosaries, both Turkish and Christian, crosses, seals, amulets, and pieces of the Holy Sepulchre. The population, which may possibly reach 20,000, is apparently Jewish, for the most part; at least, I have been principally struck with the Hebrew face, in my walks. The number of Jews has increased considerably within a few years, and there is also quite a number who, having been converted to Protestantism, were brought hither at the expense of English Missionary Societies for the purpose of forming a Protestant community. Two of the hotels are kept by families of this class. The English have lately built a very handsome church within the walls, and Rev. Dr. Gobat, well-known by his missionary labors in

Abyssinia, now has the title of Bishop of Jerusalem. A friend of his in Central Africa gave me a letter of introduction for him, and I am quite disappointed in finding him absent. Rev. Dr. Barclay of Virginia, a most worthy man in every respect, is at the head of the American Mission here. There is, besides, what is called the "American Colony," at the village of Artos, near Bethlehem—a little community of converts, whose experiments in cultivation have met with remarkable success, and are much spoken of at present.

Whatever good the various missions here may accomplish, Jerusalem is the last place in the world where an intelligent heathen would be converted to Christianity. Were I cast here, ignorant of any religion, and were I to compare the lives and practices of the different sects as the means of making my choice—in short, to judge of each faith by the conduct of its professors—I should at once choose Mahomedanism. When you consider that in the Holy Sepulchre there are nineteen chapels, each belonging to a different sect, calling itself Christian, and that a Turkish police is always stationed there to prevent the bloody quarrels which often ensue between them, you may judge how those who call themselves followers of the Prince of Peace practice the pure faith He sought to establish. Between the Greek and Latin churches, especially, there is a deadly feud, and their contentions are a scandal, not only to the few true Christians here, but to the Moslems themselves. I believe there is a sort of truce at present, owing to the settlement of some of the disputes—as, for instance, the restoration of the silver star, which the Greeks stole from the shrine of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. The Latins, however, not long since demolished *vi et armis* a chapel which the Greeks commenced building on Mount Zion. But if the employment of material weapons has been abandoned for the time, there is none the less a war of words and of sounds still going on. Go into the Holy Sepulchre, when mass is being celebrated, and you can scarcely endure the din. No sooner does the Greek choir begin its shrill chant, than the Latins fly to the assault. They have an organ; and terribly does that organ strain its bellows and labor its pipes to drown the rival singing. You think the Latins will carry the day, when suddenly the cymbals of the Abyssinians strike in with harsh brazen clang, and for the moment triumph. But there are Copts and Maronites, and Armenians, and I know not how many other sects, who must have their share, and the service that should have been a many-toned harmony, pervaded by one grand spirit of devotion, becomes a discordant orgy befitting the rites of Belial.

A long time ago—I do not know the precise number of years—the Sultan granted a firman, in answer to the application of both Jews and Christians, allowing the members of each sect to put to death any person belonging to the other sect, who should be found inside of their churches or synagogues. The firman has never been recalled, though in every place but Jerusalem it remains a dead letter. Here, although the Jews freely permit Christians to enter their synagogue, a Jew who should enter the Holy Sepulchre would be lucky if he escaped with his life. Not long

since, an English gentleman, who was taken by the monks for a Jew, was so severely beaten that he was confined to bed for two months. What worse than scandal, what abomination, that the spot looked upon by so many Christians as the most awfully sacred on earth, should be the scene of such brutish intolerance! I never pass the group of Turkish officers, quietly smoking their long pipes, and sipping their coffee within the vestibule of the Church, without a feeling of humiliation. Worse than the money-changers whom Christ scourged out of the Temple, the guardians of this edifice make use of His crucifixion and resurrection, as a means of gain. You may buy a piece of the stone covering the Holy Sepulchre, duly certified by the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, for about \$7. At Bethlehem, which I visited this morning, the Latin monk who showed us the manger, the pit where 12,000 innocents were buried, and other things, had much less to say of the sacredness or authenticity of the place, than of the injustice of allowing the Greeks a share in its possession.

I made the round of the Holy Sepulchre on Sunday, while the monks were celebrating the festival of the Invention of the Cross, in the chapel of the Empress Helena. As the finding of the cross by the Empress is almost the only authority for the places inclosed within the Holy Sepulchre, I went there inclined to doubt their authenticity, and came away with my doubt vastly increased. The building is a confused labyrinth of chapels, choirs, shrines, staircases and vaults—without any definite plan or any architectural beauty, though very rich in parts, and full of picturesque effects. Golden lamps continually burn before the sacred places, and you rarely visit it without seeing some procession of monks, with crosses, censers, and tapers, threading the shadowy passages from shrine to shrine. It is astonishing how many localities are assembled under one roof. At first you are shown the stone on which Christ rested from the burden of the cross; then, the place where the soldiers cast lots for His garments, both of them adjoining the Sepulchre. After seeing this, you are taken to the Pillar of Flagellation; the stocks; the place of crowning with thorns; the spot where He met His mother; the cave where the Empress Helena found the cross; and lastly, the summit of Mount Calvary. The Sepulchre is a small marble building in the centre of the church. We removed our shoes at the entrance, and were taken by a Greek monk first into a sort of ante-chamber lighted with golden lamps, and having in the centre, inclosed in a case of marble, the stone on which the angel sat. Stooping through a low door we entered the Sepulchre itself. Forty lamps of gold burn unceasingly above the white marble slab, which as the monks say, protects the stone whereon the body of Christ was laid. As we again emerged, our guide led us up a flight of steps to a second story, in which stood a shrine, literally blazing with gold. Kneeling on the marble floor, he removed a golden shield and showed us the hole in the rock of Calvary, where the cross was planted. Close beside it was the fissure produced by the earthquake which followed the crucifixion. But to my eyes, aided by the light of a dim wax taper, it was no violent

rupture, such as an earthquake would produce, and the rock did not appear to be the same as that of which Jerusalem is built. As we turned to leave, a monk appeared with a bowl of sacred rose water, which he sprinkled on our hands, bestowing a double portion on a rosary of sandalwood which I carried. But it was a Mahometan rosary, brought from Mecca, and containing the sacred number of ninety-nine beads.

I have not space here to state all the arguments for and against the localities of the Holy Sepulchre. I came to the conclusion that none of them were authentic, and am glad to have the concurrence of such distinguished authority as Dr. Robinson. So far as this being a matter of regret, I, for one, rejoice that those sacred spots are lost to the world. Christianity does not need them, and they are spared a daily profanation in the name of religion. We know that Christ has walked on the Mount of Olives, and gone down to the Pool of Siloam, and tarried in Bethany; we know that here, within the circuit of our vision, He has suffered agony and death, and that from this little point went out all the light that has made the world greater and happier and better in its later than its earlier days.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

From the National Intelligencer we take the following sketch:

The bustle of the fight was over, the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down; the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams which like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate;

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. He was a pale child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had but little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me, and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had forgotten to inquire if he was hurt, though at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It

was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

"You don't mean it?" I exclaimed. "He is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed with remorse. "Lead me to him."

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of his lunacy he asks for you, sir," and as the man spoke we stood beside the bed of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the opening hatchway, and laid there in a little space about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavy. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his fingers tightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle stained and grey-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his fingers upon the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—"He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this?" as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had laid upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full—here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me with death already written upon his brow—and I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman who held his head—said sadly:

"Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out"—he spoke with emotion—"to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice.

"Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand—"Don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said:

"You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears; he resumed:

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth."

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" I said; "you saved my life—I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live; only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it in my trunk."

"Anything—everything, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile, but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

"It's a long, long ways up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling upon me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and lifting his fingers, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROSE.

I was nurtured among the green leaves in an old decayed garden, on a sunny hill side, where the free winds of heaven fanned my brow, and the gentler breezes left daily their sweet kisses on my ruby lips. While a tender bud; I modestly sought to hide beneath the rich foliage with which I was surrounded; but when I had learned to love the sunshine—when its warm beams had reached my heart—I threw off the fetters with which I had been bound, and, gazing up into the blue sky, was lost in wonder and admiration. All through the long and sunny day I revelled in the glorious sunbeams; and when the quiet even-tide came on, I bowed my head in reverence and adoration, and my grateful orisons ascended on the zephyr's breath to the great Supreme.

The solemn night succeeded to the holy hush of twilight. I gazed around me: could Eden itself have been fairer? The glad, green earth, quiet and beautiful, was bathed in Luna's silver beams; the tall grass bowed gracefully, as the night wind, with its musical voice, swept by; and the stars, holy, pure, and exceeding fair, glittered and glistened in the azure robe by which heaven seems hidden from view. "Ah!" thought I, "this world is indeed a lovely place!" and I glanced meekly upward; as I bowed again, methought a tear of gratitude lay upon my heart. I turned to my sister flowers, who, more sensitive than myself, had folded their leaves with the sun, and their petals seemed to glow with a liquid light; as I gazed, it assumed the form of a pearl, decking the brow of the sleeping flowers.

"Ah!" said I, "how can ye sleep amid so much

beauty?" but, without heeding me, they slept on, while I thanked God for the gentle dews which were falling thus, to refresh and invigorate us. And could I but be grateful for life, and the beauty with which I was surrounded? And what return could I make? None. Yes, I could unfold my blushing leaves, and open my heart to the passer by! I could load the breeze with my fragrance, and refresh the hearts of earth's weary wanderers with my odoriferous breath!

Night passed away with her gentle queen, and the fair, bright stars which followed in her train. Morning came; a few faint beams of light in the East heralded its approach: soon the Day-god arose from his couch of crimson and gold, and trod majestically the path assigned him by the Eternal.

My sleeping sister flowers awoke, and a blush mantled their dewy leaves as they met his ardent gaze. We drank of night's flowing nectar, and were again fanned by the zephyr's breath; the sweet little birds sang their morning hymn on the branches above me: a gorgeous butterfly sought my slender stem on which to rest his weary wing; and soon a little bee came buzzing about, seeking for honey-dew. Methought I was perfectly happy; but alas! for earth's happiness!

A fair young girl came tripping by; I raised my head, and sought to please with beauty, and refresh with fragrance. She came to my side, and praised my unrivalled loveliness; then I sent her the most precious odour from my incense-breathing heart. But in return she cruelly snapped my slender stem, and bore me away to her pleasant home. She placed me in a costly vase upon the mantel, and often comes to look upon her lovely rose, as she calls me, or to inhale my perfume: but she will not breathe it long: I pine for the fresh air, the glad sunshine, and the song of birds. I am fading, withering, dying; I shall soon cease to gladden her heart; and then, perchance, she will cast me forth as a worthless thing; or perhaps she may press my withered leaves between the pages of some favorite book, and bless my memory with a pleasant, grateful thought. If so, I die content—my mission is ended. I have given my fragrance to the breeze; and it has perchance been breathed by thousands! I have poured out the rich treasures of my heart for her; and while I breathe I will breathe but sweetness, and bless with perfume. But I go. Happy is he who can say with me, I have accomplished the object of my life—I have fulfilled the end of my being.

THE BRIDE'S PIE was formerly, in some parts of Yorkshire, so essential a dish on the dining-table after the celebration of the marriage, that there was no prospect of happiness without it. This was always made round, with a very strong crust, ornamented with various devices. In the middle of it, the grand essential was a fat laying hen, full of eggs. It was also garnished with minced and sweetmeats. It would have been deemed an act of neglect or rudeness if any of the party omitted to partake of it. It was the etiquette for the bridegroom always to wait, on this occasion, on his bride. The term *bridegroom* took its origin from hence.

AMUSING CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular—thought of an experiment to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer by what he desired to have said. Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got into a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed.

My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant."

"I say," replied the lady, "he is continually getting drunk, and I desire that he might be turned off."

"Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and as you say a trifle should not part us."

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kingston, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; she was not much hurt—but when she came home, she began to rattle to the Earl.

"Here," says she, "is that beast of a John, so drunk that he can hardly stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks!"

"Ay," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas, I am sorry for him."

"I am complaining," said my lady, "that he is drunk, and overturned me."

"Ay," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has behaved well, and shall have proper advice."

My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord, ordering John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice."

John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit; for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters, than to lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed with only water-gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, he was extremely glad that the fever had left him, and desired to see him.

"Well, John," says he, "I hope this is about over."

"Ay, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon. I promise never to commit the same fault again."

"Ay, ay," says my lord, "you are right: nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see to it, though, perhaps you should not complain; and I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance you have now."

"God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need."

"So do I, too," says his lordship, "but so long as you do your duty towards me, never fear, I shall do mine towards you."

VISIT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

It required no great research to convince us of their age, which is strikingly apparent in their gnarled and time-worn trunks. Many of the branches have become sapless, and are fast rotting away; others are broken off by the force of many tempests, or have fallen of their own accord from sheer old age; new ones have sprung out, and the young shoots continue to supply the ravages worked by time; the trunks are of vast circumference, and are composed of divers parts consolidated, some of them perhaps the growth of different ages. All the old trees, and many of the younger ones, have large pieces cut out of their trunks, upon which are carved the names of visitors who have been from time to time attracted to this remote region. Among these we noticed the name of Lamartine, said to have been carved by an Arab, while the great sentimentalist was going into ecstasies, in his comfortable quarters below. The object is to see the Cedars of Lebanon, mentioned in the Scriptures; and there they are, without doubt. They can be seen by anybody who has eyes to see. It is true there are only cedars, but they are very wonderful, as well from their great antiquity as from the Scriptural interest attached to them. During a visit to this region last summer, we carefully counted the cedars, both old and young. We also made some measurements of a very interesting character. The entire grove, according to our estimate, consists of four hundred trees; the average circumference of the original twelve is about twenty-five feet, and one was found to measure upwards of thirty. The trunks of the more ancient cedars do not rise to any great height before they branch out into enormous limbs, commencing ten or fifteen feet from the ground, some perhaps twenty feet. The branches are very crooked and tortuous, partly decayed, as before stated, and gnarled with the frosts and tempests of ages. It is said that no other specimens of the kind are found in any part of the world, except such as have been transplanted from this grove. The wood is white, and has a pleasant perfume; and to this odour reference is made in the Scriptures. It is not stronger, however, than the scent of the ordinary red cedar—perhaps less apparent.

COLONEL SHARPLEY AND THE ALLIGATORS.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

There are certain animals in the kingdom of nature peaceable enough, if let alone, but ferocious as tigers in defence of themselves or offspring. Of this sort is the alligator.

In excursions through more southern sections of the United States, I have observed them with much interest. Naturalists, who possess the opportunity, should pay more attention to their habits than has yet been done, for but little reliable information is recorded in books concerning them. The lagoons, bayous, and lakes of Southern Mississippi and Louisiana, are their principal places of resort, and there they may be observed to the best advantage. On a hot summer's day, when the deadly miasmatic steam rises from the surface of one those unhealthy collections, alligators may be seen lying half buried in the ooze or floating dreamily on the surface, apparently careless to all that moves around them. But don't believe they are in earnest. Just let a hunter's dog endeavor to reach his master by a short cut across the lake, and by the time the cur is a hundred feet from shore, every alligator in the drink will be after him. Never did you hear such a splashing and bellowing. Their paddles, noisy as the Talleyrand's, will lash foam from the water, as they strain every muscle to gain the first bite, for of all meats toothsome to an alligator, a dog's is most delicious. Their foul breath ascends in vapor. Their little devilish eyes gleam like a shark's, and poor dog, if he gets half way across before those heavy jaws clamp him, he will be lucky enough. But wo to the reptile who is first in the chase; each of the others, as he comes up, will pitch into him with the heartiest hatred, and ten to one he is immolated on the shrine of covetousness, torn into a thousand pieces by his late friends.

In every lake there are certain veterans, who, by virtue of their years, or the fame of former exploits,—most likely their great strength,—are allowed pre-eminence by the rest. But the row becomes serious indeed, when two of this sort,—bull alligators they are styled,—encounter each other. Then Greek meets Greek, Napoleon contends against Wellington, and dire is the strife, for neither party yields until death closes the scene, and one, or both, expires. I once found one, sixteen feet in length, lying upon a sand bar, quite too much exhausted to move. His under-jaw was broken in several places, his bowels were gushing out, and both eyes were gouged. He was, evidently, the victor, and what success his opponent had met with, might be inferred from his horrid condition. Well might the conqueror declare "one more such victory will undo me," if, indeed, he were not already lying in the agonies of death. Only three of his teeth remained unbroken of all his goodly palisade of ivory, and those, each thick as my thumb, I secured for my cabinet. No, I am wrong, there was a fourth, which I presented to Capt. Maryatt, who failed, however, to keep his promise of recording the above incident in his book of travels.

It is not generally known that the alligator, like the turtle, lays her eggs upon the land. When ready for this interesting charge, she crawls from the water for some distance into the dense cane-brake, and then paws up, with her immense paddles, big clumps of muddy earth, until a pile is formed a few inches high, and some four feet diameter. Upon this she lays her eggs, then heaps dry leaves above them, with sticks and mud, until the mound is nearly as high as a man's head, and the good lady returns to the element, leaving the heat and moisture to do the rest. As soon as the progeny is hatched, they hasten like ducks, to the water, and if they escape being eaten by the turtles, catfish, or their own tender mammas, they attain, in a few years, a good size, and are allowed to participate in the fights, feasts and frolics of the lake. The great part, however, are destroyed in infancy.

An anecdote is told of an English dandy sportsman, who had come yachting to New Orleans, and penetrated to the interior, for a shy at the game. But his very first excursion to the cane-brake eventuated in his being lost, and lying out alone, amidst such clouds of mosquitoes as only Vermilion Bay can produce. They almost tapped his heart's blood. Daylight found him on the brink of a lagoon, with an army of alligators in view. Horrified at the sight of the monsters, he struck precipitately into the thicket again, but only to fall over a large one that was egging it upon her huge nest. The reptile struck him over the back with her flexible tail, and knocked him senseless, and had she followed up the blow, he had doubtless made a morning's meal for her ladyship. As it was, he recovered his senses, but with a bruised shoulder, and some time the next day returned to the house, minus gun, hat and curiosity. The yacht soon cleared homeward bound, and that was the last of John Bull.

Every man who has visited St. Louis, recollects the two specimens in Koch's Museum, that engaged in a fight right before a crowd of spectators, and could not be separated until they fell over the balcony into the street, and were both killed by the shock. The incident was so novel, that the enterprising proprietor turned it to good account, and secured more visitors by exhibiting the deceased champions than even by his famous "Missourium," the eighth wonder of the world. In several points there is a resemblance of habits between the alligator and the large, thick-shelled turtle. Both love to bask in sunrays so hot as to fry up everything else; both are highly tenacious of life; slowly aroused to anger, but spunky as a demon when their ire is excited; both possess the most powerful instruments in their front paddles that are known in mechanics, as may be seen in their skeletons, clumsy, but mighty in leverage. There is one striking point of difference, however, the turtle being the most timid animal in the lake; starting from his log, and plumping into the water at the slightest alarm, while the alligator will lie and watch you with a calmness that is indicative of an innocent heart.

And now for the best anecdote on this subject. Colonel Sharpley, a land speculator, took his way in the month of September, 1837, to the Louisiana land office, to make certain entries of valuable

tracts. The day was hot, the dust smotheringly thick, the air perfectly still. About the middle of the afternoon he arrived at Moore's ferry on Plum Bayou, a sheet of stagnant water, filled from the river in spring freshets, and serving for a breeding pond of fish and reptiles the balance of the year. The ferryman lived a mile the other side, as ferrymen always do; but for the convenience of travellers, he had suspended a cow's horn on a sapling, with the tacit understanding that he would come whenever he heard it. Now, I never could sound a note even on a French bugle, although I have heard Gambati blow two trumpets at a time, and as Colonel Sharpley's lungs were of the weakest, he didn't even attempt the cow's horn, harder, however, than five trumpets. Gambati would find it so. And now there is our traveller; there is the bayou; the ferry-boat occupying one side of the picture, the man and his horse the other. Land speculators are a shifty set, and up to most emergencies, but the Colonel was nonplussed here. He saw too plainly the danger of swimming, for a glance at the mud bank a little ways to the left, brought to view several long, black, humpy, objects that *might* be logs, but were probably alligators, ready to be aroused at the slightest splash.

So the speculator sat down under an umbrella-looking beech, pulled out his field notes, and began to make calculations for future profit. But nobody came; night drew on; he became weary of his estimates, and putting up his book, began to wonder what he should do. It was ten miles back to the nearest house, and the probability was, that if the ferryman had no fares from his own side of the water, he would not come down for a day or two. The idea of camping out was a disagreeable one; though, barring mosquitoes and the prospect of a bad cold, he cared nothing for the danger. But little was stirring around him. Occasionally, a long, lank garfish would turn a neat caper out of water, and disappear again, as if satisfied with the exploit. Then a kingfisher or two screamed above some fry they had caught, and flew off in amicable mood, as old friends should. Then a snowy white crane, on stilts long as a Savoyard's, waded within fifty feet of him; now groping under water for a morsel, now pluming its spotless feathers with coquettish care.

But such objects have little charm for land speculators. Colonel Sharpley arose and glanced around for an idea. One puff at the cow's horn showed him the fallacy of the attempt; for the sound he made was about as loud and harsh as the notes of its original wearer. A pile of drift wood hard by suggested the notion of a raft; and thankful for the thought, at it he went with double speed, determined, if he could get across to the ferry-boat, to return with that, and convey his horse over. The substratum was soon laid with large pieces of wood, dry as tinder, which he tied firmly together by grape vines. These were crossed tier above tier by others, all being well tied at the corners; and thus he had a structure built in half an hour, large and buoyant enough for anybody. A stiff piece of bark sufficed for a paddle, and the Colonel boldly launched out, congratulating himself upon his ingenuity. But

he had not gone more than half across, before the knobbed back of a bull alligator broke water within a few feet of him, and he saw that he should have company on his way of a dangerous sort. Every time he dipped his paddle on that side, the big upper jaw would open a short way, and rows of glistening pegs, four inches long, dripping in slime, met his trembling gaze.

No wonder then that his track was tortuous and his progress slow. The monster made no attempt to stop him; and now the ferry-boat was but a few yards ahead, and hope was becoming buoyant, when things took another turn.

It will be recollected that every lake of this sort has several of these veteran bulls, whose prowess secures them from all attack except from each other. The large one, that had accompanied Colonel Sharpley, was so deeply scarred as to prove him a quarrelsome case, and when, as it happened, another one of the same sort, which was prowling about, approached the raft, the motion was taken as a challenge, and a desperate fight immediately commenced. Each seized the other by the head and commenced lashing with their tails, making some such turmoil as a whale with its flukes.

Instantly, the paddle was dashed from the Colonel's hands, his eyes were filled with spray, his raft upset, and it was all that he could do to recover his footing. All this was bad enough, but read further.

The alligator, as a tribe, is pugnacious, and the sound of a fight calls them together as naturally as it does Kentucky raftsmen. So it was but a few minutes until the little raft was surrounded by a whole shoal of them (alligators, not Kentuckians), young and old, dividing their eager gaze between the strife and its unlucky object. The speculator stood aghast. He had often been the centre of an angry crowd of squatters at a land sale, and borne himself boldly, though antagonistic to all. But this was another affair, and the excited crowd around reminded him of what he had read of battle-fields, where the hungry wolves stand a little way off to wait their time of carnage.

And now the evening breeze came up and began to blow his raft up the bayou, leaving him no other prospect than to spend the night upon the water, surrounded by these creatures, maddened by the smell of blood. How he wished himself by the side of his good horse that stood gazing upon him, in the twilight, as if in mute astonishment at his master's movements. Ah, Colonel! your last quarter section has been entered, and your brethren will never drop the sprig of evergreen into your open grave. All this time the fight continued, and even increased in fury.

The military tactics of the alligator tribe is far more simple than Scott's. It only consists in catching your opponent's jaw in yours, then banging his side with your tail. What thrashing machines those tails would make! While the raft floated along, the scene of fight was continually shifted, so as to keep it conveniently near, it being understood by both parties that the spoils were to be the victor's, and so said spoils himself understood by their anxiety to keep him in plain view. Once he approached near a point of land that jutted out from the bank, so near that had

he possessed a stick he could have reached it; but he was powerless, and on he went, the victim of destiny, and still the rivals fought, and still the speculator looked on. The ferry-boat was now out of sight. A turn in the land hid his horse, who gave him a loud neigh by way of good-night. Darkness settled over him, and the horrors of his situation began to work upon his mind. One last thought of home and wife and children, no more to hail his coming; and the speculator sank down upon his tottering raft, folded his arms, and a few minutes more would have ended his fate, for he felt that the power to preserve his balance was fast leaving him. But suddenly a light flashed upon his eyes, he heard a loud, harsh voice exclaiming, "Halloo, boys! a bull fight, as I'm a man;" and invigorated by hope, he sprang to his feet, and hailed the new comers. They were fishermen, by torchlight, and their fortunate arrival saved his life. Another half hour, and he was sitting at the ferryman's table, his horse up to his eyes in corn and fodder, and at least one grateful heart silently praising God for a great deliverance.

THE ROOT OF VIOLETS.

BY MRS. ALICE B. NEAL.

It was a little thing!

Yes, and it is a little thing always that makes the pleasure of a child, or its sorrow either.

Only a Violet!

But it brought tears to my eyes, that plain, simple blossom, with its fresh smell, and deep gold and purple petals. It was not a field flower, but of that variety that grew so easily with trifling care. Some give them the name of Heart's Ease.

I had not held one in my hand for many a day before; and little Martha looked quite astonished that I should ask to have one added to the bouquet she was gathering for me. I can see the child now—standing in that narrow garden, with the strip of sky above, and the close, dilapidated houses of the oldest part of the city, crowding its very borders. It was almost like fairy-land, that little nook, because I came upon it so unexpectedly.

Mrs. Lane had moved. Martha, her eldest daughter, was one of my Sunday scholars, and, furnished with the new address, the teacher commenced her search. It was far enough from Chestnut street, the old quarter in which they lived; and the low houses were filled with people very different from the gay promenades there. Children were swarming on the side-walks, with only an elder sister to attend them. Some were groping in the filthy wayside pools, or building houses of the fallen bricks, and even bones bleached in the kennel. Their squalid, ignorant mothers were scolding and toiling alternately, without health, or hope, or aim, save to live and eat and sleep, from day to day. So she came nearer to the river, and there were little shops filled with old iron, rusty hinges and broken nails, or ropes that had seen many a storm at sea, and, perhaps, a suit of sailors' clothes flapping in the wind.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Lane lives?"

The man in the pea-jacket takes his pipe from his mouth, and stares a moment as if astonished at the speaker or the question. Then he pulls that rough, straggling lock of hair very oddly, and says—

"Round the corner, next to that old frame. Up them high steps. Guess the old woman ain't to home, though."

But it's not Mrs. Lane, it's little Martha. I have come to see, and she opens the creaking door, and looks so smiling and delighted as she finds "Teacher" there. Mrs. Lane is seldom at home. She goes out to her work early in the morning, and Martha takes care of the house, and Betty, and the baby, and gets her father's dinner. Many little girls, her age, have not yet learned to dress themselves. Nurse dresses them for breakfast, and then they go to school, but often not to study. They work book-marks and slippers, and have music lessons, and go to dancing school. But Martha leads a busy, cheerful life, and can make a bed, or cook a dinner almost as well as her mother.

Martha has been in the garden at work. She says her hands are not fit to offer to her teacher.

"Oh, then you have a garden to the new house!"

Her eyes brighten as she points to the strip of grass-plot, showing through the hall door.

"Will you let me walk in it?" asks her teacher.

So they go out together, and the teacher stoops under the clean clothes Martha has just hung up, and there they are, in the narrow, gravelled path, with clumps of Pinks, and Sweet Williams, a great Peony, Star of Bethlehem, and Love in the Mist, along the borders. Such a nice, prim, little, old-fashioned garden! A plumb tree in one corner, peaches just thinking of ripening, are half hidden by the green leaves of its neighbor. Martha is pleased that the teacher thinks it so pleasant, and she begins to gather the bouquet to which I beg some fresh Violets may be added.

Martha does not think them half as pretty as the Sweet Williams, and nothing to be compared to the immense sweet-scented Peony, the pride of her heart, but her teacher is glad she is not obliged to answer, for her voice would not be very steady just at that moment.

A great many years ago, (she thinks of it all, as she stands in the snug, little garden, and watches the child,) she was a lonely, solitary little creature, far away from her own home, and the dear mother that had anticipated every wish. Her adopted mother was kind, very kind, and her new sister was an affectionate, gentle little girl. Still there were hours, and hours, that no one knew, when she was very tired at heart, and grievously thought there was no one to love her or care for her.

There was no garden attached to the high, square brick house, with its wide rooms, and great sounding halls. But one day, the child found a single Violet root growing in the stones of the terrace that surrounded it. How it came there she did not know, or how it kept its hold where there was so little earth. But it lived, and thrived, and she visited it in secret, and called it hers. One bright spring morning a blossom was found, unfolding in all its beauty. Her heart

could not retain the new joy. So the little Louise came, and saw, and admired, but she did not offer to touch it with her white, dimpled fingers. By and by, there were three blossoms in one morning. Then one was plucked, and laid on the breakfast table, a mute offering to the kind, adopted mother. And, sometimes, when the Sabbath bells rang, the child slipped away, and brought two Violets, one for Louise, to carry with them to the church.

Cousin Alice could almost feel the sunshine of these bright Sabbath mornings, and hear the church bells chime, as they walked slowly behind the rest, and wondered why their blue bonnets were always worn on Sunday, with the wide cambric pantalettes they admired so much! Then they would look at the purple Violet, or perhaps press its soft, velvet petals to their lips, and look in each other's eyes with a smile.

These Violets could not have been sold for a farthing, all that ever grew there. Cousin Alice has since held bouquets that a bright gold-piece had been given for. Pink Jessamines, and waxen Japonicas, dainty Daphne, with its sweet, sweet breath, and Roses with deep crimson hearts. But they were not, with all their loveliness, like the Violets, in the pleasure they conferred.

It must have been weeks that the Violets bloomed, and the children kept their little secret. It was the last morning visit, the first paid on their return from school. They wondered how many blossoms would be out, as they opened their sleepy little eyes, and visions of purple, gold and green leaves illuminated the dull spelling book.

But one sad and sorrowful day, long to be remembered, the sheltered little nook was empty! It was too great a loss to be realized. At first, they could do nothing but sit down and cry, with their pinafores over their faces. Then inquiry and search commenced. The poor Violet root was found, flung out like a worthless weed, and withering, with all its flowers, in the scorching sun. It was so wanton, that robbery of their pleasures, and so hard to bear when the elder boys only laughed, and said "it was on purpose to tease them!" And spies they had been!

We tried to make it grow again, but it was no use. We watered it, and tied up the withered flowers, to support them. But the next day it was quite dead, and lying shrivelled and dusty upon the ground.

This was the memory that made the Heart's Ease so much more beautiful to Cousin Alice than Martha's gayer flowers. She was afraid they would all be withered before the end of her long walk, and so left them beside the bed of a sick class-mate of Martha's, who lived in a narrow court, where no flowers could grow. But she kept the Violets, and wore them all that evening, for their sweet breath, and the memory of her childhood.

An analysis of the cucumber, by Prof. Salisbury, of Albany, shows that ninety-seven one-hundredths of the fruit are water! This is more than the watermelon, which contains ninety-four parts. The mushroom contains ninety.

SUMMER ROVING.

The season for summer roving is now nearly over. The wanderers have returned, or about to return. I would invite the more serious and reflecting of these to a few minutes' consideration of some questions relative to this practice. Is it not well worthy of one hour's consideration to endeavor to determine what have been the fruits of this summer's recreation, and what is the influence of this summer roving, and of fashionable summer resorts especially. The tendency to leave the city during the summer months is increasing. Young and old, sick and well, fashionable and those making higher professions, all hasten from the city, as from a prison, at the first breath of summer air. For a long time, pure air and quiet were the only requisites easily obtained at a country farm-house; but now the passion or fashion is for the sea-shore and sea-bathing, every little spot by the ocean's shore, where hotel or boarding-house is to be had, is thronged, and its accommodations, no matter how inconvenient or disagreeable, received with seeming gratitude; while the larger places number their guests by hundreds and thousands, from the brightest, best and most gifted the country can produce. The gratefulness of this change is acknowledged; its necessity, in many cases, admitted willingly; the good influences arising from intimacy with nature, in the green fields or by the ocean's shore, heartily confessed.

To the drooping invalid, the care-worn student, the pining child, the worn-out frame of the watching mother, the too-closely confined teacher, the hard-working and self-sacrificing minister, each breeze comes fraught with renewal of vigor, life and hope. Let the kindly ministries of nature never be undervalued; its soothing, healing, invigorating powers never be overlooked by those seeking to restore exhausted frames and forces. But when all have been included who need the change, or would be essentially benefited by it, how large a multitude remains of those who only leave their homes for amusement—for dissipation! Yes, for dissipation! for by what more appropriate term can you designate a mode of wasting time, in which evening dancing and chatting and singing and reading of frivolous stories, and morning slumbering, are prominent characteristics? What more appropriate name is there for precious time and talents given up to nights of revel, of heated crowds, of unmeaning prattle, of exciting card-playing, of giddy waltzing?

We presume not to question the necessity, the advantage of recreation; but we more than question, we deny, either necessity or advantage in dissipation. And whenever amusement or pleasure-seeking is the main object, then this practice of summer roving becomes dissipation; becomes pernicious; is clearly wrong. For if health, the best use of time, and spiritual improvement, are lost sight of for one day, be it winter or summer, call it work-time or play-time, that day is one we shall be glad to forget when the end of all days shall arrive. Strange that any soul can forget this!

That thousands do forget it all the year round, wasting their time and polluting their souls, is a

standing wonder to every thoughtful, every serious, every religious mind. And a most melancholy thing it is to see the first lessons in time-killing taken by the young at our fashionable watering-places! Many, with the bloom of innocence on their cheeks, willing or eager to learn the meaning of life and its uses, and who till now, with the beautiful instincts of the soul, have used their moments with some degree of wisdom and high purpose, there first imbibe the idea, perhaps, that enjoyment may be sought in the most frivolous of pursuits, in unwholesome late hours, in occupations which not only strengthen no faculty of the mind, no affection of the heart, no muscle or function of the body, but do actually weaken and injure all these. The inexperienced *victims* of fashion do not at once discover the cheat, and ache under the disappointment. They not only commit the immediate folly, but carry home the fatal error, the false view of recreation, the moral blindness as to abuse of time, which, it may be, will gradually undermine their future usefulness, and their wholesome growth into a fitness for Heaven.

We would have this mused upon seriously by a class rapidly increasing in this country—the giddy mature, the adult children—they who sport with the tremendous responsibility of example laid upon them—a burden which dignified virtue would carry lightly, and which they cannot shake off, sport and be thoughtless as they will.

We would have the young ponder it. If the occupations of the summer have not given them a distaste for idle hours and frivolous amusements, and a longing for something more dignified, profitable and noble, then God be merciful to them, when their spirits must plunge into the mysteries on which now they spend not a thought, when they shall learn whether they have fitted themselves for perpetual, joyous, glorious, advancing virtue and action, or must feed, forever, dumb, motionless and miserable, upon bitter recollections.

If religion and eternity be other than meaningless words, then the frivolity, the worldliness, the artificialness, the thoughtlessness of those gathered in the drawing-rooms of our summer palaces must deeply depress, almost to gloom, the heart that looks beyond time, upon the fruits thereof. The untruthfulness, the crushing of all the brighter, purer impulses at the shrine of fashion, the deadening of all the higher, purer aims of the spirit by the paralyzing power of the world's atmosphere, the stifling of the consciousness of a better purpose in life, till the being ends in being utterly perverted and false—false to itself, false to others, false to God. This is the result. This is an influence of a fashionable summer resort. Who would not weep to watch the heavenly gift of beauty perverted to all unhallowed uses—the bright eye flashing with scorn, pride or triumph, which *should* only beam with love and pity and sympathy? Whose heart would not grow heavy, to follow the gay, the courted, the caressed, the flattered, to their retirement, and know of the throbbing temples, weeping eyes, aching hearts, and not mourn over the hollowness of the world, and ask sadly and fearfully what will be the testimony of the recording

angels? Christians, so called, are among these scenes; do they realize their mission and their duty there? If every Christian was true to his Master *there*, an untold influence would be exerted, even as the good is greater and more powerful than the evil.

There is another matter of serious inquiry. What is the effect produced upon the dwellers by the sea-shore, and in the quiet country village, by the outpouring, from the city, of the gay, the fashionable, the worldly? What life does the fashionable world reveal to them? A life spent in seeking for pleasure, occupied with amusement! In contrast to their early hours, their daily toil, their simple fare, their simple dress and simple enjoyments, how must all the glare and glitter, tinsel and show of the world's people dazzle and bewilder their victim, and seem like the gorgeous fabric of a dream! How can it help bringing questions of the inequalities of lots, loss of contentment and true enjoyment, and false estimates of life?

It surely would result in good, if thoughts and inquiries such as these should occupy the minds of many between this and another summer, so that evils now prevalent might be avoided, and better results follow from summer roving and summer resorts.

THE DUOMO AT MILAN.

We left Lodi and its gory honor on our south, crossed the Adra, and were soon knocking at the Posta gate of Milan, one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Our drive to the hotel is under a promenade, which constitutes the circumference of the city, and measures twelve miles! Travelers have rarely described Milan as it really is, in all the splendor of its views, and the greatness of its extent. Standing, as it does, between the gorgeous palaces of nature upon the North, and the temples of art and luxury upon the South, and sweeping, as its tributary, the blossom and fragrance of Italia's garden, Milan should not alone be spoken of for its Duomo and its Arena, its Arch and its "Last Supper," by De Vinci; but for its regal magnificence and commanding prospects. Lofty houses, elegant court-yards, and fine paves, are not wanting to make an unbroken perspective of grandeur in the streets. But hold! miracle of wonder! what is that tall spire, sculptured and entablatured, rising from forth the sea of stone, "how silently," in its delicate and labyrinthine magic of art! Is it the phantasm of a dream, or the grotesque illusion of the clouds? The white statues, as you approach, people the slender pinnacles, and stand within the marble niches. This unparalleled Duomo has been likened to a river of marble shot into the air to a height of 500 feet, and then suddenly petrified while falling! Surely it must have arisen like an exhalation "to the sound of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;" for it seems of the very air—airy in its frozen poetry.

We did not tarry long without. We entered its dark, high nave, branching like monster trees of some other world; and uplifted by octagon circular columns, so high, that they seem toppling to the upraised eye. The finest stained glass win-

dows, perhaps, in the world, beautify the darksome aisles. The evening light slowly plays through every colored form of saint and prophet, flower and tracery.

While we stand spell-bound, the janitor, who spoke bad English, came up and politely offered to show us the top. After dropping a few sous for the church at the portal, we wound up a spiral inclined plane, and within the magic marble mountain. We are soon within the mazes above. Solid as earth, it seems a fairy city of towers. One hundred and fifty-five pinnacles point upward; nearly 7,000 statues glance in the light, while niches stand waiting for 3,000 more! Fifteen thousand different points are lifted from the roofs—for there are more roofs than one, as we find by ascending staircase on staircase. Below us, on the last roof, is the *Botanic Garden*! What! is Italy so prodigal of its verdure, that the Cathedral's top should bud and blow like the hanging gardens of Old Assyria? It is only the marble which has sought, through genius and taste, manifold forms in the pointed spires. Fifteen thousand buds, flowers and fruits, each different, bloom perennially amid the upper air, and that without irrigation or pruning.

This immense pile has been centuries in completing. Napoleon, whose mind was ever ready to build monuments to art and himself, added an immense addition. Architects have discussed the minutest points of this Duomo in lines of solid quarto. Nearly thirty hundred millions of francs have been expended upon it. An edifice as large as Grace Church, New York, is upon its top as plainly as the Pantheon is upon St. Peter's.

The view from it, is incomparably fine. The eye may float over the scenery of Italy, and revel in its fairest bowers, discern the cities around for forty miles, and to the north see those everlasting Alps, which look up the gateways of Europe. The beautiful hills of Como and Maggiore, surrounding the magic mirrors in which they are reflected; the Saint Gothard; farther west, the Simplon, through whose defiles we expect to pass; the Monte Rosa, white and radiant, except at sunset, when it illustrates its name in the sweetest of hues; Mount Cenis to the direct west; and further around, the line of the Apennines; and to the southeast, the sweeping vale of the Po, with Cremona and Crema—all can be viewed from this lofty spot! What a resplendent, magnificent, glorious creation is ours! How full of beauty and sublimity! Would that our distant friends could behold these splendid Alpine temples upon the north, from this marble observatory, and the great pleasure grounds which lie around their feet in such luxuriance of vegetable life!

What are those scaffoldings, observable as we descend, erected far up to the topmost rose of the pinnacle? We are informed by the custodian, that ten men are constantly employed upon these scaffolds in cleaning the building, and that it takes them just twelve years to complete the circuit outside.

Can it be that the Great Father of all is pleased with such stately structures, erected for His worship? Does He delight rather in the marbles of Italy, rather than the rude churches of our land? Profitless inquisition; for the temple of His love

is the upright heart and pure; and where that bows—whether under swelling dome or homely altar—whether under the light of stained splendours, or under the white radiance of an open sky. His presence appears more glorious than all else beside in heaven, or in earth!—*A Buckeye Abroad.*

ANCESTRY.

"Virtus est nihil aliud quam ad summum perducta natura."—
CICERO.

Tush! prithee, Ben, leave off this prate,—
Look to thyself ere't be too late.
See, boy—while dwelling on the past,
How all thy moments run to waste.
Leave boasting of thy sire—but rather
Be in thyself both son and father.
The present, boy!—the glorious present,
Holds forth the prize to peer and peasant.
Herr, Signor, Sir, or Van or Von,
Initial De, Du, De la, Don—
These are but signets. Then begin
To have thy manhood proved within.
For Nick himself—the sire of evil—
Hath, too, his patronymic—D'Evil.

Two casks—one empty—one unbroached,
Stood snug in vault, with sides approached.
That hinted, rich Burgundian blood,
In ages past, within him flowed;
While this claimed lineage from the vine,
Whose clusters glad the pilgrim Rhine.

When, thus the former—"I opine,
My gentle coz, that thou can'st trace
Descent from good tho' humble race.
For me—tho' fallen—I may claim
An ancient and time-honored name.
And tho' of patrimony left,
Have still my proud escutcheon left,
Which shows my ancestry for cent'ries,—
Births—marriages—and final entries."
"Thou, truly, had'st enough of fame"—
Thus answered he of plebeian name;—
But yet not thou—'twas not on thee,
The past bestowed its eulogy.
The escutcheon which thou bear'st—not thine,
Thou art the wood, and not the vine.
Could'st look within me, worthy peer!—
Thou there would'st find my title clear.

The cask, where gen'rous wine is found,
Gives forth, we know, no hollow sound.
'Tis only when the store is fled,
That this, forsooth, supplies its stead.
Hock present's worth Jove's nectar past,
First of my race am I,—thou last.

[Whitaker's Southern Magazine.

THE SECRET OF GOOD WRITING.—We are at first to import knowledge, says Dr. Channing, then to export it. Write daily and elaborately, if only for one hour. Avoid verbiage, do not multiply but select your words, and lop off redundancies as you would scatter chaff. In the hands of a writer who adopts these precepts, a multitude of words is not verbiage, because each gives some new view or adds to the effect of the old. There is a splendor in his strength, and a strength in his splendor, because there is a weight as well as brightness in the metal. Nothing so fixes and consolidates your views on any subject as this practice.

PUMPERS AND SUCKERS.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* relates the following story, with a moral:

Having occasion, several years ago, to visit the West, I put up one night at a small rude town near the base of the Alleghany mountains. My stopping place was a small, dingy-looking, neutral-tinted, two-story drunkard-making establishment, which gloried in the significant appellation of "The Hunter's Home." A few rude men, who, to my eyes, appeared oddly dressed, without the least regard to any principles of taste or of fashion—their garments being partly of skins of animals killed by their own hands, and partly of coarse cloths cut without regard to any other idea than that of comfort, with hats of as many different shapes as there were heads to wear them,—were lolling about the bar-room. Some of them had a powder-horn thrown over their shoulder, and a long-barrelled musket in their hand. And one or two, in addition to these, were embellished with rabbits, squirrels and birds, which they had recently shot. I now understood the appropriateness of the name of the tavern.

As I stepped to the door to escape the odor of the various drinks upon which the returned sportsmen were luxuriating, my attention was attracted upwards by a mysterious creaking, shrill sound, which fell at irregular intervals upon the ear, and which I soon discovered proceeded from a sign suspended from the limb of a large elm in front of the house, which the wind took the liberty of keeping in constant motion. It was significantly decorated on one side with a huge bowl, and on the other with a quart-pot, rejoicing under a high crown of light foam, which, on one side, was flowing over, appearing like a beautiful white plume, gracefully bending from the coronet above.

On the right side of the front door was a long, ruddy-constructed bench, which appeared as though it had been used from time immemorial, for no other purpose than to accommodate the idlers of the village, with material on which to test the temper of their knives, and, at the same time, to try their own skill in carving; as it was covered with letters and figures of all shapes and sizes. Whilst occupying one end of this antique, elaborated seat, watching the variegated and constantly changing hues produced by the rays of the setting sun upon that wild mountain scenery, I heard a rumbling which, as it gradually grew louder, seemed like the approach of distant thunder. It was heard in the bar-room, and brought the men to the door.

"I must away," said one—a long, lank, tawney fellow, with a garment somewhere between a coat and a jacket, made of black bear skin. "A storm's brewing, and if I ain't on hand my old woman 'ill have the hy-sterics," emphasizing the first syllable. "She's dreadfully skereed at lightning ever since a flash set my hay a fire, killed the cow, and stiffened little Tom, so that all we had to do was to put him in his coffin and bury him up."

"Not so fast," replied another, the prominent feature of whose dress consisted of a tall, steeple-shaped white felt hat. "Not so fast. I reckon your woman don't hear that, and if she did, it

would take something more than thunder, manufactured by wagon-wheels and dirt, to frighten her. That's nothing but the pumpers and suckers."

"Glad of it," said Bear-skin. "For I want to kill something for supper before I go home. But your story about the pumping is too much for me to swallow. There's no truth in it."

"What 'ill you bet? I'll stake my Slay-bear against your Fail-not."

"It taint no use. Slay-bear's a good piece, I know, I brought down an eagle with it, once; but Fail-not kills as much game as I want. Besides, my old 'ooman tells me I had better not bet, and I think a sight of her judgment."

During the unsuccessful attempt to get their muskets staked against each other, the cause of the mysterious sound was developed by the approach, in the distance, of eight or nine large baggage wagons, drawn some by four, and others by six horses.

"We shall soon see now whether a horse knows where water comes from, and how to get it when the trough is dry. To create a necessity, I'll empty the trough."

The speaker stepped to the pump, which stood on the opposite side of the road; emptied the trough, and then re-adjusted it for the reception of water. The pump was one of which the handle always sprung up when used; so that all that was necessary to bring the water was simply to produce the downward motion of the handle—it would rise of its own accord.

Not knowing the particular question at issue, nor the nature of the experiment which was expected, I was the more careful in my observations. In a short time, the long string of wagons reached the tavern. Imagine, if you can, my pleasure and surprise to see one of the horses that was first unharnessed, finding nothing in the trough, deliberately lay his head on the handle of the pump, press it down, and make the water issue from the spout. As he raised his head the handle would spring up, but down again he would press it and force the water into the trough. In this manner the ingenious horse kept pumping until nearly all the others had finished drinking. He then left the handle; went round to the trough, drank as much as he wanted himself, then sedately walked into a long stable which was near, and took his place in one of the stalls, as though he had performed nothing unusual.

"That beats all natur," said the knight of the Bear-skin; "I'm glad I took my 'ooman's advice and didn't bet. Fail-not and I would a parted, sure."

"Does that horse always do so?" I asked, addressing the landlord.

"He always does when there's occasion for it, and that's why he's called Pumper and the others, who only drink, are named Suckers."

When I retired for the night my mind was busily occupied with these expressive appellations. I thought they were not exclusively appropriate to these quadrupeds, but that there were those who might worthily bear them among certain bipeds of my acquaintance. Indeed, it required but a limited exercise of the imagination to divide the whole human family into two classes, one of which should embrace all the pumpers, and the other the suckers of the human race.

THE STUDY OF SCHILLER.

In the study of Schiller, I sat down one morning at his desk, and with ink dipped from an inkstand of Goethe, I took phrenological notes on a cast of Schiller's head. There was a seat and an occupation! But nothing is complete in this loose, fragmentary world. Why was there no mould from the cranium of Schiller's renowned friend? Because men are such laggards behind truth. The momentous, brilliant discovery of the physiology of the brain was promulgated in the beginning of this century, and first in Germany, by its great discoverer, Gall. And, still, though so easily verified, it remains unacknowledged by scientific men on the continent of Europe. In freer England, and freest America, its truth has been forced upon the scientific in a great measure by the enlightened perseverance of the laity. Goethe, whose sympathy with the spirit and processes of Nature was the source of his wisdom, meeting with Gall, who, in a tour through Germany, was expounding his newly-made discovery, received it at once into his mind, with that large hospitality which he always extended to new-comers from the realms of Nature. Pity that he had not cultivated acquaintanceship into intimacy. His name would have been a passport to this fruitful truth, and thus have hastened by half a century its acceptance among his countrymen. In that case, moreover, his friends and executors, knowing the scientific value of a fac-simile of his noble head, we should have had his by the side of Schiller's, to compare together and contrast the two.

The brain of Schiller, from its large size and general conformation, denotes uncommon energy, great force and warmth of character, and irresistible mental momentum. In his organization there was a rich mingling of powers. What he undertook he went at with a zeal that rallied his whole nature to the service, with a volume of impetus that bore him onward with burning velocity, and with a resolution that no obstacle could stay. His undertakings were high, his aspirations noble. Onward, onward, upward, upward! might have been his device. With all this fiery enthusiasm, this impatient activity, he undertook nought rashly. He was at once impetuous and prudent. He was self-confident, but with consciousness of his gifts he united an insatiable thirst for better than he could furnish. His ideal was so exalted it kept him ever learning and expanding. Goethe was often astonished, when they would meet after a not very long separation, to find what progress he had made in the interval. His intellect was under the spur of his poetic expansions fed by his hearty impulses. His mind was kept at red heat. His nature was earnest, and even stern. If there was in him no sportiveness or humor, neither was there any littleness. His love of fame was strong, but he sought to gratify it by lofty labors.

Schiller's intellect was broad and massive, not subtle nor penetrative. Hence, with all his material of sympathy and inborn passion, wherewith he energized and diversified his characters, they lack individuality and compactness. In the most finished there is a certain hollowness. It is not so much, that they are not distinctly enough dif-

ferenced one from the other, as that each is not tightly knit up into itself, as in Shakespeare and Goethe. Schiller was not the closest, most scrupulous thinker, and thence in creating characters he could not thoroughly interpenetrate the animal and sentimental vitality with the intellectual, which interpenetration must be in order that each personage have his definite, rounded, vivacious existence. Nor is the action in his dramatic structures always bound up in the severest logical chain. Schiller was not a Poet of the highest order; he was not prophetic, not a *vates*. He did not deliver truths, or embody beauty in creations, so much above the standard of his age that they have to wait for a higher culture to be fully valued. His generalizations have not the unfading brilliancy which those truths have that are wrought in the mine of emotion by the intensest action of reason. Between his intellect and his sensibility there was not that perfect accord which makes the offspring of their union at once veracious and ideal, and elastic from the compactness of their constituents. His grasp of intellect was not so strong as was his imaginative swing. When the cast was first put into my hands, what first struck me was the want of prominence in the upper part of the forehead.

Speaking of his early flight from Wurtemberg, Schiller describes the joy he felt in having thenceforward no other master than the Public. To an ardent young Poet it could not be but a joy, akin to that of moral renovation, to escape from the suffocation of tyranny, to find himself rid of a narrow King, and face to face with the broad multitude. But there is a still higher Tribunal,—through which, too, the Public is in the end more surely and permanently won than by direct appeal to itself,—the tribunal of Truth. To this and this alone the true Artist feels himself amenable. For, the Artist's function is, to purify the sensibility of his fellow-men, to instruct them by awakening a poetic admiration, to chasten their taste. By creations in harmony with the absolute true and beautiful, he develops and cultivates the latent æsthetic capability of the mass. His part is to be a teacher, not a flatterer or prosaic purveyor. Great Artists are always above their Public. Did Shakespeare suit himself to the common judgment of his day? So little so, that even the shrewdest of his contemporaries discerned not half the meaning and merit of his wonderful creations. He himself,—sublime isolation,—was the only one of his time who knew their transcendent worth. To think, that for more than a century there was in the whole world but one man who entirely enjoyed the Tempest and Lear, who was capable of fully loving Imogen and Juliet, and that man was Shakespeare. What kind of appeal to the general judgment of Charles the Second's generation was *Paradise Lost*? Wordsworth scorned the Public, who laughed at him, and having survived a half-century his earlier Poems, had the personal enjoyment of a tardy justice, his genius being acknowledged by a more "enlightened Public" than that which first so coldly greeted him, his later contemporaries paying him reverence as a true Priest in the service of Beauty and Truth. He had to make the taste by which he was appre-

ciated. Goethe, mentioning in a letter to Schiller, the limited sale of one of his best Poems, *Hermann and Dorothea*, comforts himself by adding ironically,—“we make money by our bad books.” And Schiller himself, who always wrote in pursuit of a refined ideal, says somewhere, that the Artist’s mission is to scourge rather than to truckle to the spirit of his age.

It is much for a man to possess several eminent qualities that keep him on a high level. Schiller was upborne by his poetic nature and his love of humanity. He had not the deepest sensibility for truth. Thus, although, under his poetic and generous inspirations, he appreciated and practically fulfilled the Artist’s function, his impulse when first freed was towards fame. From the same source,—that is, the absence of arched roundness in the region of conscientiousness,—I would infer a want of punctuality in engagements, literary and other, and venture to conjecture, that by this failing his friend Goethe was occasionally somewhat put out.

Among the precious relics was the bedstead whereon Schiller slept, and whereon he died, at the early age of forty-six. Often, at night, he put his feet into a tub of cold water, placed under his writing-table, in order thereby to keep himself awake. He worked his brain to the uttermost, and wore himself out with the noblest labor. It were easy to figure him seated at his desk, with “visionary eye,” and furrowed brow, intently elaborating thoughts which his pen hurriedly seized, when a knock, drawing from him an unwilling “Herein,” he would lift his eyes with a look of almost sternness, for the unwelcome interrupter; and then suddenly his countenance would relax and beam, as the tall figure of Goethe advanced through the opening door, and rising with an eager motion, he would greet his friend with cordial words and hand-grasp. And the fever of his mind would subside. The calm power of the self-possessing Goethe would soothe him without lowering his tone; and when, after Goethe’s departure, he set himself again to his work, it would be with the refreshed feeling of one who, towards the close of a mid-summer’s day, has just bathed in the shady nook of a deep, tranquil stream.—*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*, by Calvert.

RATHER AWKWARD FOR A SPIRIT.—An exchange has the following incident, illustrative of the mistakes which will unavoidably happen in the Spirit-land:

A gentleman was, a few weeks ago, interrogating the invisible author of certain raps, as to the disease of which he (the rapper) died. With considerable natural difficulty and delay, the reply was spelled out “consumption.” The questioner looked a little dissatisfied: and a physician in the company, who was zealous in the faith, hastened immediately to explain that there are a variety of forms of disease, either of which may well enough come under the general name consumption. “That’s all very well,” said the questioner, “but it hardly applies to this case, for the man he professes to be, was blown up in a steamboat!” The rapper was too indignant to make any further relations to that medium.

CURIOUS DREAM ABOUT ARISTOCRATS.

We once had in the circle of our acquaintance, five persons of professedly aristocratic taste, who prided themselves upon their *birth*, their *money*, and their *station*. Old portraits lined their walls, of personages so stiff and demure that we feel sure none of them would ever have displaced their ruffs under any penalty but that—of hanging by the neck until they were dead.

We had been listening one evening, for the six hundred and sixty-seventh time, to the hum drum of a young lady (since spinster, now deceased) who made it a point to go over the list of her ancestors, and their exploits, invariably after other topics of conversation were exhausted; and when we state that the extent of her knowledge was limited to the fashions and—her ancestors, the reader may judge how often we bore the infliction during the course of twenty-four hours.

As we were seated in a peculiarly luxurious arm-chair that evening, and the numerous astrals threw a beautiful, yet subdued brilliancy over the aristocratic splendor of the apartment, we first grew reconciled to, and perfectly contented with the tympanium accompaniment; then losing all consciousness, fell asleep, by which exploit we were favored with the following dream:

We appeared to be sitting in another mansion, that of aristocrat No. 1, whose family tree began with a Saxon Earl, and ended with a pompous specimen of humanity, *four feet, six*, worth a million, and who wasn’t a lord because he couldn’t be. As we looked attentively at a yellow faded picture, representing a meeting of grandees in some starched old court, the canvas suddenly darkened, and opened, when behold! beyond was dimly shadowed the figure of what looked like a man. He was covered with a hairy cloth, and *with his fingers* was digging for roots which his children were voraciously eating. They were so unlike human beings that at first we took them for animals, and should still have considered them so, had we not have read underneath, “the ancestors of A—— B——, Esq.” Well, well, thought we, A. B. could never survive *this* sight; nor would he dare to be told that his fortieth grand-sire back lived on acorns, like a pig, and scratched them up like a monkey.

Again the scene changed. Two old men were bandying words together. One of them wrinkled, decrepid, and with filthy garments hanging from his limbs, and old battered hook over his shoulder, stooped over a gutter—it seemed in some narrow English street. Every moment or two he would pick over with the hook, and lift the matted rags swept from the refuse of house and shop.

The other, tattered, barefoot and sooty, a worn out faded red handkerchief folded about his head, a bag over his shoulder, his long fingers clutching a miserable portion of bread, his shrivelled cheeks hanging over a ludicrously high coat-collar that had once evidently fitted some other neck, was a veritable chimney sweep. How did my nerves shrink when a voice said, “these are the grandfathers four generations back of C—— D——, Esq., the prince merchant, and E——

F——, the great financier. Both of them accumulated enough to set their sons up in the *same business* in a more *stylish* way. In consequence the family have steadily acquired wealth and reputation; but tell them not to boast over others, of their ancestors."

Slowly and steadily view No. 2 faded from sight, and a rude sort of butcher stall, or shamble, took its place, behind which stood a coarse burly man, cutting meat and talking familiarly with a stout red-faced woman, who wore shoes, but no stockings. It was curious, but the very thing he was saying was, "them *aristocks* ain't no better nor you, or I, Betty, vat sells meat and takes in vashing."

"The great, great, great paternal ancestry of G—— H——, the richest man on change, whose great grandfather was made a lord for catching at the runaway horses of Her Majesty," murmured the silvery voice, and before I could think the canvas was again occupied by a man scooping out great ladles of fat from a primitive looking boiler. All around on long shelves were rows of soap-bars, and the material in every process of making was displayed to my astonished vision. At that moment a young lady passed by, attired elaborately, but turning her head in an opposite direction to avoid, so we thought, the glance of the soap-maker.

"I—— J——, Esq., who feels himself above attending to any plebeian business, might learn a lesson from this scene, methinks," whispered the voice at my side; "here is the first germ of aristocracy. The soap-boiler, an honest, high-minded man, personally superintending the business from which he is realizing a vast fortune, stands before you, the ancestor of I—— J——, Esq., and his daughter, ashamed of his calling, refuses to notice him. This child, whom he idolized, married a beggared lord, and that was the foundation of what he calls greatness."

Suddenly we became conscious of a low monotonous noise: the soap-boiler and his haughty daughter melted strangely away, and with a light start we found ourself in the identical I—— J——'s parlor, listening to Miss Almira who was just finishing with, "it is said—and I suppose is true, that my father's great great grandfather was distantly related to the *Stewarts of England*, and that *Queen Mary of France* was his *forty-fifth* cousin. If so, then I am distantly related to *Queen Victoria of Europe*, and I think if ever I go there, I shall claim *cousinship*." *Boston Olive Branch.*

Is it not a matter for surprise, that while young ladies are so sedulously taught all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize? They are taught to be *exhibitors* abroad; whereas he wants a *companion* at home.

We all of us have two educations, one of which we receive from others; another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves. It is this last which fixes our grade in society, and eventually our actual value in this life, and perhaps the color of our fate hereafter.

THE DYING CHILD.

We copy from "Household Words," the touching conclusion of a painful story, entitled "The Three Sisters." The youngest sister, Gabrielle, has been cast off by her two elder sisters, Joanna and Bertha, hard, stern women, because she clung to her mother, who had disgraced them. Years go by, and one of the sisters is removed to another world. The story proceeds:—

It was a burial in a village churchyard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral: stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps, if they could have raised that black veil, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there: so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that had entered it was still lingering around. The stunted evergreens, on which, since they first grew, no sunlight had ever fallen, no single ray of golden light to brighten their dark, sad leaves for years, looked gloomier, darker, sadder, than they had ever looked before; the very house, with its closed shutters—all closed, except one in the room where the dead had lain—seemed mourning for the stern mistress it had lost. A lonely woman now, lonely and sad, was Bertha Vaux.

She sat in the summer evening in her silent, cheerless room. It was so very still, not even a breath of wind to stir the trees; no voice of living thing to break upon her solitude; no sound even of a single footstep on the dusty road; but in the solitude that was around her, countless thoughts seemed springing into life; things long forgotten: feelings long smothered; hopes once bright—bright as the opening of her life had been, that had faded and been buried long ago.

She thought of the time when she and her sister, fifteen years ago, had first come to the lonely house where now she was: of a few years later—two or three—when another younger sister had joined them there; and it seemed to Bertha, looking back, as if the house had sometimes then been filled with sunlight. The dark room in which she sat had once been lightened up—was it with the light from Gabrielle's bright eyes? In these long sad fifteen years, that little time stood out so clearly, so hopefully; it brought the tears to Bertha's eyes, thinking of it in her solitude. And how had it ended? For ten years nearly, now—for ten long years—the name of Gabrielle had never been spoken in that house. The light was gone—extinguished in a moment, suddenly; a darkness deeper than before had ever since fallen on the lonely house.

The thought of the years that had passed since then—of their eventlessness and weary sorrow; and then the thought of the last scene of all—

that scene which still was like a living presence to her—her sister's death.

Joanna Vaux had been cold, stern, and unforgetting to the last; meeting death unmoved; repenting of no hard thing that she had done throughout her sad, stern life; entering the valley of the shadow of death fearlessly. But that cold death-bed struck upon the heart of the solitary woman who watched beside it, and wakened thoughts and doubts there, which would not rest. She wept now as she thought of it, sadly and quietly, and some murmured words burst from her lips, which sounded like a prayer—not for herself only.

Then, from her sister's death-bed she went far, far back—to her own childhood—and a scene rose up before her; one that she had closed her eyes on many a time before, thinking vainly that so she could crush it from her heart; but now she did not try to force it back. The dark room where she sat, the gloomy, sunless house, seemed fading from her sight; the long, long years, with their weary train of shame and suffering—all were forgotten. She was in her old lost home again—the home where she was born; she saw a sunny lawn, embowered with trees, each tree familiar to her and remembered well, and she herself, a happy child, was standing there; and by her side—with soft arms twining round her, with tender voice, and gentle, loving eyes, and bright hair glittering in the sunlight—there was one!

Oh, Bertha! hide thy face and weep. She was so lovely and so loving, so good and true, so patient and so tender, then. Oh! how couldst thou forget it all, and steel thy heart against her, and vow the cruel vow never to forgive her sin? Thy mother—thy own mother, Bertha, think of it.

A shadow fell across the window beside which she sat, and through her blinding tears Bertha looked up, and saw a woman standing there, holding by the hand a little child. Her face was very pale and worn, with sunken eyes and cheeks; her dress was mean and poor. She looked haggard and weary, and weak and ill; but Bertha knew that it was Gabrielle come back. She could not speak, for such a sudden rush of joy came to her softened heart that all words seemed swallowed up in it; such deep thankfulness for the forgiveness that seemed given her, that her first thought was not a welcome, but a prayer.

Gabrielle stood without, looking at her with her sad eyes.

"We are all alone," said she, "and very poor; will you take us in?"

Sobbing with pity and with joy, Bertha rose from her seat and hurried to the door. Trembling, she drew the wanderers in; then falling on her sister's neck, her whole heart melted, and she cried, with gushing tears,

"Gabrielle, dear sister Gabrielle, I, too, am all alone!"

The tale that Gabrielle had to tell was full enough of sadness. They had lived together, she and her mother, for about a year, very peacefully, almost happily; and then the mother died, and Gabrielle soon after married one who had little to give her but his love. And after that, the years passed on with many cares and griefs—for they

were very poor, and he not strong—but with a great love ever between them, which softened the pain of all they had to bear. At last, after being long ill, he died, and poor Gabrielle and her child were left to struggle on alone.

"I think I should have died," she said, as, weeping, she told her story to her sister, "if it had not been for my boy; and I could so well have borne to die; but, Bertha, I could not leave him to starve! It pierced my heart with a pang so bitter that I cannot speak of it, to see his little face grow daily paler; his little feeble form become daily feebler and thinner; to watch the sad, unchildlike look fixing itself hourly deeper in his sweet eyes—so mournful, so uncomplaining, so full of misery. The sight killed me day by day; and then at last, in my despair, I said to myself that I would come again to you. I thought, sister—I hoped—that you would take my darling home, and then I could have gone away and died. But God bless you!—God bless you for the greater thing that you have done, my kind sister Bertha! Yes—kiss me, sister dear; it is so sweet. I never thought to feel a sister's kiss again."

Then kneeling down by Gabrielle's side, with a low voice Bertha said:

"I have thought of many things to-day. Before you came, Gabrielle, my heart was very full; for in the still evening, as I sat alone, the memories of many years came back to me as they have not done for very long. I thought of my two sisters; how the one had ever been so good and loving and true-hearted; the other—though she was just, or believed herself to be so—so hard, and stern, and harsh—as, God forgive me, Gabrielle, I too have been. I thought of this, and understood it clearly, as I had never done before; and then my thoughts went back, and rested on my mother—on our old home—on all the things that I had loved so well, long ago, and that for years had been crushed down in my heart and smothered there. Oh, Gabrielle, such things rushed back upon me; such thoughts of her whom we have scorned so many years; such dreams of happy by-gone days; such passionate regrets; such hope, awakening from its long, long sleep—no, sister, let me weep—do not wipe the tears away; let me tell you of my penitence and grief—it does me good; my heart is so full—so full that I *must* speak now, or it would burst!"

"Then you shall speak to me, and tell me all, dear sister. Ah! we have both suffered—we will weep together. Lie down beside me; see, there is room here for both. Yes; lay your head upon me; rest it upon my shoulder. Give me your hand now—ah! how thin it is—almost as thin as mine. Poor sister Bertha! poor, kind, sister!"

So gently Gabrielle soothed her, forgetting her own grief and weariness in Bertha's more bitter suffering and remorse. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly and patiently she did it, and how her gentle words calmed down the other's passionate sorrow. So different from one another their grief was. Gabrielle's was a slow, weary pain, which, day by day, had gradually withered her, eating its way into her heart; then resting there, fixing itself there forever. Bertha's was like the quick, sudden piercing of a knife—a violent sorrow,

that did its work in hours instead of years, convulsing body and soul for a little while, purifying them as with a sharp fire, then passing away and leaving no aching pain behind, but a new cleansed spirit.

In the long summer twilight—the beautiful summer twilight that never sinks into perfect night—these two women lay side by side together; she that was oldest in suffering still comforting the other, until Bertha's tears were dried, and, exhausted with the grief that was so new to her, she lay silent in Gabrielle's arms—both silent, looking into the summer night, and thinking of the days that were forever past. And sleeping at their feet lay Gabrielle's child, not forgotten by her watchful love, though the night had deepened so that she could not see him where he lay.

"We will not stay here, sister," Bertha had said. "This gloomy house will always make us sad. It is so dark and cold here, and Willie, more than any of us, needs the sunlight to strengthen and cheer him, poor boy."

"And I too shall be glad to leave it," Gabrielle answered.

So they went. They did not leave the village; it was a pretty, quiet place, and was full of old recollections to them—more bitter than sweet, perhaps, most of them—but still such as it would have been pain to separate themselves from entirely, as, indeed, it is always sad to part from things and places which years, either of joy or sorrow, have made us used to. So they did not leave it, but chose a little cottage, a mile or so from their former house—a pleasant little cottage in a dell, looking to the south, with honeysuckle and ivy twining together over it, up to the thatched roof. A cheerful little nook it was, not over bright or gay, but shaded with large trees all round it, through whose green branches the sunlight came, softened and mellowed, into the quiet rooms. An old garden, too, there was, closed in all round with elm trees—a peaceful, quiet place, where one would love to wander, or to lie for hours upon the grass, looking through the green leaves upwards to the calm blue sky.

To Gabrielle, wearied with her sorrow, this place was like an oasis in the desert. It was so new a thing to her to find rest anywhere; to find one little spot where she could lay her down, feeling no care for the morrow. Like one exhausted with long watching, she seemed now for a time to fall asleep.

The summer faded into autumn; the autumn into winter. A long, cold winter it was, the snow lying for weeks together on the frozen ground; the bitter, withering, east wind moaning day and night, through the great branches of the bare old elms, swaying them to and fro, and strewing the snowy earth with broken boughs; a cold and bitter winter, withering not only trees and shrubs, but sapping out the life from human hearts.

He was a little delicate boy, that child of Gabrielle's. To look at him, it seemed a wonder how he ever could have lived through all their poverty and daily struggles to get bread; how that little, feeble body had not sunk into its grave long ago. In the bright summer's days a ray of sunlight had seemed to pierce to the little frozen

heart, and, warming the chilled blood once more, had sent it flowing through his veins, tinging the pale cheek with rose; but the rose faded as the summer passed away, and the little marble face was pale as ever when the winter snow began to fall; the large dark eyes, which had reflected the sunbeams for a few short months, were heavy and dim again. And then presently there came another change. A spot of crimson—a deep red rose—not pale and delicate like the last, glowed often on each hollow cheek; a brilliant light burned in the feverish, restless eye; a hollow, painful cough shook the little emaciated frame. So thin he was, so feeble, so soon wearied. Day by day the small, thin hand grew thinner and more transparent; the gentle voice and childish laugh lower and feebler; the sweet smile sweeter, and fainter, and sadder.

And Gabrielle saw it all, and, bowing to the earth in bitter mourning, prepared herself for this last great sorrow.

The spring came slowly on—slowly, very slowly. The green leaves opened themselves, struggling in their birth with the cold wind. It was very clear and bright; the sun shone all day long; but for many weeks there had been no rain, and the ground was quite parched up.

"No, Willie, dear," Gabrielle said, "you mustn't go out to-day. It is too cold for you yet, dear boy."

"But, indeed, it isn't cold, mother. Feel here, where the sun is falling, how warm it is; put your hand upon it. Oh, mother, let me go out!" poor Willie said, imploringly. "I am so weary of the hours. I won't try to run about, only let me go and lie in the sunlight!"

"Not to-day, my darling, wait another day; perhaps the warm winds will come. Willie, dear child, it would make you ill, you must not go."

"You say so every day, mother," Willie said, sadly, "and my head is aching so with staying in the house."

And at last, he praying so much for it, one day they took him out. It was a very sunny day, with scarcely a cloud in the bright, blue sky; and Bertha and Gabrielle made a couch for him in a warm, sheltered corner, and laid him on it. Poor child, he was so glad to feel himself in the open air again. It made him so happy, that he laughed and talked as he had not done for months before; lying with his mother's hand in his, supported in her arms, she kneeling so lovingly beside him, listening with a strange, passionate mingling of joy and misery to the feeble but merry little voice that, scarcely ever ceasing, talked to her.

Poor Gabrielle, it seemed to her such a fearful mockery of the happiness that she knew could never be hers any more forever; but, forcing back her grief upon her own sad heart, she laughed and talked gayly with him, showing by no sign how sorrowful she was.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, suddenly clapping his little, wasted hands, "I see a violet—a pure white violet, in the dark leaves there. Oh, fetch it to me! It's the first spring flower. The very first violet of all! Oh, mother, dear, I love them—the little, sweet-smelling flowers!"

"Your eyes are quicker than mine, Willie; I

shouldn't have seen it, it is such a little thing. There it is, dear boy. I wish there were more for you."

"Ah, they will soon come now! I am so glad I have seen the first. Mother, do you remember how I used to gather them at home, and bring them to papa when he was ill? He liked them, too—just as I do now."

"I remember it well, dear," Gabrielle answered softly.

"How long ago that time seems now!" Willie said; then, after a moment's pause, he asked a little sadly, "mother, what makes me so different now from what I used to be? I was so strong and well once, and could run about the whole day long; mother, dear, when shall I run about again?"

"You are very weak, dear child, just now. We mustn't talk of running about for a little time to come."

"No, not for a little time; but when do you think, mother?" The little voice trembled suddenly: "I feel sometimes so weak—so weak, as if I never could get strong again."

Hush, Gabrielle! Press back that bitter sob into thy sorrowful heart, lest the dying child hear it!

"Do not fear, my darling, do not fear. You will be quite well, very soon now."

He looked into her tearful eye, as she tried to smile on him, with a strange, unchildlike look, as if he partly guessed the meaning in her words, but did not answer her, nor could she speak again, just then.

"Mother, sing to me," he said, "sing one of the old songs I used to love. I haven't heard you sing for—oh, so long!"

Pressing her hand upon her bosom, to still her heart's unquiet beating, Gabrielle tried to sing one of the old childish songs with which, in days long past, she had been wont to nurse her child asleep. The long silent voice—silent here so many years—awoke again, ringing through the still air with all its former sweetness. Though fainter than it was of old, Bertha heard it, moving through the house; and came to the open window to stand there and listen, smiling to herself to think that Gabrielle could sing again, and half weeping at some other thoughts which the long unheard voice recalled to her.

"Oh, mother, I like that!" Willie murmured softly, as the song died away. "It's like long ago to hear you sing."

They looked into one another's eyes, both filling fast with tears; then Willie, with childish sympathy, though knowing little why she grieved, laid his arm around her neck, trying with his feeble strength to draw her towards him. She bent forward to kiss him; then hid her face upon his neck that he might not see how bitterly she wept, and he, stroking her soft hair with his little hand, murmured the while some gentle words that only made her tears flow faster. So they lay, she growing calmer presently, for a long while.

"Now, darling, you have stayed here long enough," Gabrielle said, at last, "you must let me carry you into the house again."

"Must I go so soon, mother? See how bright the sun is still."

"But see, too, how long and deep the shadows are getting, Willie. No, my dear one, you must come in now."

"Mother, dear, I am so happy to-day—so happy, and so much better than I have been for a long time, and I know it is only because you let me come out here, and lie in the sunlight. You will let me come again—every day, dear mother?"

How could she refuse the pleading voice its last request? How could she look upon the little shrunken figure, upon the little face, with its beseeching, gentle eyes, and deny him what he asked—that she might keep him to herself a few short days longer?

"You shall come, my darling, if it makes you so happy," she said very softly; then she took him in her arms, and bore him to the house, kissing him with a wild passion that she could not hide.

And so, for two or three weeks, in the bright, sunny morning, Willie was always laid on his couch in the sheltered corner near the elm tree; but though he was very happy lying there, and would often talk gayly of the time when he should be well again, he never got strong any more.

Day by day Gabrielle watched him, knowing that the end was coming very near; but, with her strong mother's love, hiding her sorrow from him. She never told him that he was dying; but sometimes they spoke together of death, and often—for he liked to hear her—she would sing sweet hymns to him, that told of the heaven he was so soon going to.

For two or three weeks it went on thus, and then the last day came. He had been suffering very much with the terrible cough, each paroxysm of which shook the wasted frame with a pain that pierced to Gabrielle's heart; and all day he had had no rest. It was a day in May—a soft, warm day. But the couch beneath the trees was empty. He was too weak even to be carried there, but lay restlessly turning on his little bed, through the long hours, showing, by his burning cheek and bright but heavy eye, how ill and full of pain he was. And by his side, as ever, Gabrielle knelt, soothing him with tender words; bathing the little hands, and moistening the lips; bending over him and gazing on him with all her passionate love beaming in her tearful eye. But she was wonderfully calm—watching like a gentle angel over him.

Through the long day, and far into the night, and still no rest or ease. Gabrielle never moved from beside him; she could feel no fatigue; her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a strange strength. At last, he was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow.

He lay very still, with his mother's hand in his; the flush gradually passing away from his cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble; the weary eye half closed.

"You are not suffering much, my child?"

"Oh, no, mother, not now! I am so much better."

So much better! How deep the words went down into her heart!

"I am so sleepy," said the little, plaintive

voice again. "If I go to sleep, wouldn't you sleep, too? You must be so tired, mother."
 "See, my darling, I will lay down here by you; let me raise your head a moment—there—lay it upon me. Can you sleep so?"

"Ah, yes, mother; that is very good."

He was closing his eyes, when a strong impulse that Gabrielle could not resist, made her arouse him for a moment, for she knew that he was dying.

"Willie, before you sleep, have you strength to say your evening prayer?"

"Yes, mother."

Meekly folding the little, thin, white hands, he offered up his simple thanksgiving; then said "Our Father." The little voice, towards the end, was very faint and weak; and, as he finished, his head, which he had feebly tried to bend forward, fell back more heavily on Gabrielle's bosom.

"Good night, mother dear. Go to sleep."

"Good night, my darling. God bless you, Willie, my child!"

And then they never spoke to one another any more. One sweet look upwards to his mother's face, and the gentle eyes closed forever.

As he fell asleep, through the parted curtains the morning light stole faintly in. Another day was breaking; but before the sun arose, Gabrielle's child was dead. Softly in his sleep the spirit had passed away. When Bertha came in, after a few hours' rest that she had snatched, she found the chamber all quiet, and Gabrielle still holding, folded in her arms, the lifeless form that had been so very dear to her.

There was no violent grief in her. His death had been so peaceful and so holy, that at first she did not even shed tears. Quite calmly she knelt down by his side, when they had laid him in his white dress on the bed, and kissed his pale brow and lips, looking almost reproachfully on Bertha as, standing by her side, she sobbed aloud; quite calmly, too, she let them lead her from the room; and, as they bade her, she lay down upon her bed, and closed her eyes as if to sleep. And then in her solitude, in the darkened room, she wept quite silently, stretching out her arms, and crying for her child.

For many years, two gentle, quiet women lived alone, in the little cottage in the dell; moving amongst the dwellers in that country village like two ministering angels; nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping the needy, soothing many a death-bed with their gentle, holy words; spreading peace around them wheresoever their footsteps went. And, often in the summer evening, one of them, the youngest and most beautiful, would wend her quiet way to the old churchyard; and there, in a green, sunny spot, would calmly sit and work for hours, while the lime-trees waved their leaves above her, and the sunlight, shining through them, danced and sparkled on a little grave.

The man who sets out in life, without any system or rule to be guided by in his intercourse with men in business transactions, cannot expect to acquire what he anticipates, if it is wealth or fame.

THE FIRST-BORN.

The First-born is a fairy child,
 A wondrous emanation!
 A tameless creature, fond and wild--
 A moving exultation!
 Beside the hearth, upon the stair,
 Its footstep laughs with lightness;
 And cradled, all its features fair
 Are touched with mystic brightness.

First pledge of their betrothed love--
 O, happy they that claim it!
 First gift direct from Heaven above--
 O, happy they that name it!
 It tunes the household with its voice,
 And, with quick laughter ringing,
 Makes the inanimate rooms rejoice,
 A hidden rapture bringing.

Its beauty all the beauteous things
 By kindred light resembles;
 But, evermore with fluttering wings,
 On fairy confines trembles.
 So much of those that gave it birth,
 Of Father and of Mother:
 So much of this world built on earth,
 And so much of another!

MY PLAYMATES.

I once had a sister, O fair 'mid the fair,
 With a face that looked out from its soft golden hair,
 Like a lily some tall stately angel may hold,
 Half revealed, half concealed in a mist of pure gold.
 I once had a brother, more dear than the day,
 With a temper as sweet as the blossoms in May;
 With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like a rose,
 The red child of the wild: when the summer wind
 blows.

We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;
 Were we born there or brought there I never could
 tell.

Were we nursed by the angels or clothed by the
 fays,
 Or, who led when we fled down the deep sylvan
 ways,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver?

When we rose in the morning we ever said "Hark!"
 We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the lark;
 And we stood with our faces, calm silent and bright,
 While the breeze in the trees held his breath with
 delight.

O the stream ran with music, the leaves dript with
 dew,

And we looked up and saw the great God in the
 blue;

And we praised Him and blessed Him, but said not
 a word,

For we soar'd, we ador'd, with that magical bird.
 Then with hand linked in hand, how we laughed,
 how we sung!

How we danced in a ring, when the morning was
 young

How we wandered where kingcups were crusted
 with gold,

Or more white than the light glittered daisies un-
 told,

Those treasures of gold and of silver!

O well I remember the flowers that we found,
 With the red and white blossoms that damasked
 the ground;

And the long lane of light, that, half yellow, half green,
 Seem'd to fade down the glade where the young fairy queen
 Would sit with her fairies around her and sing.
 While we listen'd, all ear, to that song of the spring.
 O well I remember the lights in the west,
 And the spire, where the fire of the sun seemed to rest,
 When the earth, crimson-shadow'd, laughed out in the air—
 Ah! I'll never believe but the fairies were there;
 Such a feeling of loving and longing was ours,
 And we saw, with glad awe, little hands in the flowers,
 Drop treasures of gold and of silver.

O weep ye and wail! for that sister, alas!
 And that fair gentle brother lie low in the grass;
 Perchance the red robins may strew them with leaves,
 That each morn, for white corn, would come down from the eaves;
 Perchance of their dust the young violets are made,
 That bloom by the church that is hid in the glade
 But one day I shall learn, if I pass where they grow,
 Far more sweet they will greet their old playmate, I know.
 Ah! the cottage is gone, and no longer I see
 The old glade, the old paths, and no lark sings for me;
 But I still must believe that the fairies are there,
 That the light grows more bright, touched by fingers so fair,
 'Mid treasures of gold and of silver.

[London Leader.

WEALTH.

The error of life into which man most readily falls, is the pursuit of wealth as the highest good of existence. While riches command respect, win position, and secure comfort, it is expected that they will be regarded by all classes only with a strong and unsatisfied desire. But the undue reverence which is everywhere manifested for wealth, the rank which is conceded it, the homage which is paid it, the perpetual worship which is offered it, all tend to magnify its desirableness, and awaken longings for its possession in the minds of those born without inheritance. In society, as at present observed, the acquisition of money would seem to be the height of human aim—the great object of living, to which all other purposes are made subordinate. Money which exalts the lowly, and sheds honor upon the exalted—money, which makes sin appear goodness, and gives to viciousness the seeming of chastity—money, which silences evil report, and opens wide the mouth of praise—money, which constitutes its possessor an oracle, to whom men listen with deference—money, which makes deformity beautiful, and sanctifies crime—money, which lets the guilty go unpunished, and wins forgiveness for wrong—money, which makes manhood and age respectable, and is commendation, surety, and good name for the young,—how shall it be gained? by what schemes gathered in? by what sacrifice secured? These are the questions which absorb the mind, the practical answerings of which engross

the life of men. The schemes are too often those of fraud, and outrage upon the sacred obligations of being; the sacrifice, loss of the highest moral sense, the destruction of the purest susceptibilities of nature, the neglect of internal life and development, the utter and sad perversion of the true purposes of existence. Money is valued beyond its worth—it has gained a power vastly above its deserving. Wealth is courted so obsequiously, is flattered so servilely, is so influential in moulding opinions and judgment, has such a weight in the estimation of character, that men regard its acquisition as the most prudent aim of their endeavors, and its possession as an absolute enjoyment and honor, rather than the means of honorable, useful, and happy life. While riches are thus over-estimated, and hold such power in community, men will forgo ease and endure toil, sacrifice social pleasures and abandon principle, for the speedy and unlimited acquirement of property. Money will not be regarded as the means of living, but as the object of life. All nobler ends will be neglected in the eager haste to be rich. No higher pursuit will be recognized than the pursuit of gold—no attainment deemed so desirable as the attainment of wealth. While the great man of every circle, is the rich man, in the common mind wealth becomes the synonyme of greatness. No condition is discernible superior to that which money confers; no loftier idea of manhood is entertained than that which embraces the extent of one's possessions.

There is a wealth of heart better than gold, and an interior decoration fairer than outward ornament.—There is a splendour in upright life, beside which gems are lustreless; and a fineness of spirit whose beauty outvies the glitter of diamonds. Man's true riches are hidden in his nature, and in their development and increase will he find his surest happiness.—*Portland Eclectic.*

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"What is a special Providence?" said a lady to a clergyman, who formed one of a cheerful winter's evening party, seated around a brightly blazing fire, which cast its ruddy light over an antequely wainscotted room in which they were assembled.

"My dear madam," said he, drawing his chair still closer to the hearth, "you have touched upon a subject which perhaps I can better illustrate by anecdote than argument."

"By anecdote?—That will be delightful!" said a chorus of voices.

"The story which I am about to relate," said the clergyman, "although possibly one of the most remarkable of its kind, is yet no less strange than true. About fifteen years ago, I was appointed—I was then a young man—to a curacy in the town of Bradford, in the woollen districts of Yorkshire. Soon after my arrival, the town was electrified by the reports of robberies mysteriously perpetrated at a large mill in the neighborhood; but although of almost daily occurrence, and notwithstanding the most vigilant means were employed, all attempts to discover the guilty party were for a long time of no avail. The article stolen was cloth. The theft was effected by cutting pieces of a yard or so in length from the long

rolls in the warehouse. The first intimation which the firm obtained of the robbery was by the return of a large quantity of goods upon their hands marked 'short lengths.' They felt their honor as men of business involved, and immediately a searching investigation took place. All the 'rolls' in the warehouse were re-measured, and the result proved that nearly one-half of the stock had been tampered with. The 'hands' employed in the warehouse and mill were upwards of a thousand in number, and each was subjected to a long and painful inquiry. Nothing definite, however, was elicited. But although the theft was not brought home to any one, more than fifty persons were discharged on suspicion.

"Notwithstanding these precautions, however, reports of fresh robberies were from time to time circulated, and the thief seemed to bid fair to elude detection; but the daring delinquent was at length discovered. One of the partners in the firm being called by business to Sheffield, saw there, exposed for sale, in the window of a tailor's shop, a waistcoat-piece, of a pattern and quality made only, and that too very recently, by their own house—so recently, indeed, that to be fully prepared for the probable demand, they were still manufacturing, and had not, as yet, sent a single piece into the market. The gentleman immediately communicated with the police authorities; the tailor was waited upon, underwent a long examination, but stated a plain case, saying in few words, that the waistcoat-piece was part of a 'job-lot,' purchased from a man named James Burrows, of Bradford.

"This was sufficient. James Burrows was a confidential warehouse clerk, in the employ of the firm, and positively the last person on whom suspicion would have fallen. He was a professor of religion; a man of some standing among his sect, being a local preacher, Sabbath-school teacher, and class-leader.

"Returning to Bradford that same evening, the gentleman consulted with his partners. He had brought the piece of stolen cloth from Sheffield, and they resolved that, without Burrows' knowledge, every roll of that description should be unwrapped, until, by fitting at the point of severance it was matched with the piece from which it had been cut.

"The whole night was occupied in this manner, but the piece was discovered, and in the morning Burrows was confronted with the proofs of his guilt. Taken quite aback, and finding denial or excuse equally hopeless, he confessed all, acknowledged that, in violation of the trust reposed in him, he had committed all those robberies for which so many of his fellow-workers had been discharged with ruined characters, and pleaded hard for mercy.

"This, however, was out of the question. The firm were justly indignant. Burrows was committed for trial. They prosecuted—pressed the charge—conviction followed, and the judge, after remarking on the flagrant nature of the case, sentenced him to be transported for life.

"Convict discipline was even more severe then than now. Burrows, upon whose destination, doubtless, the summing up of the judge was not without influence, was drafted with a gang of

malefactors of the worst possible class, to the extreme penal settlement. Here it was forbidden, under heavy penalties, that he should attempt to hold any communication with living soul, or even to write to his family, for three years. His occupation, and that of the gang, was packing wool, and while pursuing their labors the silent system was strictly enforced.

"Three years passed away. The circumstances of the robbery were fast fading from memory, when one morning, while some laborers were engaged in unpacking a bag of Australian wool at the Bradford mill, where Burrows had formerly worked, a letter, addressed in his handwriting to his wife, was found deep-buried among its contents. The letter was immediately taken to the counting-house. But the strange circumstances under which it was stated to have been found, induced in the minds of the members of the firm suspicions of its authenticity. To unravel the mystery, however, they resolved to open the letter. They did so, and it proved to be a genuine document. It came from Burrows himself. It set forth that he was well—that if he continued to behave himself, he should, in two years from that date be permitted to go to Sydney, where he prayed his wife to try and meet him. It also expressed his contrition for past offences, and his acknowledgment of the justice of his sentence, and his determination to lead a new life for the future."

"What a remarkable circumstance!" exclaimed several voices in concert.

"It was, indeed," continued the clergyman. "The letter was duly handed to Burrows' wife, and taking into consideration the mysterious train of events by which it had been brought in safety to its destination, a subscription was organised, and Burrows' family were sent out, so as to meet him at the time he requested. They duly met, and according to the last reports the man was bidding fair to retrieve his fallen position in society."

"A special Providence, indeed!" remarked the lady who had first started the subject.

"And such an extraordinary illustration," said another of the company.

"It teaches a most important lesson," said the clergyman. "It teaches humility. Reflect that this man, an outcast to society, while packing wool in a remote settlement of the antipodes, promiscuously placed a letter in the heart of one of those packages, which might have been sent to any part of Europe or America, indiscriminately. But, instead of this, after crossing twelve thousand miles of trackless ocean, it not only reaches England, but is forwarded to the very town, consigned to the very firm of whom Burrows was formerly a servant, and thus the letter falls into the hands of his family, for whom it was intended, and answers all the purposes for which it was written. This singular combination of events, I say, appears almost miraculous, yet the result should, while inculcating hope and trust in the Almighty Creator and Dispenser of good, teach the lesson that mercy is neither restricted to rank nor class, and that none of us for our supposed righteousness have a claim upon Heaven for any speciality of favors."

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE OLDEN DAY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

EDITHA, THE SWAN-NECKED.

England was happy yet and free under her Saxon kings. The unhappy natives of the land, the Britons of old time, long ago driven back into their impregnable fastnesses among the Welsh mountains and the craggy and pathless wilds of Scotland, still rugged and hirsute with the yet uninvaded masses of the great Caledonian forest, had subsided into quiet and disturbed the lowland plains of fair England no longer; and so long as they were left free to enjoy their rude pleasures of the chase and of internal warfare, undisturbed, were content to be debarred from the rich pastures and fertile cornfields which had once owned their sway. The Danes and Norsemen, savage Jarls and Vilings of the North had ceased to prey on the coasts of Northumberland and Yorkshire; the seven kingdoms of the turbulent and tumultuous Heptarchy, ever distracted by domestic strife, had subsided into one realm, ruled under laws, regular and for the most part mild and equable, by a single monarch, occupied by one homogeneous and kindred race, wealthy and prosperous according to the ideas of wealth and prosperity in those days, at peace at home and undisturbed from without; if not, indeed, very highly civilized, at least supplied with all the luxuries and comforts which the age knew or demanded—a happy, free, contented people, with a patriarchal aristocracy, and a king limited in his prerogatives by the rights of his people, and the privileges of the nobles as secured by law.

Such was England, when on the death of Hardicanute, Edward, afterward called the Confessor, ascended the throne by the powerful aid of Earl Godwin, and re-established the old Saxon dynasty on a base which seemed to promise both durability and peace.

Had this Edward been in any sense a man, it is probably that the crown of England would have continued in the Saxon line, that the realm of England would have remained in the hands of an unmixed race, and that the great dominant people—most falsely named by an absurd misnomer Anglo-Saxon, since with the slightest possible coloring of the ancient British blood, they are the offspring purely of an intermingling of Saxon and Norman blood, owing to the former their stubborn pertinacity of will, to the latter their fiery energy, their daring enterprise and quick intellect—would never have sprung into existence to hold the balance of power, if not the absoluteness of sway on each side of the ocean, and in the four quarters of the globe.

But he was not a man, only a monk—a miserable lay monk—a husband of Earl Godwin's lovely daughter, yet a fanatical celibatary—not fit to be a king—not fit to be a man—not fit even to be a Saxon monk, when monks were men like Becket.

Jealous of his Saxon nobles, he had recourse to Norman favorites, and England was already

half a Norman province, and William of Normandy his favorite, until the counter jealousy of his nobles compelled him again to have recourse to Godwin, and his gallant sons, Harold, and Gurth, and Leofwin, who cleared the kingdom of the intrusive Norman courtiers, re-established the Saxon constitution, and nominally as the ministers and deputies of the weak king; but really, as his guardians and governors, ruled England happily, well and lawfully in his stead.

Godwin, meantime, had departed this life, full of years and honors. Edward, the nephew of Edward the Confessor, whom he had invited over from Hungary, and destined to be his successor, had departed also, leaving his son, Edgar Atheling, a minor, heir to his empty expectations and his noble blood. And now what little intellect there was and spirit in the monk-king awoke, and he perceived, with that singular clearness of perception which sometimes seems to visit men, dull before and obtuse of intellect, when they are dying, that his people now would willingly adopt the Norman for a ruler, or submit to the sway of William the Bastard, to whom he had in past days well nigh promised the succession of his kingdom.

Therefore, of late, Harold, the son of Godwin, the flower of the whole Saxon race, and, in fact, heir ruler, as the king's lieutenant and vicergerent, came to be looked upon by the whole Saxon population of the land, as their next Saxon king, in the to be hereafter. The jealousies which had disturbed the mind of Edward had long since passed away; and Harold, whom he once had looked upon almost with the eyes of popular aversion, he now regarded almost as his own son. Yet still the Saxon hostages, Ulfröth, the youngest son of Godwin, and Harold's brother, and the still younger son of Swega—who, in the time of his mad distrust of his own countrymen, his unnatural predilection for the Normans, had been delivered for safe keeping into the hands of William of Normandy—still lingered melancholy exiles, far from the white cliffs of their native land. And now, for the first time since their departure, did the aspect of affairs look propitious for their liberation; and Harold, brother of the one and uncle of the other, full of proud confidence in his own intellect and valor, applied to Edward for permission that he might cross the English channel, and, personally visiting the Norman, bring back the hostages in honor and security to the dear land of their forefathers. The countenance of the Confessor fell at the request, and conscious, probably, in his own heart of that rash promise made in days long past, and long repeated to the ambitious William, he manifested a degree of agitation amounting almost to alarm.

"Harold," he said, after a long pause of deliberation, "Harold, my son, since you have made me this request, and that your noble heart seems set on its accomplishment, it shall not be my part to do constraint or violence to your affectionate and patriotic wishes. Go, then, if such be your resolve, but go without *my* leave, and contrary to *my* advice. It is not that I would not have your brother and your kinsman home; but that I do distrust the means of their deliverance; and sure I am, that should you go in person, some terrible

disaster shall befall ourselves and this our country. Well do I know Duke William, well do I know his spirit, brave, crafty, daring, deep, ambitious and designing. You, too, he hates, especially, nor will he grant you anything save at a price that shall draw down an overwhelming ruin on you who shall pay it, and on the throne of which you are the glory and the stay. If we would have these hostages delivered at a less ransom than the downfall of our Saxon dynasty, the slavery of merry England, another messenger than thou must seek the wily Norman; be it, however, as thou wilt, my friend, my kinsman, and my son."

Oh! sage advice, and admirable counsel! advice how fatally neglected! counsel how sadly frustrated! Gallant and brave and young, fraught with a noble sense of his own powers, a full reliance on his own honorable purposes, untaught as yet in that hardest lesson of the world's hardest school, distrust of others, suspicion of all men, it is not wonderful that Harold thought lightly of the wisdom of the old in the self-sufficient confidence of youth.

Stranger it is, and sadder, that he thought lightly of the apprehensions, laughed at the doubts, and resisted the tears of one whom he had sworn to love dearer and better and more truly than any other living thing on earth, or in Heaven—whom, as yet, he did love as perfectly as any mortal man may love, who is ambitious—for what is ambition, but the most refined and sublimated of all selfishness? Editha, the swannecked, the fairest, brightest, purest of the Saxon maids of England,—Editha, playmate of his guileless and happy boyhood—betrothed of his promising and buoyant youth—mistress—alas! alas!—though under promise still of honorable wedlock—of his aspiring and ambitious manhood.

For she too had loved not wisely, but too well; she too had fallen not an ignoble nor unreluctant victim to man's cupidity, ambition, selfishness and treason—and sad penance did she too, almost lifelong, for that one fatal error, and by most cruel suffering win its absolution.

"Be sure," she said, severely weeping with her fond white arms about his muscular neck, and her luxuriant light brown tresses floating around them both, clasped in that lingering, last embrace, like a veil of orient sunlight; "be sure, Harold, that if you do go on this fatal journey—fatal at once to you, and me and England—we never shall meet more on earth, until we meet ne'er again to sever in the dark grave. Nevertheless, go you will, and go you must; therefore no tears, no prayers of mine shall thwart the purpose which they may not alter, nor shake the spirit which they may not turn from its set will. The weird that is spued to every man when he is born, he must dree it to the end. And my weird is to die for you, as it is yours to die—in vain! in vain!—for England. But it is not our weird ever to be, or here or elsewhere, man and wife. Go your way, therefore, go your way, and God's blessings go with you, and be about you; but you and I have met this time, to meet no more forever!"

They parted; and on the morrow Harold set

forth upon his journey, as if it were in pursuit of pleasure, surrounded by a blythe train of gay companions, gallantly mounted, gorgeously attired, with falcon upon fist and greyhound at heel—gaily and merrily he set forth on that serene autumnal morning, for the coast of Sussex. And on the morrow Editha set forth upon her journey, as if it were to the grave, surrounded by her weeping attendants, clad in the darkest weeds, with veiled faces, and crucifixes borne before them—sadly and forebodingly she set forth on that serene autumnal morning, for the sequestered cloisters of the nunnery of Croyland.

Nor had Harold tarried long in the princely court at Avranches, ere all the sad prognostications, alike of the aged monarch and the youthful lady, were made good; for having been induced first to promise in an unguarded hour to aid William in obtaining the possession of the English crown, that wily prince soon inveigled him into swearing to the due performance of that rash and unholy promise, on relics the most sacred that could be collected, which were secretly concealed beneath the altar cloth, and displayed only when the unhallowed oath was plighted. The pledges on both sides were determined. Alice, the Norman's daughter, should be the Saxon's promised bride; Ulroth, the Saxon's brother, should remain the Norman's hostage until the crown of Edward should bind the brows of William.

So Harold set sail immediately for England, leaving the brother—for whose liberty he came a suitor—ten times more deeply forfeit than he had been before, and to find the woman whom he had so disloyally foresworn, the bride of heaven, sequestered in the nunnery of Croyland.

On his first interview with Edward, he related all that had occurred—even his own involuntary oath! and the old sovereign trembled and grew pale, but manifested nothing of surprise or anger.

"I knew it," he replied, in calm but hollow tones. "I knew it, and I did forewarn you, how that your visit to the Norman should bring misery on you and ruin on your country! As I forewarned you, so has it come to pass. So shall it come to pass hereafter, till all hath been fulfilled. God only grant that I live not to see it."

Nor did he live to see it. But he did live to see Harold, once foresworn to Editha, foresworn again to Alice. For, being sent to suppress a rebellion in the North, raised by Morcar and Edwin, Earls of Northumberland and grandsons of the great Duke Leofric, against his own brother Tostig, he openly took sides with the former, espousing their sister Adelgitha, and pronouncing against Tostig, who felt infuriate to his father-in-law, the Duke of Flanders, soon to raise war against his native land and its kindred usurper.

For worn out with anxiety and sorrow, the feeble monk-king passed away, and was gathered to his fathers, leaving an imbecile heir to his throne of right, in the helpless Edgar Atheling, and two fierce, capable, and mutually detested rivals, in Harold, the Saxon, and the Norman William.

Little time had Harold, who stepped as by right, and of course, into the vacant seat of royalty, to attend now to wife or friend; for scarcely

was he seated on the perilous throne, ere the same gale filled the sails of two royal armaments, both hastening to his own shores to dispute his ill-won greatness—one from the cold shores of Norway, bearing the fierce and envious Tostig, backed by Harold Hardrada, king of Norway, with all his wild sea-kings and terrible Berserkers, under the flag of Noreland—the other from the sunny coasts of Normandy and the fair Cotentin, filled with the mailed Norman chivalry, the men who never charged in vain, or couched lance but to conquer, under the banner consecrated by the pope against the perjured and the traitor, led by the mighty bastard.

Still it is said that, false to Editha, false to Alice, he was again false to Adelgitha, and would have recalled his swan-necked beauty from the cold couch of vowed virginity, to the genial marriage bed, from the gray cloister to the gorgeous court, of which she should be the queen. But he met no response, save the most significant of all—silence.

The sinner had repented and become a saint. The weak girl had been ripened through the fire of anguish into the heroic woman.

How Tostig fared with his ally, Harold Hardrada, the gigantic, the bridge of Staneford witnessed; and the raven banner borne down the bloody streams of Derwent to the exulting Ouse, and the Saxon cry of victory! Hurrah for King Harold!

How William fared with his Norman chivalry, the downs of Hastings witnessed, and the heights, known to this day, of Battle, and the consecrated banner high in air, and the Norman cry of victory, "*Dez aide les gentils gens de Normandie.*"

* * * * *

It was the morning after the exterminating fight of Hastings. The banner blessed of the Roman pontiff streamed on the tainted air, from the same hillock whence the Dragon standard of the Saxons had shone unconquered to the sun of yester even! Hard by was pitched the proud pavilion of the conqueror, who, after the tremendous strife and perilous labors of the preceding day, reposed himself in fearless and untroubled confidence upon the field of his renown; secure in the possession of the land which he was destined to transmit to his posterity, for many a hundred years, by the red title of the sword. To the defeated Saxons, morning, however, brought but a renewal of those miseries, which, having yesterday commenced with the first victory of their Norman lords, were never to conclude or even to relax, until the complete amalgamation of the rival races should leave no Normans to torment, no Saxons to endure; all being merged at last into one general name of English, and by their union giving origin to the most powerful, and brave, and intellectual people the world has ever looked upon since the extinction of Rome's freedom. At the time of which we are now speaking, nothing was thought of by the victors save how to rivet most securely on the necks of the unhappy natives, their yoke of iron—nothing by the poor subjugated Saxons, but how to escape for the moment the unrelenting massacre, which was urged, far and wide, by the remorseless conquerors throughout the devastated country.

With the defeat of Harold's host, all national hope of freedom was at once lost to England—though to a man the English population were brave and loyal, and devoted to their country's rights. The want of leaders—all having perished side by side, on that disastrous field—of combination, without which, myriads are but dust in the scale against the force of one united handful, rendered them quite unworthy of any serious fears, and even of consideration to the blood-thirsty barons of the invading army. Over the whole expanse of level country, which might be seen from the slight elevation whereon was pitched the camp of William, on every side might be descried small parties of the Norman horse, driving in with their bloody lances as if they were mere cattle, the unhappy captives, a few of whom they now began to spare, not from the slightest sentiment of mercy, but literally that their arms were weary with the task of slaying, although their hearts were yet insatiate of blood. It must be taken now into consideration by those who listen with dismay, and wonder to the accounts of pitiless barbarity, of ruthless, indiscriminating slaughter on the part of men, whom they have hitherto been taught to look upon as brave, indeed, as lions in the field, but not partaking of the lion's nature after the field was won—not only that the seeds of enmity had long been sown between those rival people, but that the deadly crop of hatred had grown up, watered abundantly by tears and blood of either; and lastly, that the fierce fanaticism of religious persecution was added to the natural rancor of a war waged for the ends of conquest or extermination. The Saxon nation, from the king, downward, to the meanest serf, who fought beneath his banner, or buckled on the arms of liberty, were all involved under the common bar of the pope's interdict!—they were accursed of God, and handed over by His holy church, to the kind mercies of the secular arm! and, therefore, though but yesterday they were a powerful and united nation, to-day, they were but a vile horde of scattered outlaws, whom any man might slay wherever he should find them, whether in arms or otherwise,—amenable for blood neither to any mortal jurisdiction, nor even to the ultimate tribunal to which all must submit hereafter, unless deprived of their appeal, like these poor fugitives, by excommunication from the pale of Christianity. For thirty miles around the Norman camp, pillars of smoke by day, continually streaming upward to the polluted heaven, and the red glare of nightly conflagration, told fatally the doom of many a happy home! Neither the castle nor the cottage might preserve their male inhabitants from the sword's edge, their females from more barbarous persecution! Neither the sacred hearth of hospitality, nor the more sacred altars of God's churches, might protect the miserable fugitives—neither the mail-shirt of the man-at-arms, nor the monk's frock of serge availed against the thrust of such as the land, wherein those horrors were enacted, has never witnessed since, through many a following age.

High noon approached, and in the conqueror's tent a gorgeous feast was spread—the red wine flowed profusely, and song and minstrelsy arose with their heart-soothing tones, to which the feeble

groans of dying wretches bore a dread burthen from the plain whereon they still lay struggling in their great agonies, too sorely maimed to live, too strong as yet to die. But, ever and anon, their wail waxed feebler and less frequent; for many a plunderer was on foot, licensed to ply his odious calling in the full light of day; reaping his first, if not his richest booty, from the dead bodies of their slaughtered foemen. Ill fared the wretches who lay there, untended by the hand of love or mercy—"scorched by the death thirst, and writhing in vain"—but worse fared they who showed a sign of life, to the relentless robbers of the dead—for then the dagger, falsely called that of mercy, was the dispenser of immediate immortality. The conqueror sat at his triumphant board, and barons drank his health—"First English monarch, of the pure blood of monarchy." "King by the right of the sword's edge." "Great, glorious, and sublime!"—yet was not his heart softened, nor was his bitter hate toward the unhappy prince, who had so often ridden by his side in war, and feasted at the same board with him in peace, relinquished or abated. Even while the feast was at the highest, while every heart was jocund and sublime, a trembling messenger approached, craving, on bended knee, permission to address the conqueror and king—for so he was already schooled by brief, but hard experience, to style the devastator of his country.

"Speak out, dog Saxon," cried the ferocious prince; "but since thou must speak, see that thy speech be brief, and thou would'st keep thy tongue uncropped thereafter!"

"Great Duke, and mighty," replied the trembling envoy, "I bear you greeting from Elgitha, herewhile the noble wife of Godwin, the queenly mother of our late monarch—now, as she bade me style her, the humblest of your suppliants and slaves. Of your great nobleness and mercy, mighty King, she sues you, that you will grant her the poor leave to search amid the heaps of those our Saxon dead, that her three sons may at least lie in consecrated earth. So may God send you peace and glory here, and everlasting happiness hereafter!"

"Hear to the Saxon slave!" William exclaimed, turning as if in wonder toward his nobles, "hear to the Saxon slave, that dares to speak of consecrated earth, and of interment for the accursed body of that most perjured, excommunicated liar! Hence! tell the mother of the dead dog, whom you have dared to style your King, that for the interdicted and accursed dead, the sands of the sea-shore are but too good a sepulchre!"

"She bade me proffer, humbly, to your acceptance, the weight of Harold's body in pure gold," faintly gasped forth the terrified and cringing messenger, "so you would grant her that permission."

"Proffer us gold!—what gold? or whose? Know, villain, all the gold throughout this conquered realm is ours. Hence, dog and outcast, hence! nor presume e'er again to come, insulting us by proffering, as a boon to our acceptance, that which we own already, by the most indefeasible and ancient right of conquest! Said I not well, knights, vavasours, and nobles?"

"Well! well! and nobly," answered they, one

and all. "The land is ours—and all therein is—their dwellings, their demesnes, their wealth, whether of gold or silver, or of cattle—yea! they themselves are ours! themselves, their sons, their daughters and their wives—our portion and inheritance, to be our slaves for ever!"

"Begone! you have our answer," exclaimed the Duke, spurning him with his foot," and hark ye, arbalastmen and archers, if any Saxon more approach us on like errand, see if his coat of skin be proof against the quarrel of the shaft."

And once again the feast went on, and louder rang the revelry, and faster flew the wine-cup round the tumultuous board! All day the banquet lasted, even till the dews of heaven fell on that fatal field, watered sufficiently, already, by the rich gore of many a noble heart. All day the banquet lasted, and far was it prolonged into the watches of the night, when, rising with the wine-cup in his hand, "Nobles and barons," cried the Duke, "friends, comrades, conquerors—bear witness to my vow! Here, on these heights of Hastings, and more especially upon yon mound and hillock, where God gave to us our high victory, and where our last foe fell,—there will I raise an abbey to His eternal praise and glory; richly endowed it shall be from the first fruits of this our land. Battle, it shall be called, to send the memory of this, the great and singular achievement of our race to far posterity—and, by the splendor of our God, wine shall be plentier among the monks of Battle, than water in the noblest and the richest cloister else, search the world over! This do I swear, so may God aid, who hath thus far assisted us for our renown, and will not now deny His help, when it be asked for His own glory!"

The second day dawned on the place of horror, and not a Saxon had presumed, since the intolerant message of the Duke, to come to look upon his dead! But now the ground was needed, whereon to lay the first stone of the abbey William had vowed to God. The ground was needed; and, moreover, the foul steam from the human shambles was pestilential on the winds of heaven—and now, by trumpet sound and proclamation through the land, the Saxons were called forth, on pain of death, to come and seek their dead, lest the health of the conquerors should suffer from the pollution they themselves had wrought. Scarce had the blast sounded, and the glad tidings been announced, once only, ere from their miserable shelters—where they had herded with the wild beasts of the forest, from wood, morass and cavern, happy if there they might escape the Norman spear—forth crept the relics of that persecuted race. Old men and matrons, with hoary heads, and steps that tottered no less from the effect of terror than of age—maidens and youths, and infants, too happy to obtain permission to search amid those festering heaps, dabbling their hands in the corrupt and pestilential gore which filled each nook and hollow of the dinted soil, so they might bear away, and water with their tears, and yield to consecrated ground, the relics of those brave ones once loved so fondly, and now so bitterly lamented. It was toward the afternoon of that same day, when a long train was seen approaching, with crucifix, and cross, and censer, the monks of Waltham abbey, coming

to offer homage for themselves, and for their tenantry and vassals, to him whom they acknowledged as their king—expressing their submission to the high will of the Norman pontiff, justified, as they said and proved, by the assertion of God's judgment upon the hill of Hastings.

Highly delighted by this absolute submission, the first he had received from any English tongue, the conqueror received the monks with courtesy and favor, granting them high immunities, and promising them free protection and the unquestioned tenure of their broad demesnes for ever. Nay, after he had answered their address, he detained two of their number, men of intelligence, as, with his wonted quickness of perception, he instantly discovered, from whom to derive information as to the nature of his new-acquired country and newly conquered subjects.

Osgad and Ailric, the deputed messengers from the respected principal of their community, had yet a farther and higher object than to tender their submission to the conqueror. Their orders were, at all and every risk, to gain permission to consign the corpse of their late king and founder to the earth, previously denied to him. But they, for all his courtesy to them, and kindness, churchmen although they were, dared not so much as to mention the forbidden name of their unhappy king—nor was there any hope that any tomb should receive the mangled relics of the last Saxon King of England, although the corpses of his brothers, Leofwin and Gurth, had been found on the hillock whereon the last Saxon blow was stricken, whereon the last Saxon banner floated—found recognized, though sorely mangled, and consigned to the grave with rites of sepulchre so freely granted as might have proved to those craven priests, that the wrath of the conqueror was at end, and that the valiant though fierce Norman was not one to wage war, after the first burst of wrath had blown over, on the gallant dead.

Tidings at length reached Editha, Editha, the swan-necked, who, deserted and dishonored when he she loved had a throne in prospect, had not ceased from her true-hearted adoration, but in her joyless home still shared her heart in silence between her memories and her God.

Her envoy won the conqueror's ear, and it is avouched that a tear dimmed his unblenching eye, when he heard her sad tale, received her humble prayer. He swore a great oath as he started from his regal throne, "By the splendor of God's eyes!" he swore, "a true woman! worthy to be the mother of men!" So her request was granted, and to their wonder and delight, Osgad and Ailric heard the mandate that they should seek for, and entomb the poor and fallen clay that so late boasted itself king.

Throughout the whole of the third day succeeding that unparalleled defeat, those old men toiled among the naked corpses, gory and grim, maimed and disfigured, festering in the sun, weltering in the night dews, infecting the wholesome airs of heaven with a reek, as from the charnel-house—toiled, if they might find the object of their veneration. But vain were all their toils—vain all their searchings, even when they called in the aid of his most intimate attendants, ay! of the mother that bore him. Leofwin and Gurth had

been recognized with ease, but not one eye, even of those who had most dearly loved him could now distinguish the mutilated features of the king.

But if there was no eye at Hastings, there was a heart at Croyland that could not be deceived, even by the corruption and the worm. Forth from her nunnery in Croyland, whence she had never thought to move again, save to her long last home, Editha, the swan-necked, came. Nine days had elapsed ere she should reach the fatal spot, and the appalling horrors of the search, the awful extent of the pollution, denied the smallest hope of his discovery. Yet she still expressed her full and confident conviction that she could recognize that loved one, so long as but one hair remained upon that head she had once so dearly cherished.

It was night when she arrived on the fatal field, and by the light of torches once more they set out on their awful duty.

"Lead me," she said, "Lead me to the spot where the last blow was stricken, where the last warrior fell."

And they led to the knoll where Leofwin and Gurth had been discovered. It was a hideous pile of pestilential carnage, horses and men, Normans and Saxons, piled on each other, twenty deep, around a shattered pole, which had been once the staff of the Saxon's royal banner.

She sprang down from her palfrey, unassisted, and with an instinct that nothing could deceive went straight to the corpse of Harold. It had been turned already to and fro, many times, by those who sought it. His mother had looked on it, and pronounced it not her son's, but that devoted heart knew it at once, and broke! Whom rank and wealth and honors had divided, defeat, ruin and death made one! and the same grave contained the cold remains of the swan-necked Editha, and the last scion of the Saxon kings of England.

Was not she, then, frail sinner as she was, one not the least heroic of the heroic women of the olden days, and with the truest woman's truest heroism!

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied: 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkind to anybody.' What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then: a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

FAREWELL TO A SISTER.

Go forth to thine appointed rest,
 Beyond the broad sea-foam;
 Go forth, our fairest and our best,
 To thy far island-home!
 With him, thy youthful heart's approved,
 Thy mate for many a year beloved;
 In thy full matron bloom
 Go forth, to act, as fate commands,
 Thy part of life in other lands.

Kind thoughts attend thee, from the place
 Where thou hast been so long
 A daily sight, a household face,
 A mate in work and song;
 A flower to cheer, a lamp to shed
 Soft light beside the sick one's bed:
 To that beloved throng,
 Each act of daily life shall be
 A mute remembrancer of thee.

Full well we know, where'er thy lot,
 Thou canst not be alone;
 For Love, in earth's unkindest spot,
 Will find, or make its own;
 And from the green and living heart
 New friendships still, like buds, will start:
 But yet, wherever thrown,
 No ties can cling around thy mind
 So close as those thou leav'st behind.

And oft, while gazing on the sea
 That girds thy lonely isle,
 Shall faithful memory bring to thee
 The home so loved erewhile;
 Its lightsome rooms, its pleasant bowers,
 The children, that like opening flowers
 Grew up beneath thy smile;
 The hearts that shared from earliest years
 Thy joys and griefs, thy hopes and fears.

The sister's brow, so blithe of yore,
 With early care imprest;
 And she, whose failing eyes no more
 Upon her child may rest;
 And kindred forms, and they who eyed
 Thy beauty with a brother's pride;
 And friends beloved the best,
 The kind, the joyous, the sincere,
 Shall to thine inward sight appear.

And they, whose dying looks on thee
 In grief and love were cast,—
 The leaves from off our household tree
 Swept by the varying blast,—
 Oft, in the mystery of sleep,
 Shall Love evoke them from the deep
 Of the unathomed Past,
 And Fancy gather round thy bed
 The spirits of the gentle Dead.

Farewell! if on this parting day
 Remorseful thoughts invade
 One heart, for blessings cast away,
 And fondness ill repaid;
 He will not breathe them —let them rest
 Within the stillness of the breast;
 Be thy remembrance made
 A home, where chastening thoughts may dwell:
 My own true sister, fare thee well!

If "Do as you would be done by" were made the "Common Law," much less parchment would be used.

THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG, GOOD AND EVIL.

We are living in the midst of the agitation of great moral questions. Our lot is cast at a time when men's minds are more and more awake and alive to the true bearing and the right decision of these questions. They are questions which pertain to the deepest interests of mankind, to humanity and religion. It is easy to see, from a thousand signs, what a strong hold these subjects are taking of the mind and conscience of the age. Whoever watches the course of events; whoever looks with an observing eye on what is happening about him; whoever reads newspapers or hears common conversation, must know that there are topics now arresting the attention and exercising the thoughts of masses of men, which are destined to work mighty changes in society, in government, and in the church—topics that pertain, not to the outward and temporary condition merely, but to the solid, substantial, and permanent well-being of the human race. He must see that amidst much superficial effort and short-lived pleasure, much eager scheming and toiling for wealth, ambition and display, there is also a far deeper current flowing through the affairs of men—a far stronger tide setting straight toward a higher virtue, liberty and happiness. He will see that there is much sober reflection going on—much earnest feeling kindled and burning—much determined resolve forming in the heart, and prompting hands to work, in behalf of justice, truth, purity and love. He will see that "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," are beginning to be enthroned in that high place that belongs to them in men's minds, the place they held in the Apostles' reasoning and the Saviour's instructions. And whoever does not see this, must have his eyes lamentably blind-folded, either by selfishness or stupidity.

So, for example, while many, too many we admit, are found seeking only how money may be made, at all hazards, and striving by all means to make it, holding that to be the great end of life, and sacrificing all spiritual objects to that; there are others—an increasing number—who are pressing the profounder investigation, how business may be transacted on right principles; how commerce and trade may be reformed and made consistent with fairness and equity; how counting-rooms, shops and brokers' offices, may be cleansed of all deception, overreaching and ungenerous competition; how the acquisition of a livelihood may be conducted without lying and fraud, without oppressing the weak, or taking advantage of the poor, or cheating the ignorant. Those who study and labor for the renovation of the world's traffic, are on the side of right, of good, of the Lord: on whose side are the others, but that of wrong, of evil, of "the world, the flesh, and the devil?"

Again, while many—miserable victims of their sensual appetites—are ever plotting some new indulgence; stimulating their morbid passions, looking forward to the revel, the debauch, or the secret draught, and so enslaving themselves to their own infamy—others, a company of noble-hearted apostles, are devoting themselves with

the benevolence of true philanthropists, with the patient faith of martyrs, to redeeming these men from their vile bondage, to restoring them to their better reason, and lifting them up from intemperance, from lust, from the most degraded places of humanity, to self-control, chastity, peace, self-respect and virtue, till the glorious image of God is brought out again with all its native brightness and celestial beauty, in their human souls. These are on the side of Right and Good, and they will eventually triumph. Those who are on the other side, are battling for wrong and sin, trouble and confusion, darkness and decay, destruction and death.

It would be easy to name other points, about which the same vast struggle is going on—the struggle between wrong and right—between evil and good—between iniquity and righteousness—between the darkness of this world and the light of the world as it should be. It is around these high moral questions—questions relating to humanity and spiritual progress—that the great conflicting powers of the age range themselves and do battle.

Now it is the duty of every one to choose his side—to choose it thoughtfully, decisively and conscientiously—to choose it and maintain it like a man, like a Christian. They are questions which admit of no neutrality; no one of us can innocently try to be neutral upon them; whoever undertakes to be neutral must be false; for if your influence goes not clearly and unequivocally for the right, it will be sure to go, in despite of yourself, for the wrong.

Here is the whole frightful matter of intemperance. You see how it is agitating almost every State to its very depths—the whole social fabric, from the topmost pinnacle to the foundation—from institutions of learning to the vulgar frequenters of the foulest dram-shop—you find the topic of earnest conversation and excited discussion. Can any right-minded man or woman, any well-wisher to the best interests of humanity, be indifferent or stand aloof from this great struggle, with impunity? No; every one should choose his course of action, be decided, have his principles and influence established. There is a question of right or wrong—good or evil—to be decided.

Men do not shut their eyes, as before, on the shocking inequalities of the social condition, and on the different degrees of hardship and labor imposed on different classes. It begins to be understood that many of the rich are suffering from too little work, and many of the poor from too much work; and that the bodily, the mental and the spiritual health is impaired on the one hand by idleness and luxury, and on the other by overtasked exertion and privation. It is found that business might be done, and flourish just as well, if tradesmen would allow their clerks a larger share of the evening hours for intellectual improvement and the out-of-door exercise of the body; and indignation has justly begun to stir itself, at finding that some extensive dealers and merchants wring their profits out of the hands of poor sempstresses, whose days and nights of most exhausting toil yield them but a pittance after all. In these matters there is a right and a

wrong, and it becomes every one to do battle, in some way, for justice, charity, generosity and humanity.

Again, there is no question about the utter folly and wickedness of war. There is no end to the miseries and the crimes it inflicts on society. Humanity and morality call upon every one to lend a helping hand to put an end to it, once and for ever.

Again, we are in hazard of incurring that fatal mistake—the divorce of Christian morals from the policy of the State. We are on the verge of a wanton defiance of the Ruler among the nations. Let our good men—men of honor and integrity—men of high aims and pure love of country—rouse themselves. Let the nation come back to reverence for God and His will. Let the arm of justice be strengthened. Let mere expediency be vanquished by the right.

The struggle grows deeper, intenser every hour. Which side are we upon—that of Mammon, selfishness, sensuality? or that of purity and spirituality, truth and justice, peace and concord, benevolence and charity? On that side we are safe, and will come off conquerors; on the other, Hell and destruction are ever open.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

AIR IS VISIBLE.—The blue color of the atmosphere on a fine day is well known. In proportion as we rise above the earth, the air becomes less dense, and the beautiful blue tint of the heavens disappears. Hence, travellers who have ascended to great heights, on the tops of mountains, tell us that the sky appears from those lofty elevations, of a greyish or blackish hue. This proves that the blue color does not belong to those portions of space in which the stars and other celestial bodies are placed, but solely and exclusively to the mass of air through which those bodies are seen. The same atmosphere, seen between us and the distant hills, causes the latter to appear blue.

It may, however, be objected, that if air be possessed of this peculiar kind of color, how is it that the air which immediately surrounds us is colorless? This objection is easily answered. There are certain colored bodies which reflect colored light so faintly, that it leaves no impression of color upon our senses. A glass of sea water, for example, if held up to the light, is perfectly limpid and colorless, but when we look at the ocean itself, the water appears green, it being there sufficient in quantity to render its color visible. In like manner, the air which fills an apartment, or which immediately surrounds us, when abroad, is not sufficient in quantity to be perceived; but when we view the immense mass of air in the firmament, when we fathom with our eye the depths of the aerial ocean above us, the blue color of the atmosphere is then distinctly visible. In proportion as the atmosphere is clear and free from vapors, this blue color becomes more intense, whilst it fades into a greyish or whitish hue, as the atmosphere becomes charged with them.

AIR POSSESSES INERTIA.—Inertia is that resistance offered by matter to any change in its condition as to rest or motion. A body at rest,

would continue forever at rest; in motion, forever in motion, if altogether uninfluenced by external causes. That a body at rest, a stone or a chair, for instance, cannot put itself into motion, independently of an external cause, is evident, forasmuch as it is borne out by fact and observation. We see that stones, chairs, tables, and other pieces of matter retain their places, and never move from them, unless some external force be applied; nor does any one imagine that they ever will. But, that matter in motion has a tendency to continue forever in motion, is not so evident; people think that it has a natural tendency to come to a state of rest, because they see that a stone or ball, if put into ever so violent motion, soon comes to a stand-still. But, if a little thought be given to the subject, it will be evident that all cessation of motion is to be attributed to the influence of some external cause; and that motion continues in proportion as those external influences cease. A ball, for example, if rolled on the ground, soon stops, owing to the friction of the uneven surface over which it moves; if it be rolled on ice, it continues longer in motion, and rolls much further, the smooth surface of the ice offering less resistance; but then, there is the resistance of the air, and the attraction of the earth; if these could be removed the body would roll forever. Now, that air, in common with solid and fluid matter, possesses this property of inertia, a number of familiar facts abundantly prove.

The resistance which air, in a state of rest, offers to a moving body, is a striking proof of its inertia. When the atmosphere is calm and free from winds, the particles of air maintain their position, and are in a state of rest. If a solid body, presenting a surface, be moved through the air whilst in this condition, a sensible resistance is encountered, arising from the particles of air attempting to maintain their position. The resistance of air, occasioned by its inertia, is felt in running, or when the hand is waved through it, backwards and forwards. The flame of a candle moved rapidly detects it.

Birds are enabled to fly by means of this resistance. In opening their wings, they cut the air by presenting their edge; but in closing they strike the air with their flat surface, like the motion of an oar in water. Birds do not fly above half a mile in height, and seldom more than one hundred yards. At considerable elevations, the atmosphere is too rarified to support them. Hence, those birds which rise to a great height in the atmosphere have large wings; as, for instance, the eagle, by means of which they are enabled to support themselves in the comparatively thin medium in which they move. Were it possible for a bird to live without respiration, in a place void of air, it would no longer possess the power of flight. Birds let go from balloons, at vast elevations in the atmosphere, fall rapidly into the denser strata of air below their surface, where they again recover their power of flight, the air not being sufficiently dense in those elevated regions to offer the necessary leverage or resistance for their wings.

On the deck of a steamer, a breeze is felt blowing from stem to stern, even in the calmest day, when not a zephyr lifts a leaf on shore, which is occasioned by the vessel displacing the air as it

passes through it, exactly in the same manner as it displaces the water, and causing, as a consequence, a current of air to flow over the deck. A similar breeze, arising from atmospheric resistance, is felt on the outside of a steam-carriage, and, though formerly accounted a slight obstacle, is now found to be one of the most formidable hindrances to the velocity of the train; for as the resistance of the air increases directly as the ratio of the velocity of the train increases, its power becomes immense.

A cannon ball will travel twenty or thirty miles in *vacuo*, or in a space without air; but the resistance of the air limits its range to two or three miles.

THE RESISTANCE WHICH AIR IN A STATE OF MOTION OFFERS TO A BODY AT REST, IS ANOTHER MANIFESTATION OF ITS INERTIA.—We have seen that a body at rest would continue forever at rest; in motion, forever in motion, if altogether uninfluenced by external causes. This tendency of bodies to continue in the same state of motion or rest, is termed their inertia. Every example of the power of the wind (for wind is nothing but air in motion) is an example of the inertia of the atmosphere, and the strength of the wind like that of every other moving body, depends entirely upon the quantity of air in motion, and the velocity with which it moves.

When the wind blows one mile an hour, it is hardly perceptible; four, a gentle gale; 20 to 25, very brisk; 30 to 35, a very high wind; 50 to 60, a storm; 80 to 100, a hurricane uprooting the forests and sweeping the earth. The instrument used for measuring the force and velocity of the wind is termed an Anemometer. When the wind is gentle on the surface of the earth, it may be moving at the rate of from 60 to 80 miles an hour, in the higher regions of the atmosphere. This has been determined by the distance travelled by aeronauts, and by observing the shadows of clouds moving along the ground. The aeronaut travelling at the most enormous rate never feels the wind as he moves with it.

AIR IS POSSESSED OF GRAVITY OR WEIGHT.—The weight, or downward pressure of the air, is occasioned by the attraction of the earth, producing what is called atmospheric pressure. This pressure is exerted equally in all directions, the upward pressure of the air being equal to its downward pressure. By the following simple experiments, our readers may convince themselves of the upward pressure of the air.

Experiment 1. Fill a wine-glass with water place a slip of paper on the brim, so as to cover it entirely, and placing the palm of the hand on the paper, invert the glass; on removing the hand, the upward pressure of the atmosphere will cause the paper to adhere to the glass.

Exp't. 2. Close one end of a glass tube, two feet in length and one-sixth of an inch bore, with a cork, fill it with water, and placing one finger on the open end, invert it; on removing the finger, the upward pressure of the atmosphere will keep the water in the tube.

The peculiar gurgling sound which is produced in decanting bottles, is occasioned by the upward pressure of the atmosphere, which forces the air through the water into the bottles, to fill up the

vacuum created by the escape of the water. So long as the neck of the bottle is choked up with fluid, the water, in coming out, is intercepted by the entrance of the air, and flows with a gurgling and interrupted sound; but if the bottle be so inverted, that the liquid, in flowing out, only partially fills the neck, the flow of the water will be continuous and uninterrupted and no sound takes place.

It is in like manner owing to the upward pressure of the air that it supports clouds and other vapors which are seen floating in it. This phenomena proves the upward pressure of the air, in the same manner as a piece of floating wood or cork indicates the upward pressure of the water which supports it. On the same property depends the slow fall of light bodies, as paper, feathers, and snow, through the atmosphere, the upward pressure of the air impeding their descent. The upward pressure of the atmosphere in fact controls and modifies the effect of all falling bodies. Were it possible for the clouds to be supported, and the atmosphere to be removed, drops of rain falling from them would descend with the velocity and weight of shot to the earth's surface. This curious fact is finely exemplified by the philosophical instrument called the water-hammer.

The water-hammer is a glass tube, hermetically sealed, containing at one end a vacuum or space, without air, and at the other water. Upon inverting the tube, the water falls through the vacuum to the other end of it, as if it were lead, producing a short clicking sound. This noise is occasioned through the want of air to break the velocity of its fall. *The downward pressure of the air may be detected in the following manner:*

Exp't. 3. Procure a tin vessel shaped like a common phial, with the bottom full of very small holes; plunge it in water, with its mouth open, and when full, cork it so as entirely to exclude the access of the external air, then remove the vessel from the water. So long as it is kept corked, the upward pressure of the atmosphere will keep in the water; but when the cork is withdrawn, the downward pressure will cause it to stream through the holes at the bottom of the vessel.

Exp't. 4. Boil a small quantity of water in a retort, place a cork in the beak, and condense the steam by plunging the retort in cold water; now put the retort in an upright position, its beak being still below the surface of the water; remove the cork, and the downward pressure of the air on the surface of the water in the vessel, will force it with considerable violence into the retort, which will become immediately nearly filled with water.

This experiment is a very striking manifestation of atmospheric pressure.

It may, however, be objected, that we are not sensible of any weight in the air, which is, in fact, proverbial for its lightness; but science teaches us to rectify the deceptions of the senses. There is no difficulty in disposing of the objection, and this, too, in a very satisfactory manner. The answer is, that the effects of the pressure of the air around us are counteracted by the air that is within us; so that things are in a state of equilibrio. The surface of the body is covered with

innumerable pores through which the insensible perspiration passes, which pores communicate with the atmosphere. Free and speedy access is thus given to the air to every part of the body; and hence the body is no more damaged by this pressure than a wet sponge is deranged by being plunged in water.

If, however, by any contrivance, we can cut off the communication between any part of the body and the surrounding atmosphere, then the elastic force of the air in the body will cause it to swell out into the vacuum, as in the operation of cupping, and we shall become powerfully, and even painfully, sensible of the pressure of the atmosphere.

Exp't. 5. Rarefy the air in a wine-glass, by means of a piece of lighted paper conveyed into its inside, and instantly apply it to the palm of the hand, so as to exclude the surrounding atmosphere. The air in the wine-glass will cool and contract in volume, and the pressure of the external air will fasten the glass to the hand, the air in the hand at the same time expanding and causing the soft part of the palm to swell out into the vacuum.

The necessity of some inward æriform fluid, to sustain the outward pressure of the air, is well seen in the collapsing of cylinders and boilers, when, by some accident, the steam in them becomes condensed and a vacuum is formed. A simple experiment will illustrate this.

Exp't. 6. Boil a little water in a tin vessel provided with a stop-cock; when steam issues from the vessel, turn the stop-cock, so as to confine the steam, and pour a quantity of cold water on the sides of the vessel; a vacuum will be formed in the vessel, and its sides will be immediately crushed in by the powerful pressure of the external air. C.

RICH MEN are indispensable for the culture of the fine arts; and it is scarcely possible to find a work of great magnitude and beauty combined that did not originate with them. Sometimes a Prince, for the sake of his soul, and sometimes an old usurer, for a similar reason, devoted the spoils of an ill-spent life for a great public benefit; but in either case it was the rich man who did what the public at large would never have thought of. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, was mainly assisted in its construction by the immense fortune of Thibout, an old miser, whose conscience pricked him in the evening of life for the sins of the morning and meridian thereof; and, in making confession to the Archbishop of Paris, he was solemnly advised to make atonement to Heaven by the dedication of his fortune to the services of the Church. He yielded to the reasoning of the pious prelate, and thus arose that venerable building in which the Kings, and Emperors, and Prince Presidents of France, receive their consecration. Would even the French people ever have constructed such a building by subscription, or appropriation of the public revenue? Never.

Education is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.

LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,
Written in Wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—*'tis Human Love!*
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the well of ruth
Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand
When man's best monuments wear fast away.
The law of Heaven is *Love*—and though its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still, the external principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, can we see
The lavish measure in which love is given.
And in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above its head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower, and running brook,
We see how everything was made to love,
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.

WILLIS.

IMAGINARY CURES.

The power of imagination, in the cure of certain diseases, is a fact well known. To aid the imagination, or, to stimulate the patient's faith, certain rites or forms have to be observed. Some of these are curious and ridiculous enough, and none of them are based upon any rational system of cure. In rural districts, agues are frequently cured by this means. The patient is directed to do some out of the way thing, and assured, that if he will strictly follow the prescribed forms, the disease will leave him; and, singularly enough, the result in many cases follows the prediction. In a recent number of "Notes and Queries," we find this statement: "About a mile from Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on a spot where two roads cross each other, are a few oak trees called *cross oaks*. Here aguish patients used to resort, and peg a lock of their hair into one of these oaks, then, by a sudden wrench, transfer the lock from their head to the tree, and return home with the full conviction, that the ague had departed with the severed lock. Persons now living, affirm they have often seen hair thus left, pegged into the oak, for one of these trees only was endowed with the healing power. The frequency of failure, however, to cure the disease, and the unpleasantness of the operation, have entirely destroyed the popular faith in this remedy; but that expedients quite as absurd and superstitious, and even more disgusting, are still practised to remove diseases, is fully proved by several instances recorded in "Notes and Queries."

There is, in this city, a gentleman of standing, intelligence, and scientific acquirements, who, curious to try the effect of imagination upon a certain order of minds, gave out, in a quiet way, that he could cure the ague. No very long time passed before his alleged power was put to the

test. He was called on by a man or woman, we do not know which, and asked if it were true that he could cure the "chills." He replied, very gravely, in the affirmative. On being told that his visiter was suffering from the disease, and wished to be cured, he requested him (we are not certain that in this we are precisely correct—but it is of little consequence) to place his left fingers on his right pulse; after a few moments, he was told to place his right fingers on his left pulse. "Which pulse beats the strongest?" was now asked, with all imaginable seriousness. It mattered not what reply was made by the patient; the answer was, in all cases, the same. "You will have just two more chills. After that, the ague will leave you." And, curious enough, in many cases, the result was according to the prediction.

In the publication before mentioned, is the following from a correspondent:—"Looking over some family papers, lately, I found the following charm to cure the ague in an old diary: the date on the paper is 1751. I send it to you. '*Charm to cure the Ague*.—When Jesus saw ye cross, whereon his body should be crucified, his body shook, and ye Jews asked him had he the ague? He answered and said, 'Whosoever keepeth this in mind or writing, shall not be troubled with Fever or Ague;' so, Lord, help thy servant trusting in thee. Then say the Lord's prayer. This is to be read before it is folded, then knotted, and not opened after."

Not long since, the following charm was practised in an English village, on a poor lad, subject to epileptic fits. Nine sixpences were procured from nine virgins ("for which they were to be neither asked nor thanked;") the money was then made into a ring, which the child wore; but with no satisfactory result.

There is matter for thought in the subject here introduced. Some will settle the whole thing by saying they don't believe a cure was ever made by means such as have been instanced; while others will admit the facts, and endeavor to account for them on rational principles. The easy, and common mode by which these phenomenas are disposed of, is to say that the imagination does everything. But, this is not quite so satisfactory as many could wish. How does imagination accomplish so singular a work—going, often, in advance of the most experienced physician? There is something, we think, beyond the simple imaginative faculty of the mind. Disease, it has been assumed, and by high authority, is of mental origin. The power of the mind over the body is known. In fact, the body is nothing but the material investure of the soul, and obedient to it in every thing. Without the soul, it would be mere dead matter. How quickly does bodily ailment follow mental disease! Many a serious spell of sickness has originated in jealousy or from violent passion. If disease has its origin in the mind, then there may be mental cures. In other words, the mind may be brought into a state in which mental action will suspend the activity of disease in the body. Is it very hard to believe this? We think not.

With these remarks on the curious facts above given, we leave the subject with the reader.

A REMARKABLE CAVERN.

The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following sketch of the newly discovered "Wyandotte Cave," in Crawford county, Indiana:—

Near the town of Leavenworth, in the State of Indiana, and not far from the Ohio river, there is an extensive and very remarkable cavern, which, though not possessing all of that diversity of interest exhibited in the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, will yet, in many of its features, compare very favorably with the latter, and in some points far exceeds in grandeur and sublimity anything yet discovered there.

The land, upon which the cave is situated, was purchased from the United States Government by Mr. Henry P. Rothrock, the present proprietor. The fact of the existence of a cave here was known by the early settlers in the neighborhood since the year 1820, but it remained almost unexplored until a very short time since. That portion which has been known for many years is now called the "old cave," to distinguish it from the larger and more recently explored part, which is commonly known as the "new cave," and which has been traversed for the first time by white men within only eighteen months past. The exact location of Wyandotte Cave (for such is the name by which it is known) is about six miles east-northeast of the town of Leavenworth, on Blue River, formerly called Wyandotte River, Crawford county, Indiana, and not very far from the boundary line of Crawford and Harrison counties.

After dinner we commenced our preparations for entering the cave;—lamps and torches were prepared, trimmed and filled; these lamps, made of tin, had been manufactured to order in the city, for our special purpose. Some were formed with a socket in the bottom, and carried on the end of a stick five feet long—others, however, of a much more convenient form, were carried with a swinging handle like that of a kettle, a circular shade of the tin being formed about five inches below the hand, that served to keep the offensive lamp-smoke from the bearer, and prevented the glare of the flame from dazzling the eye. Beside the lamps and torches, several of the gentlemen had prepared fire-works of different kinds to illumine the dark halls, lanes and grottoes of the subterranean city. Last of all, we encased ourselves in rough suits, ready for all emergencies, and sallied out. That afternoon our explorations were preliminary and general, but on the next morning we commenced the work in earnest. The entrance of the cave is near the top of a lofty and very extensive hill;—after ascending about one-half a mile from the house by a steep winding path, you will observe the entrance; it is on the west side of this vast hill, and at an elevation of about 120 feet above Blue River. The entrance is about four feet high by seven broad. Just within the mouth we lighted our lamps. Their sickly yellow flame contrasted strangely with the thick blackness of the cavern on the one side, and the radiance of the sunlight without. The storm of the previous day had entirely subsided and died away; and the opening clouds showed the calm blue above, and we felt almost reluctant to bid adieu to nature in her fresh and smiling

attire, and descend into these deep, dismal vaults. The damp air comes clinging around your limbs, and you shrink instinctively from the cold chilling embrace of the genius that presides over this sepulchral region.

In all large caverns there is a current of air more or less strong, either blowing out or inward; this depends upon the season of the year, or more properly the temperature of the external air; in winter the external air is inhaled by the cavern, and passes in under a brisk draft, while in the summer the cool air of the cave is breathed out. The mean temperature of the "Wyandotte Cave" during the whole year is 58 or 60 degrees Fahrenheit—it would, consequently, in summer, be cold, and in winter warm. A few feet within the mouth the proprietor has erected a wooden door to prevent the ingress of intruders; this being unlocked we were ushered into a long, low apartment, not remarkable for anything striking or unusually interesting. The ground here (as in a large portion of the cave) is strewn, and in some places entirely covered, with fragments and enormous masses of rock, that have evidently fallen from the roof at some early day; these huge pieces, of many tons in weight, lie in extensive irregular and chaotic heaps, and seem to have been shaken down by some violent convulsion of nature.

It is the unusual exertion and fatigue of clambering over these enormous piles that doubtless cause many travellers greatly to magnify the distances traversed by them in these caves. Now our party, by means of a line 100 feet long, (using a tape of 50 feet for shorter distances,) took some very accurate measurements of the apartments and windings, and were satisfied thereby that the distances in these caves are often very much overrated. It is easy for one entering a cave, for the first time, to be deceived in this respect, where the path is blocked up with heaps of from ten to twenty feet high, and he is to climb over them, or he is obliged to walk thirty or forty yards in a constrained and stooping posture, and then for an equal distance is down upon all fours, crawling along, and then suddenly has to take a steep descent, lamp in hand, cautiously threading his way downward, at the imminent danger, if he does not at each step secure a firm foothold, of losing his balance, and being dashed headlong to the bottom. After all these difficulties, requiring infinite toil and patience, and testing his vigor, he will easily be persuaded that he has travelled at the least a half mile, but let him reduce the distance to actual measurement, and he will be surprised to find that he has scarcely exceeded 1,200 feet. Far beyond the first door is a second, leading to a different branch of the cave. From mere conjecture I supposed that we had come three-fourths of a mile from the first door, yet on reference to our notes I found that we had come only about 1,000 feet! Some portions of the floor of the cave are covered with salt earths, from which large portions of Epsom salt have been manufactured—as many as twelve pounds of salts have been produced from a bushel of earth.

It would fill a volume to give a detail of all, or even most of the objects of curiosity and wonder amid those realms of solitude and darkness that

attract the eye of the traveller at almost every step, invite his investigation or speculation, and fill him with emotions of delight and astonishment. One of the grandest and most stately of these is "Monument Mountain," which rises in the centre of "Wallace's Grand Dome." This dome is about 300 feet in length, by 150 broad. The immense mass of rock composing the mountain is vaulted over by the roof of the cavern itself, that spans the whole, and rises at this point from the base of the mountain to an altitude of 150 feet. Upon the top of the mountain are three beautiful stalagmites, formed by the slow dripping of the water through the limestone roof; their snowy line contrasts strongly with this thick gloom around; their beautiful forms, from this circumstance, are revealed to the eye even by the feeble ray of a single lamp; they are each about four feet high, and about six inches in thickness, and exceedingly white. Upon the top of the mountain, and alongside of these stalagmites, we lighted one of our largest Bengal lights; it emitted a very brilliant red flame, and burning for several minutes, afforded a gorgeous illumination—the effect was grand and ineffably sublime; until this moment we had discerned but half the wildness, and beauty and grandeur of the spot—but now the dazzling and intense light penetrated every crevice and cranny, and filled the vast dome as with the brightness of noonday, and revealed to our astonished vision the full glory of the scene—it was a terrific page in nature's volume that had been unclasped before us—we were contemplating her awful mysteries down deep in the caverns of the earth; and upon this page a flood of light had been poured that we might see and feel the power and glory of nature's Great Architect. At this spot we discovered a white-oak pole—this was found here on the side of the mountain, upon the first entrance, a year ago, of any white man into this part of the cave. It bears evident marks of having been cut at the end by some rude instrument. The probability is that it was brought in and left here by the Indians, and that the marks and attempt at sharpening the end of the pole was made by a stone hatchet. The difference of the mark left by the iron axe of the white man and the Indian stone hatchet, cannot be well mistaken.

Of smaller dimensions, and of far less imposing appearance, are "Concert Hall" and "Odd Fellows' Lodge." In the former is an echo—there we remained a short time for resting, burned one of our blue Bengal lights, and enjoyed the mellow tones of a flute that discoursed of the "Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," "Rory O'Moore," &c. Odd Fellows' Lodge is a spacious hall, about 250 feet in length by 100 in diameter, with an arched roof, 60 feet high. Between these two apartments, yet not contiguous to either, is a small cascade, produced either from the overflow of some subterranean stream, or by the water permeating through the bed of rock from the surface above. There our eyes were greeted with the sight of one of the most beautiful stalactites that we ever beheld. It is called the "Epaulette," from its almost perfect resemblance to that military ornament or insignia. It projects from the side of a rock and is about six feet above your

head. The trickling lime-water has first formed the shoulder-piece about three feet wide, and then dividing itself into a score or more of little streams, and falling over, leaves the pendent fringe or bullion—the water slightly discolored by the yellow earth, gives to the whole a bright golden hue. These stalactites assume various and fantastic shapes; but I have never seen one that surpasses this in beauty of form or color, and that bears a more appropriate name. The proprietor carefully guards it against the ruthless hand of the spoiler and seeker after "specimens."

I have taken you, reader, by a very sudden digression, from "Monument Mountain" through these three last named localities. This has been by way of an episode. Descending the mountain, and just at the foot, we came to the Sulphur Spring; jaded and tired, we sat down to enjoy its cool and grateful waters; we all drank copious draughts; the flavor is mild and pleasant. After a heavy rain, the sulphur is less perceptible than at other times. The dryer the season the more proportionably strong is the sulphurous taste of this spring; so that at times it has very much the taste and smell of the Blue-Lick, sold by the druggists in the city. Leaving the spring, we were looking around to see how we should proceed next, for our pathway seemed completely blocked up. Behind us was the steep mountain, with its peak capped by the three snowy monuments, reaching far up into the impenetrable gloom above, while before us rose the scowling blackened rocks that supported the great dome itself. To the inquiry where we were to go: "There," said our guide, "through that auger-hole," pointing down not far from our feet to a small aperture that appeared more like some fox's hole than anything else. At first I was really at a loss to know whether the old gentleman was quizzing us or not—and even after we were assured that he was in earnest, it was some time before all the gentlemen could make up their minds and determine to make the essay. Those of the party who were portly and elderly declared that they *could* not if they would, get through such a crevice, on account of their corpulence—that it was impossible to force themselves through the narrow chink beneath them, and even if they should succeed in squeezing in, what guarantee did they have that they should be able to get out? The rocks around and inside of the passage were wet and slippery from the overflowing water of the adjacent spring, that formed puddles about, and everything was covered with a soft, viscid clay that made the entrance more unpleasant. In short, there was no other alternative than for each one either to return and ingloriously "back out," or else to get down flat upon the back or stomach in the mud and water and "back in" to this "auger-hole."

At last, while we stood deliberating, one of the party, a slender young gentleman, of some sixteen years of age, laid down his lamp and disappeared through the hole. We all looked in, and by the aid of our lights saw him peering up through the little dark passage that proved to be about six feet in length. Thus encouraged, another and another of the party severally passed through—those behind passing down to those who had preceded them, the lamps, baskets, lines, &c. But

when the turn of the stout gentleman and the broad-shouldered young man arrived, then came "the rub"—the latter declared emphatically that he had "stuck," and the former called to his comrades for assistance and "to lend a hand." After our party had all effected a safe passage through the "auger-hole," we found ourselves in a very low chamber that gradually widened and prolonged itself into an avenue.

We must necessarily pass over and omit several highly interesting spots and curiosities that we met in these dark windings and labyrinthine passages. Among these I may mention incidentally here the "Chapel"—a low, little crypt, containing two or three remarkable stalagmites of a brown color, formed, doubtless, centuries ago; the ground here had become perfectly dry, with no recent indications of moisture whatever. Toiling over hill and dale for many an hour, toward noon we entered "Rothrock's Promenade." This spacious avenue, extending about a third of a mile in length, presents a smooth footway with no obstructions of rock, and probably may have been the channel of some stream in primitive times, as it wears all the unmistakable marks, along its sides and roof, indicative of the flow and passage of water. The tired pedestrian finds great relief in its pleasant and uniform level and roominess.

In a distant part of this "promenade," or what is probably a continuation of it, the floor is strewn with heaps of infinitely small crystallizations or glittering particles of carbonate of lime, having the appearance, when first perceived by torch-light, of an innumerable quantity of the finest needles. These minute particles extend along the pathway for a distance of over 200 feet.

In still another part of this avenue, there are to be seen the foot-prints of the red men, who visited this place before its discovery by the whites. In one spot you may distinctly trace in the soft path the tracks of four persons—two wearing moccasins and two barefooted. They are known to have been four in number from there being four different lengths of the feet. The Indian habit of walking, too, so different from the white man's step, is plainly discernible here, one foot being placed straight and immediately in front of the other.

Another of the remarkable features of "Rothrock's Promenade" is found in the crystalline formations exhibited there; one portion of its sides being completely fretted over or encrusted with the richest and most delicate crystallization of carbonate of lime that we had ever beheld. They appeared like so many sparkling gems "of purest ray serene" that nature had scattered here with lavish profusion. Some of these crystals were of snowy whiteness, others were of a very light pink or cream color; some assumed the shape of a full-blown rose; some were fashioned like the tulip, others like some sprouting forms of vegetable life, while others were of variously quaint and fantastic shapes. Several of these specimens of rare and exceeding beauty were presented to us by the worthy proprietor.

We began now to scale and clamber over the most rugged and arduous way that had even yet presented itself since our first entrance; and by-

and-by we approached "Pluto's Chasm." This, as its name may indicate, is a terrific gap, or fissure, yawning open before the traveller, having an abrupt and almost sheer descent of nearly or quite 200 feet. The downward path, from both the opposite sides, to the bottom of this deep cleft, through which every one must pass, is very difficult, requiring considerable care and caution to avoid the danger of a fall. Here the rock-ribbed edifice seems to have been rended in twain by some earthquake, and instead of the roof falling, as is the case in other portions of the cave, the solid body of rock seems to have been violently riven asunder, leaving a steep and dangerous pass through the midst of this hideous chasm. Our Bengal lights were again brought into requisition. Some of our party witnessed the sublime exhibition from the heights above, while others posted themselves in the gulf below. I can only say that the scene presented was surpassingly grand, and baffles all my efforts adequately to describe. Towering up on each side of us rose the crags of jagged rock to an amazing height; and meeting overhead, formed an irregularly grained roof; around stood the gigantic forms and huge masses of rock that had remained fixed for ages in silence, solitude and darkness, mute witnesses of the dread catastrophe that had been there enacted. Standing at the bottom of the abyss, and looking up among the craggy heights, I beheld the figures of some of our party looking down upon the scene. The pale blue glare of our Bengal light gave a ghastly hue to their countenances, and they seemed more like some wild supernatural beings who had been disturbed from their dens, by the unwonted clamor and blaze of light, than like one of us.

Ascending from this gap, you continue for a considerable distance on an upward course, until the path, growing more and more narrow, seems at last to terminate in the ceiling; but, clambering up, you discern a small aperture, called the "Screw," about large enough for the bulk of an ordinary man's body. Fortunately for themselves, the portly and elderly members of our party, on account of extreme fatigue and indisposition, had returned. By a little patient twisting, the younger and smaller gentlemen succeeded in squeezing through this crevice. Just at this point we discovered a small living centipede—the only sign of animal existence that we had discovered within these cheerless dominions of nature, unless we except the withered skeletons of some bats found in the other parts of the cave. On account of the narrow aperture the centipede was swept away by some of the party, and we were unable to preserve it; but, from the presence of this little insect, and the fact that we were surrounded by a large bed of clay, some nine feet in thickness, we conjectured that this portion of the cave could not be far below the surface of the earth.

Having extricated ourselves from this confined passage, and passing on by a somewhat wider and downward path, we came to the "Circle of the Union." This is an immense vaulted hall, or, if it were not more elliptical than circular in its form, might be called a *rotunda*, being of a magnitude and height that is truly stupendous. You necessarily approach this vast area by a

narrow passage that terminates about half way between the floor and the roof; thence you descend by a steep course to the floor. In the centre rises up like a mountain, an enormous mass of rock, and upon the top of this huge structure stands the stately and august "Pillar of the Constitution," supporting the overarching roof above. This magnificent column is a vast *concretion* of fibrous or *satinspar*, some portions being of an immaculate whiteness, and the rest of a light orange color. It varies from 12 to 16 feet in diameter, and is about 45 feet in circumference. There it is, the slowly natural work of centuries, ay, of ages. Its shape reminds you of some vast *jet d'eau*, or fountain, whose falling waters seem, as by some spell, suddenly congealed or petrified. Every object here is of colossal proportions—the noble shaft stands conspicuous in the centre—a heavy pall of gloom is contained around—silence reigns supreme, and everything conspires to fill the beholder with the most sublime ideas and the profoundest sensations of awe.

THE WAR OF 1812.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY E. KENNEDY.

Tommy. What do people mean, papa, when they talk about the "Late War?"

Papa. O, they mean the war of 1812.

T. I thought that was it; but it isn't a very late war, I'm sure, for it happened thirty years ago, and more too.

P. Well, I presume there was more propriety in the name as used by our fathers than as used by us; but the phrase has come into use, and it would be a hard thing to change it now.

T. Can't you

"Tell me all about the war,
And what they killed each other for,"

as the poem has it that we read in our school books. I believe the Americans didn't gain much glory in that war, did they?

P. O yes, a good deal of what they call "glory," though I hardly think it deserving of the name. 'Tis true they met with many reverses at first, but they were abundantly successful after a while. You know of the victories of our ships of war upon the ocean, I am sure, and everybody is, or ought to be familiar with the "glorious 8th of January," or Jackson's victory at New Orleans.

T. What did the quarrel begin about at first?

P. O it was an old grudge. You must know that the first symptoms of it broke out within five-and-twenty years after the old Revolutionary war closed. The ancient disputes had not been fully and fairly settled, nor indeed could it well be in the lifetimes of those who had been the actors in the ugly strife that lasted from 1775 till 1783. England never ceased to abuse us all the while, and for years after; and we, on our part—I mean our fathers—never got reconciled in heart to terms of peace and amity. But you want to know what led immediately to the breaking out of the war of 1812?

T. Yes, sir.

P. Well, I'll tell you: During the years 1804, '5, '6 and 7, the British cruisers would board our

merchant vessels and help themselves to every stout sailor they took a fancy to, under the appellation—a false one—of British seamen.

T. Do you mean, papa, that their ships overhauled our ships, and that they seized upon our men and carried them off?

P. I mean that very thing. It certainly was very ugly of John Bull to do so, but it was nevertheless a fact. And these outrages became so common, that scarcely any of our vessels were safe upon the ocean, and any handsome, tall, well-made man, was, at any time, upon the high seas, liable to being seized as prey by these gentlemen in red coats. I think as many as six or seven hundred of our men were "pressed" in this manner into the British service, during the few years immediately preceding the war. 'Tis true some of these men may have been Englishmen born, but the great majority of them were American citizens.

T. Well, even if they had been Englishmen, I can't see how it would have been right to carry them off without their consent.

P. It wasn't right, neither could such a system be tolerated for an hour in these, our days,—I mean that of "pressing" men into the service, or kidnapping them, as it might more appropriately be termed. England, too, has always claimed a right over her native born citizens, nor to this hour can an Englishman ever get loose from his allegiance to the crown; and the plea they always urged in stopping our vessels, and searching them, was to find property that belonged to them, they said. And being also very much in want of good seamen, it was quite convenient to claim any able-bodied man they took a fancy to, as a native born subject of King George, whether he was so or not. This was called by a very odious name—the *right of search*.

T. And hadn't Americans the same *right of search*, too?

P. I don't know why they should not have had it, only that England claimed to be both mistress of the seas and master of the ocean, and insisted on certain high-handed *rights* purely on the score of *might* alone.

T. I don't wonder that it led to war if that was the case: 'tis just like it is at school sometimes—some big boy crows over the little ones, and abuses them and knocks them about, until some spunky little fellow gives him a flogging, and then he behaves himself.

P. That is not a bad illustration, and it will enable you to understand this matter all the better. In the year 1807, the British ship-of-war Leopard fired upon one of our frigates, the Chesapeake, on account of a refusal to submit to "search;" and Commodore Barron had then to give way, and allow his vessel to be overhauled and examined. Many people thought that Commodore Barron ought to have fought, and bled, and died, before he should have submitted to such a disgrace to our national flag: and Commodore Decatur was one of those who expressed themselves so freely upon the subject; and he was called to account for it in a duel which was fought about a dozen years after.

T. O yes; and Commodore Decatur was killed by Commodore Barron!

P. Exactly: I'm glad you remember these circumstances. It was for having questioned Commodore Barron's prudence and courage in this "affair of the Chesapeake," that in 1820 a duel was fought, and sad to say, the gallant Decatur, who was sometimes called by the sailors, the "Mainmast of the Navy," was killed. But matters went on so and got no better, but worse, until in 1812, when there was a DECLARATION OF WAR.

T. England declared war, I suppose?

P. O no. It was America that first showed fight, and resolved—boldly resolved, I think—upon a redress of heavy grievances. Mr. Madison was President at the time, and he was both a man of peace and a peace-loving man; but he considered that the honor of the country was at stake.

T. I suppose the people all thought as he did about it?

P. Not all of them: but the war was sustained and carried on by a majority of the American people. Mr. Madison being re-elected President by so large a majority, after the war had begun, was sufficient evidence that the people supported him, or would support him in it. You know that the distinguished Henry Clay, who has recently died, so full of years and so full of honor, was a great supporter of the war. That Representative Hall where Congress sits, has often times, in years gone by, been made ring with the piercing notes of his stirring eloquence.—A whole generation has passed away since that critical period of our country's history, and we now look back with an unprejudiced eye, and we see that the war was a just one—that is, if any war can be accounted just. As the world is organized, men sometimes must contend for their rights, and they must even compel others to respect them; and in this view I regard the war of 1812—the "late war," or "Madison's war," or by whatever name you may fancy to call it, as a just and a necessary war.

T. And how with the Mexican war?

P. O, that I'm not so sure about; neither have we time to discuss that now.

INTERESTING VARIETIES.

"COLUMBUS AND THE EGG" ANTICIPATED.—Brunelleschi was the discoverer of the mode of erecting cupolas, which had been lost since the time of the Romans. Vasari relates a similar anecdote of him to that recorded of Columbus; though this has unquestionably the merit of being the first, since it occurred before the birth of Columbus. Brunelleschi died in 1446; Columbus was born in 1442.

A council of the most learned men of the day, from various parts of the world, was summoned to consult and show plans for the erection of a cupola, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. Brunelleschi refused to show his model, it being upon the most simple principles, but proposed that the man who could make an egg stand upright on a marble base should be the architect. The foreigners and artists agreeing to this, but failing in their attempts, desired Brunelleschi to do it him-

self; upon which he took the egg, and with a gentle tap broke the end, and placed it on the slab. The learned men unanimously protested that any one else could do the same: to which the architect replied, with a smile, that had they seen his model, they could as easily have known how to build a cupola.

The work then devolved upon him; but, a want of confidence existing among the operatives and citizens, they pronounced the undertaking to be too great for one man, and arranged that Lorenzo Ghiberti, an artist of great repute at that time, should be co-architect with him. Brunelleschi's anger and mortification were so great on hearing this decision, that he destroyed, in the space of half an hour, models and designs that had cost him years of labor, and would have quitted Florence but for the persuasions of Donatello. It is almost unnecessary to add that the cupola was completed with perfect success by Brunelleschi; since then, St. Peter's, at Rome, and St. Paul's, in London, were formed upon the model of his dome at Florence.

EFFECT OF CLIMATE ON CONSUMPTION.—The Medical Faculty are beginning to question the opinion which has so long prevailed among medical men, that a change of climate is beneficial to persons suffering with the consumption. Sir James Clark, of England, has assailed the doctrine with considerable force, and a French physician named Carriere, has written against it; but the most vigorous opponent of it is a Dr. Burgess, of whom a recent article in Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, gives an account. Dr. Burgess contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of consumption, and that if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin, and not the lungs. That a warm climate is not in its itself beneficial, he shows from the fact that the disease exists in all latitudes. In India and Africa, tropical climates, it is as frequent as in Europe or Northern America. All the curative resorts, now in fashion, are productive of consumption than any locality of Great Britain. Naples, Florence, Nice, Genoa, Venice, all generate more consumption than London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Manchester. Madeira, the chosen paradise of pulmonary patients, is more unfavorable to the disease than England. Aix and Montpelier are no better, if not worse. Pisa is worse than all; so that Italian climate for consumption-cure, is pronounced an errant "humbug." Change of air, in the same climate, is the sanative theory of Dr. Burgess, deduced from the most expansive observations and industrious experiments in "climatology." "Give me Italy, or I perish," "Give us a warm climate," which is now the fashionable cry of rich patients, will soon be changed "to change of air at home," in the opinion of Dr. Burgess, whose new theory will bring consolation, if not cure, to every poor person who labors under this afflictive malady, and cannot take a voyage to Italy.

THE RESORT OF THE EIDER-DUCKS.—The little island of Vidoe, says Ader Pfeiffer, in her journey to Iceland, about a mile from Reikjavick, is

generally mentioned by travellers as the principal resort of the eider-ducks. On the 8th of June, I visited the place, and found myself greatly disappointed in the number of birds assembled there; for although I saw many sitting quietly on their nests on the slopes of the meadows, and between the rocks, so far from being in thousands, I doubt if there were in all more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty nests. The tameness of the eider-duck, while brooding, is very extraordinary. I had always looked upon the wonderful stories I had heard on this subject as fables, and should do so yet, if I had not been an eye-witness to the fact myself. I approached, and laid my hands on the birds while they were sitting: yes, I could even caress them without their attempting to move from their nests; or, if they left them for a moment, it was only to walk off for a few steps, and remain quietly waiting till I withdrew, when they immediately returned to their station. Those whose young were already hatched, however, would beat their wings with violence, and snap at me with their bills when I came near, them rather allowing themselves to be seized than desert their broods. In size they resemble our common duck; their eggs are of a greenish gray, rather larger than hens' eggs, and of an excellent flavor. Each bird lays about eleven eggs. The finest down is that with which they line their nests at first; it is of a dark gray, and is regularly carried off by the Icelanders, with the first eggs. The poor bird then robs itself of a second portion of its down, and lays a few more eggs, which are also seized; and it is not till the nest has been filled for the third time that the ducks are left unmolested to raise their young brood. The down of the second, and particularly that of the third hatching, is much lighter than the first, and of an inferior quality. I was so cruel as to appropriate some of the down and a few eggs myself. I had no opportunity of seeing the down and eggs collected from between the inaccessible rocks and cliffs, where they are only reached by the peasants by means of ropes, and at the peril of their lives.

"THAT WILL DO," is a phrase of modern invention. The ancients knew of no such expression, or the Egyptians would never have raised the pyramids, nor the Greeks and Romans displayed that love of the beautiful which led them to impart a poetic grace even to the meanest utensils for household use, as the remains of Pompeii fully testify. "That will do," is the excuse of mediocrity, unable to soar to better things. "That will do," is the self-dispensation given by the lazy painter, who glosses over the want of anatomical correctness by a showy coloring. "That will do," is the besetting sin of architects who lay their short-comings to the want of a favorable site or an Italian climate. "That will do," is the precept held in veneration by most servants. "That will do," makes your sloven and your slattern. A man who adopts this motto with regard to dress does not mind being seen with a dirty shirt, and a beard of two days' growth—while the same fatal saying allows a woman to go about the house with curl papers, and slippers. "That will do," applied to house-

hold matters, is equally bad, and more annoying to friends than when applied to dress. You may expect ill-cooked dinners in any house where the heads adopt this maxim—to say nothing of shabby carpets, faded paint, dirty muslin curtains, &c. "That will do," has conjured up a host of inefficient teachers, and a still larger proportion of imperfect scholars. "That will do," has sunk many a ship—caused the downfall of scaffolding holding hundreds of human beings—occasions at least half the fires that take place, and is at the bottom of most railway disasters. "That will do," is the enemy to all excellence, and would sap the conscience of the most virtuous man alive, if he hearkened to its dictates. The only persons to whom we recommend it are drunkards, gamblers, and spendthrifts, who may very properly exclaim—"That will do!" All should bear in mind that nothing will "do" but the very best in point of excellence.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.—Grace Greenwood, in her "Leaves from over the Sea," now appearing in the *National Era*, speaking of the Elgin Marbles, in the British Museum, says:—"The Elgin marbles and other ancient statuary were not to me all I expected them to be—or rather the woful unsuitableness of the place for such grand fragments of art, the want of all their natural surroundings, made the sight more painful than pleasurable, far. And yet I had hardly realized that the olden, immortal grace could so triumph over mutilation and decay, and compel the homage of even the inartistic gazer, as it does through these defaced and dilapidated divinities, these armless graces and legless heroes, these tailless horses and headless riders. So noble are those forms in the great power yet perfect symmetry of their full physical development, so free in action, so grand in repose, so beautiful in half-barbaric grace, that one sighs at the thought of a humanity so glorious having passed away, and sees a sort of sublime pathos in the long struggle of art with Ruin and Time, to preserve for it even this broken immortality."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—One fountain there is, says Miss Biemer, whose deep-lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it, peace and joy. It is KNOWLEDGE—the fountain of intellectual cultivation—which gives health to mankind; makes clear the vision; brings joys to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou will soon find thyself rich. Thou mayst go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst enjoy thyself in thy own little chamber; thy friends are everywhere around thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee!

Though we may have a hard pillow, yet it is only sin that can plant a thorn in it—and even though it may be hard and lonely, yet we may have sweet sleep and glorious visions upon it. It was when Jacob was lying upon a stone for a pillow, that he had glorious visions of a ladder reaching to Heaven.

TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth;—
Two ways to judge—to act—to view;—
For all things here have double birth,
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small;
Where every lip in fondness speaks—
And every mind hath care for all!

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
No wish—no impulse—to complain;
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
To envy yet another's gain!—

Who dream not of the mocking tide
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets;—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride;
Nor fallen Power, that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glitt'ring store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more
Are gauds—it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
Find naught to please—or to exalt;
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground;
And *twice* enjoy the joy they *A. re!*

Oh, happy they who happy *make*—
Who *becoming*—still themselves are blest!—
Who something spare for others' sake—
And strive—in all things—for the best!

LOVE THE OLD.

I love the old, to lean beside
The antique, easy chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silvered hair;
To press my glowing lips upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the unken eye, where dwells
The "lights of other days"

To fold the pale and feeble hand
That on my youthful head
Has lain so tenderly, the while
The evening prayer was said.
To nestle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tomes of legendary lore,
The chronicles of Eld.

Oh! youth thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life, and love,
So many hopes; Age has but *one*—
The hope of bliss above.
Then turn awhile from these away
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-spring with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

Thou treadest now a path of bloom,
And thine exulting soul
Springs proudly on, as tho' it mocked
At time's untelt control.
But they have marched a weary way,
Upon a thorny road,
Then soothe the toil-worn spirits, ere
They pass away to God.

Yes, love the aged—bow before
The venerable form,

So soon to seek beyond the sky
A shelter from the storm.

Ay, love them; let thy silent heart,
With reverence untold,

As *pilgrims, very near to Heaven*,
Regard and love the old.

THE MOTHER'S RESOLVE.

It was late tea-time at Mr. Merwyn's pleasant back parlor, in his commodious and comfortable house, in Boston. Mrs. Merwyn was sitting by the fire awaiting the return of her husband from his store. William and Anne, the children, were rudely racing round the room, overturning chairs and stools, and threatening every moment to upset the tea-table. "Stop, children, this moment," said Mrs. Merwyn. "Anne, open the door for your father; Willie, ring the bell for Bridget."

"Father has a night-key, and he can open the door for himself," said Anne; upon which she commenced a desperate struggle with Willie, to recover a toy he had snatched from her.

Mr. Merwyn entered the room with a jaded, tired look, and sat down by the fire. Soon after, Bridget came in with a plate of toast in one hand and a cream-pitcher in the other. The children, quite beside themselves in the eagerness of their quarrel, ran against her, knocked the dish of toast from her hand, and its contents were spread on the carpet. Mrs. Merwyn ran to them, and, seizing them each in turn, boxed their ears soundly, accompanying her castigation with severe reproaches. "I never saw anything like it! You are the worst-behaved children I ever beheld! You are the plagues of my life! I wish you were, both of you, a hundred miles off! I am sure I cannot imagine how I came to have such bad children. Go to the table this minute, and see if you can behave yourselves. You make it very pleasant for your father, who has been working for you all day, to come home and find the house in such an uproar, and the carpet spoiled, and the toast gone." With such expressions, she drove the children to the table.

They were really pretty children, though pale and delicate; but now, with their unnaturally flushed faces, dishevelled hair, and angry looks, their appearance was anything but agreeable. They began to eat in moody silence. The parents were silent also. At length Mrs. Merwyn said, "Willie, don't eat so much of that rich cake: take some bread and butter; and, Anne, stop helping yourself to sweetmeats; you have eaten two saucers full already."

"I don't like bread and butter," said William, in a surly tone, "and I can't eat what I don't like."

Anne, with a look of contempt at her mother,

coolly helped herself to the last of the preserves, and eat them.

The evening passed as uncomfortably as it had begun. When the tea-things were cleared away, the study table was set out, for the children had lessons to recite on the morrow which must be learned in the evening. But they were cross and ill-natured to each other, and their father, after trying for half an hour to read a pamphlet which he had brought home with him, threw it aside, and seated himself with a heavy sigh by the fire.

"I say, mother," said Willie, "where's Turin?"

"I don't know exactly; look it out on the map."

"I can't, there's such a crowd of little names here; and, what is more, I won't. I don't care if I do miss in my lesson. I have got so low in my class now, I would as lief be at the foot as anywhere else."

"Mother, is *good* a noun or an adjective?" inquired Anne.

"How should I know?" replied the mother. "Can you not tell from the way in which it is used?"

"No, I can't," said Anne.

"Study your rules, then, and do not tease me about it," said the mother.

The books were put away. Nine o'clock came, and the children left the room for bed; Anne complaining of a headache, and upbraiding Willie for breaking her glass bird.

After sitting silent for half an hour, looking steadily into the fire, Mr. Merwyn turned round to his wife, who was seated near the table with her head upon her hand; the needle-work had fallen upon the floor. "Helen," said he, "why do our children behave in the way they do? I want a cheerful, pleasant, orderly home. I have built this house, and furnished it handsomely, and I am sure I supply you liberally with every means of comfort, and yet how uncomfortable we are. And it all comes of those unruly children."

Mrs. Merwyn looked up half angrily. "If the children are bad, is it not partly your fault, James? Do you govern them as you ought?"

"How can I?" replied the husband. "Am I not at my work all day? And must I spend the time in which I need a little relaxation, in reducing a couple of rebellious children to order? They love me little enough now. It is seldom that I get the slightest caress, or even a respectful word from either of them; and how would it be if I spent my evenings in checking and scolding them? I took tea at our old friends, the Westons, last evening. Weston is as busy as I am, and the whole charge of their five children falls upon his wife; but, oh! Helen, it made my heart ache to see them; such happy cheerful faces, such intelligent looks, such pleasant, winning ways; so quiet and obedient, and yet so loving and affectionate to their parents and to each other! I used to hope my children would grow up so; but I have no such hope now—they grow worse as they grow older. I desire you will let them have another room to pass their evenings in, for I want to have them out of my

sight." Having thus spoken, with a heavy sigh, the father left the room for his chamber.

When he was gone, Mrs. Merwyn burst into a passion of tears. The fountains of feeling seem stirred to their inmost depths. At first she pitied herself; she was angry with her husband and her children. She called to mind the fact that she was married at seventeen to a husband considerably older than herself. "And how could it be expected," thought she, "that I should know anything about bringing up children? I was a petted, indulged, half-educated girl, myself; where was I to get the strength, and the self-denial, and the perseverance necessary for this most difficult task? Was it to be expected that I should give up every pleasure of youth, and think and work entirely for others?" As these thoughts passed through her mind, she wept the more.

Mrs. Merwyn, it is true, was married too early; she had begun wrong. But she was a woman of deep feelings, and earnest, though unformed and undeveloped purposes. Having exhausted her self-commiseration, her thoughts took another turn. "But I love my children, and I love my husband. I am their mother. I am his wife; and do not nature and God and my own heart urge me to a higher and better discharge of duty than I have ever yet practised? Oh! how happy I should be if I could reclaim my children, reform them, and establish a mother's influence over them; if I could make my husband happy and his home delightful! What would I not sacrifice for this?" Her face beamed as she indulged these bright visions, but reflection brought discouragement. "I am thirty years old," murmured she; "Anne is twelve and Willie ten. Even if I could change myself, how can I alter them? Ah! I fear it is a hopeless case."

Mrs. Merwyn had never made a profession of religion, though she had for some time entertained a kind of doubtful hope of her spiritual state, and had practised an earnest but irregular habit of secret prayer. She now sunk upon her knees, and laid all her sorrows, wishes, hopes and half-formed resolutions, before the great Helper and Comforter; praying for wisdom and strength, as Solomon prayed when entrusted with the kingdom; for she felt, more deeply than ever before, that she, too, had a high and holy mission to fulfil, and that strength and guidance from above were absolutely necessary to enable her to perform her duty. She rose with a feeling new to herself: a calmness, a resolution, a determination, which inspired her with hope and confidence.

The next morning she went to her old friend, Mrs. Weston, and made her the confidant of her new feelings and plans. Mrs. Weston was a large-hearted, strong-minded, pious woman. She listened with generous interest, she encouraged, she advised; and, after a conference of three hours, Mrs. Merwyn returned home. That evening, after her husband and children had retired, she took her writing-desk and wrote the following schedule of resolutions:

"Resolved, That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be a prayer to Almighty God, and especially for strength and wisdom, pro-

perly to instruct, guide and govern my children.

"Resolved, That I will never permit either of my children, with impunity, wilfully to disobey me, or treat me with disrespect.

"Resolved, That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment; but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see, and truly perform my duty to my children.

"Resolved, That I will devote a certain portion of my leisure to daily self-instruction, in order to be able properly to instruct my children.

"Resolved, That I will watch over my own temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the little matters of my children, that I may thereby gain their love.

"Resolved, That I will break off the habit of lounging; that I will give up the reading of novels, and that I will attend fewer large parties, and devote the time which I shall thus gain, especially to pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my husband, and forward the best interests of my children.

"Resolved, That I will especially study the health of my children, reading on the subject, and asking advice of those who are more experienced than myself.

"Resolved, That I will not yield to discouragement from failure in my first attempts at reform; but will persevere, putting faith in the promises of God to all those who earnestly and faithfully endeavor to do their duty."

These resolutions looked very cold and formal to the mother when she had done writing them. The writing was nothing; they were in her heart; but she folded the paper and locked it in her desk, as a memento, if she should ever feel herself falling into old habits of indolence and self-indulgence.

The next morning the family took their breakfast as usual, Anne and Willie coming in just as their father was about leaving the table. He was going to leave home this morning, to be absent four weeks; but there was no respectful salutation, no pleasant parting kiss, from these ill-behaved children, for the father who had spent his days in toiling for their welfare. "Bring me something handsome!" and "Bring be something nice!" they exclaimed, as they took their seats at the table.

"Where's my cup of coffee?" said Willie. "This white stuff isn't coffee."

"No," said his mother, "it is milk and water. I prefer that you should drink it for your breakfast."

"And I prefer the coffee," said Willie, in a very determined tone, "and I am determined to have it." And he stretched his hand toward the coffee-pot to help himself.

"Take the coffee away, Bridget," said Mrs. Merwyn. It disappeared.

"Where's my buttered toast and sausages?" said Anne.

"You will have neither this morning. There is good bread and butter, and you can have a mutton chop or a boiled egg, just which you prefer."

"I don't prefer either; I want sausages. If I can't have what I want, I won't eat anything."

"As you please," replied the mother, coolly.

The children looked at their mother and at each other. They did not know what to make of this resolute resistance to their wishes. They begged, teased and fretted; but it was of no use. They finally, with sullen looks, condescended to eat what was before them. "But I know one thing," said Willie, "if I can't have what I want for my dinner, I'll starve. And I have not washed myself all over for a week, and I don't intend to any more. And I shan't go to school this afternoon; father's gone, and I mean to stay at home and play; won't you, Anne?"

Anne declared her readiness to join in this plan, and with this bravado they left the room.

The dinner was still more stormy and uncomfortable than the breakfast had been. The children went to school in the afternoon, but with red eyes and angry tempers. Nor was it much better at tea. They were moody and discontented, and as indulgence had hitherto been the mother's only means of management, she could not alter the state of things. A cheerful word or a kind smile was met with sullenness or indifference; it had no value.

After a wild, romping game, which the mother did not attempt to check, the study table was drawn out; but, before the books were taken, she placed her children in two chairs, and seated herself opposite to them. Her eye was moist and her voice trembled a little as she began to speak to them; but, as she proceeded, the strength of an earnest purpose soon dried the one and gave firmness to the other.

"My children," said she, "I love you dearly. I love you, and your father loves you, because you are our children. We wish to make you good, that we may love you better. We wish you to be happy, which you cannot be unless you are good. God has given you to us, and has commanded us to train you up in the way in which you should go. He has commanded children to love and obey their parents. You are old enough to feel and understand how right this is. I was a very young mother, my dear children, when you were given to me. I was not twenty years old when the youngest of you was born. I was ignorant, indolent and careless. I am older now. I have seen the evils of carelessness and over-indulgence. I have observed, have read, and I have thought. I am now resolved to strive to train you in the right way, and as the first step and foundation, I am determined that you shall obey me. I do not think you love me or your father, as children generally love their parents; perhaps you never will; but you must obey us and treat us with respect."

The children had often seen their mother in a passion from their provoking ways, and had often felt the weight of her hand upon their ears; but they now felt that a new principle was at work. They were silent as she proceeded.

"I am not going to give you a long lecture, or to reproach you with the past. Our business is with the present and with the future. Many things, which you have till now indulged in, will, from this time, be entirely changed. I shall be changed. I shall not be the same mother I was a week ago; I hope I shall be a better one. Anne

and William, I speak seriously to you; you are both old enough to understand me. If you fall into the right way at once, it will save trouble and make me very happy."

"Mother," said Willie, looking at her half in wonder, "I'm almost glad at what you've been saying. I love you better than you think for, and I am not half so bad as you suppose I am; but somehow the naughty feelings always seemed to come because you let them. I've told Anne fifty times that I wished you would *make us mind*."

Anne said nothing for some time, but seemed to be in deep thought. At last she said, "I've often wished that I could be like Alice Weston; but I don't know how I am ever going to learn to be good. I know I shall be cross and angry fifty times a day; I can't help it."

"There is One who can help us all, if we truly seek His help, my children. Let us ask it now."

They knelt, and the mother, with streaming eyes, prayed for that assistance which the great Father of all has kindly promised to those who sincerely seek His aid. The children were unusually thoughtful, and learned their lessons in silence. At bed-time, Mrs. Merwyn had usually asked her children for a kiss. Sometimes it was carelessly given, sometimes not; always considered rather as a favor from the children. This evening she did not ask them for a kiss, but kindly bade them good-night.

The very next morning, this awakened mother began upon her new plan. She rose early, and went to her children's room to see that they were bathed and rubbed, and to teach them how best to do it for themselves; and she required them to be ready for breakfast punctually at the hour. She excluded from the table everything which she considered unwholesome. Some rich, high-seasoned dishes, which had been favorites, were banished forever, and food plainer, yet excellent in its kind, was substituted. Mrs. Merwyn sent her children out to run and play half an hour before going to school, and the same on their return; and she fitted up a large spare room with every convenience for exercise when the weather should be stormy. She examined into her children's studies, and reduced their number. She procured the same books, and spent two hours a day in making herself thorough mistress of their contents, keeping constantly a little ahead of them in their lessons. She procured various books of reference, and learned, not only the text, but whatever she could find relating to it in compends, dictionaries and encyclopedias; and it was surprising to see how the respect of her children increased, when they found that their mother knew, not only more than they did themselves, but, in many instances, more than their teachers.

All this was easy. It was a plain path, requiring nothing but ordinary judgment, and a little extraordinary energy. Not so with the moral self-culture and training of her children, which this mother had now in earnest undertaken. It was not so easy to supply proper motives to children who had always looked to some outward, sensual indulgence, as the reward, not only of mental exertion, but for being good. It was not easy for one who had lavished caresses indiscriminately, merely to gratify her own feelings or to

coax them to her purpose, to give a value in her children's eyes to a smile, a caress, a word of praise, to make them motives and rewards for good conduct. It was not easy to curb the stubborn and long-indulged will, to check the impatient temper, to change rude manners into respectful politeness. And yet it was wonderful to behold the progress, even here; so much is there in a resolute determination, in sustained and unflagging effort.

The early rising and the evening prayer had not been discontinued; and though the mother devoted so much more time than formerly to her children, she found she had more leisure for household occupation, general reading, and social enjoyment, than ever before. The energy called up for a particular purpose, extended itself into every department, and gave firmness and confidence to one who had hitherto been thought rather a weak woman. Her friends remarked a depth and earnestness about her, which they had never observed before; and she was gratified to perceive an increase of respect and consideration in all around her. These things, however, came later. Our business is with the first steps of this change; to show that it is possible to stem an erring course, to retrace a mistaken path in the outset of life. Notwithstanding the involuntary admission of Anne and Willie, that it would be better for them to be well governed, they had, both from nature and habit, become too fond of having their own way, readily to give it up. During the first week of her trial, especially, if this young mother had not brought to her support every power of her nature, and every motive suggested by conscience! love and hope,—if she had not been sustained by constant prayer and a daily increasing sense of duty,—she would many times have yielded, and the old state of things would have been established more firmly than ever. Many were the struggles with her children, but still more frequent were her self-wrestlings. To be firm without severity; to inflict a necessary pain when her heart was overflowing with love; to teach an impulsive disposition to examine, wait and weigh; and finally, to require the penalty of strict justice; to inflict the exact degree of punishment which the case required; all this demanded painful effort. And still more painful was it to withhold the caresses which she had been in the habit of bestowing upon her children whenever they would condescend to receive them. Mrs. Merwyn had the good sense, in forming her new system of discipline, to strive to avoid a habit of petty fault-finding. Many trifles were passed without reproof, many disagreeable habits unnoticed, in the hope and belief that when the great principle of filial obedience was established, its healthy stimulus would naturally produce a better growth.

One evening the children had been impolite to each other while at supper. The mother took no notice. At the study table Anne had her slate and pencil, which Willie wanted. "I will have it," said Willie; "I want it for my sums. I am not going away up to my room for my slate and pencil, while yours is lying here doing nothing."

They both seized the slate and struggled. Anne, being the stronger, gained possession, whereupon

Willie struck her. She struck back again. Their mother had observed it all.

"Children," said she, put down the slate, and come to me."

Her voice was deep and sad, but calm and resolved. They did not dare to disobey. Each, however, according to custom, began to accuse the other in very strong terms.

"Be silent," said the mother. Her voice was lower and slower than usual, yet it was obeyed. "Anne, look me in the face, and tell me every circumstance of this quarrel; see that you tell it exactly. Anne felt that she must tell the exact truth, and she did so.

"Willie, now let me hear your account." Willie stated the facts exactly.

"My children," said the mother, "you are both to blame. You both deserve punishment; but I long for the time to come when we need not resort to punishment. Yesterday, for one fault, you forfeited a pleasant ride, which your uncle had offered to give you. Last evening, I was obliged to put you in separate rooms, and sit here alone by myself. This morning you each received five severe strokes upon the hand. It is painful for me to punish you; but this fault must be atoned for. Sit down at opposite sides of the table, and think. See if you cannot devise some way of getting along this time without punishment."

"Mother," said Willie, "I know what you mean; but it is the very worst punishment I could have. Must I ask sister's pardon?"

He looked at Anne, and she at him. He was naturally of a generous disposition, and there was something in his sister's countenance which touched a chord long unused to vibrate.

"Anne," she stammered out, "I do beg your pardon. Will you forgive me? I was most in the wrong."

"I did wrong, too," said Anne.

"Mother, will you forgive us?" said they both, with one impulse.

"I will," said she. "Now go to your lessons."

She was obliged to go to another room to conceal her emotion at this first conquest of her children over themselves; this first-fruits of her new system of training. "Help me, O, help me to persevere!"

And in the prayer with her children, before retiring to rest, she thanked Him for putting good, kind and gentle thoughts into their young hearts; and prayed that this spirit might grow more and more, until Love should

"Through all their actions run."

That night, the children looked and lingered, before retiring to rest, as if in want of something; but no kiss, no caress, was offered by their mother, though her heart was yearning for it.

The next day was passed without the call for punishment. The evening was cheerful and happy. When Willie had looked ten minutes in vain to find a certain place in the south of Europe, on the map, his mother came and pointed it out to him, giving him at the same time some interesting particulars of its history and principal manufactures. "Thank you, mother," said Willie: "how much you do know!"

"Anne had a piece of poetry to commit to me-

mory, in which Circe and the Cyclops, and the Syrens were mentioned.

"How many thousand such make-believe beings our books are full of!" exclaimed she. "Where did the stuff all come from? 'Don't you think it all nonsense to study about them, mother?'"

Mrs. Merwyn took the opportunity briefly to explain the ancient mythology. She gave a short account of Homer, repeating Byron's beautiful lines, and afterward a little sketch of Ulysses, as detailed in the *Odyssey*.

"How interesting!" said Anne. "How I should like to read the *Odyssey*! After all, though I don't believe a word of these old stories, it must be very pleasant to know all about them; for we are meeting with something or other about them in almost every book we see."

That evening, the children seemed more closely drawn to their mother than ever before. Her steady government, and her newly-discovered stores of information, had raised her wonderfully in the opinion of her children, and their love seemed to keep pace with their respect. And this evening her manner had been so kind, her voice so gentle; she had given up her own occupations to attend to them; she had refused a pleasant invitation in order to pass the evening with them. A good and gentle influence had seemed to settle upon them, tuning their minds to love and harmony. But bed-time came. The children looked wistfully at their mother. At last, Willie said, "Mother, you never kiss us, now. Won't you kiss us to-night?"

"Yes, my children. This has been a happy day to me, because you both have been good children." Upon this, she kissed them fondly.

"Won't you always kiss us, when you think we have been good enough?" said Willie; "and then we shall know what you think about it."

"Yes, I will, Willie."

"Mother," said Anne, "when is father coming home?"

"In a week."

"I thought," said Anne, hesitating, "that fathers always governed the children. Father never governs us."

Mrs. Merwyn took that opportunity to explain to her children how dearly their father loved them, how constantly he exerted himself for their welfare, how worthy he was of their highest respect and love, and how much he would be gratified if they should strive in every way to improve themselves.

The week passed happily away. The children, finding they could gain no end by opposing their own will to the determination of their mother, ceased attempting it, while her judicious praise, whenever they really deserved it, gave them a pleasure so new and sweet as greatly to stimulate their efforts and increase their love.

On the expected evening, just at tea-time, the father came. The room was bright and clean. The fire was blazing. Extra lights burned on the mantle. A little feast was spread upon the table. The lessons had been learned beforehand, and the books put away. The mother had on a handsome new cap, and the children had asked permission to put on their holiday clothes. Mr. Merwyn entered as he had left, with a pale and

rather sad countenance. "My dear husband!" said the wife, with a beaming face.

"My dear, dear father!" cried both the children, kissing him.

Willie drew his arm-chair to the fire. Anne took his overcoat and gloves, and carried them to the table. Then she smoothed his hair and brushed the dust from his coat, after which they both stood and waited till he should be warm and ready to go to the table. While at the table they were quiet and polite.

In the evening, the children amused themselves together with joining maps and puzzles, while Mr. Merwyn gave his wife the particulars of his journey. At bed-time, they came to their mother for a kiss, which she gave them. They then somewhat timidly approached their father. "Won't you kiss us, father?" said Anne; "mother says we have been good to-day." The father kissed them with glistening eyes.

When they were gone, he said to his wife, "Helen, how you are changed! How much brighter and happier you look than you did a month ago! and not only that, but you have grown suddenly taller, higher in mind and body. And the children—what has come over them? They are not the children I left; they are good, gentle, well-behaved. How is this?"

Then the wife, amid tears and smiles, poured into the ear of her listening husband the history of a month, her new-born resolutions, her trials, and now her beginnings of success.

"And have you accomplished so much in a month, Helen? It seems impossible."

"I have, to be sure, exerted every power of my nature. I resolved to make a change before your return, if it was in the power of human effort to do it. I trust I have made a beginning. I have discovered affections and capabilities in our children, which I never suspected. My dear husband, let us join together, let us persevere; and who knows but we may yet deserve and enjoy the blessing promised to faithful parents?"

"My Helen, I thought of little else during my long journey. I came home with my mind full of it. I had determined to alter many things in my business and domestic habits, entirely with reference to the best interests of my children, though, I confess, I was not sanguine in the hope of any thorough and radical improvement."

Hours passed, while the husband and wife communed of the future, making resolutions and forming plans to carry out, in the best manner, the reformation in their children, so happily begun.

It would be interesting to trace the steps by which these parents, now thoroughly awakened to a sense of duty, and the importance of the trust committed to their care, gained an influence over their children, which resulted in beautiful developments of character, and, finally, by the blessing of God, in a well-founded hope of happiness in a future life. It would be interesting to trace the progress of self-culture and self-improvement, by which they were enabled to do this; we can only record a brief conversation which took place about a year after the events we have been detailing occurred. Mrs. Weston, the good friend mentioned in the beginning of this story, had for several months been confined to

the house by the protracted illness of one of her daughters. Her husband, coming in rather late, one evening, told her that he had been to take tea with the Merwyns.

"And how did you find them?" asked Mrs. Weston. "It is long since I have been able to see them."

"And I," rejoined Mr. Weston, "have kept away from them on purpose. They used to be always in trouble with their children. Their house was a very uncomfortable place."

"Is it better now?"

"Better! you would not know the children; you would scarcely know the parents. In the first place, the children have lost the pale, puny look they used to have; they were blooming with health and overflowing with spirits, yet they were not rude. I watched them. They were kind to each other, polite to me, and obedient to a word or a look from their parents. When I went in they were studying their lessons, which they were anxious to finish before tea. When they were in difficulty they called upon their mother, and she gave them just that degree of help and encouragement which would make them think for and exert themselves. They had as good manners at the table as I ever saw in children. At eight o'clock, a company of young people came in, and I found it was a kind of regular Thursday evening soiree. Charades were acted, games were introduced; Merwyn and his wife occasionally joining, at the request of Annie or Willie, who seemed delighted when father and mother would take a part; mother, especially, was often called upon, and I could see the children's eyes sparkle with pleasure when she guessed right. The children evidently think there is nobody in the world like their mother."

"At ten o'clock, the young people went away. The children came for the good-night kiss, and I heard Willie whisper, as he put his arms round his mother's neck, 'Have I been good, dear mother? Do you love me?' I could not help asking about it. It seems that, about a year ago, they came to a determination to do their duty as parents. Helen says you helped her at the outset. Since that time Merwyn has never once omitted daily prayer. Never once have the children been permitted to disobey with impunity. The modes by which they have induced habits of veracity, of kindness, of self-denial, of politeness, of mental exertion, would be a pattern to most parents. Merwyn does not go to his counting-room after tea; he devotes himself to his family. And once a week, the children's holiday, they all go off to some country place, pick-nicking, flower-gathering, nutting, landscape-hunting, something to improve mind and body. Mrs. Merwyn has almost given up large parties; but she cultivates a circle of pleasant friends, and encourages social visiting. Pray, go to see her, my dear, now Alice is better, and take the children."

"I will, my dear."

"Helen and you will agree exactly. Your notions are alike; but Merwyn is far, far ahead of me. My children love me, but they do not cling to me as Merwyn's do. I have cared for their outward and temporal welfare, but how little have I done for their higher and better interests! The

burden has all been thrown upon you. I have not done my part. I am ashamed of myself. I am provoked."

"Provoked to good works, I hope," said Mrs. Weston, with a kind smile. "That is the way friends should provoke each other. I am delighted with what you tell me, and I also will become a learner. It is never too late to improve. If parents generally would follow the example of these Merwyns, if they would with prayer and resolution act to reform their children, instead of repining and wrongfully accusing Providence, a blessing would fall upon their homes and their hearts. There would be light in their dwellings. Instead of the spirit of heaviness there would be joy and peace; and, at the last, they would hear the joyful words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'" — *Ladies' Album and Family Manual*.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

We select from Francis C. Woodworth's entertaining volume, "Stories about Birds," the following anecdotes:—

Jesse, in his "Tales of Animal Instinct," mentions a singular proof of the robin's love for its young. "A gentleman," he says, "in my neighborhood, had directed one of his wagons to be packed with sundry boxes, intending to go with it to Worthing, a place at some distance from his residence. For some time, his going was delayed, and he directed that the wagon should be placed in a shed in his yard, packed as it was, till it should be convenient to him to send it off. In the mean time, a pair of robins built their nest among the straw in the wagon, and had hatched their young before it was sent away. One of the old birds, instead of being frightened away by the motion of the wagon, only left its nest occasionally, for the purpose of flying to the nearest hedge for food for its young; and thus, alternately affording warmth and nourishment to them, it arrived at Worthing. The affection of this bird having been observed by the wagoner, he took care, in unloading, not to disturb the robin's nest; so that the robin and its young returned in safety to Walton Heath, the place whence they were taken. The distance the wagon went, in going and returning, could not have been less than one hundred miles."

A friend of mine, whom I met in the city of Washington, some two years since, and who is a very close observer of the lower animals, related to me the following anecdote: "Six or eight years ago," said he, "I was passing the mouth of an alley leading into a vacant lot, when my attention was drawn to a group of very young children, laughing vociferously. I entered the alley, to see the cause of their mirth, and soon ascertained it to be a large white goose, with a narrow strip of tin bent into a hoop, and thrown over the head of the fowl, by one of the urchins. The poor goose seemed much annoyed by the shining necklace, and ran about, in every direction, trying to shake it off. I found that it was the sight of these antics, which had so much amused the little ragged juveniles. I stopped to see if the goose

would unyoke herself; and, while watching her, I observed some ducks in another part of the yard; and very soon a drake from among them made a great quacking, and started off toward the embarrassed goose. When near, the latter stretched her neck out horizontally, and, to my very great astonishment and admiration, the drake seized the lower part of the tin collar in his beak, the goose withdrew her head from it, and the drake immediately dropped it upon the ground; when the air rang with the plaudits of the children and the gabbling of the fowls."

A gentleman of veracity, who recently collected a number of different specimens of the humming bird in Mexico, tells an interesting story about the manner in which birds, belonging to one of the smallest of this family, were in the habit of catching the flies that had got entangled in a spider's web. "The house I resided in for several weeks," he says, "was only a story high, enclosing, like most of the Spanish houses, a small garden in the centre, the roof projecting some six or seven feet from the walls, covering a walk all round, and having a small space only between the tiles and the trees which grew in the centre. From the edges of these tiles to the branches of the trees in the garden, multitudes of spiders had spread their webs, so closely and compactly that they resembled one vast net. I frequently watched, with much amusement, the cautious manoeuvres of the humming bird, who, advancing under the web, entered the various cells in search of flies. As the larger spiders did not tamely surrender their prey, the thief was often compelled to retreat. Being within a few feet of the parties, I could notice distinctly all they did. The active little bird generally passed once or twice round the court, as if to reconnoitre his ground, and then commenced his attacks by going carefully under the nets of the wily insect, and seizing, by surprise, the smallest or feeblest of the flies that were entangled in the web. In ascending the traps of the spider, great care and skill were required. Sometimes he had scarcely room for his little wings to perform their office, and the least deviation would have entangled him in the machinery of the web, and caused his ruin. It was only the works of the smaller spider that he dare attack, as the largest rose to the defence of their citadels, when the cunning enemy would shoot off like a sunbeam, and could only be traced by his shining colors. The bird usually spent about ten minutes at a time, in this enterprise, after which he would always alight on a tree near by, and rest himself awhile."

It seems that the snow bird is a very affectionate little creature. Some years ago, one of them flew into a house, where, finding itself quite welcome, it remained over night. By accident, however, it was killed; and, in the morning, one of the servants threw it into the yard. In the course of the day, one of the family witnessed a most affecting scene in connection with the dead body. Its mate was standing beside it, mourning its loss. It placed its bill below the head of its companion, raised it up, and again warbled its song of mourning. By and by, it flew away,

and returned with a grain or two of wheat, which it dropped before its dead partner. Then it fluttered its wings, and endeavored to call the attention of the dead bird to the food. Again it flew away, again it returned, and used the same efforts as before. At last, it took up a kernel of the wheat, and dropped it into the mouth of the dead bird. This was repeated several times. Then the poor bereaved one sang in the same plaintive strain as before. But the scene was too affecting for the lady who witnessed it. She could bear the sight no longer, and turned away. I always loved the snow bird; but I have loved him more than ever since I heard this story.

That ardent admirer of nature, Mrs. Child, tells a pretty anecdote about a family of swallows which she was acquainted with. "Two barn swallows," she says, "came into our wood-shed in the spring-time. Their busy, earnest twitterings, led me at once to suspect they were looking out a building spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and very frequently hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching than 'penny-wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely arranged drawer of baby clothes, than they did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

"The father bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or hair, to be interwoven in the previous little fabric. One day, my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round, with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gust of gladsome sound! It seems as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

"When the young became old enough to fly, anybody would have laughed to watch the manoeuvres of the parents! Such a chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling! For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little things looked down, then looked up, but alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length, the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head

encircled by a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold. The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it.' Three times the neighbors came and repeated their graceful lesson. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped till they lighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying around, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind, and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget the swallow party."

Great stories are told about the nest-building of the orchard starling. Wilson, who, all must admit, is pretty good authority in matters of this kind, gives a very particular account of the way in which the nest is put together. He says the bird commonly hangs its nest from the twigs of an apple tree. The outside is made of a particular kind of long, tough grass, that will bend without breaking; and this grass is knit or sewed through and through in a thousand directions, just as if done with a needle. The little creature does it with its feet and bill. Mr. Wilson says that he one day showed one of these nests to an old lady, and she was so much struck with the work, that she asked him, half in earnest, if he did not think that these birds could be taught to *darn stockings*? Mr. Wilson took the pains, too, to draw out one of these grass threads, and found that it measured thirteen inches, and in that distance the bird who used it had passed it in and out thirty-four times.

The following anecdote I relate on the authority of Wilson:—"A box," he says, "fitted up in the window of the room where I slept, was taken possession of by a pair of wrens. Already the nest was built, and two eggs laid; when, one day, the window being open, as well as the door, the female wren, venturing too far into the room, was sprung upon by the cat, and destroyed. Curious to know how the surviving wren would act in the circumstances, I watched him carefully for several days. At first, he sang with great spirit. This continued for an hour or two. After this, becoming uneasy, he went off for an hour. On his return, he chanted again, as before, and went to the top of the house, stable and weeping willow, so that his mate would hear him; but seeing nothing of her, he returned once more, visited the nest, ventured cautiously into the window, gazed about with suspicious looks, his voice sinking into a low, sad tone, as he stretched his neck in every direction. Returning to the box, he seemed for some minutes quite at a loss what to do, and soon

went off, as I thought, altogether, for I saw no more of him that day. Toward the afternoon of the second day, he again made his appearance, in company with another female, who seemed exceedingly shy, and, though not until after a great deal of hesitation, entered the box. At this moment, the little widower seemed as if he would warble his very life out with joy. They afterward raised a brood of seven young ones, all of whom left the nest, at the proper time, in safety."

A laughable story of some carrier pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of a celebrated journal, published in that city, sent a reporter to Brussels for the king's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons, to take back the document. At Brussels, he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicious fricassée atoned for the delay. After breakfast, he paid his bill, and called for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why you've eaten them!"

HOME LIGHTS AND HOME SHADOWS.

"What a quiet man Mr. Mason is, and what nice children he has; I never hear any noise when I go there."

What strange notions people have of nice, quiet people, thought I, as I heard the foregoing observation from a man, whose kindly disposition and cheerful face were a perfect preventive of the quiet, nice order that reigned in Mr. Mason's house. When he came home, the cheerful smile on his lip, the kind inquiry, or some pleasantly related piece of news, set all the lips to smiling and all the tongues to talking around his table, and the very noise he seemed to have deprecated, was the music to which his life was happily gliding on, of which he himself was the key-note—a perfect contrast to the gloomy order that reigned in the house of the quiet Mr. Mason.

I will give you a short sketch of this gentleman. He was, in the estimation of the world, and his own, also, one of the best of men. By careful industry, he had acquired some property, among which was a nice dwelling, wherein his mother, himself, and only sister lived. As his means increased, he furnished it very nicely. His mother was very industrious, and his sister very tidy; and many inventions of their needles gave an air of elegance, to what, in other hands, would have appeared plain. In the course of time, the mother died. I forgot to say, that, although Mr. Mason was always spoken of as one of the best of sons and brothers, the family always appeared uneasy until his opinion of what they may have done, was known. When it was asked if he did not disapprove, they inferred it pleased him, for "he was one that never praised." "It will do well enough," was the warmest encomium he ever used. The brother and sister were left together. Poor girl! her mother had been her only companion—her brother had never seemed to care for society. Of a warm, cheerful temper, and

with ardent affections, her whole heart now turned to her brother; and he, tender from grief for the loss of his mother, seemed to throw off for awhile, that cold quietness, that is more depressing to an affectionate disposition than active unkindness. When he came home, he would tell her of some of the doings of the world in which he mixed, and of which she only knew the exterior. Again the color came to her cheek, and her buoyant laugh had something like the merry ring it used to have in her mother's lifetime. Occasionally it appeared to startle her brother; but he thought of the many hours she had been alone, and he could not find it in his heart to reprove her.

But soon the old habit of fault-finding returned. Anything that did not exactly suit him, was sure to render him cold and silent; and often a meal passed without anything but monosyllables. If she would try to entertain him with any little incident that came under her observation, "he took no interest in such trifles." Her joyous laugh was repressed with the observation—"That it was too boisterous, the neighbors would hear her." The house was soon quiet enough after that. Alone, without any one to speak to, while her brother was at his business, you would not have known when he was home, from any signs of life that were about the house.

I loved Betty Mason, and could not help pitying the orphan girl, for I knew how truly her mother had been "all the world to her;" and often took my sewing and went in to sit with her. I knew she was devotedly attached to her brother, and therefore did not think it strange she should be so anxious that everything she did should please him. But one thing puzzled me, and that was, that she appeared to be far more cheerful for two or three months after her mother's death, than afterwards. She appeared more depressed, and complained more of her loss, when from the time that had elapsed, she would have become reconciled to it. I soon penetrated the secret, for I found, that in her brother's presence she was not the same impulsive, warm being, but acted with a precision and quietness that was not natural to her character; and, when on the plea that she thought she ought not to be a burden to her brother, she told me she was going to accept a situation in a fine school, I admired the good sense and independence of my friend.

I asked her brother what he thought of Betty's plan. He said he "saw no necessity for her doing anything for a living: but she was her own mistress; she could do what she pleased." My cheeks burned at the cold indifference of this speech. I knew that with one quarter the physical, and only healthful mental exertion, she was going to obtain a genteel independence. She would be absent from home from Monday till Friday. She left the house in the charge of a good servant, and once a week gave it a good regulating. She soon recovered the tone of her spirits; and her brother, who really missed her presence, was too glad of her weekly return, to find fault with her now buoyant spirits, for, like most persons of a peevish, fault-finding disposition, he was rather wavering; and her decision of character, now fully developed by intercourse with the world,

and a sense of independence, overruled his foolish notions, and compelled him to be happier than he ever was.

But such a girl as Betty Mason was not born to "blush unseen;" and a fine man of congenial character sought and won her. George Edgar it was, who, at the beginning of our story, had just returned from a visit to his quiet brother-in-law's, and was so much admiring the quietness of his household.

After Betty's marriage, Edward Mason had married a gentle, timid girl, and thought he would be very happy; but his querulous disposition, and the habit of irritability at the slightest thing that did not please him; and worse than all, omitting to commend anything, no matter how great an effort had been made by his wife to consult his taste and conform to his wishes, depressed the timid creature by his side into ill-health. His children were sickly, quiet little things, without energy enough for a hearty laugh or health-giving romp; and he was constantly fretting about doctor's bills and medicine, and telling his friends how much more fortunate they were, than he had been with his children; never suspecting that he poisoned the spring of his own happiness at the source.

Why did he not show a cheerful face to his wife and warm her heart with a sense of duty fulfilled, instead of grudging the slightest word of praise? Why did he repress the joyous laugh of childhood, and make his house so quiet and dull, that one always felt, on leaving, as if just escaped from a sick chamber.

O, give me the man that will smile a warm, genial, heartfelt-smile when I please him, even though he frown when I don't; and keep me far from the one that "will never praise."

PARLOR MAGIC.

TO RENDER BODIES LUMINOUS IN THE DARK, SO AS TO GIVE A SUFFICIENT LIGHT TO SHOW THE HOUR ON THE DIAL OF A WATCH AT NIGHT.—If a four or six ounce phial, containing a few ounces of liquid phosphorus, be unstopped in darkness, the vacuous space in the bottle emits a sufficient light for showing the hour of the night, by holding a pocket watch near it. When the phial is again corked, the light vanishes, but reappears instantly on opening it. In cold weather it is necessary to warm the bottle in the hand before the stopper is removed; without this precaution it will not emit light. Liquid phosphorus may likewise be used for forming luminous writings, or drawings; it may be smeared on the face or hands, or any warm object, to render it luminous; and this is in no wise hazardous.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRODUCTION OF GAS-LIGHTS.—To imitate in miniature the production of gas-lights, put common coal into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; cover the coal closely with clay, made into a stiff lute, or paste, with water; and when the clay is dry, put the bowl of the pipe into the fire, and heat it gradually. In a few minutes a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas will issue from the end of the tobacco-pipe, ac-

companied with an aqueous fluid, and a tenacious oil or tar. The gas may be set fire to with a candle, and will burn with a bright flame. When no more gas is disengaged, there will be found in the bowl of the pipe the coal, deprived of its bituminous matter, or coke.

TO PROVE THAT SUGAR IS A COMPOUND OF CHARCOAL AND WATER.—Place about half an ounce of powdered white sugar in a glass tumbler, then pour upon it as much strong oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) as will cover it, and stir the mixture with a piece of wood, or a glass rod. In a minute or so the sugar will blacken; the mixture will become hot; steam (that is, water) will be evolved, and charcoal be deposited in the glass. This "sweet experiment" is an apt illustration of the simplicity of composition of organic substances produced by plants. Sugar, starch, and gum, produce similar effects when treated in the same manner; they are, in fact, all compounds of charcoal and water, in different proportions.

TO EAT A PECK OF PAPER SHAVINGS, AND CONVERT THEM INTO RIBBON.—Shouts of laughter generally arise from the audience while the magician "stows away" down his bottomless throat the heaps of paper before him; but when he "brings up" yards upon yards of ribbon, as a proof of his bad digestion, the "splitting sides burst with applause." This, like all the best illusions, is exceedingly simple; but, to carry it off well, requires a little gesticulation and comic spirit in the Illusionist. Procure fifteen separate yards of different colored ribbon, of that width as is sold at a penny a yard, sew them together to form one length, joining the contrasting colors; then roll it up neatly round itself, and it will be about the size of four half-crowns put together. Now obtain two penny worth of white paper shavings from a bookbinder; shake them up lightly, and they will look like a bushel. When you begin the trick, take the roll of ribbon in the left hand, which with a few shavings is effectually hidden, then "set to" and eat your paper; as you feed, by pretending to thrust an extra handful down the throat from time to time, you can easily manage to withdraw the masticated portions unseen and carry them down to the ground, as you lift other "tit bits" to the mouth. After this has continued long enough, that is, when your visitors have laughed "till their sides ache," the shavings are now and then pressed up, which gives the appearance of diminished quantity; finally a last effort is made "to finish it," and you then pop the roll of ribbon in the mouth, and throwing the remaining shavings on the floor, you take hold of the end of the ribbon, and begin to unwind it; by drawing it gradually from the mouth it will appear as though it came from the stomach; the teeth must be kept close enough to prevent the entire roll from being pulled out all together. When cleverly performed, this trick is one of the best pieces of fun which the magician exhibits.

Dickens, in "Bleak House," aptly designates pawnbrokers' duplicates as "turnpike tickets on the road to poverty."

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

Under guise of the following little story, the Trenton True American teaches a most valuable lesson to housekeepers and young beginners in life:—Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper-mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you'll soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"

A gentleman of the name of Lowe, having got Dr. Johnson to write a letter for him, was on the point of taking his leave, when Boswell, who had come in while the Doctor was writing the letter, followed Mr. Lowe out. "Nothing," says Mr. Lowe, "could surprise me more. Till that moment, he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence, and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible. 'How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend, Dr. Johnson, writing a letter for you.' 'Yes, sir.' 'I hope you will not think me rude; but if it will not be too great a favor, you would infinitely oblige me if you would just let me have a sight of it; everything from that hand, you know, is inestimable.' 'Sir, it is my own private affairs, but——' 'I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear

Mr. Lowe, by any means; I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing; only if it were no particular secret——' 'Sir, you are welcome to read the letter.' 'I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind.' Having read,—"It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you should be ashamed of." 'Certainly not.' 'Why then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favor, you render the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's Coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do anything in my power to oblige you.' I was overcome, (said Lowe,) by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put the document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterwards was unnoticed; nay, I am not certain, (added he, sarcastically,) whether the Scotsman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee."

The vanity of Pope Julius II. had prompted him to order Michael Angelo to give him a design for his tomb; which that great artist made upon so grand a scale, that the choir of old St. Peter's Church could not contain it. "Well, then," replied the Pope, "enlarge the choir." "Ay, holy father, but we must then build a new church, to keep up the due proportion between the different parts of the edifice." "That we will then do," replied the pope; and immediately gave orders for the sale of indulgences to carry on the erection of this noble fabric.

Some of the figures intended for the pope's mausoleum; the famous figure of Moses sitting in St. Pietro da Vinculi at Rome; and two or three of the slaves at the Hotel de Richelieu in Paris, are preserved. The original design of the tomb is engraved in Vasari; it has much of stately Gothic grandeur in it, and was to have been decorated with thirty-two whole length figures of prophets and apostles.

Late letters from Constantinople relate an anecdote of the Sultan, which is quite worthy of the "Arabian Nights." A rich Armenian had lost a portfolio, containing four hundred thousand piastres, and for which he offered a reward of forty thousand. The portfolio was found, and the reward claimed by a very honest and poor old man; but the Armenian, in order to escape payment, then declared that the portfolio also contained a very valuable ring, which the old man must have stolen. The affair was brought before the Sultan, who, having ascertained the honesty of the old man, and the well-known avarice of his adversary, decided that, as the Armenian declared that his portfolio contained a ring, this could not be the one he had lost, and that he had better return it to the old man, and continue to advertise for his own!

The Yankees assert that all their children are born geniuses, and to verify this, they say that when a baby is not sleeping or eating, it is rolling its eyes about, thinking how to improve its cradle.

ELOQUENCE OF THE PASSIONS.—Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The lord protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison, render rapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened, some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the lord protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and, extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

MRS. SIDDONS AND THE BAS BLEU!—At the time when Mrs. Siddons had just reached her high theatrical fame, and had acted some of her principal characters to the admiration of all who had beheld her, a formal assembly of learned ladies, consisting of Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and sundry other members of the *bas bleus*, met, and prevailed upon Mrs. Siddons to be of the party. The object was to examine her, and to get from her the secret how she could act with such wonderful effect. Mrs. Montague was deputed to be the prolocutress of this female convocation. "Pray, madam," said she to Mrs. Siddons, addressing her in the most formal manner, "give me leave to interrogate you, and to request that you will tell us, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon what principle you conduct your dramatic demeanor. Is your mode of acting, by which you obtain so much celebrity, the result of certain studied principles of art? Have you investigated, with profound research, the rules of elocution and gesture, as laid down by the ancients and moderns, and reduced them to practice? or do you suffer nature to predominate, and only speak the untutored language of the passions?"

"Ladies," said the modern Thalia, with great diffidence, but without hesitation, "I do not know how to answer so learned a speech; all I know of the matter, and all I can tell you, is, that I always act *as well as I can*."

THE SOLDIER AND THE KING.—The king of Prussia had heard that a brave and favorite corporal in one of his regiments, who was known as a handsome young man, wore, out of vanity, a

watch-chain suspended from a bullet in his fob. Having the curiosity to investigate the fact, he walked purposely by him, one morning, and said, "Why, corporal, you are a brave fellow to have saved enough to buy a watch." "Sire," said the corporal, "I flatter myself I am brave, but as for my watch it is of little signification." Pulling out his splendid gold watch, the king continued: "By my time-piece it is five: what is it by yours?" The corporal pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied: "My watch tells me neither five nor six; but shows me clearly that I must be ready at any time to die for your majesty." A smile lighted up the unusually stern countenance of the king. "Keep, then, your time-piece," said he, "since it reminds you of your duty; and accept mine also," throwing the chain over his neck, "in token that your king appreciates and can reward the loyalty and devotion of a gallant soldier."

WELL-TIMED SPEECH BY A MECHANIC.—At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room in York Buildings for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behindhand in his payments to the workmen; and coming one day among them to see what progress they made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted, and scratching his poll, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. "O," cries the knight, "no matter for that; speak anything that comes uppermost." "Why, then, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "here we have been working for your honor these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down. I have heard quite enough. I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

BURNS AND THE SICK LADY.—Burns called to see a young lady who was rather indisposed. "Well, Jessie," said he, "how do you do to-day?" "Very poorly; Mr. Burns, I want you to write my epitaph." "O, you are not likely to die yet, Jessie." "Well, be it as it may, you must write my epitaph." Getting the pen, ink, and paper, at the time, he then penned these lines:—

"Say, sage, where's the charm on earth
Can turn death's dart aside?
It is not purity or worth—
Ere Jessie had not died."

CLEARNESS AND DISTINCTNESS OF SPEECH.—Mr. Jones, in his Life of Bishop Horne, speaking of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, says, that in the pulpit he spoke with the accent of a man of sense, such as he really was in the superior degree; but it was remarkable, and, to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly. The reason which Mr. Jones assigned was, that he made it an invariable rule to do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels would speak for themselves. And thus he became the surtest and clearest of speakers; his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

The best cough drop for young ladies is to *drop* the practice of dressing thin, when they go into the night air.

The newspapers are full of advertisements for *plain cooks*. We suppose *pretty cooks* have no occasion to advertise at all.

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said, when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism!

Punch desires to know "if figs are sold at sixpence a pound by the drum, how should they be sold by the trumpet?"

A young gentleman of Detroit, who has of late been much afflicted by palpitation of the heart, says he found considerable relief by pressing another palpitating heart to his bosom.

A barber, in New York city, has erected a sign bearing the following words: "George Washington Jones, Physiognomic Operator, and Professor of the Tonsorial Art."

"Papa, what is that picture over the mantel-piece?" The vain father answered, "Why that's papa's arms, my darling!" "Then, why don't you have your legs put up, too?" was the reply.

A shoemaker, with one eye, who works in this neighborhood, complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates, who is a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with astonishment, exclaimed, "Faith, and what do you want of *two* lamps? Ye haven't but *one* eye!"

When the merchants of Breslau once applied to Frederick the Great for "protection" against the ruinous competition of Jewish dealers, the monarch asked how the Jews managed to draw business into their hands. The answer was that they were up early and late, always travelling about, lived very economically, and were contented with small gains on rapid returns. "Very well," said the enlightened monarch, "go and be Jews, too, in the conduct of your business."

A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know, though, where he keeps his plough; but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard—couldn't you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

"I was travelling," says M. Blaze, "in a diligence. At the place where we changed horses, I saw a good-looking poodle dog (*chien caniche*), which came to the coach door, and sat upon its two hind legs, with the air of one begging for something. 'Give him a *sou*,' said the postilion to me, 'and you will see what he will do with it.' I threw to him the coin; he picked it up, ran to the baker's, and brought back a piece of bread, which he ate. The dog had belonged to a poor blind man, lately dead; he had no master, and begged alms on his own account."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

Surely some people must know themselves; they never think about anything else.

Nobody ever sees an action as very wrong when under the excitement of doing it.

Love is like honesty—much talked about, and but little understood.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

If you would not have affliction to visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Time past is contracted into a point, and that the infancy of being. Time to come is seen expanding into eternal existence.

Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural products of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones.

Medical writers all agree that gluttony conducts more people to the grave than drunkenness. The old adage is true, that "many people dig their graves with their teeth."

Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy the raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if they are left to creep along the ground.

We see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times unto the greatest misfortunes.

There is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habit, which, growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory and a shade.

With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless; and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

What a serious matter our life is!—how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed! What a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be who does not as soon as possible lend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him!

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A WORD WITH THE READER.

THE "Home Magazine," of which you have here the first number, will present certain features and attractions not fully possessed by any of our many excellent monthly publications. Its name implies its character. For *all tastes* the editor will not attempt to cater; but, for the thousands and tens of thousands who love what is good and true and beautiful; who have an interest in all that is genial in humanity; who, like the wise bee, are ever seeking to gather the honey of life as they walk steadily and hopefully onward; the "Home Magazine" will come, we trust, as a valued friend and pleasant visitor, and leave the minds of all who read it refreshed and strengthened.

We offer our readers no meagre feast. In our eighty large and closely printed pages will be found an amount and variety of reading, in kind and quality not, we believe, to be obtained anywhere else for the same money.

And now, with this brief greeting, we leave our Magazine with you, trusting that you will find it fully equal to your expectations.

A correspondent of the New York Musical World, who says that he has looked over the account current of Barnum with Jenny Lind, avers, that it is a most "remarkable document," and ought to be published "for the astonishment and edification of the world generally, and singers particularly." According to his statement, Barnum and Jenny averaged over \$3000 a-piece on each concert. After all expenses were paid, Barnum received on the whole engagement, the handsome sum of \$308,000, and the Nightingale \$302,000. This was coining sweet sounds into gold at a rate unheard of before. Large as the sum paid for these concerts, we presume there are few who had the pleasure of listening to Jenny Lind who now consider the money they paid for the privilege, a foolish expenditure. Her wonderful tones, that seemed, at times, like echoes of heavenly music, still linger, and will linger through life, in the ears of thousands. Like "a thing of beauty," such sounds are "a joy forever."

Miss Harriet Hosmer, a young woman of 20 years of age, residing at Watertown, Mass., has, it is said, recently produced a piece of sculpture in marble, which evinces talent of a high order, and promises to render her prominent as an artist. She calls the bust which she has completed, "Hesper, the Evening Star." It has the face of a lover-maiden gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The conception of the subject of the whole work was her own, men having been employed only to chop off some of the large pieces of marble, as the work was in progress. The bust is exhibited in Boston. Miss

Hosmer proposes to visit Rome for a few years, with a view of becoming a sculptor by profession.

Madame Sontag arrived in New York on Sunday, 5th inst., in the steamer Arctic. Sontag, or the Countess Rossi, stands unrivalled as a singer, in the exquisite taste and originality of her style. She closed her dramatic career in 1830, but her husband having lost his property in the revolution of 1848, she returned to the public practice of her art (in concerts only) to retrieve his pecuniary disasters. All who have heard her in Europe, agree, that little or no change in her brilliant vocalization has taken place since her retirement from the position of a public singer, more than twenty years ago. Lowell Mason, who heard her in Berlin, speaks of her singing in terms of unqualified praise. She comes to us, a fit successor to Jenny Lind, though she cannot rob the fair Swede of a single laurel. Both are pre-eminent—compereers, not rivals. They are the queens of song. As a woman, Madame Sontag stands before the world without a blemish. In all domestic virtues, her fame is spotless.

It is stated in the Musical World, that Messrs. Hall & Son, of New York, pay to William Vincent Wallace, the sum of one hundred dollars for every original composition or arrangement he furnishes them, of whatever kind or length;—even if it be only a two-page polka, the sum is paid. At this high rate, the Messrs. Hall have a contract for ten years, and if Mr. Wallace is as prolific in the future as he has been in the past, he will receive in that time, it is estimated, over one hundred thousand dollars. For this contract, the publishers have refused fifty thousand dollars. From his London and Paris publishers, Mr. Wallace receives, it is stated, more than twice as much as he gets from Messrs. Hall & Son—in all about six hundred dollars for each composition. This is adding up figures pretty rapidly; and it may be all so; but it is not strange if there should arise in the mind a doubt as to the accuracy of some of the figures given.

"On Friday evening last," says Lowell Mason, writing from Paris to the editor of the New York Musical Review, "we attended the regular service at the Jewish synagogue. There was a congregation of perhaps three hundred men, occupying the lower part of the house, and a few scattering women were seen in the gallery. The men all sit or stand with heads covered; and although four of us, Americans, took off our hats when we entered, we were told to put them on again, and obeyed orders. There was very little appearance of reverence or solemnity; indeed, none that could be observed. The appearance of the assembly was somewhat like that of a New England town meeting, after having been called to order by the chairman. There was a choir of about twelve or fourteen boys, with men for tenor and bass, and the harmony parts were sung. All the service was chanted, in a responsive manner, by priest or priests, choir and people, with the exception of

two airs or melodies, which were sung by the choir. These were both modern, and even the chants did not seem to come from David or Solomon, but were more like the common chant, somewhat modified by a kind of recitative or declamatory manner of utterance. On the whole, the Jewish service here was not one of much interest, considered either religiously or musically."

A writer from San Francisco says:—"Theatricals are at a low ebb in this country. In this city, especially, the public have become remarkably indifferent in respect to dramatic performances. This is owing, in a great measure, as well to the inferior character of the companies that have played, as to the high prices of admission demanded to the theatres. There is, therefore, but one house, the American, now regularly open in San Francisco, and that is doing a very meagre business. The principal theatre, the Jenny Lind, has been purchased by our Common Council for a City Hall. Our Fathers paid for it, for reasons they can doubtless explain, the precious little sum of two hundred thousand dollars, fully double the amount that any person, not immediately and personally interested, ever imagined it to be worth. Our press, without an exception, cried out lustily against this prodigal expenditure of the people's money, and the people themselves held a giant mass meeting, to arrest the action of the Council on this subject; but all this was of no avail. The building was bought, and at least fifty thousand dollars more must now be expended to make it fit for the object for which it has been obtained."

In one of his letters to the Musical Review, Lowell Mason mentions a brief visit paid to the Monument of Beethoven. He says:—"On our way down the Rhine, we made a stop at Bonn, just long enough to see a little of the place where the great modern composer was born, and to look upon the monument which art has here erected to the memory of one of the greatest of artists. The monument stands upon a public square, and consists of a fine bronze statue of the symphonist, holding an open sheet of paper in the left, and a pencil in the right hand. Our little company, together with a few strangers who went to see it at the same time, stood under the deep shady trees by which it is surrounded, and gazed upon it for a few moments in perfect silence, and with intense interest. No musician who is able to bring up to his imagination the wonderful original, can look upon this statue without a deep feeling of reverence and admiration, amounting as nearly to worship or adoration as may be rendered to the highest manifestations of human genius."

In a prize essay by C. M. Cady, on "Music in America," we find the following observations on congregational and choir singing:

"The growth and progress of congregational singing in the Protestant churches on the continent, has been steady and uniform. It now prevails to a great extent in Germany and other parts of Europe; and Mr. Lowell Mason, in recent letters, describes this part of divine worship

as being, artistically, very incorrect, but still inconceivably grand and powerful in its devotional effect. In England we find that where congregational singing has entirely superseded the use of choirs, and efforts have been remitted to instruct the people in musical science, the performance has degenerated till it has become intolerable, and choir-singing has taken its place; as was also the case in the Puritan churches of New England about 1721. In some of the Protestant churches of England, congregational singing is now in a good condition, while in others it has become exceedingly bad; but the public feeling seems, if we can judge from the tone of their *Reviews* and *Journals*, to be strongly in favor of improving and reinstating it. We see, then, that these two forms of church music, once severally indicative of Popery and Protestantism, are now both used in the Protestant churches of Europe, while in this country choir-singing is exclusively used, except in a few churches where congregational singing is being introduced. Congregational singing must be regarded, in accordance with the sentiments not only of the Reformers, but of all spiritual Christians, as the *truly devotional style of church music*. On the other hand, choir-singing is, we think, fully proved by its past history to be the *impressive style*, and needed in connection with the congregational style, to keep the latter from degeneracy.

"The true ideal of church music is then, we think, realized only in the union of these two styles. We would have a well-drilled choir to perform motets, designed to induce a devotional frame of mind in the assembled audience, to perform all the chants used, and sing all psalms and hymns of a hortative character, as well as those of a meditative caste which require to be sung to tunes of a delicate nature, and to lead the *whole congregation* once or twice during each service, in singing a devotional psalm or hymn to an appropriate, plain choral tune. Experience shows that these styles are not to be blended in the same piece. The congregation should *not* sing on choir music; in choral music *all* should sing; else the effect of both is marred."

An enquiry made in "Notes and Queries," (a London periodical intended as a medium of intercommunication between literary men, artists, antiquarians, and others), as to the origin of our National flag, has been answered by Mr. T. Westcott, of Philadelphia. He says:—

Jaritzburg wishes to know the origin of the stars and stripes in the American flag. His query might be answered briefly by stating that the American Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, "Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." But your correspondent wishes to know the origin of the combination, and who first suggested the idea. Some have supposed that it might have been derived from the arms of General Washington, which contains three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. There is no means of knowing at this day, whether this conjecture is correct, but

the coincidence is rather striking. There were several flags used before the striped flag by the Americans. In March, 1775, "a union flag with a red field" was hoisted at New York upon the liberty pole, bearing the inscription "George Rex, and the liberties of America," and upon the reverse "No popery." On the 18th of July, 1778, Gen. Putnam raised, at Prospect Hill, a flag bearing on one side, the Massachusetts motto, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," on the other "An appeal to Heaven." In October of the same year the floating batteries at Boston had a flag with the latter motto, the field white with a pine-tree upon it. This was the Massachusetts emblem. Another flag, used during 1775 in some of the colonies, had upon it a rattle-snake coiled as if about to strike, with the motto "Don't tread on me." The grand union flag of thirteen stripes was raised on the heights near Boston, January 2, 1776. Letters from there say that the regulars in Boston did not understand it; and as the king's speech had just been sent to the Americans, they thought the new flag was a token of submission. The *British Annual Register* of 1776 says: "They burnt the king's speech and changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter from Boston about the same time, published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for January, 1776, says: "The grand union flag was raised on the 2d, in compliment to the united colonies." The idea of making each stripe for a State, was adopted from the first; and the fact goes far to negative the supposition that the private arms of General Washington had anything to do with the subject. The pine tree, rattlesnake, and striped flag were used indiscriminately until July, 1777, when the blue union, with the stars, was added to the stripes, and the flag established by law. Formerly a new stripe was added for each new State admitted to the Union, until the flag became too large, when, by act of Congress, the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen; and now a star is added to the Union at the succession of each new State.

We have received from the publisher, Mr. George W. Childs, corner of Fifth and Arch streets, a proof copy of Mr. Welsh's admirable engraving of Stuart's original portrait of Washington, in the Boston Athenæum, and we regard it as in every way worthy the subject. The noble head of the Father of his Country has never been transferred to steel with greater skill and truthful power, than in this instance, by Mr. Welsh. It is a picture that should be hung up in the dwelling of every American citizen. Mr. Whipple, of Boston, says of the engraving: "I have compared it with the original in the Athenæum, and am surprised at the perfection of the copy, even to the nicest points of expression in Stuart's great picture." Jared Sparks says of it:—"Being familiar with the original portrait by Stuart, in the Boston Athenæum, I may perhaps be allowed to speak with some degree of confidence of Mr. Welsh's success. The features and the expressions appear to me to be exhibited in the engraving with remarkable exactness, and there is,

throughout, a close and striking resemblance to the original."

We add but one more testimony in regard to this splendid portrait. It is from the President of the United States. He says, in a note to the publisher, acknowledging a copy of the portrait: "The Executive Mansion is adorned with two paintings; one a full-length portrait of Washington, and the other of Bolivar. I shall add this elegant engraving to the number, and leave it as an heir-loom to my successors."

We do not know the author of the following pleasant poem, which we find in a recent number of the *Musical Review*. A sweeter fancy of the "Indian Summer," we have never seen.

There is a time, just ere the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverie lo-t,
The mellow daytime dreams away;
When summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on bill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne,
With boisterous hand the trees he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, ties the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

Lowell Mason, now in Europe, writes that it has become fashionable in England, and to some extent on the continent, to omit the *interlude*—or playing between the stanzas—by the organ, in singing hymns.

A striking instance of presence of mind is related of a little boy who saved his mother's life. At the time the boiler of the Hudson River steam-boat, the Reindeer, exploded. She, in her terror, was about to spring overboard, when he caught her apron, and winding it around a railing, held her fast, until a passenger came and drew her back from her dangerous position.

A poet once was walking with M. de Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceiving, at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying: "Not so loud, he hears you!"

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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THE PINNATED GROUSE AND THE RUFFLED GROUSE.

BY C. W. WEBBER,

AUTHOR OF "OLD RICKS," "THE HUNTER NATURALIST," &c. &c.

The red-man is not the only aboriginal race upon our continent, concerning whom it might have been pathetically prophesied: the places which knew them once, shall know them no more; many numerous races of birds and animals have disappeared along with their original foes. Step by step they have been driven from the haunts they once frequented, and over vast districts once all their own. They now retain possession of small and isolated spots, where they continue to look back with lingering longing over the fair domain, from which they have been ruthlessly driven.

Such has been peculiarly the case with the Prairie Hen, which, in the strong resemblance of its fate, and in many of its habits, may be properly styled the feathered prototype of the North American Indian. They once swarmed over a vast proportion of the Northern and Middle Districts. Like the Indians, they were so indomitably fixed and wild in their habits, that extermination or flight before the encroaching power of the white race, has been their only alternative. Like them, they held in fee simple the wide nut-bearing woods, with all the privileges and perquisites thereof, since time immemorial. Like them, they have lingered long round the graves of their feathered forefathers, and wherever a nook of refuge has been gained, where the destroyer might not reach them, they yet haunt the scenes of by-gone prosperity. As, for instance, although there is scarcely a Pinnated Grouse to be met with in any of the Atlantic States, where the Puritans found them covering the earth, except among the mountains: yet in Martha's Vineyard, one of the Elizabeth Islands, they continue to be found in sufficient numbers to justify the annual resort of a limited party of sportsmen, to hunt them. Nashawenna, a small island on which they are kept as a sort of preserve, is the only other one of the group on which they are found. They also frequent such dense or barren places as the "brushy" plains of Long Island, Mount Desert Island, in the State of Maine, and other rough and inaccessible localities in that State and in New Jersey. In Southern Kentucky, where I can just remember them in my boyhood, as abundant—that is, sufficiently so to afford good sport—they were not to be found at all by the time I had reached manhood;

and yet I have often heard my parents tell of their numbers when they first settled in Hopkingsville. They came into the gardens of the town, destroyed their fruit trees and vegetables, and even carried their audacity so far as to come down into the house-yards and fight with the domestic fowls. Boys and negroes killed great numbers of them with sticks and stones, while very few thought them worth shooting at at all, except to drive them away for mischief. They were regarded as pests and nuisances, and caught in traps and pens, in immense quantities, to be thrown to the hogs.

In spite of these almost incredible numbers, how short a time has it taken to despoil them even of this, the "Garden of the West;" yet here, too, they still linger, and, as if in affectionate reluctance to leave so lovely a home; they may now occasionally be startled from the vicinity of the beautiful groves or timber islands, scattered over the flowery plains of the rich "Barrens."

The Ruffed Grouse, or the Partridge, as it is miscalled at the North, and Pheasant, as it is known at the West, still retains almost undisputed possession of these favorite feeding grounds since the abdication of its former rival and conqueror.

These two birds have been strangely confounded even by sportsmen—and there are a great many intelligent men among them—North and South, who persist in getting the names of the birds wrong, one way or another. The case seems to be about this:—the Puritans found the Ruffed and Pinnated Grouse in the woods and plains of the new country. The Ruffed Grouse, the plumage of which is lighter at the North, reminded them most of the Grey Partridge of Great Britain. Not having much idle time to spare for careful ornithological classification, they christened the bird Partridge, off-hand, in memory of the old country, and, Partridge it has been called ever since by their descendants, except when they in their hurry have confounded it with the Prairie Hen or Pinnated Grouse, to which it bears nothing more than the general family resemblance. Since the gradual disappearance of the Prairie Hen, this confusion has become worse confounded—it being pretty generally understood that the name Partridge has been misapplied to one of the two common spe-

cies of Grouse—but which becomes the question?

Specimens of the Prairie Hen have become so difficult to obtain for the purposes of comparison, that the whole subject has been left pretty much to conjecture, and the Ruffed Grouse still holds its place and its name of Partridge at the North. Now, this name is just as appropriate as that applied to the same bird west of the Alleghanies. There, from the darker color which its plumage assumes, toward the Southwest it has been called the Pheasant. We have but one species of Pheasant on the Continent, called the American Pheasant, and that is a very rare inhabitant of the Rocky Mountains, so that it is hardly necessary to go far to show that such an application of the name is an absurd misnomer. We have the same ridiculous jumble of names in the instance of the Virginian Partridge, which in the Northeastern and Middle Districts is called Quail, as a sort of diminutive of their supposed Partridge;—however, they have the name right in the South and West, where it is known as the Partridge. It is quite amusing to hear the epicures from the different sections, correcting each other over a dish of so common a bird.

Now, once for all, let us set this matter straight—1st. The proper name of the Partridge of the North and Eastern States is the Ruffed Grouse, which is also improperly called Pheasant west of the Alleghanies, the American Pheasant being our only species. 2d. The proper name for the Pinnated Grouse is not Partridge either, but its common name is Prairie Hen. 3d. The Virginian Partridge is the only one of the species we have on the Continent, and it is improperly called a Quail, of which we have not a single variety! We have two or three other varieties of the Grouse, which are, however, less noted, and are so exclusively confined to the high Northern regions, that they are not likely to much increase the confusion which exists with regard to the nomenclature of this family—the principal of these are the Willow Grouse, which is found in the deep forests and mountain fastnesses of Maine, north, to the swamps of Labrador—and the Spotted or Canada Grouse, which is found also in the heart of the dark pine swamps of much the same general localities—but the Ruffed and Pinnated Grouse are the most generally sought, and, of course, interesting varieties, and we shall, therefore, principally endeavor to illustrate the differences between these two.

The most curious peculiarities of these Grouse, consist in their different and fierce modes of adjusting matters in the love season, and the extraordinary sounds produced by the males at this period. As the most striking marks of distinction between them, we will quote here accurate accounts of their ferocious love scenes, and of the mode in which the sounds referred to are produced by both birds. No naturalist has been more absolutely faithful than J. J. Audubon in such descriptions. We quote him concerning the Pinnated Grouse:

“As soon as the snows have melted away, and the first blades of grass issue from the earth, announcing the approach of spring, the Grouse, which had congregated during the winter in great

flocks, separate into parties of from twenty to fifty or more. Their mating season commences, and a spot is pitched upon to which they daily resort. The male birds, before the first glimpse of day lightens the horizon, fly swiftly and singly from their grassy beds, to meet, to challenge, and to fight the various rivals led by the same impulse to the arena. The male is at this season attired in his full dress, and enacts his part in a manner not surpassed in pomposity by any other bird. Imagine them assembled, to the number of twenty, by daybreak: see them all strutting in the presence of each other, mark the consequential gestures, their looks of disdain, and their angry pride as they pass each other. Their tails, spread out and inclined forwards, to meet the expanded feathers of their necks, like stiffened frills, lie supported by the globular orange-colored receptacle of air, from which their singular booming sounds proceed. Their wings, like those of the Turkey Cock, are stiffened and declined so as to rub and rustle on the ground, as the bird passes rapidly along. Their bodies are depressed towards the ground, the fire of their eyes evinces the pugnacious workings of the mind, their notes fill the air around, and at the very first answer from some coy female—the battle rages. Like Game Cocks they strike, and rise in the air to meet their assailants with greater advantage. Now many close in the encounter; feathers are seen whirling in the agitated air, or falling round them tinged with blood. The weaker begin to give way, and one after another seeks refuge in the neighboring bushes. The remaining few greatly exhausted, maintain their ground, and withdraw slowly and proudly as if each claimed the honors of the victory. The vanquished and the victors then search for the females, who, believing each to have returned from the field in triumph, receive them with joy.

“It not unfrequently happens that a male, already mated, is suddenly attacked by some disappointed rival, who unexpectedly pounces upon him after a flight of considerable length, having been attracted by the cacklings of the happy couple. The female invariably squats near to and almost under the breast of her lord, while he, always ready for action, throws himself on his daring antagonist, and chases him away never to return.

“In such places in the Western country as I have described, the ‘Prairie Hen’ is heard ‘booming’ or ‘tooting,’ not only before break of day, but frequently at all hours from morning till sunset; but in districts where these birds have become wild in consequence of the continual interference of man, they are seldom heard after sunrise; sometimes these meetings are noiseless, their battles are much less protracted, or of less frequent occurrence, and their beats or scratching grounds are more concealed. Many of the young males have battles even in the autumn, when the females generally join, not to fight, but to conciliate them, in the manner of the Wild Turkeys.

“The curious notes emitted in the mating season are peculiar to the male. When the receptacles of air, which, in form, color and size, resemble a small orange, are perfected inflated, the bird lowers its head to the ground, opens its bill,

and sends forth, as it were, the air contained in these bladders in distinctly separate notes, rolling one after another from loud to low, and producing a sound like to a muffled drum. This done, the bird immediately erects itself, refills its receptacles by inhalation, and again proceeds with its tootings.

"I frequently observed in these Prairie Hens, a number of which I had tamed at Henderson, that after producing the noise, the bags lost their roundness, and assumed the appearance of a burst bladder, but that in a few seconds they were again inflated. Having caught one of the birds, I passed the point of a pin through each of its air-cells, the consequence of which was that it was unable to toot any more. With another bird, I performed the same operation on one only of the cells, and next morning it tooted with the sound one, although not so loudly as before, but could not inflate the one which had been punctured. The sound, in my opinion, cannot be heard at a much greater distance than a mile. All my endeavors to decoy this species, by imitating its curious sounds, were unsuccessful, although the Ruffed Grouse is easily deceived in this manner. As soon as the strutting and fighting are over, the collapsed bladders are concealed by the feathers of the ruff, and during autumn and winter are much reduced in size. These birds, indeed, seldom, if ever, meet in groups on the scratching grounds after incubation has taken place; at all events, I have never seen them fight after that period; for, like the Wild Turkeys, after spending a few weeks apart to recover their strength, they gradually unite, and as soon as the young are grown up, individuals of both sexes mix with the latter, and continue in company till spring. The young males exhibit the bladders and elongated feathers of the neck before the first winter, and by the next spring have attained maturity, although, as in many other species, they increase in size and beauty for several years."

To this concise and accurate account of Mr. Audubon's, we would only add that on the prairies of the North-west, of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, &c., where they still abound in innumerable flocks, the scenes described above occur on a much grander scale, and are attended even with considerable carnage. The strange "booming" of these birds, heard far and near on every side, confounds the stranger unutterably, and he is with difficulty made to understand that sounds of such volume are made by a comparatively small bird. Indeed, it may be remarked that the habits of the bird are most essentially changed, as well as the color of its plumage, by a residence on the great plains of the West. The most extraordinary phenomenon produced by the necessities of the climate, as a protection against the terrible winds which sweep over these apparently illimitable levels, at the approach of winter, consists, in the assembling of these birds, from a distance of many miles around, to roost on the same spot, something after the manner of the Wild Pigeon. This fact seems to have escaped Mr. Audubon's notice.

At the opening of winter, a spot is selected, on the open prairies, in the upper part of the Missouri country, which is more sheltered than the

surrounding region, by the character of the ground, from the biting force of the north-west winds. Here the Prairie Hens begin to assemble early in the evening, and by the time dusk comes on immense numbers are collected. They approach the scene in small flocks, in a leisurely manner, by short flights. They approach the place of gathering silently, with nothing of that whirr of wings, for which they are noted when they are suddenly put up, but they make ample amends when they arrive; as in the Pigeon roost, there is a continual roar, caused by the restless shifting of the birds, and sounds of impatient struggle emitted by them, which can be heard distinctly for several miles. The numbers collected are incalculably immense, since the space covered by them sometimes extends for over a mile in length, with a breadth determined by the character of the ground.

This is a most astonishing scene. When approached in the early part of the night on horseback, the hubbub is strangely discordant, and overwhelmingly deafening. They will permit themselves to be killed in great numbers with sticks, or any convenient weapon, without the necessity of using guns. They, however, when frequently disturbed in the first of the season, will easily change their roosting-place, but when the heavy snows have fallen, by melting which by the heat of their bodies, and by trampling it down, they have formed a sort of sheltered yard, the outside walls of which defend them against the winds, they are not easily driven away by any degree of persecution. Indeed, at this time, they become so emaciated as to afford but little inducement to any human persecutors, by whom they are seldom troubled, indeed, on account of the remoteness of their locations; from foxes, wolves, hawks, and owls, &c., their natural enemies, they have, of course, to expect no mercy at any time.

The noise of their restless cluckings, flutterings and shiftings begins to subside a few hours after dark. The birds have now arranged themselves for the night, nestled as close as they can be; wedged, every bird with his breast turned towards the wind that may be prevailing. This scene is one of the most curious that can be imagined, especially when they have the moonlight on the snow to contrast with their dark backs. At this time, they may be killed by cartloads, as only those in the immediate neighborhood of the aggressor are disturbed, apparently. They rise to the height of a few feet, with a stupefied and aimless fluttering, and plunge into the snow, within a short distance, where they are easily taken by the hand. In these helpless conditions, such immense numbers are destroyed that the family would be in danger of rapid extermination, but that the fecundity of the survivors keeps pace with the many fatalities to which they are liable.

Wherever they may be found, this propensity to collect in numbers, smaller or greater, during cold weather, to roost in low spots of ground, has been observed, and Mr. Audubon mentions the circumstance of his having caught a great many of them—which he had observed resorting to the long grass of a bit of low, marshy land near his

house—by simply making his negroes, each with a torch in hand, carry down a drag fishing net to the marsh, which they dropped over the right spot, which had been carefully marked.

They naturally throng together to obtain mutually the benefit of the heat of their bodies against the cold, and in proportion as the cold becomes excessive in those districts where they most abound, does the necessity of these assemblages increase, until they become gradually developed into the curious phenomenon we have attempted to convey an idea of above.

But, to continue the proposed distinction between the two varieties of Grouse:—The Ruffed Grouse roosts upon trees, except during the snow, when it sometimes finds a shelter, singly, by burying itself beneath it, as is done by the Northern Hare. It resorts most to the thickets and dense groves—both winter and summer—for breeding, roosting and feeding; while the Pinnated Grouse keep on the plains and open country, for all these purposes. The “drumming” of the Ruffed Grouse is a very different affair from the “tooting” of the Prairie Hen. Hear, likewise, a description of this curious proceeding from the source we have already quoted:—

“Early in April, the Ruffed Grouse begins to drum immediately after dawn, and again towards the close of day. As the season advances, the drumming is repeated more frequently at all hours of the day; and where these birds are abundant, this curious sound is heard from all parts of the woods in which they reside.—The drumming is performed in the following manner:—The male bird, standing erect on a prostrate decayed trunk, raises the feathers of its body, in the manner of a Turkey Cock, draws its head towards its tail, erecting the feathers of the latter at the same time, and raising its ruff around the neck, suffers its wings to droop, and struts about on the log. A few moments elapse, when the bird draws the whole of its feathers close to its body, and stretches itself out, beats its sides with its wing, in the manner of the Domestic Cock, but more loudly, and with such rapidity of motion, after a few of the first strokes, as to cause a tremor in the air not unlike the rumbling of distant thunder. This, kind reader, is the ‘drumming’ of the Pheasant. In perfectly calm weather it may be heard at the distance of two hundred yards, but might be supposed to proceed from a much greater distance. The female, which never drums, flies directly to the place where the male is thus engaged.”

We have now an outline of the principal points of difference between the birds. I will only say in conclusion—that shooting the Ruffed Grouse is very precarious sport, except when the snows are very deep, and then they soon become too lean and helpless to escape. Though a very robust bird, they are frequently thinned off very much by the severities of the Northern winters. The most common mode of hunting them by those who kill them for market, or for the love of slaughter, is with a sharp, active cur dog, whose vehement barking causes them to take to a tree close at hand, where they sit still and permit the approach of the gunner. But, this is only half the battle: they usually fly into the tops of the

trees, and straightening themselves up, they smooth down the feathers of the body close to the body, and as they remain perfectly motionless, they are astonishingly difficult to distinguish—so perfectly does their color blend with that of the trunk or boughs. When once discovered, they are easily shot—even to the great part of the flock that may have been flushed. The sport of shooting the Pinnated Grouse is now so curtailed in the North-eastern Districts, as not to furnish sufficient general interest for a detailed description—while that of slaughtering them by wholesale in the North-west, where they so greatly abound, is hardly a theme which will bear dwelling upon with pleasure.

THISTLE-DOWN.

CHAPTER I.

There is no time like these clear September nights, after sunset, for a reverie. If it is a calm evening, and an intense light fills the sky, and glorifies it, and you sit where you can see the new moon, with the magnificent evening star beneath it, you must be a stupid affair, indeed, if you cannot then dream the most heavenly dreams!

But Rosalie Sherwood—poor young creature, is in no dreaming mood this lovely Sabbath night. Her heart is crushed in such an utter helplessness, as leaves no room in it for hope; her brain is too acutely sensitive, just now, for visions. The thistle-down, in beautiful fairy-like procession, floats on and up before her eyes, and as she watches the frail things, they assume a new interest to her; she feels a human sympathy with them. Like the viewless winds they come, from whence she knows not; and go, whither? none can tell. They are homeless, and she is like them; but she is not as they—purposeless.

If you could look into her mind, you would see how she has nerved it to a great determination; how that, mustering visions and hopes once cherished, she had gone forward to a bleak and barren path, and stands there very resolute, yet, in the first moment of her resolve, miserable; no, she had not yet grown *strong* in the suffering; she cannot *this* night stand up and bear her burden with a smile of triumph.

Rosalie Sherwood was an only child, the daughter of an humble friend, Mrs. Melville had known from girlhood. *She*, poor creature, had neither lived nor died innocent.

On her death-bed, Cecily Sherwood gave her unrecognized child to the care of one who promised, in the sincerity of her passion, to be a mother to the unfortunate infant. And during the eighteen years of that girl's life, from the hour of her mother's death to the day when she was left without hope in the world, Rosalie had found a parent in the rigid but always kind and just Mary Melville.

This widow lady had one son; he was four years old when her husband died, which was the very year that the little Rosalie was brought to Melville House. The boy's father had been considered a man of great wealth, but when his affairs were settled, after his decease, it was found that the debts of the estate being paid, little more

than a competency remained for the widow. But the lady was fitted, by a life of self-discipline, even in her luxurious home, to calmly meet this emergency. With the remnant of an imagined fortune, she retired to an humbler residence, where, in quiet retirement, she gave her time to managing household affairs, and superintending the home education of the children.

Her son Duncan, and the young Rosalie, had grown up together—until the girl's twelfth birthday, constant playmates and pupils in the same school. No one, not even the busiest busy-body, had ever been able to detect the slightest partiality in Mrs. Melville's treatment of her children; and, indeed, it had been quite impossible that she should ever regard a child so winningly beautiful as Rosalie, with other than the tenderest affection. Under a light and careless rein, the girl had been a difficult one to manage, for there was a light little fire in her eyes, that told of strong will and deep passions; and besides, her striking appearance had won sufficient admiration to have completely spoiled her, if a guardian the most vigilant as well as most discerning, had not been ever at hand to speak the right word to and do the right thing with her.

Mrs. Melville was a thoroughly religious woman, and seriously conscious of the responsibility she incurred in adopting the infant. She could not quiet her conscience with the reflection that she had done a wonderfully good thing in giving Rosalie a home and education; the chief pity she felt for the unfortunate orphan, led her to exercise an uncommon care, that all tendency to evil should be eradicated from the heart of the brilliant girl while she was yet young; that a sense of right, such as should prove abiding, might be impressed on her tender mind. And her labor of love met with a return which might well have made the mother proud.

There had been no officious voice to whisper to Rosalie Sherwood the story of the doubtful position which she occupied in the world. She was an orphan, the adopted child of the lady whom she devoutly loved with all a daughter's tenderness; this she knew, and it was all she knew; and Mrs. Melville was resolved that she should never know more.

The son of the widow had been educated for the ministry. He was now twenty-two years old, and was soon to be admitted to the priesthood. In this he was following out his own wish, and the most cherished hope of his mother, and it seemed to all who knew him, as though the Head of the Church had set his seal upon Duncan from his boyhood. He was so mild and forbearing, so discreet and generous, so earnest and so honest,—meek, and holy of heart, was the thought of any one who looked upon his placid, youthful face. Yet, he had, besides his gentleness, that without which his character might have subsided into a mere puerile weakness; a firmness of purpose; a reverence for duty; a strict sense of right, equal to that which marked his mother among women. Duncan Melville's abilities were of a high order; perhaps not of the very highest, though, if his ambition were only equal to his powers, they would surely seem so to the world.

His voice had a sweet persuasive tone, that was

fitted to win souls, yet it could ring like a clarion, when the grandeur of his themes fired his soul. With the warmest hopes and the deepest interest they, who knew the difficulties and trials attending the profession he had chosen, looked on this young man.

Duncan and Rosalie had long known the nature of the tie which bound them together—members of one family—and they never called themselves brother and sister, after the youth came home a graduate from college. For, from the time when absence empowered him to look as a stranger would look on Rosalie, from that time he saw her elegant and accomplished, and bewitching, as she was, and other than fraternal affection was in his heart for her.

And Rosalie, too, loved him, just as Duncan, had he spoken his passion, would have prayed her to love him. She had long ago made him the standard of all manly excellence; and when he came back, after three years of absence, she was not inclined to revoke her early decision; therefore was she prepared to read the language of Duncan's eyes, and she consecrated her heart to him.

During the years which followed his return from college, till he was prepared for ordination, as a priest, he did not once *speak* to her of his love, which was growing all the while stronger and deeper, as the river course that, flowing to the ocean, receives every day fresh impetus and force from the many tiny springs that commingle with it. Duncan Melville never *thought* of wedding another than Rosalie Sherwood.

It was, as I said, near the time appointed for his ordination, when he felt, for the first time, as though he had a *right* to speak openly with her of all his hopes. He asked her, then, what, in soul language, he had long before asked, a question, which she had as emphatically, in like language, answered—to be his partner for life, in weal or woe.

He had tried to calmly consider Rosalie's character as a Christian minister should consider the character of her whom he would make the sharer of his peculiar lot; and setting every preference aside, Duncan felt that she was fitted to assist, and to bear with him. She was truthful as the day, strong-minded and generous; humane and charitable: and though no professor of religion, a woman full of reverence and veneration. He knew that it was only a fear that she should not *adorn* the Christian name, that kept her back from the altar of the church, and he loved her for that spirit of humility, knowing that she was "on the Lord's side," and that grace, ere long, would be given to her, to proclaim it in doing *all* His commandments.

It was certainly with a joyful and confident heart that, after he had spoken with Rosalie, Duncan sought his mother, to tell her of the whole of that bright future which opened now before him.

How then was he overcome with amazement and grief when Mrs. Melville told him it was a union to which she could never consent! Then, for the first time in his life, the astonished young man heard of that stain which was on the name poor Rosalie bore.

He heard the story to the end, and, with a decision and energy that would have settled the matter with almost any other than his mother, he declared—

"Yet for all that, I will not give her up."

"It would not be expected that you would fulfil the engagement. Rosalie herself would not allow it, if she knew the truth of the matter."

"But she need not know it. There is no existing necessity. Is it not enough that she is good and precious to me? She is a noble woman, whose life has been, thanks to your guidance, beautiful and lofty."

"God knows, I have striven to do my duty by her, but I know what I should have done if I had ever thought you would wish to change your relations with her, Duncan."

"The world has not her equal! It is cruel—it is sinful—in you, mother, to oppose our union."

"She is a lovely woman; but, my son, there are myriads like her."

"No—not one! Tell me you will never breathe a word of what you have told me to her!"

"Never."

"Oh! thank you! thank you! mother—you could not wish another daughter."

"But for that I have told you, I could not wish another."

"Then I say you must not work this great injustice on us. Rosalie loves me. She has promised to be mine. You will break my heart."

"You are deluded and strongly excited, my son, or you would never speak so to me," said the mother, with that persisting firmness with which the physician resorts to—a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. Then she spoke to him of all the relations in life he might yet be called upon to assume; of the misery which very possibly might follow this union in after days. Hours passed on, and the conference was not ended, until, with a crushed heart, and a trembling voice, Duncan arose, abruptly, while his mother yet spoke, and he said:

"If the conclusion to which you have urged me, in God's sight, is just, He will give me—He will give Rosalie, too—strength to abide by it. But I can never speak to her of this, and I must find another home than yours and hers. You must speak for me, mother; and let me charge you, do it gently. Do not tell her *all*. Let her think what she will—believe as she must—that I am a wretch, past pardon; but do not blight her peace by telling *all*."

"I promise you, Duncan," was the answer, spoken through many tears, and in the deepest sorrow.

An hour after, he was on the way from the village that he might spend the coming Sabbath in another town.

And, after he was gone, the mother sought her younger, her dearly loved child. Rosalie heard that familiar step on the stairway—she had seen Duncan hurrying away from the house, and she knew the conference was over; but she had no fear for the result. So she hushed the glad tumultuous beating of her heart, and tried to veil the brightness of her eyes as she heard the gentle tapping at her door that announced the mother coming.

As for Mrs. Melville, her heart quite failed her when she went into the pleasant room, and sat down close by Rosalie. In spite of all the strengthening thoughts of duty which she had taken with her as a support in that interview, she was now at a sore loss, for it had been a bitter grief to her kind heart when, of old, for duty's sake, she made her children unhappy. How then could she endure to take away their life's best joy—their richest hope? It was a hard thing; and many moments passed before she could nerve her strong spirit to utter the first word. Rosalie, anxious and impatient, too, but unsuspecting, at last exclaimed:

"What can it be that so much troubles you, mother?"

Then Mary Melville spoke, but with a voice as soft and sad, so faint with emotion, that it seemed not all her voice. She said:

"I want you to consider that what I say to you, dear child, has given me more pain even to think of than I have ever felt before. Duncan has told me of your engagement to marry with him; and it has been my duty—my most sorrowful duty, oh! believe me—to tell him that such a tie must never unite you. He can never be your husband—you can never be his wife."

She paused, exhausted by her emotion—she could not utter another syllable. Rosalie, who had watched her with fixed astonishment as she listened to the words, was the first to speak again, and she tried to say, calmly:

"Of course, you have a reason for saying so. It is but just that I should know it."

"It cannot be known. If I had ever in my life deceived you, Rosalie, you might doubt me now, when I assure you that an impediment, which cannot be named, exists to the marriage. Have I not been a mother to you always?" she asked, appealingly, imploringly: "I love you as I love Duncan, and it cuts me to the heart to grieve you."

"Has Duncan given you an answer?"

"Yes, Rosalie."

"And it——?"

"He has trusted to his mother!" she said, almost proudly.

"Rather than me," quickly interrupted Rosalie.

"Rather than do that which is wrong—which might hereafter prove the misery of you both, my child."

"Where is he? Why does he not come himself to tell me this? If the thing is really true, his lips should have spoken it, and not another's."

"Oh! Rosalie, he could not do it. I believe his heart is broken. Do not look so upon me. Is it not enough that I bitterly regret, that I shall always deplore, having not foreseen the result of your companionship? Say only that you do believe I have striven to do the best for you always, as far as I knew how. I implore you, *say it*."

"Heaven knows I believe it, mother. When will Duncan come home again?"

"Monday—not before."

When Monday morning came, on the desk in Rosalie's room this letter was found:

"I cannot leave you for ever, Duncan,—I cannot go from your protecting care, mother, with-

out saying all that is in my heart. I have no courage to look on you, my brother, again. Mother! our union, which we had thought life-lasting, is broken. I cannot any longer live in the world's sight as your daughter by adoption. I would have done so. I would have remained in any capacity—as a slave, even, for I was bound by gratitude for all that you have done for me, to be with you always,—at least so long as you could wish. If you had unveiled the mystery, and suffered me to stand before you, recognising myself as *you* know me, I would have stayed. I would have been to you, Duncan, only as in childhood—a proud yet humble sister, rejoicing in your triumphs, and sharing by *sympathy* in your griefs. I would have put forth fetters on my heart—the in-dwelling spirit should henceforth have been a stranger to you. I *know* I could have borne to even see another made your wife—but in a mistaken kindness you put this utterly beyond my power. Too much has been required, and I am found—wanting! If even the most miserable fate that can befall an innocent woman; if the curse of illegitimacy were upon me, I could bear that thought even, and acknowledge the justice and wisdom that did not consider me a fit associate for one whose birth is recognised by a parent's pride and fondness.

"But, dear Mrs. Melville, I must be cognizant of the relation, whatever it is, that I bear you. I cannot, I will not, consent to appear nominally your daughter, when you scorn to receive me as such.

"*Mother*—in my dear mother's name, I thank you for the generous love you have ever shown me: for the generous care with which you have attended to the development of the talents God gave me. For I am now fitted to labor for myself. I thank you for the watchful guardianship that has made me what I am, a woman—self-reliant and strong. I thank you for it, from a heart that has learned only to love and honor you in the past eighteen years. And I call down the blessings of the infinite God upon you, as I depart. Hereafter, always, it will be my endeavor to live worthily of you—to be *all* that you have, in your more than charity, capacitated me to be. Duncan, you will not forget me?

"I do not ask it. But pray for me, and live up to the fullness of your being—of your heart and of your intellect. There is a happy future for you. I have no word of counsel, no feeble utterance of encouragement to leave you—you will not need such from me. God bless and strengthen you in every good word and work—it shall be the constant hope of the sister who *loves* you. Mother, farewell!"

This letter was written on the Sabbath eve on which our story opens—written in a perfect passion—yes, of grief, and of despair. The anger that Rosalie may at first have felt, gave way to the wildest sorrow now, but her resolution was taken, and her heart was really strong to bear the resolution out.

After the sudden and most unlooked for disappearance, the mother and son sought long, and I need not say how anxiously, for Rosalie. But their search was vain, and, at last, as time passed on, she became to the villagers as one who had

never been. But never by the widow was she forgotten; and oh! there was in the world one heart that sorrowed with a constant sorrow, that hoped with a constant hope for her.

He had lost her, and Duncan sought for no other love among women. When all his searching for Rosalie proved unavailing, the minister applied himself with industry to the work of his calling, and verily he met here with his reward; for as he was a blessing to the people of his parish, in time they almost adored him. He was a spiritual physician whom God empowered to heal many a wounded and stricken heart; but there was a cross of suffering that he bore himself, which could not be removed. It was his glory that he bore it with martyr-like patience—that he never uttered a reproachful word to her through whom he bore it.

As years passed away, the gifted preacher's impassioned eloquence, and stirring words, bowed many a proud and impenitent soul with another love than that he wished to inspire, still he sought not among any of them companionship, or close friendship. They said, at last, considering his life spent in the most rigid performance of duty, that "*he was too high-church to marry*,"—that he did not believe such union consonant with the duties of the cloth! But the mother knew better than this—*she* knew a name that was never spoken now in Rosalie's old home, that was dearer than life to the heart of her son; and desolate and lonely as he oft-times was, she never *dared* ask him to give to her a daughter—to take unto himself a wife.

CHAPTER II.

In a splendid old cathedral a solemn ceremonial was going forward, on the morning of a holy festival. A bishop was to be consecrated.

A mighty crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, and the mother of Duncan Melville was there, the happiest soul in all that company, for it was on *her* son that the high honor was to be laid.

How beautiful was the pale, holy countenance of the minister, who, in the early strength of his manhood, was accounted worthy to fill that great office for which he was about to be set apart! He was a man "acquainted with grief,"—you had known it by the resigned, submissive expression of his face; you had known that the passions of mortals had been all but chilled in him, by the holy light in his tranquil eyes. Duncan *had* toiled—he *had* borne a burden!

A thousand felt it, looking on the noble front where religion undefiled, and peace, and holy love, and charity, had left for themselves unmistakable evidences: and, more than all, one being felt it who had not looked upon that man for years—not since the lines of grief and care had marked the face and form of Duncan Melville. There was reason for the passionate sobs of one heart, crushed anew in that solemn hour; there was pathos such as no other voice could give to the prayers which went up to God from one woman's heart, in the great congregation, for him. Poor, loving, still-beloved Rosalie! She was there, her proud, magnificent figure bent humbly from the very commencement to the close of the ceremonial; there, her beautiful eyes filled with tears of love,

and grief, and despair, and pride; there, crushed as the humblest flower—that glorious beauty!

And the good man at the altar, for whom the prayers and the praise ascended, thought of her in that hour! Yes, in that very hour he remembered how *one* would have looked on him that day, could she have come, his wife, to witness how his brethren and the people loved and honored him. He thought of her, and as he knelt at the altar, even there he prayed for her; but not as numbers thought upon the name of Rosalie Sherwood that day; for she also was soon to appear before a throng, and there were a myriad hearts that throbbed with expectancy, and waited impatiently for the hour when they should look upon her.

Bishop Melville had retired at noonday to his study, that he might be for a few moments alone. He was glancing over the sermon he was to deliver that afternoon, when his mother, his proud and happy mother, came quickly into the room, laid a sealed note on the table and instantly withdrew, for she saw how he was occupied. When he had finished his manuscript, the bishop opened the note and read—could it have been with careless eyes?

"Duncan, I have knelt in the house of the Lord, to-day, and witnessed your triumph. Ten years ago, when I went desolate and wretched from your house, I might have prophesied your destiny. Come, to-night, and behold *my* triumph—at—the opera-house!

"Your sister, ROSALIE."

Do you think that, as he read that summons, he hesitated as to whether he should obey it? If his bishopric had been sacrificed by it, he would have gone; if disgrace and danger had attended his foot-steps, he would have obeyed her bidding! The love which had been strengthening in ten long years of loneliness and bereavement, was not now to stop, to question or to fear.

"Accompany me, dear mother, this evening; I have made an engagement for you," he said, as he went, she hanging on his arm, to the cathedral for afternoon service.

"Willingly, my son," was the instant answer, and Duncan kept her to her word.

But it was with wondering, with surprise that she did not attempt to conceal, and with questions which were satisfied with no definite reply, that Mrs. Melville found herself standing with her son in an obscure corner of the opera house that night. Soon all her expressions of astonishment were hushed, but by another cause than the mysterious inattention of her son: a queenly woman appeared upon the stage; she lifted her voice, and sobbed the mournful wail which opens the first scene in —.

For years there had not been such a sensation created among the frequenters of that place, as now, by the appearance of this stranger. The wild, singular style of her beauty made an impression that was heightened by every movement of her graceful figure, every tone of her rich melodious voice. She seemed for the time the very embodiment of the sorrow to which she gave an expression, and the effect was a complete triumph.

Mary Melville and her son gazed on the *debutante*—they had no word, no look for each other:

for they recognized in her voice the tones of a grief of which long ago they heard the prelude—and every note found its echo in the bishop's inmost heart.

"Come away! let us go home! Duncan, this is no place for us—for *you*. It is disgrace to be here," was the mother's passionate plea, when at last Rosalie disappeared, and other forms stood in her place.

"We will stay and save her," was the answer, spoken with tears and trembling, by the man for whom, in many a quiet home, prayers in that very hour ascended. "She is mine *now*, and no earthly consideration or power shall divide us."

And looking for a moment in her son's face steadfastly, the lady turned away sighing and tearful, for she knew that she must yield then, and she had fears for the future.

A half-hour passed and the star of the night reappeared, resplendent in beauty, triumphing in hope;—again her marvellous voice was raised, not with the bitter cry of despair that was hopeless, but glad and gay, angelic in its joy.

Again the mother's eyes were turned on him beside her—and a light was on that pale forehead—a smile on that calm face—a gladness in those eyes—such as she had not seen there in long, long years; but though she looked with a mother's love upon the one who stood the admiration of all eyes, crowned with the glory-crown of perfection in her art, she could not with Duncan hope. For, alas! her woman-heart knew too well the ordeal through which the daughter of her care and love must have passed before she came into *that* presence where she stood now, who could tell if still the mistress of herself and her destiny? who could tell if pure and undefiled?

That night and the following day, there were many who sought admittance to the parlors of Rosalie Sherwood: they would lay the homage of their trifling hearts at her feet. But all these sought in vain; and why was this? Because such admiring tribute was not what the noble woman sought,—and because, ere she had risen in the morning, a letter, written in the solitude of night, was handed to her, which barred and bolted her doors against the curious world.

"Rosalie! Rosalie! look back through the ten years that are gone; I am answering your letter of long ago with words—I have a thousand times answered them with my heart, till the thoughts which have crowded there, filled it almost to breaking. We have met—met at last—you and I! But did you call that a triumph when you stood in God's house, and saw them lay their consecrating hands upon me? Heaven forgive me! I was thinking of *you* then—and thinking, too, that if this honor was in any way to be considered a *reward*, the needful part was wanting—you were not there! Yet *you were* there, you have written me; ah! but not *Rosalie*, my wife, the woman I loved better than *all* on earth—the *acknowledged* woman, her whose memory I have borne about with me till it was a needful part of my existence. You were by when the people came to see me consecrated—and I obeyed your call; I saw *you* when the people anointed *you* with the tears of their admiration and praise. If you read my heart at all, to-day, you *knew* how I

had suffered—you saw that I had grown old in sorrow. Was I mistaken to-night in the thought that you, too, had not been unmindful of our past—that you were not satisfied with the popular applause—that you, also, have been lonely, that you have wept—that you have trodden in the path of duty with weariness?

"There is but one barrier now in the wide world that shall interpose between us—Rosalie, it is your own will. If I was ever anything to you, I beseech you think calmly before you answer, and do not let your triumph, to-night, blind you to the fact which you once recognized, which can make us happy yet. I trust you as in our younger days: nothing, nothing but your own words could convince me that you are not worthy to take the highest place among the ladies of this land. Oh, let the remembrance that I have been faithful to you through all the past, plead for me, if your pride should rise up, to condemn me. Let me come and plead with you, for I know not what I write."

The answer returned to this letter was as follows:

"I learned long ago, the bar that prevented our union—it is in existence still, Duncan. Your mother only shall decide if it be insurmountable. I have never, even for a moment, doubted your faithfulness—and it has been to me an unspeakable comfort to know that none had supplanted me in your affections. In the temptations, and struggles, and hardships, I have known, it has kept me above and beyond the world, and if the last night's triumph proves to be but the opening of a new life for me on earth, the recollection of what you are, and that you care for me, will prove a rock of defence, and a stronghold of hope always. Severed from, or united with you, I am yours for ever."

Seven days after there was a marriage in the little church of that remote village, where Duncan Melville and Rosalie Sherwood passed their childhood. Side by side they stood now, once again, where the baptismal service had long since been read for them, and the mother of the bishop gave the bride away!

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

BY ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M. D.

The instruction given at school, is almost purely intellectual; the senses receive little regular training; the power is used in very moderate degree to aid the mind—yet they are the first teachers of the young. Grammar, history, definition, composition, call for simple intellectual exertion—the natural sciences are very slenderly illustrated by sensible examples, and the poor engravings in the text books are often the only illustration they receive. The most obtruse subjects, that tax the attention of the strongest mental powers, are presented as studies for the young; girls of 13 or 15 are called upon to ponder the problems of *mental and moral philosophy*, to demonstrate the *propositions of Euclid*, to understand the refinements of *rhetoric and logic*—admirable studies, truly, but they are the food

of mature minds, not suitable to children. "The Logic of the Schools," once signified the acutest efforts of powerful intellects—in our day it has a very different meaning!

There is no end to the list of "English branches," which the child has to "go through" during the few years of school training; the enumeration would have frightened our most studious ancestors; they did not understand what is meant by "going through the English branches;" they in their simplicity supposed that there was some use attached to every study—that it must be acquired thoroughly, and be made either a means of mental discipline, or an object of investigation and discovery. But it would puzzle the most ingenious observer, to discover the good use of most of our children's studies. If the object be mental discipline, there is no surer way of defeating such an object, than to attempt to give the mind a superficial view of a subject too difficult for it to grasp—to confuse it with a multitude of disconnected studies—to hurry it from subject to subject, so that the simple studies more suited to the young mind, are imperfectly acquired, and soon forgotten. Thus the greater part of the time devoted to the so-called cultivation of the intellect is really wasted; and it is no uncommon thing to find the young girl who has gone through all the English branches, quite unable to write a lady-like note, or read aloud a single page with right emphasis, ease and accuracy.

How can it be otherwise, when the young mind has to apply itself, during the limited term of school-study, to such a list of subjects as the following: Grammar, Ancient and Modern History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Astronomy, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Physiology, Rhetoric, Composition, Elocution, Logic, Algebra, Geometry, Belles-Lettres!

The teacher is not to blame for this wretched system of cramming. He is compelled to present as formidable an array of knowledge to be acquired at his school, as his neighbors do; and most patiently and earnestly he may strive to aid his pupils in the acquisition. The evil is in the system itself, which substitutes names for things; which fails to recognize the necessity of adapting the kind of instruction to the quality of the mind. This formidable array of names, and superficial amount of instruction, is required by the community, and he is compelled to meet the demand; this system is radically wrong—no effort of the teacher can make it right.

But is this formidable amount of English branches the only burdens laid upon the child? We have not yet spoken of the accomplishments! accomplishments to be acquired with great labor, to a superficial extent, and laid aside directly the serious duties of life commence. French, Latin, Italian, perhaps Spanish, German and Greek—I believe Hebrew is not introduced in this country—vocal and instrumental music, piano, harp, guitar, drawing, painting, and various kinds of fancy work, swell the increasing list. Now many of these pursuits are beautiful and useful in themselves, and would refine and elevate life if acquired at the *right time*, in the *right way*. But as studied at present, added on to the burdens of the young school-girl, their acquisition is not simply

useless; they consume much time, and thereby become highly injurious, by increasing still further the efforts of the mind, and preventing the slightest attention being given to the necessities of the body. The school-hour closes, the child returns home; not racing merrily along with shout and frolic—the little girl must not slide on the ice with boys—she must walk properly through the streets; she dines, and then there are lessons to be prepared for the next day: if she be a docile, obedient child, some hours will be spent in this preparation—if the instincts of nature are too strong, she will neglect the lessons, wander about the house, perhaps join in a game of play; and the next day she will suffer the penalty of a reproof from the teacher, for imperfect lessons, and the loss of her place in the class.

Perhaps the child is sent out to take a walk, on her return from school; but what is there attractive or invigorating in a walk through our streets? Can there be a more melancholy spectacle than a boarding school of girls, taking their afternoon walk? there is no vigor in their step, no pleasure in their eye; the fresh air is certainly good for their lungs, but the unattractive exercise is of the most questionable benefit.

There is little that is interesting to young girls in walking out without an object, they cannot play in the streets; their dress would be inconvenient; the mud and the carts, and the passengers, would prevent it. Children playing in the streets are nuisances; though we may watch with pleasure the lively moments of a group of boys, who have taken possession of a slippery pavement with their sleighs and skates, and though we would not for one moment dislodge them from their only play-ground—still they are out of place—and the unfitness would be still more striking, if the players were a group of girls, for there is an ideal of beauty in womanhood which may not be neglected, and our natural perception of fitness is always more outraged by coarse arrangements for girls than for boys. Our public squares do not afford the necessary opportunity for exercise. They are very few in number; they are public thoroughfares. Thus a quiet walk through the streets is the only resource for the young girls, and who can wonder that they find it more amusing to gaze in at shop windows, or lounge on the door step with young companions, or sit in a rocking-chair with a novel, than to take exercise in a dull street-walk. There is an entire neglect of all provision for the exercise of children in our city, that must not be overlooked by mothers. The ground has become so valuable, that the houses are crowded together; and with very few exceptions, the yards are laid out on the minutest pattern; exercise could not be taken in them, for they are the embodiment of dullness, shut in by brick walls; no room to run, hardly space for a swing. The old Dutch frame houses, that formerly stood in pleasant shaded gardens, on the little hills that diversified the island, have almost all disappeared; the island is fast becoming a dead level, and those pleasant gardens, with the wholesome breath of their trees and grass, have been dug away, with a short-sighted view of the greater profit to be derived from a row of brick houses. It is much to be re-

gretted that some of those fine old gardens had not been retained for the benefit of children!

There is then for the school-girl, after the long hours of unnatural confinement, no opportunity given for the healthy action of those bodily powers which are, as we have seen, of the first importance to the young, whose neglect is the source of prolonged suffering and incapacity. There is no relief to the over-taxed mind—no excitement to the body whose powers have been so completely repressed. The child wakes in the morning, to dress and take her breakfast, and hurry off to school again. And often the toilette is hastily performed, the duties of cleanliness and order neglected, and the breakfast quickly swallowed, in defiance of the necessities of the stomach, in fear of being too late.

The food given to children is generally unsuited to their age, both in quality and quantity; we do not draw the necessary distinction between the youthful and adult natures, and though I would not vindicate the wisdom of our own food, there can be no doubt that such articles as coffee, hot bread, mingled butter and molasses, rich or highly spiced dishes, pickles, wine, pastry, are far more injurious to the young than to the old. Their food should be of the best quality, and wholesome unadulterated articles should be carefully selected, but it should be a plain description of food, well, but simply cooked.

They should be cautioned from eating food too hot; and from swallowing it hastily and half chewed—these habits injure both teeth and stomach; they may be entirely prevented by a little care, and the opposite habit regularly formed, will be a powerful safeguard from dyspepsia in later life.

Neither should children be allowed to eat large quantities; they require, as I have elsewhere shown, more food proportionally than the adult—and this should be given to them at regular but more frequent intervals.

We greatly injure children by neglecting these rules. In the ordinary school hours, the child remains for seven hours without any proper meal, for the luncheon taken to school is often hastily put up, and consists of some improper article; the pickles and candy that children frequently carry to school with them, are hardly more wholesome than the chalk, India rubber, and slate pencils, that they chew in such large quantities.

Thus under the combined influences of confinement and close air, of unsuitable food, and injudicious mental excitement, the school days pass; under such influences the child changes from a girl into a woman; such is the foundation laid for the important duties of adult life!

If we were to sit down and carefully plan a system of education, which should injure the body, produce a premature and imperfect development of its powers, weaken the mind, and prepare the individual for future *uselessness*, we could hardly by any ingenuity construct a system more admirably calculated to produce these terrible results. The stimulus applied to the young minds, the emulation excited, the very interest with which they take in many of their studies, become a powerful means for weakening the body—if the minds were *not* so much exerted—if the children

were lazy or disobedient and would not learn, the same amount of mischief could not be done; but by their very conformity to rules, by striving to please their teachers and parents, and maintain an honorable position—they fall completely into the snare, and sin against nature, in exact proportion to their obedience to society!

It is in the boarding-school that this ruinous system of education attains its full force—for it is only there that the entire lives of the pupils are delivered up, for the time, to this one idea of so-called mental development. It is expected by the parents, that their children shall acquire so many branches and accomplishments in a given time; they are willing to pay high for the knowledge, but they will be much disappointed if the children do not display the worth of the money. To fulfil this expectation the teacher must utilize every moment, for the day is too short to get through the formidable list of studies. The time is laid out with the utmost regularity—early and late the child bends over her books or sits at the piano; the short time appropriated to exercise, is an interruption to the great business of the day, and is an unpleasant duty to all parties—for no child ever liked a boarding-school walk. The stimulus of rewards and punishments is freely applied, to urge on in the necessary direction—this stimulus is increased by the display of special exhibitions or examinations. The whole interest of the child is concentrated on its studies, for the distractions of home do not exist—the atmosphere of affection is not there, and if the moral tone of the school is good, study becomes its one idea.

I shall not speak of the frivolity and immorality which frequently exist in boarding-schools, though undoubtedly this association of children under such unnatural discipline, is calculated to weaken the moral sentiment, and produce a mental re-action in favor of weakness and folly. There is little religious influence exerted upon children at school. A formal prayer morning and evening, the repetition of Sunday's texts, or the occasional recital of a chapter in the Bible, is not the sort of instruction that will develop the religious nature of the child—the atmosphere which it breathes should be religious; it is only by the constantly exerted influence of religious natures, that children will grow in that direction. Frivolity and immorality are not necessarily connected with a well-conducted boarding-school; but the injury to the physical health is inevitable, it is a direct consequence of the system pursued, and too often the mind also is permanently weakened by the the very course adopted to strengthen it.

At 16, the girl's education, is often considered finished. At the very age, when, if a right system of physical and mental discipline had been pursued, she would have been prepared with a strong mind, in a strong body, to commence serious study, her education is pronounced finished, and she willingly lays aside her tasks to enter society more fully than was possible during the period of schooling. Henceforth pleasure is the chief object; for the plans that perhaps were formed, on leaving school, for reading and study, are never executed; the mind is not prepared to exert its powers alone. The knowledge already acquired has no connection

with her present life—her social nature needs companionship; and the temptations of society are too strong to be long resisted.

And what has been gained during these long years of school, at such a sacrifice of physical strength? The logic has not taught her to reason well on any subject—the mental and moral philosophy will furnish her no guide to goodness or happiness—the chemistry will never aid her in the preparation of wholesome food, or taking stains out of her furniture—the botany will not render more interesting the country rambles that she does not care to take. She will never use her natural philosophy to make the fire burn, or ventilate her house. These studies will be completely dropped and soon forgotten—for they were *learned too soon*—the mind could not retain—they were acquired too superficially, too unpractically, to be of any use in strengthening the understanding, or aiding in daily life. The music may be useful in society, if there is any natural taste for it—if it is simply acquired with much drudgery, it will be at once dropped. The French will be of doubtful service—the young lady is too shy to speak it, if the occasion should present itself—if natural taste or circumstances induce her to persevere in its study, it may prove an elegant accomplishment, but, in general, that too is dropped. What then is made serviceable, out of the long list of studies—a little reading and writing (for it is very rare to find an *elegant* writer, still rarer, one who can read well aloud)—some arithmetic and the outlines of history and geography—this may be retained for life, and this is about all! Little *real knowledge* is gained, but an evil habit of mind has been acquired: a habit of careless, superficial thought, an inability to apply the mind closely to any subject—and *this habit* unfortunately cannot be dropped with the superficial acquirements which produced it. What a result is this, for years of time spent and much money surely we may call it a criminal waste of life!—*Laws of Life, with a Special Reference to the Physical Education of Girls.*

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

We do not know the origin of the following article. It is excellent:—

A certain individual, whom we shall call Bullard, was one of the most cross-grained and peevish of men. It was misery to be near him. He grumbled and snarled incessantly, and found fault with every one and every thing around him. Nothing seemed to please him. He seemed to exist in one perpetual foment of irascible impatience, uncomfortable himself, and sowing the seeds of anger, fretfulness and discord wherever he appeared. His home was especially unhappy. Bitter retorts and passionate invectives obtained dominant sway. He constantly railed at his wife, and she replied in the same unloving strain; the children quickly imbibed a like vindictive habit, until such a thing as a pleasant look or kindly word was never known among them.

One day Mr. Bullard was returning to his cheerless dwelling, more feverish in temper than was his wont, in consequence of some disappoint-

ment, ready to vent his angry spleen upon his family as soon as he arrived. If the supper was not ready to sit down to at the very moment, he would almost turn the house upside down, and strike his wife to the quick with his taunting complaints. But chancing to approach a little sunny-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes and loving face were such a picture of bursting kindness as he had never seen before, an incident occurred which effected a complete revolution in his peevish frame of mind and planted a new feeling in his turbulent breast. The girl, and one, evidently her older brother, were playing with a small carriage; and, suddenly turning near a stone step, she accidentally struck the carriage against one corner, and broke it into atoms. In a passionate burst of anger, the boy advanced, and struck his sister a severe blow in the face with his clenched hand, and stamped his feet in a tempest of fury upon the ground.

But, instead of returning the blow and revengeful speech, after an involuntary cry of pain, the noble girl laid her hand gently on her brother's arm, and looking sorrowfully into his flushed face, softly said, "Oh, brother Tom! I did not think you would do that." In a moment, as if stung by a hot iron, the boy shrunk back, and hung his head in shame and conscience-stricken pain. Then he said, "Forgive me, dear Helen, I will never do it again." And scarce had the penitent words left his lips, when his sister's arms were thrown around his neck, and forgiveness sobbed on his breast. Here was a lesson for Bullard! At first he was quite stunned by it; he could not understand it. It was something utterly beyond his philosophy. But he felt that it had somehow done him good. Bit by bit, as he proceeded on, his own angry feelings vanished, till he felt more calm and kindly than he had done for years. Yea, he was softened to his heart's core, and he felt something very like moisture springing to his eyes.

Little noting the wonderful change which had taken place in her husband's temper, Mrs. Bullard was dreading his arrival home, for supper was not near ready, and she had had the misfortune to burn the cakes she had baked for that meal. And the children, copying from her, were unusually cross and bad. In vain she had scolded and whipped them; they only snarled and struck each other, and almost drove her distracted with their quarrelling confusion.

Mr. Bullard entered, and whatever could be the matter, Mrs. Bullard could scarcely give credit to her senses. Instead of dashing the door behind him in a pettish crash, and stamping his way forward to the kitchen, he took the crying baby from its bed, and hushed it with the softest and most endearing words he had ever used. And his face had a smile on it—a real, kind, sunshiny smile. What strange wonder was this? Mrs. Bullard was, at first, struck quite dumb with astonishment, and the children stared at their changed father as if at a loss to make the mystery out. He spoke, and actually said, "My dear Mary, is supper nearly ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!"—Their wonder increased more and more. The children hardly seemed assured whether it was their father or not; and Mrs.

Bullard scarcely knew whether to believe in the evidence of her eyes and ears. But the change was real. Already a blessed feeling diffused through the family circle, like unto the falling of the morning dew, or the fragrant breath of summer flowers. At first, hesitatingly, Mrs. Bullard replied—"Supper will be ready directly. But I am so sorry these cakes are burned. Must Willie run to the bakery for a loaf?" "No, never mind," returned Mr. Bullard, "we can scrape off the burned part, and then they will taste as well as need be."

And taste as well they did, and better than cakes had tasted in the Bullard dwelling for a long time before. Not one jarring speech marred the pleasantness of that happy meal. Mr. Bullard's kindly speech and smiling face had descended to his wife, and from both became reflected in their children. The house looked brighter. The beautiful mantle of cheerfulness had fallen on it, and there was unutterable music in the very ticking of the old clock. Mrs. Bullard cried with delight, when she saw the baby crowing in its smiling father's lap; and he promised, if the elder ones would be good, to take them on a nice walk with him on the next Sabbath day. And she resolved never more to speak a peevish or angry word again, if constant watchfulness could prevent their utterance, but retain the peaceful happiness which only kind words and smiles can bring. A happy influence, too, was exerted on the children. They no longer saw peevishness and anger in their parents; and gradually, but surely, lost it in themselves. And Mr. Bullard, whenever he felt his old bad feelings rising up, to find an outer vent, called to mind the conduct of the blue-eyed girl, and resolutely crushed them down.

Reader, believe us, kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fire-side circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

PLANTS IN ROOMS.—The reason why plants fade so soon, is because due attention is not paid to them. The mere supplying with water is not sufficient. The leaves should be kept perfectly clean. "If as much washing were bestowed, in London," says Dr. Lindley, "upon a pot plant as upon a lap-dog, the one would remain in as good condition as the other. The reasons are obvious. Plants breathe by their leaves; and if their surface is clogged by dirt, of whatever kind, their breathing is impeded or prevented. Plants perspire by their leaves; and dirt prevents their perspiration. Plants feed by their leaves; and dirt prevents their feeding. So that breathing, perspiration, and food, are fatally interrupted by the accumulation of foreign matters upon leaves. Let any one, after reading this, cast an eye upon the state of plants in sitting-rooms or well-kept green-houses: let him draw a white kerchief over the surface of such plants, or a piece of smooth white leather, if he desires to know how far they are from being as clean as their nature requires."

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis Morn:—the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear,—
But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon:—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star,—
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes:
The stars come down and trembling glow,
Like blossoms in the waves below,
And like an unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'midst these orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot,—
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell
The far-off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay,—
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in Dreams:—low, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear:—
Around my cheek thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
Oh, have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

BLOXT, 1846.

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Don't you remember how oft you have said,
Darling Coralin May,
When the hawthorns are blossoming we shall be
wed

And then to the prairie away!
And, now, all over the hills they peep
Milkwhite out of the spray,
And sadly you turn to the past and weep,
Darling Coralin May.

When the cricket chirped in the hickory blaze,
You cheerily sung you know—
Oh! for the sunnier summer days,
And the time when we shall go!
The corn blades now are unfolding bright,
While busily calls the crow,
And clovers are opening red and white,
And the time has come to go.

To go to the cabin our love has planned,
On the prairie green and gay,
In the blushing light of the sunset land,
Darling Coralin May.

How happy our lives will be, you said—
Don't you remember the day?
When our hands shall be, as our hearts are, wed—
Darling Coralin May.

How sweet you said when my work is o'er,
And your axe yet ringing clear,
To sit and watch at the lowly door
Of our home in the prairie, dear.
The rose is ripe by the window now,
And the cool spring flowing near:
But shadows fall on the heart and brow
From the home we are leaving here.

MORAL EXCELLENCE ATTAIN-
ABLE BY ALL.

There are excellences which are not attainable by all. All cannot become poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, philosophers, statesmen, inventors, artificers. Education will put one in possession of his faculties, and secure a fair development of almost every power; but nature has a work to do first, and sometimes she lays the foundation for mediocrity alone. All the study, all the training in the world, will not make a Raphael or a Michael Angelo. Every man may be well-informed, sensible, discriminating. There are branches of knowledge which may be acquired by all, provided the needful labor be expended; and, perhaps, every man has a peculiar gift of some sort, but there are intellectual eyes which will take in at a glance what must always be hidden from common vision. There are souls to which the spirit of wisdom, of harmony, and of beauty, seems to be a peculiar possession. Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Galileo, Watt, were educated in no school. Countless pupils grew up with them to their manliness of stature, but not to their manliness of mind. This seems to be the condition of things in the intellectual world. We think it can be shown, however, that such inequalities need not exist between men in moral or religious things—that God is rich unto all that call upon Him.

This may be thought a difficult point to establish. At first sight, facts appear to be against our assertion. Some appear to be naturally pious, devotional, conscientious, moral. Some happy natures seem to be sanctified almost from birth. As the germ of religion is implanted in every human being, so in many souls it is peculiarly rich and vigorous; those heavenly sentiments and affections that ennoble life are soon awakened, and the spirit is early dissatisfied with earth, and mourns over spiritual poverty, and hungers and thirsts after a spiritual, a right mind. He would be a bold man who should undertake to show that all natures are alike susceptible of religious impressions. Some children are reverential, conscientious, tender-hearted, beneficent, while others seem almost wholly destitute of these qualities. Talk to one of the Infinite Love that broods over him, and lavishes bounties with a liberal hand, and shines in the heart; the words will fall upon good ground, and the bright eye will be wet with warm, gushing tears. Another will scarcely hear what is said, much less understand or feel it. Hereditarily, or otherwise, the lower propensities are abundantly dealt

out to some, whilst others recognize, and love upon the instant, everything good, true and beautiful.

All this must be admitted; and, in the natural condition of man, there are, certainly, great inequalities of endowment. And if we suffer things to have their own course, the inequality may always continue, or grow greater. But Religion forbids that nature should have its way, or things have their course. It enjoins a high aim and strenuous efforts. Every man is called to be ever better and better; and every man is empowered to become so. Growth in goodness is the duty, or we should rather say, the *privilege* of all. This is the highest attainment of which man is capable, yet it is an attainment within the reach of all. It will take different forms; it will express itself differently, according to individual peculiarities; but the spirit of growth and the attainment of goodness or excellence will be present in all the variant forms, degrees, and peculiar developments.

If growth in goodness and the attainment of moral excellence were not attainable by all, the want thereof could not be accounted a sin, as it is. Every man is under obligations to be good—to be holy. The privilege of continual progress in holiness or goodness is inseparable from our humanity. We are authorized, therefore, in entering upon the pursuit of spiritual excellence, as a thing attainable.

Religion addresses men variously gifted—the wise and the dull—the warm-hearted and the cold-hearted—the susceptible and those not easily impressed, and she says, “All of you may be, must be, ought to be, continually growing in grace and goodness—more and more perfect and complete in all the various developments of love to God and to man—more and more Christ-like in character and conduct. So far as nature serves, it is well; but when she fails, then call upon the God of nature, for He has promised to help you, and it is our duty and high privilege to become His sons—like to His holy family in Heaven. And when the attempt is really made to gain this prize, which is for all the world, we find that there are great compensations for seeming inequalities of natural endowment. Are the passions unruly, then there is strength of nature to be sanctified; they shall be elevated and converted into prevailing holy emotions. Imperfect natures are often the most glorious in their transformations. God chooseth the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty, so that when the command to be holy goes forth, we should not hesitate because of natural impediments, but remember that the resources of a nature allied to God are boundless, infinite as His law and His love. There are, indeed, numberless cold and worldly souls, to whom holiness, or the attainment of Christ-like excellence, must seem an impossibility, something beyond their utmost powers; they cannot, seemingly, rise above love of sect or party to love truth with disinterested affection; their love to God and man seems cold and powerless, notwithstanding all their wishes and efforts to the contrary. They cannot pray; their lives are conformed to the world. Still let them trust the good and gracious purposes of God,

and pause before they renounce all claim to the great privilege of universal humanity. The untried often seems impossible; even the experience of the successful hardly assures us. But we must believe God. His purpose is to raise us ever nearer and nearer to Himself. However He may deal with the creature, His gifts to His children are impartial. He bestows upon all that blessed spirit which is His own fulness, and absorbs all distinctions, degrees and inequalities.

God does not call each one of us to be a great artist, poet, man of science, craftsman, or statesman. It may be strange that we have, so many of us, only one talent, though we have no right to complain, until we have faithfully used the one. But God does call each one of us to growth in grace and goodness, to eminence in saintship and all excellence. He furnishes abundantly for this end motives and means. He summons and helps the most humble to become spiritually great. He dwells with those who are of a contrite heart. He waiteth patiently on dullness and coldness, and aids in overcoming them. He calls all, and pleads with all, and has a way open for all. Whosoever will call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved; spiritual strength shall be given according to his faithfulness in the use of what he already has; spiritual signs and wonders shall be wrought in his behalf; and though once most wicked, or most worldly, he shall mount up, as on eagles' wings, towards the blissful habitation of the holy. For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Helen Lee must be sick,” said Fanny Milnor to her uncle, two days after Helen had been sent home through the storm in a carriage.

“Why do you think so?” asked Mr. Bullfinch; in a quick tone of voice, as if the suggestion had excited a sudden concern.

“This is her regular day for giving me a lesson. But she did not come. She has never missed before: I'm afraid she took cold from exposure on her last visit.”

The shadow, that concern had thrown upon the face of Mr. Bullfinch, instantly gave place to a smile.

“I hope not,” he said. “Some other reason may have prevented her from coming. She is, I think, a very excellent girl, Fanny.”

“She is, indeed, a good girl, uncle,” returned Fanny—“I like her very much.”

“So do I,” said Mr. Bullfinch, with considerable animation. “From the first I have observed her closely, and am convinced that she is a true-hearted, pure-minded, excellent young lady; thoroughly educated and accomplished, and fitted to adorn any station in life. Don't you think so, Fanny?”

“I have always thought so, and often said to myself, that if I were a young man, in search of a wife, I would, from among all my acquaintances, select Helen Lee.”

"Well said! Well said! You are a sensible girl." And Mr. Bullfinch rubbed his hands together in undisguised pleasure. "And you think she is sick?" he added, after a pause, and with a steady, meaning look.

"I'm afraid so," replied Fanny, thinking within herself that there was something unusual in the manner of her uncle.

"There is another reason, I presume, why she is not here," said Mr. Bullfinch.

"You think so?"

"Yes. And I'll tell you my thoughts a little farther, if you wish to hear them."

There was a look of mystery in the countenance of Mr. Bullfinch.

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"I don't think Miss Lee intends giving you any more lessons."

"Why? She gave me no such intimation."

"I believe it is her intention to give up the office of instructor altogether."

"Uncle! You surprise me. When did you hear this?"

"Yesterday."

"And is it so, really?"

"Yes."

"What is she going to do?"

"What a great many other lovely young creatures, just like her, have done before."

"Get married?"

"Yes."

"Why, uncle?"

"Any thing so surprising in that?"

"It is a little surprising that you should know all about it, while I never once suspected that an emotion so deep as that of love had passed over the calm surface of her virgin heart."

"And yet it is so."

"Who is the happy man, uncle? Is he worthy of her? Will she marry well?"

"I think so?"

The look and tone that accompanied this would have betrayed Mr. Bullfinch to any one else; but Fanny had not the remotest dream of the truth.

"I am surprised and delighted, Uncle Adam. But, how very close she has been about it! Ah! I never would have suspected her."

"You think her lover fortunate?"

"I do; very fortunate."

"He's a happy man, certainly. A prize like this is not often secured in a matrimonial lottery."

"Indeed it is not. But, why keep me in suspense, uncle? If you know the happy man, tell me his name."

"She is to be a very near neighbor of ours."

"Oh, uncle! Don't tease me in this way."

"A very near neighbor."

"How near? Next door?"

"Nearer than that."

The face of Fanny Milnor flushed, instantly, to a deep crimson. A suspicion of the truth had dawned upon her mind.

"Yes, nearer than that!" said Mr. Bullfinch, in a voice meant to confirm the impression which he now saw had taken hold of her mind.

"Speak plainly, Uncle Adam." The color had already faded from the cheeks of Fanny; while the whole expression of her countenance was changed.

"Plainly, then, Fanny; Miss Lee is soon to become mistress of this house. Have you any objection?"

"Oh, uncle! Can this be possible?" exclaimed the niece, in a distressed tone. "Surely you are trifling with me. You marry Helen Lee? Impossible!"

"It will certainly take place, Fanny. But why all this feeling on the subject? I can't understand it."

"She is but a child, uncle, and cannot marry a man of your age except from some low and debasing motive. She can have no love for you?"

"And why not, pray?" Mr. Bullfinch glanced at himself in a large pier mirror. "I am only in the prime of life; and my heart is as warm as ever—that never grows old."

"Believe me, uncle," said Fanny, speaking slow and impressively, "that no young girl ever marries an old man, except from a selfish motive. As to loving him truly, that is impossible, in the very nature of things."

"Nonsense! Nonsense, child!" replied Mr. Bullfinch, impatiently. "Mere lying romance. These marriages are always the happiest. I've seen a good many of them in my time, and never saw one that did not turn out well."

"I had a better opinion of Helen than this," said Fanny, speaking partly to herself. "She was poor; but I believed her virtuous."

"Virtuous!" exclaimed Mr. Bullfinch, with indignation—"How dare you question her angelic purity?"

"If," replied Fanny, speaking very firmly—"there were true maiden purity in her heart, she would never consent to such a union."

"Silence, Miss!" exclaimed Mr. Bullfinch, passionately. "Silence, I say! How dare you speak thus, and to my face, of the woman who is soon to become my wife!"

And the old man, overcome with excitement, stalked around the room, throwing his arm about impotently.

"You will not marry this girl, Uncle Adam," said Fanny, in a pleading, affectionate voice, taking hold of the old man's arm in a fond manner, after his anger had in a measure subsided.

"And why will I not, pray? Haven't I told you that it is all settled?"

"Oh no, no, uncle! I will not believe it."

"You must believe it," replied the old man, positively; "for as sure as you are living, it will take place."

Fanny withdrew her grasp from his arm, and stepped back as if she had been repulsed by a strong hand.

"You are fully in earnest in this?" said she.

"I was never in my life more in earnest about anything," was the firm reply.

"Enough. When she enters this house as your wife, I leave it forever. I could not live beneath the same roof with a creature who had so forgotten all that belonged to her as a woman."

"You are beside yourself, Fanny. You don't know what you are talking about," said Mr. Bullfinch, in a perplexed tone of voice. He was in no way prepared for an alternative like this. "Am I not free to do as I list? And is not

Helen free to make her choice in life, without becoming the subject of false judgment from her own sex? How dare you question the purity of her motives! An angel is not purer. As to leaving my house, Fanny, that is a threat I am sorry to hear you make. You have been to me as a very dear child, and I would still cherish you as such. No one can take your place in my heart. But, if you turn from me, if you go out from beneath the roof that has so long sheltered you, and would shelter you still, the loss, the evil, be on your own head. I am not to be turned from a right purpose by any threat like this—the hasty threat of a capricious girl.”

“I have said it, uncle, and I will abide by it,” was the calm, resolute answer. “If I remain, she must be my companion and equal. But, I hold her to be unworthy of that relation.”

“She is quite as good as you are,” said Mr. Bullfinch, angrily.

“So I would have said an hour since, but I did not know her then. A veil has fallen from before my eyes, and now she stands revealed in her true character.”

“What folly for you to talk in this way! You know her to be pure and good, and in every way worthy your companionship.”

“I thought her so until now. But, henceforth, I can only regard her as unworthy—as having been false to her maiden instincts—as being influenced in an act, which should be the highest, purest and holiest in woman’s life, by the most sordid and mercenary motives. She will not marry you because she loves you, but because you are rich. *Aug!* I shudder at the thought. How can you respect her? And you would place her side by side with me, as a companion and an equal! But I cannot permit it, uncle. I will not so degrade myself.”

“You jump to conclusions. You judge harshly, Fanny,” said Mr. Bullfinch, speaking with much feeling. “Why not judge a sister maiden with more charity? In supposing reasons for her conduct, why not suppose such as are good?”

“Because I cannot,” was replied. “Some acts are never to be misjudged. They always spring from wrong motives; this is one of them.”

“You try me beyond endurance, by this perverseness!” exclaimed the old man again, losing command of himself. “Your language I regard as an insult to myself, and an outrage upon one about to hold to me the closest relation in life. I will hear no more of it. What I have announced will soon take place. By that time I trust you will have become wiser and more discreet. If not, the consequences must rest on your own head. Things have come to a pretty pass, when a strip of a girl like you attempts to lecture me after this fashion, and to threaten what she will do, if my conduct doesn’t just please her fancy! A nice state of things, indeed! A nice state of things,—let me hear no more of it!”

Fanny bowed, silently, her head upon her bosom, and stood, without speaking, for a few moments. Then she left the room and sought her own chamber, where, sinking into a chair, she burst into a wild passion of tears, and wept bitterly for a long time.

The bark Mr. Bullfinch had launched on the

sea of love, was not destined to glide so smoothly along the rippling surface as he had hoped. Already an adverse wind had rudely fluttered the sails, while a cloud, threatening many future storms, was lowering over the sky. Opposition on the part of Fanny, he had not once anticipated. He knew that she was attached to Helen, and had, besides, a respect for her amounting to deference. He had not in the least doubted, that when she came to know that Helen was to be an inmate of their home, holding the high relation of his wife, that she would receive the announcement with unalloyed pleasure, as has been seen; but, he was destined to be bitterly disappointed. Several things that Helen said smarted his feelings, while others excited no very pleasant thoughts. That his marriage with a girl, whose years numbered scarcely a third of his own, had produced so marked a feeling of reprobation on one mind, did not flatter him much as to the general impression the act would produce. Yet, for all this, he did not once think of looking back. The good he sought was, in his estimation, too great to be bartered for such lighter drawbacks as these.

CHAPTER IX.

Opposition from those who deemed the act almost sacrilegious, availed not. Helen had betrothed herself, and, true to her extorted vow, was not to be held back from the consummation thereof. In love to her parents, she was about to offer herself up in an unholy sacrifice. As Mr. Bullfinch had said, he called to see her at her father’s house, on the evening that followed the day of her promise to marry him. To Mr. Lee he did not hesitate to declare the purpose of his visit. He met with a much more decided opposition in that quarter than he had expected. Mr. Lee at once avowed his utter repugnance to such an unnatural and impure union; and solemnly urged Mr. Bullfinch to reconsider the matter, and, with a noble magnanimity, release his unhappy daughter from her engagement.

“Does she wish to be released?” was the reply of Mr. Bullfinch to this. They were alone when the question was asked.

“Oh, sir!” returned Mr. Lee, eagerly, “you need only look at her changed countenance for an answer. Believe me, sir, that she is laboring under some mental hallucination. Never, never, were her mind perfectly clear, and evenly balanced, would she consent to the formation of so unnatural a union. Never would she take upon herself holy vows that can never be kept.”

“Never kept! What am I to understand by this, Mr. Lee?” said Mr. Bullfinch.

“In the marriage service,” replied Mr. Lee, “a woman promises to love and honor her husband.”

“Well, sir, well?” Mr. Bullfinch spoke with a slight show of impatience.

“Honor and love must be spontaneous.”

“Well?”

“You cannot extort them.”

“No; certainly not—certainly not.”

“Are you willing to marry a woman, who, in the very nature of things, can neither love nor honor her husband?”

“I need not answer the question,” replied Mr.

Bullfinch. "No man would be so great a sim-
pleton."

"Believe me, sir," said Mr. Lee, solemnly,
"that, if you commit the fatal error of making
this young girl your wife, you will be in the un-
happy position I have supposed."

Mr. Bullfinch smiled with a self-satisfied air, as
he answered—

"You cannot frighten me from my purpose,
Mr. Lee. Suggestions like these do not in the
least alarm me. I believe I know Helen too well
to doubt her truly wife-like qualities. I am ex-
tremely sorry that your hearty approval is not
on our side. It should be; for opposition will
only mar your daughter's happiness. Of one
thing you may be very certain:—I will love and
care for her with a tenderness and devotion never
exceeded. She will be to me as the apple of an
eye. My every thought will turn towards her.
My very life will be devoted to her pleasure. I
have wealth—and that will be at her command.
Her love for her parents exceeds all selfish con-
siderations. At once she will have it in her power
to gratify this love; and in seeking that gratifica-
tion, she will ever have a prompter in me. Sur-
rounded by every external good, how can she fail
to be happy? And how can she fail to love the
hand that joyfully lays all these blessings at her
feet? She cannot, Mr. Lee, she cannot."

"Do not deceive yourself, Mr. Bullfinch," an-
swered Mr. Lee; "for deception in a matter like
this proves utterly disastrous. It takes more than
wealth to buy the love of a true woman; and you
will find it so in the end. Heart-affinities are
governed by laws over which we have little control.
Love-fires, that kindle not, though we blow with
never so much ardor, often shoot up into a broad,
bright, never-dying flame, at a single breath."

Still the old man wavered not.

"Do you know," said Mr. Lee, as a new sug-
gestion was flung into his mind—he spoke without
due consideration—"that, in all marriages of youth-
ful maidens with men far advanced in years, the
young wife is subject to severe temptations?"

"From what source?" asked Mr. Bullfinch, in a
quick voice.

"A maiden's affections are not under her con-
trol." As Mr. Lee commenced speaking, his wife,
who had been in conference with her daughter,
came into the room where they were sitting. "Few
reach the age of Helen without a lover, young in
years, like themselves. If the heart-impression
be not too deeply made, a first lover may give
place to a second; but the second, like the first,
must be in the freshness and beauty of early man-
hood. An old man cannot take the place of
either of these; because, in him, there can be no
reciprocity. The fires of love are burning in a
clear, bright flame on the altar of one heart, while,
upon the other, lie only the black and smoking
remnants of an offered sacrifice. What, then, is
the natural consequence of a union between the
old and the young? Need I say? Does not your
own mind instantly see the danger? An old hus-
band and a young lover!"

"Has your daughter a young lover?" asked Mr.
Bullfinch, with more calmness than he felt. These
suggestions of Mr. Lee disturbed him far more
than he choose to let be seen.

"Few reach her age without a lover, as I have
just remarked," was the evasive reply.

"But you do not answer my question," said Mr.
Bullfinch.

"If my observation be correct, her heart is not
altogether free."

"Mr. Lee!" exclaimed the mother of Helen.
"How can you speak so? No one has visited her
but young Harry Wellford, if the few calls he has
made can be called visits. And he's nobody. I
was so vexed at his assurance, last night, in ask-
ing for her, that I shut the door in his face."

"Henry Wellford?" said Mr. Bullfinch, musingly,
and he repeated the name over two or three times
to himself. "Oh, ah!" he remarked, at length,
"the young man who lives with Vincent."

"The same," replied Mr. Lee.

"He's nobody," replied Mr. Bullfinch, in a con-
temptuous manner. And yet Mr. Lee had planted
a seed of jealousy in the old man's heart. How
long it remained there without germinating, our
story in its progress will show.

"You may well say that," spoke up Mrs. Lee,
warmly; "I wonder my husband could refer to
him at all. A mother, Mr. Bullfinch, ought to
know something as to the state of her daughter's
affections; and if my observation is worth any-
thing at all, you may rest satisfied that Helen has
never had a lover. In taking her for a wife, you
may be certain of getting an undivided heart."

Mr. Lee said no more. He saw that opposition
would avail not; and was already aware that he had
said too much, in his intimation that his daughter
had a lover. This intimation might be, he now
perceived, the germ of trouble in the future. It
was an evil seed, and might produce a harvest of
misery. The thought oppressed and silenced him.

"We had better be friends in this matter," said
Mr. Bullfinch, speaking with exceeding blandness.
"Friends, not in a mere repression of antagonisms,
but in a hearty good will. I wish to be so. In
regard to my marriage with your daughter, that
is a matter settled beyond a question. If you
throw impediments in the way, it will avail no-
thing, and only produce unhappiness. For your
daughter's sake, then, give your full and free con-
sent to this union. I will stand responsible for
her happiness."

Mr. Lee said nothing, but sat with his feeble
body crouched in his chair, his head bent forward,
and his eyes upon the floor. Opposition he felt to
be hopeless, and he could not speak consenting
words. Oh! how weak and hopeless he felt! He
had been stricken down by poverty and disease,
and could not rise again. How he panted, in
spirit, for the old ability—for the vigor of early
manhood, when a strong will had ready hands to
do its bidding. Had these been with him, how
indignantly would he have rebuked the old sen-
sualist, and spurned him from under his roof.

The father was silent, but the weak mother
consented to the sacrifice of her child, and con-
sented with more of pleasure than pain; for, in
her imagination, were bright pictures of the future,
a future for herself as well as her daughter. By
Helen's elevation, she would rise, and far above
the present condition of hopeless strife with po-
verty. The mere worldly woman saw, in what
the world had to offer, the greatest good. Ah!

how often, during some twenty-five years of their married life, had the husband of this woman sighed, as he looked into her mind for higher, better, and purer instincts, and found them not! How sad he sometimes felt, in his little world at home! She, whom he had chosen as a life-companion, with whom he had hoped to form a true interior marriage union, had no appreciation of spiritual good—saw no desirableness in the higher truths that were to him so full of beauty. In what he loved, she saw nothing lovely; and, therefore, there was not with them that interior conjunction of thought and affection which constitutes a true marriage. He was in the love of growing wise—wise in the true sense, for he sought that wisdom which the world calls foolishness—but she did not love his wisdom; and, therefore, she was only adjoined to him, as it were, externally. Thus had they passed through life, and the world regarded them as most happily united, as presenting an instance of true conjugal unity. How many are like them! But the worldly-mindedness is not always on the woman's side.

CHAPTER V.

An early marriage was urged by Mr. Bullfinch. Helen, after being repeatedly asked to fix the time when it should take place, finally named a day six months in advance. Against so long a postponement, the ardent lover strongly remonstrated; but Helen remained immovable. She wished to put off the dreaded time as long as possible, and she had fixed the utmost limit. Beyond that, she knew it would be useless to go. Rapidly enough for her approached the day. All the lessons she was engaged in giving were completed up to the termination of the respective quarters, except those of Fanny Milnor. The reason for omitting these is already known to the reader. Two or three times Mrs. Barker approached her on the subject; but Helen invariably declined to hold any conversation thereon whatever. Her appearance had undergone considerable change. Every one remarked this. And yet, all could not see, beneath her partially disguised exterior, the unmistakable signs of unhappiness. Her face did not recover the warm hue that once gave it a softened, almost transparent beauty. It was uniformly pale. But her eyes were larger and brighter from this very paleness. Her step was firmer, and her bearing prouder than before—almost haughty at times; and at times, defiant. Having consented to take a false position in the world, she was steadily repressing all the gentler qualities of her nature, and putting on, as a coat of mail, a composed exterior. Day by day she laid her hand firmly upon her heart, to repress its natural emotions; and day by day she gained some new power over herself—some new ability to seem what she was not. As much to acquire this power, as from an instinctive repugnance to the contemplated union, had Helen deferred her marriage as long as possible.

Thus false to herself, and false to the world, the unhappy maiden prepared herself for the coming sacrifice, thinking often of the fate of Jephtha's daughter, as one full of pleasantness compared with her own. No one comprehended

her state of mind—no one saw through the false exterior she had assumed, but her father. His eyes had a deeper penetration—the power of spiritual discernment. The heart she hid from others lay all open to him, and he saw, half palsied and crushed as it lay in her bosom, that its low, tremulous throb was born of exquisite pain. How many times did he seek a conference with her on the subject of her approaching marriage, in the hope of inducing her, at all hazards, to break the chords by which she was bound—the chords of an extorted promise—ere to struggle against their sharp bondage were utterly vain! But on this subject she would hold no communion with any one. Money, freely supplied by Mr. Bullfinch, even though the hand filled with gold were pushed back often and again, was bringing every external comfort to their household; and the regular attendance of one of the most skilful physicians in the city, sent by the same interested friend, was mitigating the violence of a disease under which Mr. Lee was fast wasting away: these were the accumulating obligations that, to Helen, gave to her promise of marriage a still more binding force. The question of escape from the hopeless future was no longer debated in her mind; and she would not suffer it to be opened.

"God will give me strength equal to my day." Thus she would seek to fortify herself, when thoughts of the coming self-devotion pressed upon her too heavily, and imagination drew too vivid pictures of the approaching reality. Ah! how can we hope for strength from above, when we enter upon trials not sanctioned by Heaven? If we take the current of Providence, that will never bear us out upon a sea where we needs must perish amid whirlpools of passion, or on the breakers of crime; but, if we choose a wrong course, no matter how specious may be the false persuasion under which we act, there is for us no safety. We look, in sure confidence, to God for strength.

The time wore on. The fond old lover made almost daily visits to the house of his affianced bride, where he was received by Mrs. Lee ever with a smiling and wordy welcome; by Helen, with a calm, dignified, almost repulsive politeness; and by Mr. Lee with a subdued toleration, that, while it seemed not to be noticed by Mr. Bullfinch, was treasured up never to be forgotten nor forgiven.

There was one thing that fretted the old man not a little. Often and often as he had tried to persuade Helen to appear with him abroad, he had never been able to induce her to go upon the street with him, or to appear in any public place, since she had consented to become his wife. Earnest persuasion, and the exhibition of a half-offended manner, alike failed to influence her.

"This is all wrong," said her mother, more than once, after Mr. Bullfinch had retired. "You are soon to become his wife. Do you never intend to go out with him?"

"When I am his wife, mother," she usually replied, "I will try, to the best of my ability, to do a wife's duty. Now, as a maiden, I wish to reserve a maiden's privilege."

It mattered not how warmly Mrs. Lee opposed

this state of feeling in her daughter, it was of no avail; little beyond the reply just given was ever urged in self-justification.

And so the time worn on, until the day of sacrifice was at hand.

The opposition shown by Fanny Milnor to this unnatural union, did not subside like a sudden outburst of passion. She thought and felt correctly in the beginning, from her true woman's instinct. She knew that no young girl could love an old man, like her uncle, as a wife should love her husband; and it was, therefore, the instant conclusion of her mind, that Helen Lee, in consenting to such a relation, must be influenced by an unworthy motive. All respect for Helen died instantly in her bosom, and in its place was kindled a strong aversion, that daily gained strength. Several times her uncle had sought to approach her on the subject of his marriage, but she would hold no intercourse with him on that theme. As for herself, she had marked out the course she would pursue—marked it out in the beginning. When Helen entered the home of her uncle, as its future mistress, she would go out therefrom to return no more. Mr. Bullfinch did not believe that she would carry out her declaration. He regarded it as the hasty threat of a young girl, to be receded from almost as soon as uttered. But he was in error here.

Not wholly dependent on her uncle was Fanny. She had a small income, not beyond a few hundred dollars, secured to her from the shattered estate of her father, who had died when she was a child. Her uncle not being her *legal* guardian, this money had been regularly paid into her hands, since she became old enough to receive it, and was entirely at her disposal. This resource made the way before her much clearer, as she thought upon the future. It did not, however, in the least influence her decision. Such was the disgust of her soul at the marriage about to take place, that she would have gone out from her uncle's roof, though she knew not where to lay her head.

And what of Henry Wellford? Since the time he saw Helen in the street, on the day of his good fortune, his eyes had not rested upon her. Twice, after that evening, had he called at her father's house, to be, each time, repulsed by Mrs. Lee, and, on the last occasion, with the cutting words—

"You needn't come hear any more. Helen doesn't want to see you."

How dark, and cold, and cheerless, seemed all the world to him, as, after this harsh repulse, he went wandering about the streets aimlessly, and conscious only of a heavy weight upon his bosom. Late at night he sought his pillow, and, in half-waking dreams, passed the hours, till morning came with a sense of relief. No further effort was made by him to see Helen at the residence of her father; but many an hour lingered he in and around the neighborhood, after night had closed in; but he lingered in vain. That form, fairer to him than the world's highest type of beauty, blessed not his longing vision. Never was he upon the street, by day or by night, that his eyes searched not, constantly, for Helen. But, neither afar off nor nigh at hand did she appear,

and his heart grew sick in its deferred expectations. And so the time passed with him. Yet, a whisper of what was to take place—of the destiny of his soul's bride—came not to his ears.

CHAPTER XL.

The six months probation is over, and, in that time, Helen Lee has gained a power over her feelings far greater than she had ever hoped to achieve. Her face is a little paler than it was, but shows no signs of the weakness and weariness that once rested there almost continually. Her eyes do not droop meekly and maidenly, as of old, but are larger and steadier in their gaze. At times they are fixed and musing; and always they seem as if looking away from the present, seeking to penetrate the future, or resting on the past. Beautiful she is to look upon; beautiful with what some would call a proud, high-born beauty. She never speaks, except with a smile. Ah! it is not the smile of old. She has taught her lips that smile, and they have learned their lesson well; though, far from perfectly.

Mr. Bullfinch is proud and happy. He calls to see her daily, and she receives him with a pleasant, yet subdued manner, and speaks to him with the smile she has taught her lips. He believes that it but reflects her feelings. He talks of the future—of the happy day now at hand, and she compels herself to join in with him, and to make such responses as she thinks he will best like to hear. She is still schooling herself—still conning her lesson—still rehearsing for the great appearance, when she is to come before the world as the wife of Adam Bullfinch. When her heart flutters, she lays her hand upon her bosom, and by an external and an internal pressure at the same time, subdues it into quietude. Great power over herself has she gained; yet, oh! by what an intense struggle—and of what long continuance!

According to arrangement, a few friends are to be at the residence of Mr. Bullfinch, to receive him and his bride. The marriage is to take place at the house of Mr. Lee, and then all are to go in company to their future home. Instead of two households, there is to be, from this time, but one. Helen has stipulated from the first, that her home is to be that of her parents; and she will not go to the dwelling of her husband, even on her bridal night, except they go with her.

In view of the almost immediate consummation of a union, against which his feelings still revolt, Mr. Lee, who is very weak, from bodily illness, finds himself in such a state of nervous agitation, that he can scarcely trust his voice in words.

"My dear, dear child!" he sighs often to himself, "to think it should come this! Oh! If I had but health and strength!"

He wanders about uneasily, or sits for many minutes at a time, motionless, his eyes gazing vacantly.

"Poor child!" he murmurs—"Poor child!" Yet not so audibly as to be heard either by his wife or Helen. He has no sympathy from the one, and he tries to be cheerful with the other.

And all this while the minutes are gliding away, and the appointed hour approaches.

Dressed for the bridal, Helen asks to be left

alone for the half hour that is to elapse, ere she stands at the altar. How that brief season is spent we know not. It is past, and she is leaving, for the last time, her chamber. There are traces of tears on her cheeks—her eyes are humid and red—but her lips are firm, though her cheeks are white; her step is steady, and her bearing one of entire self-possession.

Below she is met and received by the happy bridegroom, looking younger by ten years or more. He is dressed with great care, and more in the fashion of a man of twenty-five, than of one past three score. What a light comes into his seamed and age-marked face, as he grasps the hand she yields passively!

How pleased the mother looks! Dim-visions, through selfish worldly-mindedness, she sees only a sunny future for herself and child. They are no longer to be crushed beneath the iron heel of poverty—no longer to sit under the shadow of a boding cloud. She is ready to give her daughter away, untroubled by fears for the future. It is not so with Mr. Lee. His eyes are moist with tears. He does not speak to Helen, for he knows that a sob would choke the words, if he attempted an utterance. He could not feel sadder if he were gazing upon her beautiful face, cold as marble, and eternally calm in the repose of mortality.

And with no one to lift a voice and forbid the offering up of a young heart, the sacrifice is made. Mute are the bride's responses, yet none the less binding. How passionless her face, as she receives the kissing salutations of husband and friends. She smiles—it is her lesson—but how cold the rays of light that faintly quiver on her beautiful countenance! Mr. Bullfinch accepts them as from the heart; the mother persuades herself that her daughter is pleased, if not as happy as she will be; but the agonized father is looking down into the desolate, hopeless bosom of his wretched child, searching there, but vainly, for a single green spot made fresh by a ray of sunshine.

CHAPTER XII.

Since the exciting interview between Adam Bullfinch and his niece, occasioned by his avowal of his purpose to marry Helen Lee, no word on the subject had passed between them, further than the simple announcement of the former as to the time when the marriage would take place, and his desire to have certain preparations made for the bride's reception.

It by no means escaped the uncle's observation, that Fanny was altogether changed from her former self. She was as kind in manner to him as before, and as much devoted to his wants and comfort; but her cheerfulness was gone, and she spent much of her time alone. More frequently than of old, did she decline entering into public and social amusements; and even when strongly urged by Mr. Bullfinch to go out with him, persisted in remaining at home.

Mr. Bullfinch had completed his toilette, after more than two hours of time devoted to his person. The carriage stood at the door, waiting to convey him to the residence of his bride elect, and now he descended to the drawing-rooms, where he expected to find his niece. She was not

there, however. He sent to her room, and she returned for answer that she was engaged, and wished to be excused.

"Tell her that I wish to see her particularly," he returned to this message. In a few minutes, Fanny came down. Her face wore a troubled expression.

"Fanny," said Mr. Bullfinch, taking her hand, "have I not always been kind to you?"

"Oh, yes, dear uncle! kind as a father could have been," quickly replied his niece, speaking with concealed agitation.

"I could not have loved my own child better than I have loved you," said Mr. Bullfinch, tightening his grasp upon her hand that remained in his.

Fanny leaned her face against him, and sobbed.

"Dear child!" said Mr. Bullfinch, affectionately, laying his hand upon her head. "You are wrong," he added, after a few moments, "to fret yourself about this matter—very wrong. I will love you none the less. Do not let your mind be warped by a false judgment of Miss Lee. Believe me, she is pure as an angel. You will soon be as tenderly united sisters."

Mr. Bullfinch could feel the quiver that ran through the frame of his niece. But she answered not to his words.

"A few friends will be here," he continued. "Be cheerful with them. Do not, for my sake, let any one see that you are opposed to what I am doing. By eight o'clock we will be here. Let Helen find you in our chamber; and, Fanny, love, I beg of you to receive her frankly, kindly—may I not say with affection?"

But Fanny made no reply, nor did she lift her head.

"I will trust you to do what is right," said Mr. Bullfinch, after waiting some time for a response. "I know that you will not disregard my wishes. Good bye for a little while."

And, as he spoke, he lifted her concealed face, and left, on her wet cheek, an earnest kiss.

Mr. Bullfinch passed from the house, and Fanny returned slowly to her chamber. Here she did not long remain passive. Two large trunks were in the middle of the floor, both nearly filled with clothing; and to the work of packing these, which her summons to the parlor had interrupted, she again applied herself. Not much remained to be done. Drawers and wardrobe were nearly empty. Soon this work, indicating a hurried departure, was over. Then a note was penned, sealed, and directed—HELEN LEE. This she placed in the bridal chamber.

Twilight was falling; and now another carriage stood before the dwelling of Adam Bullfinch. Upon this was placed the two trunks that Fanny had packed with her clothing. A brief time was spent in giving needful directions for the reception of company; and, then, entering the carriage, Fanny Milnor departed from the home of her childhood and youth, and, with a troubled heart, went forth into the world, and alone.

An hour afterwards, the old man brought home his bride.

"Fanny! Fanny, love!" he called, as, on entering the rooms above, to make preparation for

joining the already assembled friends, he missed the expected presence of his niece.

Even, as he spoke, the pale bride saw the note inscribed with her name. Taking it hurriedly, and with a foreshadowing of its meaning, she broke the light seal, and read:—

"Helen Lee! or, must I write, Mrs. Bullfinch! One word, on your entering this, my old and happy home, to become its mistress. I need not tell you, who must know the truth too well, that you do not and cannot love and honor my uncle as a true wife must ever love and honor her husband. I need not tell you, that unworthy motives have influenced you in the step you have taken. That some mere worldly and external good has prompted the act—for all this you must know but too well. If your pillow do not prove one of thorns, then are your maidenly instincts dead. If the fruit you have plucked turn not to ashes in your mouth, happy are you—thrice happy! Budding youth and blighted old age! Spring and Autumn! Unnatural union! It cannot find favor in the sight of Heaven. But my feelings are carrying me away. As you enter, to become the mistress of this house, I go forth into the world, alone. We cannot live beneath the same roof, for I despise you! And, yet, for the old man you have consented to wed, let me ask something. I have loved him as a child, and as a child have ever sought his comfort. The duty was one full of pleasure, for love makes labor light. With you, all will be cold task-work. You do not love him as a wife—you cannot. Oh, Helen! Helen! why did you do this? I thought you wiser and better. He is old, with habits as fixed as iron; and if you do not bend to these—if you do not live in daily self-denial, you will both be wretched. I tremble as I think of this. Shall I write more? In vain! in vain! FANNY."

The whole of this letter Helen seemed to take in at one eagle glance. Then it was crumpled in her hands and thrust, with a passionate gesture, into her bosom. Encased as she had thought her heart to be in a rocky crust, these sentences, like heavy strokes, broke through to the sealed fountain, and there was a wild gush of feeling.

"What is it? what does it mean? where is Fanny?" asked Mr. Bullfinch, greatly disturbed.

But Fanny did not appear, and Helen made no response, beyond her sobs and tears. The bell was rung violently by Mr. Bullfinch.

"Where is Fanny?" he asked of the servant who soon after entered.

"She went away, in a carriage, nearly an hour ago," was answered to this enquiry.

"Gone away! Where did she go? Speak!"

But the servant could give no information.

"Was that note from her?" enquired the excited uncle, turning to Helen, as he spoke. His tones were sharp and imperative.

"It was," sobbed Helen.

"Let me see it."

Helen placed her hand on her bosom, and felt the crumpled letter beneath her dress, but did not comply with the demand.

"Quick! Let me see the letter!" said the old man, passionately.

"It is addressed to me," replied Helen, now

gaining a little self-possession, and speaking with some firmness.

"I don't care who it is addressed to, let me see it!" exclaimed Mr. Bullfinch; in the excitement of the moment, forgetting even a decent regard for his young bride, or her parents, who, in the adjoining room, were appalled witnesses of the scene.

Not from hurried thoughts, but from a woman's quick instincts, Helen decided her course of action. Already there was an unwarrantable assertion of authority over her, to which she could not yield. As she would act in the future, so she acted now. Passive and silent she sat, her tears suddenly dried up, and lifted her eyes until they rested upon the red and almost distorted face of her husband. Under his angry glare, they did quail a moment.

"The note is addressed to me, Mr. Bullfinch," she said, at length, "and I cannot show it. No doubt, Fanny has made, or will make, a communication for you also. She has left your house, because I am about to come into it. Of where she has gone, or what she will do, she says nothing to me. Beyond this, you have no interest in her letter."

The calm dignity and self-possession of his young wife instantly subdued the over-excited old man. He saw that he was wrong, and that he had made an exhibition of himself, ever to be regretted. Still, he was deeply disturbed by the unexpected departure of his niece; so much so, that he found it almost impossible to assume anything like a composed exterior. A confused, but not over hearty, apology was made, both to Helen and her parents. Soon after, all descended, and received, from the few friends of Mr. Bullfinch, who had come to honor the occasion, their wordy congratulations.

How that embarrassing evening was passed—embarrassing to all parties—we will not describe. At an early hour, the guests retired, feeling a sense of relief as they gained the open air, and talking ominously of the young bride's future, as they moved away. And, in truth, the promise was not fair.

CHAPTER XIII.

The sun of fortune was rising on Henry Wellford. He had now been six months in the house of Lane & Latta, and so trusty and capable was he, that his new employers had already raised him to a more responsible position. In doing this, an ulterior purpose was in their minds. They wished to test his higher abilities. They had business views beyond their present operations, which, if carried out, would require one of the partners to reside abroad. Before this change was made, they had decided to bring in a third partner, a young and active man, to take the place of Mr. Latta, who designed being absent. Of all their clerks, no one possessed just the qualities they desired except Wellford; and their test of his higher abilities proved altogether satisfactory. Accordingly, the offer of a partnership in the house, with a fair per centage on the profits, was made and accepted. The young man was taken altogether by surprise at this new stroke of good fortune. He understood the business and re-

sources of the house well enough to know, that, as an integral part thereof, his own permanent prosperity was secured. Even from the beginning, should no unforeseen drawback occur, his dividend could not fall short of two or three thousand dollars.

How quickly turned his thoughts to Helen Lee, when, through this new vista, reaching into the future, light dawned upon him! Good fortune seemed a double blessing when he thought of her as sharing therein.

Never, since he was so insultingly repulsed by Mrs. Lee, had Wellford called at the residence of his heart's idol; and never since then had he been so fortunate as to meet her on the street, though hour after hour, many and many a time, he walked the pavement in neighborhoods where he hoped she might be; yet searched for her thus in vain. Of what was passing in regard to her, not a whisper had reached him. Nor had the faintest imagination of the truth crossed his mind.

"More good fortune, mother," said the young man, in a gay voice, on returning home after receiving the proposition from Lane & Latta, to which we have referred.

Mrs. Wellford lifted her pleasant, cheerful face, and looked earnestly into the animated countenance of her son, but without speaking.

"More good fortune, mother," he repeated. "And what do you think it is?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell, my son," was the quiet response.

"No, I'm sure you cannot," said Henry. "Would you believe it? They've offered me a partnership."

"Who?" quickly asked Mrs. Wellford.

"Lane & Latta," replied Henry, struggling to appear composed, yet betraying his emotion.

"You are not in earnest, surely, my son!" replied Mrs. Wellford, in a voice that was now unsteady.

"Entirely in earnest, mother. Mr. Latta is going to London to reside, as a representative of the house abroad. They do not wish to fill his place here, which is a most important one, with an irresponsible clerk, and so have determined to take in a partner."

"And they have chosen you?" said Mrs. Wellford, eagerly.

"They have, mother."

"It seems incredible, my son." Mrs. Wellford's voice trembled. "O, do not let this good fortune uplift your mind too greatly."

"Do not fear for that," said Henry, speaking now in a more subdued tone. "I have enough to keep my thoughts sober."

Both were silent for some moments.

"Mother," said the young man; his voice was low, hesitating and unsteady—"Mother, there is one thing of which I have never spoken to you."

"What is that, my son?"

"You have seen Helen Lee."

"Oh yes."

"For a long time she has been very dear to me, mother."

Mrs. Wellford did not look surprised, but waited, in silence, for her son to proceed.

"Very dear, mother," he repeated. "But, for the curse of poverty," (he spoke with a sudden

bitterness) "I would have long ago brought her to our home, and you would have loved her as your own child. She is poor, mother, yet noble and self-devoted in her poverty. Bravely is she battling with the world, and wrestling from it, in daily toil, the means of support for parents who have, in her, their sole dependence. Oh, how often I have sighed for the means to lift her above her unhappy condition! And now they are about coming into my hands. So faithful and devoted a child cannot but make a true and loving wife."

"You have been to me a good son," replied Mrs. Wellford, as Henry ceased speaking—"and I know you will make a good husband. If Helen is worthy of you, and I doubt not that she is, make her your wife. Only be sure, Henry, that you have the ability to meet the added expense. If Mr. and Mrs. Lee have no means of support but the earnings of their daughter, you cannot remove the stay of their life without taking the burden on yourself."

"How thankful I am," said the young man, "that I now have the ability to do this. No, no; I will not remove the stay of their life, without myself taking up the burden."

In the ardor of his new hopes and brighter prospects, Wellford could not bear, it seemed, the intervention of a single hour between this and the time of another meeting with Helen.

"I will see her this very night," said he, as his thoughts grew more active in that direction. "Poor, dear girl! what may she not have borne and suffered since our last meeting! But it is all over now."

And yet even as he spoke thus within himself, a shadow from the wing of doubt fell upon his spirit. Utterly unaccountable had ever been, and still remained, her sudden turning from him. That it was not from estranged affection, he knew, even though her mother had rudely striven to make him believe otherwise. And yet, might there not exist causes which would separate them forever? As doubt formed this question in his mind, a cold thrill ran along his nerves. Less confident now than when, under the impulse awakened by his unexpected good fortune, his thoughts turned fondly and hopefully towards Helen, Wellford prepared himself to make her a visit.

Daylight had faded, and night was closing in darkly when he left his now comfortable home, and took his way to the humble abode of Helen. Love gave fleetness to his steps, and he hurried along the pavement like one, on whose errand life and death were depending. Just as he turned into the little street where Mr. Lee resided, two carriages started from the immediate vicinity of his dwelling, and came sweeping past him rapidly. Into one of these carriages, a gas lamp threw its bright glare. Was it an illusion? or did his eyes rest upon the pale, passionless face of Helen Lee, as she crouched beside an old man! Instantly his steps were arrested, and he stood, for a time, like a statue. Then, as the carriage whirled out of sight, he sprang forward, and was soon at the door of the dwelling he sought. His loud knock was answered by a hollow reverberation from within. He knocked again and again, but only echo replied to his summons.

Gazing up at the house, he found all the shutters closed. What could be the meaning of this? Had they moved away, or were they only absent temporarily? Again he knocked, and more loudly; it was with the same result. All the while that he stood thus, vainly seeking to gain admission, the vision that had so suddenly fallen upon his eyes, remained before him with annoying distinctness.

Disappointed and troubled, he turned, at length, away, and walked slowly from the seemingly deserted house. He paused, however, before passing the next street, looked back with an earnest gaze, and finally retraced his steps. His second attempt to arouse the inmates of Mr. Lee's dwelling, if any were therein, proved as fruitless as the first.

"I will make enquiry concerning them," said he, as a suggestion crossed his mind. "Their neighbors can tell me whether they have moved, and if so, where they are now to be found."

And so he applied at the adjoining house.

"Has Mr. Lee moved?" he asked of a servant, who answered the bell he rung with a pretty decided hand.

"I believe not," was the reply.

"I have rung several times, but no one seems to hear."

"May be they're out," suggested the servant.

"You're sure they've not moved?" said Wellford.

"Hav'n't seen any moving going on there, though I shouldn't wonder."

"Why shouldn't you wonder?" asked the young man, in a voice that betrayed more interest than he wished to show.

"Oh, because." And there was a knowing, vulgar leer on the servant's face.

"Because what?" So sharp and imperative was the voice of Wellford, that the girl looked frightened, and stepped back a pace or two.

"Why shouldn't you wonder if they had moved?" he repeated, bending towards the girl, and now speaking in a milder and more persuasive voice. "Nothing wrong there, I hope?"

"O, no sir; nothing that I know of."

"But what reason have you to think they have moved?"

"It was only my fun, sir; nothing else," replied the girl, who now began to fear that she might have said something that would bring her into trouble. Seeing that the young man was about pressing the matter on her still further, she shut the door, and left him standing without.

More troubled and perplexed than ever, Wellford moved away, and again left the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Lee's dwelling. Dissatisfied, he once more returned, unwilling to go until the mystery, which, in his mind, now closed around Helen and her family, was cleared up.

"There was something in that girl's mind," thus he communed with himself; "what could it be? She had light thoughts of the family; and such thoughts are never entirely baseless. Can there be any true foundation in the appearances upon which they rest? Where has Helen been—what has she been doing for over six months—the long, long period that has elapsed since I last gazed upon her face? Can anything be wrong? I tremble at the thought. In some fearful ex-

trémity can she have yielded to temptation? No, no! I fling the unworthy thought aside, scorning myself for having given it utterance. But where is she? Could that have been her I saw in the carriage?"

Spite of his manliness, a shudder crept along his excited nerves.

"I must solve this mystery!" said he, and he rang the bell of another house in immediate proximity to that of Mr. Lee.

"Has the family next door to you moved away?" he asked.

"Which family?" was returned.

"That of Mr. Lee."

"I believe not, sir."

"There is no one in the house. I have rung the bell a number of times."

"I saw Mrs. Lee, from our back windows, several times during the afternoon."

"You did?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is wanted?" now called out a voice, at some distance along the passage within.

"A gentleman is enquiring about Mr. Lee," replied the servant.

"What about them?"

"He wishes to know if they have moved away?"

"They hav'n't moved their things out yet," said a lady, now advancing to the door.

"Then they are going to leave here," remarked Wellford.

"Oh, dear, yes. Their daughter was married, to-night, and they have gone with her to her new home."

"Married!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh, yes, indeed! And such a marriage! January and May! Spring in the lap of Winter! It's the strangest thing I ever heard of."

"To whom is she married?" asked Wellford, in a hoarse voice. It was only by a strong effort that he could control his feelings sufficiently to give utterance to the question.

"To a man old enough to be her grandfather. Who he is, I don't know. But they say he's rich as a Jew. But, if she isn't sorry for it before she dies, then I don't know anything of woman's nature."

Nothing more did the young man pause to hear. The blasting fact, so rudely announced, was enough for him. What need he care for details and particulars? It was a late hour when he reached his home, the time verging on to midnight. Mrs. Wellford still sat up, awaiting his return. She knew the purpose of his visit to the house of Mr. Lee, and she did not care about retiring until advised of the issue of his suit. That it would be favorable, she had no reason to doubt. Well might she be startled at his appearance when he, at length, came in so quietly that her watchful ear had scarcely noticed his entrance, and stood before her, revealed suddenly, like an apparition.

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together. "What has happened? Why do you look so?"

The young man's colorless lips quivered as he essayed, but in vain, to speak. For a few moments, the mother and son gazed into each other's

faces. Then the latter attempted to pass on to his own room; but Mrs. Wellford caught his hand and detained him, saying, in a voice full of tender interest—

"Henry, my son, what ails you? Is anything wrong with Helen?"

"Wrong—wrong! Oh, mother!"

This was his first utterance, and the words were rather sobbed out than spoken.

A long silence ensued, in which Henry was striving for the mastery over his feelings; and his mother, conscious of the struggle, sat awaiting the result. At last, the sufferer lifted his face—how changed in a few short hours!—and said, speaking now with icy calmness—

"As I came near the house of Mr. Lee, to-night, two carriages drove away. In one of them was a young girl, in whose very pale face I thought I recognized the features of Helen. She sat beside an old man, and seemed as if she were shrinking away from rather than toward him. This was seen only at a single glance, as a strong light shone for an instant into the passing vehicle. The house of Mr. Lee I found deserted. I rung and rung again, but no one answered the bell. Then I made enquiry of a neighbor, as to whether the family had moved away, and learned that Helen had just been married."

"Married, Henry?"

"Yes, mother, married, and to an old man!" He spoke with bitterness.

"Who is he?"

Henry shook his head, sighing.

"I know not."

"Married—married. Had you no intimation of this?"

"None in the world. Oh! how could I have dreamed of such a thing? It has fallen on me like a bolt from heaven, searing my very heart. Good night! good night, dear mother!" he added quickly, and with returning emotion; and, as he spoke, he left the room hurriedly, and went up to his own chamber.

Hours went by, and Mrs. Wellford, too much disturbed for sleep, could hear, ever and anon, the footsteps of her unhappy son, as he walked restlessly the floor above her.

In the morning, he came down early, as usual. How that night of suffering had marred his fresh, young countenance, and dimmed the light of his pleasant eyes! He looked as if years had left upon him their marks of suffering and disappointment. His mother's eyes grew dim as she read the change, and understood too well how deep must have been the anguish that produced it. But few words were said as they sat at the scarcely tasted morning meal, and in these was not even a remote allusion to the incidents of the evening before. Each spoke to the other in tones of deeper affection; each felt for the other a stronger love. Their hearts were closer knit. Henceforth, in the bosom of Henry Wellford, the altar-fires were to be kept alive only by the oil of filial love. Beyond this, the stay of his life had failed; and, like a long-absent wanderer, storm-tossed and tempest-marred, he sought rest and refuge where it was surely to be found.

CHAPTER XIV.

Henry Wellford was sitting at his desk on the morning after the marriage of Helen Lee, with his thoughts far away from business, when his attention was arrested by a remark from Mr. Lane, who was looking over a morning paper.

"Bless me!" said that gentleman, speaking to a friend, who was sitting near him, also engaged with a paper. "Here is news!"

The friend looked up enquiringly.

"Who do you think is married?" asked Mr. Lane. There was a broad smile on his face.

"Who?"

"You wouldn't guess in a month."

"Then I won't be so foolish as to make the trial. Who is the happy man?"

"Old Bullfinch."

"No!"

"It's a fact, as I live. Here it is, all in black and white. Listen. 'Married, on Wednesday evening, 21st inst., Mr. Adam Bullfinch to Miss Helen Lee.'"

"Why, the old sinner! He'd better be thinking of his grave. Married! And to Miss Helen Lee? And pray who is the damsel? A spinster of fifty, or some blooming maiden of sweet sixteen? The latter, I'll be bound! Well, it does beat all!"

"You remember Lee who failed in the West India trade, after crippling himself through an unfortunate sugar speculation?" said Mr. Lane.

"O yes, very well."

"You also remember his daughter Helen?"

"I do. She was a lovely girl. But I'll not believe that she has thrown herself away upon Adam Bullfinch."

"He is rich; or, at least so esteemed," said Mr. Lane, meaningly.

"What of that? If my impression of the girl is correct, money would never have bought her. She would have died of starvation ere thus proving traitor to her woman's heart."

"For the sake of her parents she may have done this. They are very poor, and Mr. Lee is in bad health. He has not been able to engage in any business for some time."

The friend shook his head, remarking—

"Bad, bad, bad. Nothing will justify a marriage like this. Can she possibly find happiness?"

"She hardly took that into the account," said Mr. Lane. "So far as she is herself concerned, if the girl I supposed her to be, she expects happiness in her marriage relation, about as much as the martyr looks for pleasure at the stake. She is passing through the fire, hoping for something beyond; or, I might rather say, is giving up her very life for the sake of her parents' external comfort. This, at least, is my interpretation of the matter."

"How sad to think of," was remarked, in answer to this. "Ah me! It is a fearful mistake. And such a husband for a young, innocent, pure-minded woman! Why, he is the merest sensualist. A man who has blotted out from his impure mind, every idea involved in a true marriage! It is shocking to think of. Poor girl! If she have thus sacrificed herself for the sake of her parents, she is to be pitied indeed. They should never have allowed it to take place. Better have

starved together, than buy luxurious living at such a price."

"As to the luxurious living," said Mr. Lane, "I am not so certain—at least so far as permanency is concerned." He spoke in rather a lower tone of voice. "The fact is, Mr. Bullfinch is far from being as shrewd in business matters as formerly, and I shouldn't be at all astonished if he were to find himself thrown to the wall one of these days. You remember that nice operation of his in sugars and coffees?"

"Very well. It is said that he lost about ten thousand dollars."

"I shouldn't like to make his loss good out of twelve thousand," said Mr. Lane.

"Do you think the speculation was so bad as that?"

"I am sure of it. Then, he sold Wayland after every one else had refused to credit him a single dollar, and bore, in consequence, the heaviest loss sustained by a failure which the merest tyro in business saw must inevitably take place. It's my opinion, though I wouldn't like to say it out of doors, that Adam Bullfinch isn't worth as much now as he was twelve months ago by twenty thousand dollars."

"You surprise me," said the friend.

"And what is more, if he doesn't show himself wiser in his business operations than he has been for some time past, he'll find the end of his rope much sooner than he or any one else dreams of."

"In that case, the bird who has just entered his cage, will not have even gilded bars against which to beat and bruise herself. Ah! what a mistake that young bride has committed!"

"Yes, look at it as you will, it is all a mistake. What compensation is there in mere wealth, or the external good it procures, for a life-long association against which the heart revolts, even from its profounder depths?"

"And you think her heart will so revolt? That she really has no affection for the old man? That she will not love him with something like filial tenderness? That, should wealth fail him, she will not cling to him more closely, hiding his defects lovingly from the world, and sustaining him, even as a vine the decaying branches that bore it at first from the earth, where it lay with no inherent power to lift itself into the pure air and warm sunshine."

"No!" was the emphatic answer.

"That little word comprehends a great deal."

"It does, and fully covers this question. What Mr. Bullfinch is, as a man, we know pretty well. His heart lies not in the centre, but beats every where, so to speak, in the very external of his life. He comprehends only by the touch. He is, in plainer language, the merest sensualist—taking the term in its broader signification—in the world. What does he understand of the delicate emotions, the pure, almost spiritual perceptions, the exquisite appreciation of qualities, possessed by the heart of a truly virtuous woman, such as I believe his child-wife to be? Nothing—less than nothing."

"Not much, I can readily believe," was answered.

"And is it to be supposed, for a moment, that the grosser qualities of his mind will not be per-

ceived, instinctively, by the finer appreciations of hers, and that such a perception will not be accompanied by a suffocating disgust? We cannot reasonably hope for a different result."

"I suppose not," was remarked in reply. A customer entered at the moment, and there the conversation, every word of which had fallen upon the ears of Wellford, ended. He knew that Helen had married an old man; that he learned on the night previous—but he was not prepared to hear that Adam Bullfinch was her husband. Of him he knew quite enough—knew him to be essentially a gross and impure-minded man.

"Unhappy girl!" he sighed, as a momentary forgetfulness of his own bitter disappointment, left his heart free to pity the wretched victim of a mistaken sense of duty,—“into what a gulf of wretchedness you have thrown yourself!”

A short time he remained at the desk; then, unable to compose his mind, or to fix his thoughts on business, he went out, and wandered through the streets for an hour, striving, though vainly, to repress the wild agitation into which he had been thrown. Returning to the store, he sought to compose his mind, and give renewed attention to the duties that devolved upon him; but this he found utterly impossible. The disturbance from which he suffered was no mere ripple on the surface of his life—it went to the very depths of his being. The whole current of thought and feeling was in commotion. Strong of will though he was by nature, and habitual in self-control, he failed now, utterly, in every effort to subdue the strife within. A plea of indisposition—far from being assumed on his part—sufficed to release him from duties which, in his state of mind, he found it impossible to perform, and he left the store and returned home.

On the following morning, Wellford was absent from his post. On sending to his house, word came back that he was still too much indisposed for business, but hoped to be well enough on the next day to resume his place. But the next day, and the next following, he was still absent. Two weeks elapsed, and then his old position was resumed. All saw that he was a changed man, yet none guessed the cause and nature of the change. It was not strongly marked, yet clearly apparent to every one who was familiar with his daily manner and habit of mind. He did not converse as freely as before, nor take his usual interest in passing events. He was often absent-minded to a degree that, at first, made his business action partially defective: but this he gradually overcame, and devoted himself to trade with greater concentration of thought than ever. In fact, the new position he had assumed in the house of Lane, Latta & Co. demanded this intense application of all his powers. It was well for him, perhaps, that such was the case. It prevented the sickly, brooding state into which he would have fallen almost inevitably. He not only felt the responsibility of his new relation in business, but a desire to make the most of it in a worldly point of view, from ends not even fully acknowledged to himself, came gradually into activity. And so he was sustained in the great trial he had been called to pass through; sustained so far, at least, as the

world's observation was concerned. No eye penetrated the secret chambers of his heart; none knew of the darkness and coldness that dwelt there; none saw the anguish that overmastered him in his hours of solitude. Intimately blended with all his hopes in life—more intimately than was known even to himself—had been the image of Helen Lee. Though she had turned from him, he felt that there was no estrangement in her heart; and he was patiently awaiting the time that would remove the cloud from the sun of his life, when it was darkened suddenly by a total eclipse.

CHAPTER XV.

The little scene enacted, at the house of Mr. Bullfinch, on the occasion of bringing home the bride, was unfortunate. The quick temper and strong self-will of the old man were thus fully exhibited in the beginning; while he saw something more in his young wife than he had expected to find—a dignified, womanly firmness that he might not hope to bend. In the almost fragile, mild, retiring, beautiful girl, he had seen nothing but what was passive or yielding. In winning her to his home, he had looked for the possession of an object from which only pleasure would come. Such a thing as opposition to his will had never been taken into the account. He scarcely regarded her as one capable of opposition. In an instant the delusion vanished.

On the other hand, Helen had seen nothing about Mr. Bullfinch that led her to regard him as anything but a kind, mild-tempered man. This sudden ebullition, therefore, while it surprised, armed her against him. And so, between the two, was established, from the very beginning, a position of antagonism, not strongly marked at first, but still existing, and the fact thereof never for a moment absent from the consciousness of both parties.

The abandonment of her home by his niece was a circumstance for which Mr. Bullfinch was altogether unprepared. Not only as a public rebuke did it hurt him; but the act did violence to his real affection for one who had been to him for so many years as a child—loved, indulged and cared for. Had the question of marrying Helen and giving up Fanny been presented for decision—could he have clearly seen this issue—the old man would have hesitated long before taking a step that now promised far less of happiness than a fond imagination had pictured. Fanny knew all his tastes and habits, and had endeared herself to him by a daily regard for his comfort. Inordinately selfish, as such men are, he loved her the more, because she ministered to his enjoyments. With her as a daughter, and Helen as a wife, he had anticipated a climax of earthly good. But even as he grasped the cup that was to intoxicate him with pleasure, a rude hand jostled it, and spilled more than half its contents upon the earth. Without Fanny, he felt that home would be robbed of half its sunshine; and he had already too good reason to doubt the ability of his young wife to restore the absent light. How little of good promise was there, in all this, for the future!

From the beginning, there was, on the part of

Helen, a defective appreciation of the daily wants of her husband. Her own father was nothing of an epicure, and few men sought, less than he, pleasure in a mere gratification of sensual appetites. She had not learned, therefore, to know the wants of a man like Mr. Bullfinch. Mr. Lee required little service of those around him. Greater pleasure he always derived from ministering than from being ministered to. But Mr. Bullfinch thought only of himself, and was disappointed and fretted if everything did not bend to his gratification. Considering her home education, and the character of her mind, a mere child were about as well fitted for the wife of Adam Bullfinch as the young creature he had dragged into a position from the duties of which her whole nature revolted. Had Fanny Milnor remained, the difficulties of Helen's position would have been less; as it was, more was expected of her than it was in her power to give.

A week from the inauspicious marriage day had elapsed. It was morning, and Mr. Bullfinch was walking the floor of the breakfast room with a step the quickness of which showed his mind to be disturbed. Every now and then he would pause, glance at the time-piece on the mantle, and again resume his uneasy movement. At length, his impatience overleaped the barriers of repression; lifting a small table-bell, he rung it violently. Mr. Lee, who was reading, in one of the parlors, supposing this to be the summons to breakfast, came up, and entered the room. He saw, in a moment, by the dark brow of Mr. Bullfinch, and the unfurnished table, his error. And, so, without speaking, he retired, wishing, in his heart, that he were back again, with his wife and child, in the poor but independent home from which Helen's inauspicious marriage had lifted them. As he reached the parlor, he heard the bell again, rung louder and more impatiently than before.

A waiting-woman now appeared, in the breakfast-room, in answer to this repeated summons.

"What's the meaning of this? Why is breakfast not ready?" said Mr. Bullfinch, angrily.

"I don't know, sir," was the timid reply.

"Well, somebody ought to know! Here it is, half an hour past the usual time. Go down into the kitchen, and see what on earth's the matter. Nothing goes right in this house, now."

As Mr. Bullfinch said this, Helen entered the room, fixing, as she did so, her large, calm eyes upon him, with a look that subdued, yet inwardly chafed him.

"I wish you would see a little after things," said he, in a greatly modified, yet reproving voice. "I like order and punctuality. I've always been used to, and must have it."

"What is wrong, now?" enquired Helen, coldly.

"Wrong! Don't you see that it's almost an hour past our usual breakfast time?"

Helen glanced at the time-piece, and merely said—

"Is it any fault of mine?"

A rebuking reply trembled on the lips of Mr. Bullfinch; but he had already learned to fear the excitement of certain moods in his young bride; and, therefore, wisely restrained its utterance.

In the pause thus created, and while both parties stood looking at each other, with something of defiance in their manner, the waiter came in with breakfast.

"Ready, at last," said Mr. Bullfinch, moodily. "This will never suit me."

The bell was rung, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee joined their daughter and her husband at the table.

Silently the meal passed. Each heart was oppressed. How different from the pleasant breakfasts enjoyed by Mr. Bullfinch and his niece for so many years! As mistress of his household, Fanny had studied and met her uncle's tastes and peculiar habits in almost everything. She was truly attached to him, and derived pleasure from thus anticipating and meeting his wants. Affection made the service delightful. No morning meal was set upon the table, in the preparation of which she had not given some direction, and in which was not some dish that her epicure uncle regarded as a favorite. And so, they ever met at breakfast in cheerful mood, and enjoyed it together.

Ah! how different were all the daily meals now! Mr. Bullfinch had bought a wife with gold—a young and beautiful wife—and she was now the mistress of his household. Bought love! It was mocking him already like an unsubstantial shadow.

Silently the morning meal passed, and comfortless to Mr. Bullfinch. Not a dish had the old taste, for the directing hand of the absent one was wanting. This, to the old man, was a serious drawback, for in eating was included a large measure of his daily satisfaction in life. Of this, his young wife knew nothing. She did not, in fact, comprehend how any one could make the pleasures of the table a paramount thing. Her father had always been to her the type of manly virtues and endowments, and he never found fault with what was set before him—but ever partook of the plainest food with apparent relish. Her mother had little taste for the kitchen. And so, the domestic education of Helen in no way fitted her for the wife of Adam Bullfinch.

The unenjoyed breakfast over, the old man left for his store, in no pleasant mood, and Helen was alone with her parents.

"I never saw such a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee, almost as soon as he had left their presence, and ere the street door closed on his retiring form. "Nothing pleases him; and he is as sour, at times, as vinegar."

"Breakfast was late, and it fretted him," said Helen, in an apologetic manner.

"I wonder if he never had breakfast late in his life before?" replied Mrs. Lee.

"I don't know, I'm sure," Helen spoke in an absent manner. "But, we must try and remedy the defect. It may easily be done, I suppose, and if so, I must do it."

"Yes, my child," said Mr. Lee—"do it by all means. Mr. Bullfinch is a man of orderly, punctual habits, and little matters like this fret him a great deal. You will soon get to understand his wishes and peculiarities, and it will be your duty, and I hope your pleasure"—Mr. Lee's voice faltered a little in spite of his effort to retain its

calmness—"to meet the one and adapt yourself to the others."

"I will try to do right, father," Helen replied. Her voice was steady, but her father saw that her eyes were humid.

"Ah!" he sighed to himself, as she passed from the room—"what a trial! God give her strength to bear it!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A month had passed since Fanny Milnor went, a voluntary exile from her uncle's house. To her, the trial had not proved a light one. Much of this time she had suffered from a depressing home-sickness; and nightly she dreamed of the old pleasant place, and of her kind uncle. Yet, had she not once repented of the step which she had taken.

She was sitting, one day, about this time, in no cheerful mood, trying, but in vain, to become interested in the pages of a book she was reading, when a servant came to her door, and said that a lady had called and wished to see her.

"Did she send up her name?" enquired Fanny. The servant replied in the negative.

"Why didn't you ask her name?"

"I did," was answered, "but she said it made no difference, and that she would prefer seeing you in your own room."

Fanny thought for a few moments, and then said—

"Tell her to walk up."

The servant retired, and Fanny awaited her return with the visiter, wondering the while who it could be. Soon footsteps were heard on the stairs, and along the passage leading to her room.

The door was again opened by the servant; a lady stepped in, and the servant retired.

Instantly the face of Fanny Milnor flushed to a deep crimson: her eyes gave forth an indignant light, while her lips arched scornfully.

"You here! I did not expect this," she said, while the stain of anger rose even to her brow. Then, with a suddenly assumed, yet mocking smile, she added—"To what am I indebted to a visit from Mrs. Bullfinch?"

Helen—for it was she—had prepared herself for this, or even a more cutting reception. The bitter scorn of the girl, therefore, did not discompose her. Though not offered a chair, she seated herself, her wonderfully calm and penetrating eyes fixed with a steady look upon Fanny, who still remained standing.

"May I pass a few sober words with you, Fanny?" she now said, in a voice so low and serious, that the indignant girl felt its influence, yet was in no way inclined to bend from the haughty, repellant attitude she had assumed towards the wife of her uncle.

"What can you have to say to me?" was her sharply uttered retort.

"Much that you ought to hear," said Helen.

"Away! Leave me! We can hold no intercourse," exclaimed Fanny, passionately.

"Fanny Milnor!"

"Go!" And turning her face aside, the niece of Mr. Bullfinch waved her visiter with an imperative gesture, to retire.

"No, Fanny," was the undisturbed answer.

"I am prepared for all this, and much more. Having entered upon the present work, I am not to be turned aside from my purpose by the first difficulty that presents itself. I have come to talk with you about your uncle; the old man in whose behalf you appealed to me so earnestly."

The arched lip did not in the least unbend itself; nor was there any softening of Fanny's cold, scornful eye; neither answered she a word.

"Your uncle is not happy," said Helen.

"Happy!" was sharply and suddenly answered. "Happy! Was he so mad as to expect it with you?"

"If so," returned Helen, calmly, "he has already awakened from his delusion. But, he was forewarned."

"In truth was he!" ejaculated Fanny.

"If by you, then twice forewarned," said Helen, as she looked steadily at the proud, defiant girl—so steadily, that the eyes of the latter sunk beneath her glances, and in slight confusion of thought, she said, repeating the words of her visitor:

"Twice forewarned?"

"Yes, twice."

"And by whom beside myself?"

"I forewarned him."

"You?"

"Yes, I; and repeated the warning. But, he would not hear me. That, however, is past now; and for either you or I to refer to it is bootless. Enough that your uncle is unhappy, and will remain so until you return to him."

"That I will never do!" was the positive declaration of Fanny. "When I left his house, I left it forever. What! do you think I would share the honors thereof with you?"

Again her lip curled with ineffable scorn.

The pale cheeks of Helen now flushed; and her hitherto steady eyes grew restless. The loss of self-possession, however, was but momentary. When she spoke again, her voice was steady as before.

"You can take all the honor if you will. I have no ambition. Make your uncle happy if you can. Supply to him again what he hoped, but vainly hoped, to find in me. That is your duty. My position need not touch yours. Never fear that I will interfere with your old prerogatives. Glad will I be to have you resume them. If you love your uncle, Fanny, return to him."

"And did he send you to lure me back again?" said Fanny, bitterly. "Why did he not come himself? But, he knew the power of your eloquence!"

This meaning assertion broke through the crust that protected the feelings of Helen. Her face, that had resumed its paleness, flushed again, and her eyes fell under the sharp glances of Fanny, while her form seemed to shrink into smaller dimensions. As soon as she could trust her voice with words, she said—

"Our assumptions are often far wide of the truth, Fanny. In this instance, yours are so."

Steady though the voice was, it had in it a heart-touching mournfulness, to which even the mailed heart of Fanny was not altogether proof. But she repressed the rising sympathy, or pity,

which ever it might be called, and said as coldly, and in as repellant a manner as at first—

"Why did not my uncle come himself? Why did he send you?"

"He did not send me," replied Helen.

"You have come at his instance, at least."

"No."

"Is he sick?"

"He is unhappy; and sickness of the soul needs medicine quite as much as sickness of the body. For years, you have been the light of his household. All is dark since your withdrawal. Return, then, and be to him as of old; return, Fanny, and my heart will bless you. I have no power to chase the shadows from his heart and brow."

"Why, then, did you assume an office that you cannot fill?" asked Fanny, sternly.

"To err is human," was the touching, mournfully uttered reply.

"A poor excuse for premeditated wrong," said Fanny. "But it weighs nothing here. With subtlety, from base ends, you adroitly flattered my uncle, until you drew him within your toils—"

"It is false!" exclaimed Helen, with an emphasis and an energy that startled her auditor. "False to the utmost meaning of the word."

She had risen to her feet, and stood, with her body drawn to its full height, and her large eyes glaring upon the face of Fanny Milnor, who, in momentary surprise, retreated a pace or two.

"False, proud, harsh-judging girl!" she added, with a womanly dignity and self-possession that, for the time, completely subdued her listener. "I claim to be as pure in motive, as free from all that is base, as yourself. If I have erred, it has not been in self-seeking. Heaven knows I expected no good for myself—and I shall not be disappointed!"

"What did you expect, pray?" inquired Fanny, with a covert sneer.

"Silence!" was the stern, subduing answer to this. "I will bear from you no further insult. Do your own duty before you question the right or wrong of my actions. You have deserted the relative to whom you owe a debt of gratitude a life-service might not pay. I have told you that this desertion has robbed him of happiness; that no one can supply your place. Thus far I have done my duty. It is left for you, so quick to censure others on insufficient grounds, to do yours. Good morning."

And, without waiting for a response, Helen left the apartment.

CHAPTER XVII.

The effort made by Helen to induce Fanny to return to her uncle's house, proved unsuccessful. The girl's entire being had revolted against the unnatural union, and now, look at it and think of it as she would, the intense disgust, at first created, remained. The interview just described had inspired her with a degree of respect for Helen not before felt, and left in her heart a feeling of pity for the unhappy creature, who gave painful evidence, not only in her countenance, but in the tones of her voice, of having suffered intensely. This was one thing; but to live in

daily intercourse with her as the wife of her uncle, was another matter altogether. To do that, she did not regard herself as under obligation; and so she remained steady to her first purpose. Mr. Bullfinch was not the man to go after her, and seek to bring her back to his home. Had he put any faith in her threat to leave him, he would have used every inducement in his power to prevent her doing so. But, now that she had actually gone away, his pride would not let him take even the first step towards prevailing on her to return. The effort which Helen had made was entirely without his knowledge.

Time, while it wore away some of the rough edges which at first produced unpleasant contact, did very little towards bringing into harmony the opposing elements which a false marriage had bound together. A closer union with Mr. Bullfinch in no way broke down the repugnance which, from the first, possessed the mind of Helen—in no way lessened the pain of the living sacrifice she had made and was still making.

The change produced upon the state and temper of the young wife, by the new relation into which she had come, was almost inconceivable. At the end of six months, she was so altered that a familiar friend, who had been absent through the period, would scarcely have known her. Not in the breaking down of her health was this apparent, though, most of the time, her face had an unnatural paleness; nor was it shown in a spiritless or melancholy exterior. Most the change was seen in the development of a more decided character; in an occasional haughtiness of manner, savoring at times of heartlessness, never displayed before her marriage. She seemed to regard her new position as one of defence, if not actual warfare, and to have armed herself at every point.

Although Helen tried, and faithfully, for a time, so to administer the affairs of her husband's household as to meet his wants and wishes, she was unable to satisfy his expectations; and he, too old and confirmed in his ways to bend to the new order of things, fretted, or stormed, as the case might be, thus making matters worse instead of better. A milder temper on his part; a giving up, in a measure, if only in appearance, of self, and a graceful acceptance of the earnestly made efforts of Helen to have all things as he desired, would have encouraged and softened her feelings towards him. But, he only thought of and felt the disagreeable difference that now existed, and continually chafed his wife by a complaining or angry reference thereto. Mr. Lee did what he could, in his weak way, to ameliorate what was around him, while the mother of Helen was ever making things worse by an unwise interference when Mr. Bullfinch was present, or indignant animadversions on his conduct when he was absent.

A few times had Helen been abroad with her husband since their marriage. From social or public appearances she had shrunk with a reluctance, that it required all her strength of will to overcome. Of her personal appearance and accomplishments, Mr. Bullfinch was very proud; and having no delicacy touching the diversity in their ages, would have shown her off on all occasions, could he have made her passive to his will.

This, however, was a matter in which he rarely had his own way. When he wished her to go out with him, she never failed to have some good reason for desiring to remain at home; and far oftener than was agreeable to her husband, refused positively to go with him to places of public amusement, or to join in private entertainments. In company, the fond old man was ever desirous of bringing his wife forward; urging her to play and sing invariably on these occasions. She had a fine voice, and sung and played with exquisite taste and skill. But, thus to be thrust forward in strange companies—her circle of personal and intimate friends was very limited—was what she could not endure, and she yielded, therefore, only on few occasions to the wishes of her husband, who not unfrequently lost patience with her, and manifested, in mixed companies, to the mortification of Helen, and the delight of those who were ill-natured and fond of idle gossip, an overbearing and fretful temper.

Something like a year had elapsed since Helen's marriage, when, one day, invitations were sent in for a party at the house of Mr. Lane. The first impulse of Mrs. Bullfinch was to destroy them, and thus leave her husband in ignorance of the fact that they had ever been received. Upon second thought, however, she hesitated to do this. Knowing the temper of Mr. Bullfinch, she did not wish to be involved in the trouble that would surely follow his discovery of what had been done. So, after pondering the matter for some time, she wisely determined to let things take their course.

"What is this?" said Mr. Bullfinch, as his eyes rested on the note of invitation, which Helen had been at no pains to conceal, and, as he spoke, he took it up and read it.

"Ah, indeed!" he remarked, with a pleased manner. "Company at Mr. Lane's on Thursday evening."

"So it seems," remarked Helen, indifferently.

"Something brilliant, no doubt. I've been at several of Mr. Lane's entertainments, and they are handsome affairs. We will go, of course. I always regretted that you did not accept the last invitation. Now, I am sure you will be delighted."

"I care but little for company," said Helen.

"So much the worse for you," replied her husband, speaking in a quickened tone of voice. "If you would go abroad more frequently, instead of moping, as you do, at home, from week in to week out, you would have better health and lighter spirits. Really, Helen, you wrong yourself, your husband, and society, by the way you are acting. I like company—am social in my habits—have many friends whom I desire to meet; but you—"

Mr. Bullfinch felt himself growing warm, and, therefore, checked the utterance of what was on his tongue. He had learned to forbear a little, as the re-action of his young wife was at times of a character far from agreeable.

"You need not deny yourself any social pleasures on my account, Mr. Bullfinch," said Helen. "I shall always be gratified to have you go into company. If I am happier at home, why drag

me out into the world, between which and myself is no congeniality, no sympathy?"

"I cannot bear to hear you talk in this way, Helen," replied Mr. Bullfinch, with real kindness of manner. "What would I not give to see you cheerful and happy: ready to take the world as it is, and enjoy all the good it has to offer! This is my philosophy; and if it was yours, how much of sunlight would be on your way—and on mine"—he added in a lower voice.

Helen drew a deep sigh, but did not answer. She felt the utter impossibility of being what her husband desired her to be; and yet, as a wife, it was her duty to do all in her power for his happiness. A clear perception of duty, accompanied by this sense of the impossibility of its performance, so saddened her spirit, that, in spite of her struggles to hide what she felt, tears flowed from her eyes.

It was not often that she had permitted Mr. Bullfinch to see her weep. Intensely as she had too frequently suffered, she had been able, through pride, strengthened by a strong will, to subdue the woman's weakness that melted into tears. And there was another reason. She did not love her husband, and, therefore, in her intercourse with him, was rarely affected with any of the tenderer emotions.

It was a strange thing for Mr. Bullfinch to see his wife in tears; and it moved him greatly.

"My poor, dear child," said he, with unaffected kindness, as he laid his hand caressingly upon her. "Do not take on so about this. If you are so averse to going into company, I will not urge it upon you. We can be happy with each other at home. Try, dear Helen! to be more cheerful. I love you truly, and will do all in my power to secure your happiness. Have I not done so from the first? Perhaps I have been strong-headed, at times, from confirmed habit; this, you must look over and forgive. I am a little quick-tempered, but it is soon past and forgotten."

And as he thus talked, the feelings of Helen softened more and more, and, for awhile, she wept freely. Thought was clearer as emotion at length subsided, and she saw more distinctly her duty than she had seen it for a long time. A softer expression came into her face, and her large eyes drooped with something of a woman's tenderness.

"I will go with you to Mr. Lane's," said she, in a gentle voice.

"We will decline the invitation, if it is at all disagreeable to you, Helen," replied Mr. Bullfinch.

"I would rather go. It ought not to be disagreeable. I know that I seclude myself too much; that I am unjust to you. But I will try to overcome my weakness."

Her voice trembled through part of this sentence, but regained its steadiness at the close.

"It is not good for us to keep ourselves too much away from society," remarked Mr. Bullfinch. "The mind will prey upon itself. In cheerful contact with the world, we gain cheerfulness. As face answers to face in a glass, so does the face of a man to his friend. We reflect our mutual good feelings, and thus share them as common property. I am glad to hear you say

that you will go to Mr. Lane's. I know you will enjoy yourself."

How little did he know of her true state of mind! Enjoy herself in a gay company, with the spirit of which her palsied heart had nothing in common!—in a company where she would be as the wife of an old man, the observed of many curious observers, and the subject of ungenerous and heartless comment! Enjoy herself! It was the anticipation of an utter impossibility. Ah! Mr. Bullfinch little dreamed of the self-abnegation involved in the declared purpose of his wife to go with him to the brilliant party that was to be given at Mr. Lane's. He was too much pleased at her assent in the matter to look very curiously below the surface: and too little skilled in the mysteries of woman's nature to comprehend what he saw, even if it were possible for him to open a window into her heart.

Preparation for the event was next to be made. Mr. Bullfinch expressed his wish that Helen should appear with befitting elegance, and that there might be nothing to prevent, supplied her liberally with money, besides presenting her with some rich and costly jewelry. If Helen had consulted her own tastes and feelings, she would have attired herself with extreme simplicity, in order to attract as little attention as possible. But knowing what her husband desired and expected, and aware how much he would be disappointed if she did not dress with an elegance that accorded with his views, she abandoned her own preferences. In doing this, she was still governed by good taste.

Having consented to dress for the sake of pleasing her husband, a change of feeling came over Mrs. Bullfinch. Gradually, an interest in the work of preparation was awakened. As one article of attire after another was chosen, and, in imagination, she saw the effect which it produced, the pride of appearance grew active, and something like a spirit of emulation warmed the cold atmosphere in which her thoughts had moved.

Strange as it may seem, this feeling gradually increased, until Helen began to look forward to the coming entertainment with something like pride and pleasure. If she was to be the observed of many observers, admiration, as well as pity, should be excited. Once admitted to a place in her bosom, the feeling grew stronger; and by the time the evening of the party had arrived, the old man's bride was anticipating the occasion as one in which triumphs were to be achieved. And she did not greatly err in this. But of their nature there came no foreshadowing to her mind.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and gone.

To take events cheerfully, and to promote the happiness of others, is the way to insure an enduring spring of existence.

MARIE ALBONI.

This great vocalist—the greatest, indeed we may say, the only great modern *contralto* who has of late years appeared upon the stage of Europe—for, be it remembered, that Grisi, Sontag, and others of the leading vocalists of the day, as well as Jenny Lind herself, are all *soprani*—was born, as we are told, in 1826, her father being a captain in the Papal army. Despite the extraordinary proofs of her talent and love for music which she gave even at an early age, her father was prejudiced against her making it a profession, and it was only at the decided opinion of many of his best friends that he at length gave his consent that Marie should cultivate her natural powers. This was when she had attained the age of eleven. In consequence of this consent, after passing two years under the tuition of M. Baglioli, she was admitted to the Conservatory of Bologna. This school was then under the administration of Rossini, and with this remarkable and eminent composer she remained until she had reached the age of fifteen.

At this period Rossini contracted an engagement for her with the Theatre of Bologna. Her first appearance was in the part of Sappho, and she at once established herself in the opinion of the leading Italian critics as one of the most eminent vocalists of the day. In the following year she appeared at Milan, and there decided her previous triumph. From Milan she travelled to the principal capitals of Europe, in each of which she established her reputation: being, perhaps, the only great female vocalist who has met with equal success in Vienna, Berlin, Naples, St. Petersburg, London and Paris. Her husband, to whom she has been but a few months married, is the Count Achille Pepoli, of Venice, a gentleman, of great literary talent, and son of the distinguished poet of that name, whose devotion to his country and enmity to Napoleon and despotism have rendered his name so famous with his countrymen. Madame Alboni arrived in New York in June last, by the Hermann. Her intention in coming at this period was for the purpose of visiting, with her husband, the splendid scenery of our own country, and she was in this case, as she is in most others, the herald of her own arrival.

She had, however, brought with her several letters of introduction to some of the more influential citizens of New York, and by their persuasions she was induced to give two concerts previous to the final termination of the summer season in that city. These concerts, we need scarcely say, were brilliantly successful ones, and had the effect of determining her to pass the year in a tour through America. The voice of Madame Alboni is one of the most brilliant as well as the sweetest and most sonorous of true *contraltos*. It descends to *fa* in the bass clef, and ascends to the *do* in alt, having the extended compass of two and a half octaves complete. One must have heard this great artist to be aware of the singular skill with which she regulates and controls this magnificent organ, for no description could give any fair idea of her superb voice, and its unequalled power and sweetness, as well as the ease with which it is exerted, and the intense

care with which it has been cultivated. It is, however, in her genuine chest voice, which is of almost unparalleled power and beauty, that her real strength as the principal *contralto* of the age resides, and that she is chiefly to be esteemed as the only legitimate successor to Pizaroni.

THE POET MOORE.

A lady, who had the good fortune to be present at a party in Dublin, the evening of the day when the first volume of *Moore's Melodies* was given to the world, was recalling the circumstance in so graphic a manner, that we think her story may interest others as much as it did us. At that time, our now aged friend must have been of remarkable beauty—an enthusiastic girl, brought up in deep seclusion; married in her seventeenth year to an officer, with whom she was about to leave her native land. Of Little's poem, the *avant courier* of Moore's fame, she had never heard; and, though the "melodies" of her country were familiar to her ear and lip, she did not think that they were known except by those who had learned them from the peasantry. "The pretty bride" was so new to the world, that her husband almost tutored her, as our grandame tutored us—"Now, my dear, hold up your head, hold your tongue, and remember your curtsy. He begged of her, whatever occurred, "to ask no questions." It was that great event in a country lady's life, "her first town party," and she was, of course, perpetually charmed, confused and blushing. Presently she heard various whispers in the room—"Is he come?" "Will he come?" "Is he certain to come?" Vague ideas of the *Lord Lieutenant*, that cynosure of Irish eyes—of the commander of the garrison—floated before her; then the lady of the house asked her daughter if the book was placed open on the piano, "where he could see it at once?" And a dozen sweet faces pressed forward to inquire if "he" was "certain sure to come?" and the reply called forth all the little bewitching "Oh dears!" and "Oh mys!" and "Oh thens!" which render the "brogue" the true accent of Cupid. The obedient wife—a very Griselida—would ask no questions; but she tried to reach the piano, and ascertain what "the book" was. However, one page of music is too like another to have yielded much information. As the evening melted away, the anxiety of the hostess and her friends increased to fever heat. At last, a double knock, and the hero of that and many other evenings, entered. "I saw," continued our friend, "a very, very little man, without star or ribbon—not the lord-lieutenant! I was so disappointed; I even thought him ugly. I looked at all the radiant officers, and wondered *who* the little man was. Then came fine speeches from the hostess; and there gathered round him all the old and young. I was provoked; all this fuss for a little tiny man in black, who was neither the lord-lieutenant nor an officer. I sat down sulkily at the end of the grand piano, and resolved not even to look at him. Presently, the hostess manoeuvred him to the piano, and then, showing him the first number of his own melodies, asked him to sing. He said something—I did not hear exactly what—about not being prepared, but sat

down, and with his small, delicate hands preluded a moment, and then sang 'RICH AND RARE.' Before he had got to the

—bright gold ring,

I was spell-bound. The head slightly upturned: the white, full, high brow, over which his silken hair lay in rich folds; the brightest, tenderest, most loving eyes were eloquent of expression; the smiling mouth gave forth the most bird-like, gushing music; every word was heard, and not only heard, but felt; and every eye fixed upon the 'poet of all circles.' When he finished, the burst of enthusiasm was electric; and his thanking smile, as he glanced round, emboldened his audience to exclaim, as with one voice, 'Another! another!' He sat down; the brilliancy of his expression faded: the sparkling light of love in his eyes deepened into the intense fire of patriotism; his form dilated, and he gave the line,

Go where glory waits thee!

as if it was a command from Heaven. I had been but a short time married: my husband expected every day to be ordered off to the war; my hopes for him were so mingled with terrors, that I felt a shudder when I heard the words of the song. They were succeeded by others,

But when fame elates thee,
Oh, then remember me,

in tones so plaintive, so tender, so overwhelming, that, ashamed of my emotion, I covered my face with my hands, and pressed it on the piano. I tried to endure it; but every line, winged by such bewildering melody, entered into my heart. *I had said words with the same meaning to my husband twenty times.* As the poet finished, I was completely overpowered; the burst of tears would come, and my husband carried his foolish, child-wife out of the room. I afterwards heard that the poet had said 'those tears were the most eloquent thanks he could ever receive.'—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

HELP YOURSELF.

This, says the Yankee Blade, is the true secret of success, the master-key that unlocks all difficulties, in the various paths of life. *Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera*, as the French have it—help yourself, and Heaven will help you. The greatest affliction that can befall a young man is, to be the recipient of charity—to lean, for any length of time, upon others for support. He who begins with crutches, will end with crutches. It is not in the sheltered garden, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storm beats most violently, that the hardiest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders, and life-preservers, that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the wave, and buffeting it, like Cæsar and Cassius, "with lusty sinews." The monied charity of individuals to individuals is one of the greatest curses that afflict society. It is the Upas tree, that paralyzes and reduces to the last gasp the moral energy of every man who inhales its poisonous atmosphere. Under the appearance of aiding, it weakens its victims, and keeps them in perpetual slavery and degradation.

Cold, consequential, and patronizing, it freezes the recipient into humiliation, and there leaves him, as firmly wedged as Sir John Franklin amid the thick-ribbed ice of the Arctic Ocean.

Money bestowed thus is nine times out of ten more truly wasted than if thrown into the sea. It is labor bestowed upon a worthless soil, incapable of yielding anything but a crop of weeds, or feeble plants which never reach maturity. God never intended that strong, independent human beings should be reared by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak, for support. The difficulties, hardships, and trials of life—the obstacles that one encounters in the road to fortune—are positive blessings. They knit his muscles more firmly, and teach him self-reliance; just as by wrestling with an athlete, who is superior to us, we increase our own strength, and learn the secret of his skill. Read the history of the rich and poor in all ages and countries, and if you do not find that the "lucky dogs," as they are called, begun life at the foot of the ladder, without a finger's "lift" from anybody, while the "unfortunates," who flit along the paths of life more like scarecrows than human beings, attribute the first declension in their fortunes to having been bolstered and propped up by others—we will resign all pretensions to philosophy. All experience shows that this boasted benevolence tends to extinguish the faint sparks of energy in those who partake of it, till, having fallen into the despair and indolence inseparable from a cultivated sense of inferiority, they look upon themselves as beyond the pale of hope, and at last lose even the wish for independence.

CRITICS.—Narrow-minded and ignorant scribes sit in judgment upon books, but not one of which they could have produced in a century, and, because they are incapable of appreciating their power or loving their lessons of virtue, they squirt venom on them from their nameless concealments. It would be inexpressibly ludicrous to see a score of these little wasps brought face to face with some noble-minded author whom they had tried to bring down to their own grovelling level. I would have each of them labelled with his critique, and his name written in red ink across it—red as a substitute for the blush of which the critic is, of course, incapable. The author would enjoy a rich satisfaction in just looking at them for five minutes.—He could take the mental measurement of the twenty sufficiently in that time, although each of them figured in a print as a "we." The wisest and ablest men of the age should be its literary critics. Until this be the case, the market will be glutted with inferior books.

I once escaped, at table, the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next? This had been so often repeated that I begun to look round, fearing that my character, as a teacher by example, might suffer, and replied that, "If she was pleased, I would take breath." It was saucy and ungrateful, but it was good-naturedly received and understood.

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Algeron was a merchant. All through a long summer day he had been engaged among boxes, bales, and packages; or poring over accounts current; or musing over new adventures. When night came, he retired to his quiet chamber and refreshed his wearied mind with music and books. Poetry, and the harmony of sweet sounds, elevated his sentiments, and caused him to think, as he had often before thought, of the emptiness and vanity of mere earthly pursuits.

"In what," said he, "am I wasting my time? Is there any thing in the dull round of mercantile life to satisfy an immortal spirit? What true congeniality is there between the highly gifted soul and bales of cotton or pieces of silk? Between the human mind and the dull, insensible objects of trade? Nothing! Nothing! How sadly do we waste our lives in the mere pursuit of gold! And after the glittering earth is gained, are we any happier? I think not. The lover of truth—the wise, contemplative hermit in his cell is more a man than Algeron!"

Thus mused the merchant, and thus he gave utterance to his thoughts—sighing as he closed each sentence. The book that he loved was put aside—the instrument from which his skilful hand drew eloquent music, lay hushed upon a table. He was unhappy. He had remained thus for some time, when the door of his room opened, and a beautiful being entered and stood before him. Her countenance was calm and elevated, yet full of sweet benevolence. For a moment she looked at the unhappy merchant, then extending her hand, she said—

"Algeron, I have heard your complaints. Come with me, and look around with a broader intelligence."

As she spoke, she laid her finger upon the eyes of the young man. Arising, he found himself in the open air, walking by the side of his strange conductor, along a path that led to a small cottage. Into this they entered. It was a very humble abode—but peace and contentment were dwellers in the breasts of its simple-minded occupants—an aged female and a little girl. Both were engaged with reels of a curious and somewhat complicated construction; and both sang cheerily at their work. A basin of cocoons on the floor by each of the reels, told Algeron the true nature of their employment. A small basket of fine and smoothly reeled spools were upon a table. While the merchant still looked on, a man entered, and after bargaining for the reeled silk, paid down the price, and carried it away. A few minutes after, the owner of the cottage came in. He asked for his rent, and it was given to him. Then he retired. Shortly after, a dealer in provisions stopped at the humble dwelling, and liberally supplied the wants of its occupants. He received his pay, and drove off, singing gayly, while the old woman and the child looked contented and happy.

"Come," said his conductor, and Algeron left the cottage. The scene had changed. He was no longer in the open country, but surrounded by small houses. It was a village. Along the

streets of this they walked for some time, until they came to a store, which they entered. Standing beside the counter was the same man who had bought the cottagers' silk. He had many parcels, which he had collected from many cottages; and now he was passing them over to the storekeeper, who was as ready to buy as he was to sell.

"Another link in the great chain," remarked the mysterious companion significantly. "See how they depend, the one upon the other. Can the hermit in his cell, idly musing about truths that will not abide—for truth is active—is in fact the power by which good is done to our fellows, and will not remain with any one who does not use it—thus serve his fellows? Is his life more excellent, more honorable, more in accordance with the high endowments of the soul, than the life of him who engages in those employments by which all are benefited?"

Algeron felt that new light was breaking in upon him. But, as yet, he saw dimly.

"Look up," continued his companion, "and see yet another link."

The merchant raised his eyes. The scene had again changed. The village had become a large town, with ranges of tall buildings, in which busy hands threw the shuttle, weaving into beautiful fabrics of various patterns the humble fibres gathered from hundreds of cottages, farm-houses, and cocoeneries, in all the region roundabout. Through these he wandered with his guide. Here was one tending a loom, there another folding, arranging, or packing into cases the products thereof; and at the head of all was the manufacturer himself.

"Is his a useless life?" asked the guide. "Is he wasting the high endowments of an immortal mind in thus devoting himself to the office of gathering in the raw material and reproducing it again as an article of comfort and luxury? But see! Another has presented himself. It is the merchant. He has come to receive from this man the products of his looms, and send them over the world, that all may receive and enjoy them. Are his energies wasted? No, Algeron! If the merchant were not to engage in trade, the manufacturer could not get his goods to market, and would no longer afford the means of subsistence that he now does to hundreds and thousands who produce the raw material. Without him, millions who receive the blessings furnished by nature and art in places remote from their city or country, would be deprived of many comforts, of many delights. The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the merchant, the artisan—all who are engaged in the various callings that minister to the wants, the comforts, and the luxuries of life, are honorably employed. Society, in all its parts, is held together by mutual interests. A chain of dependencies binds the whole world together. Sever a single link, and you affect the whole. Look below you. As a merchant, your position is intermediate between the producer and the consumer. See how many hundreds are blessed with the reception of nature's rich benefits through your means. Could this take place, if you sought only after abstract truth, in idle, dreamy musings? Cease, then, to chafe yourself

by fallacious reasonings. Rather learn to feel delight in the consciousness that you are the means of diffusing around you many blessings. Think not of the gold you are to gain, as the end of your activity; for so far as you do this, you will lose the true benefits that may be derived from pursuing with diligence your calling in life—that for which, by education, you are best qualified—and into which your inclination leads you."

"I see it all now, clear as a sunbeam," Algeron said, with a sudden enthusiasm, as light broke strongly into his mind. The sound of his own voice startled him with its strangeness. For a moment he seemed the centre of a whirling sphere. Then all grew calm, and he found himself sitting alone in his chamber.

"Can all this have been but a dream?" he murmured, thoughtfully. No—no—it is more than a dream. I have not been taught by a mere phantom of the imagination, but by Truth herself—beautiful Truth. Her lovely countenance I shall never forget, and her words shall rest in my heart like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Henceforth I look upon life with a purified vision. Nothing is mean, nothing is unworthy of pursuit that ministers to the good of society. On this rock I rest my feet. Here I stand upon solid ground."

From that time, Algeron pursued his business as a merchant with renewed activity. The thought that he was ministering, in his sphere, to the good of all around him, was a happy thought. It cheered him on in every adventure, and brought to his mind, in the hour of retirement, a sweet peace, such as he had never before known. Fully did he prove that the consciousness of doing good to others brings with it the purest delight.

OUR WINNIE, THAT DIED.

BY MRS. L. BOSTWICK.

The flow of the sunset shadows
Lay deep on the crags of the hill,
Like the trailing of funeral banners,
'Mid the tomb-stones white and still.

The moon, with her pale hand, slowly,
Was parting the night-locks back,
That settled down heavy and coldly
Over the sun's red track.

That morning, our beautiful Winnie
Had wandered afar in the glade,
Searching out, in the beds of June blossoms,
The foot-prints that Summer had made.

But ere the sun rode in the zenith,
With snowy buds twined in her hair,
She came—but so wearily treading,
We know not her step on the stair.

And now as the wan moon parted
The night-tresses back from the skies,
Their shadows swept heavy and darkly,
Down the blue deeps of her eyes.

And sadly we spread the white covers
Aside from her own little bed,
And watched her faint breath till at morning,
We knew that our Winnie was dead.

Oh, dimly and coldly, that summer,
Our hearts felt the sunbeam and breeze,
That gleamed from a slab of white marble,
And rustled the church-yard trees.

But now as we sit by that head-stone,
And garland it over with flowers,
We shed not a tear for the lovely,
The innocent child that was ours.

For one motionless eve in October,
When the full moon was crowning the hill,
And even the trees of the forest
Held back their soft breath and were still;

Over banks of vermillion and purple
There floated a strain from the 'West,
As it were the sweet voices of childhood
Prolonging the chants of the Blest.

And one voice that seemed strangely familiar,
Our senses enchained like a spell,—
Oh, rapture! to catch the soft accents
We had loved and remembered so well.

Though the song was the song of Immortals,
And to us its full burden denied,
Yet we knew 'twas the voice of our Winnie,
Our beautiful Winnie that died.

EDINBURGH, O.

WHO WANTS A MONKEY?

BY CHERICOT.

DEAR SIR:—As I know that you have always a word of advice for those who need it, and a warm sympathy for the distressed, I venture to hope you will kindly help to extricate me from a difficulty in which I am at present placed by the generosity of a friend. A few weeks since, on a very hot afternoon, I was aroused from my usual daily siesta, by the intelligence that a box, containing a valuable present for me, had just arrived from the West Indies; and paying the rather large amount that was required for the freight and express expenses, I joyfully hastened down stairs to inspect it. Imagine my consternation, when I saw a long narrow box, with slats nailed on one side, through which peeped the mischievous head of a little grey monkey! Now, sir, I am not a single lady of a certain age, and I do not like monkeys; nay, I will at once confess, that I have a peculiar aversion for them, and you may, therefore, imagine my vexation, which I am ashamed to say, vented itself in a burst of tears, though I retained sufficient self-possession not to tear my hair. The new arrival had been followed into the house by a crowd of ragged boys and girls, and dirty women, with forlorn-looking babies in their arms; and the animal, doubtless, thinking his welcome very cordial, expressed his delight by grinning, chattering and cutting many antics around his contracted dwelling, thereby scattering about tomato skins, nut shells, orange peel, melon rinds, and other agreeable fragments of former repasts.

Excessively disgusted, I ordered him into the yard, and having, with some trouble, got rid of the admiring spectators, I sat down calmly to consider what course to pursue in this pressing emergency, and, as a preliminary duty, opened and read the letter received with the box. It contained merely a few lines, stating that, having, with

some difficulty, procured me a monkey from South America, he hastened to forward it, thinking I should be pleased with such a curious pet, and begging me to write him by the return of the vessel whether "Beauty" had arrived safely.

I could scarcely read the above with patience, and determined, forthwith, to indite him an answer of bitter reproaches; but the remembrance of the friendship he had evinced for me in trying times, prevailed, and I renounced the idea, though I could not prevent myself from secretly impugning his motives for such a gift.

"Why," soliloquized I, "why, if generously inclined, did he not send me a parrot, or a little lilac turtulica, or a tropiale? How pleased should I have been with one of the fairy dogs that never grow so large as a kitten, and are equally loving and playful; even a box of confitures, or a dozen flasks of preserves, would have been acceptable,—but a hateful monkey! Oh!" sighed I, "Heaven deliver me from my friends," as Shakspeare or somebody says, (I do not precisely recollect who, in my present state of nervous excitability.)

I reverted to the first query, why did he send me the disagreeable animal? and suspicion whispered that he had found it very troublesome at home, and, as the shortest way of despatching it, had shipped it off to his dear American friend. I imagined him saying to his wife:

"Well, Mimi, we've been intending for a long time to send Chericot some curiosities; why not get rid of this detestable monkey?"

I could see his black slave, Jerard, fastening up the snarling little thing, and taking it to the vessel, while his master and mistress stood on the verandah, waving a joyful farewell to the departing torment; but as these reflections did not tend to improve my temper, I wisely banished them, and went down to the yard to look at my present, in the hope of becoming accustomed to him.

I found there several of my neighbors, who had been attracted by the new comer, and who seemed as delighted with it as I was displeased. And made many suggestions about its diet, to which the monkey listened with more satisfaction than I did. One person said it must be fed daily with oranges, sugar, nuts, cakes and fruits of all kinds; that it could eat no other sort of food, and would die if deprived of it. I thought on the many human beings who needed a crust of bread, and mentally resolved my monkey should not fare better than a Christian; but here another friend declared that the first thing to be provided was a new domicile and a chain, as the poor thing would die if kept in such close confinement. I assure you, sir, I am not naturally hard-hearted; indeed, it gives me pain to see any living thing suffer; but you may imagine the intense acid to which my milk of human kindness had turned, when I contritely acknowledge that I savagely determined, if the monkey's death would result from keeping him in that box, there he should stay. But how vain are human calculations! I had not retired into the house many minutes, when my humane and officious neighbor returned, with a clean barrel, nicely prepared for the odious animal, who was immediately installed therein, and daintily fed as

before suggested on oranges, nuts and sundry other delicacies.

However, not to draw too largely on your sympathy, I will briefly say, that some days passed before I could sufficiently compose my feelings to consider the proper thing to be done in this imminent crisis. I had serious thoughts of premeditatedly losing him; but though he was often liberated from confinement, he seemed to like the premises so well that he would not leave them; indeed, every one in the family became so attached to the little monster that they carefully prevented any attempt on his part to escape. One eventful day, however, that Alice (our Irish servant) had furtively released him, with the view of nursing "the darling craythur," he sprang from her arms, and took that opportunity of exploring unknown regions, and making a tour through the house. Off darted "Beauty," and off went Alice in pursuit, but he cunningly eluded all attempts to capture him, and listened, unmoved, to her coaxing petitions that he would return to the shelter of her arms. Up to the attics, down again to the chambers, through which he made sundry excursions, playfully poking his nose into every hole and corner; he at last approached the room where I sat at my desk, faithfully chronicling the further adventures of Aunt Tabitha; and, leaping affectionately on my shoulder, caressingly threw his paws round my neck. I sprang up in agony, clutched my tormentor, and threw him violently from me;—he screamed—jumped on the table, whisked a bottle of ink over the unfortunate Mrs. Higgins, destroyed a touching ode to the muse, of Sensibility, and in his frenzy devoured an Essay on Dietetics that had been sent me by a friend, and which I fear he will find to be very hard of digestion. Flying through the door, he rushed down stairs, examined everything in the parlor, leaving sundry scratches and defacements on books and daguerreotypes, and as the panting Alice pursued him, he descended into the kitchen, alighting on the range; but probably, thinking it uncomfortably warm, he climbed the chimney, made his egress at the stove-pipe hole, and dexterously evading the servant's outstretched arms, entered the dining-room, and concealed himself on the supper table in the sooty apparel he brought from the chimney. Here, while comfortably regaling himself on hot buttered toast and preserves, he was, at last, caught. Do not fancy, sir, that I beheld all these accidents. I believe I fainted; but I recovered to desperate energy, and seizing a pen, indited the following letter to a friend:

"DEAR SIR:—I am indebted to you for so much kindness, which I have never been able to repay, that I have suffered acutely as a delicate mind must, when oppressed by the weight of obligations it cannot return. Imagine, then, the pleasure I feel in believing that I am at last able to offer you a token of my gratitude in the shape of a valuable monkey. It is not only a curiosity, but it is the prettiest pet imaginable—so gentle, and so endearing, that I am sure you will soon become as much attached to it as I am; indeed, it is only in parting with it that I have discovered how dear it is to me; but, as I would not give you anything I did not particularly prize, I trust

that the reluctance with which I do so, will evidence that I consider *this* the only offering that could fully express the esteem and gratitude of

"Truly yours,
CHERICOT."

I sealed my letter, gave it and the monkey into the charge of a porter, and sat down with buoyant spirits and fine appetite to the relics of my supper, congratulating myself on having paid a debt and got rid of my tormentor at the same time; or in vulgar parlance on having "killed two birds (my friend and the monkey) with one stone." Short lived, however, were my transports, for in an hour my messenger returned with the "plague of my life" and the following answer to my epistle:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I appreciate the delicacy which prompts you to return what you wrongly estimate as benefits on my part; but much as I admire the interesting animal you have sent me, I would not for worlds deprive you of a pet which you seem so highly to value. I should blame myself were I to take advantage of the self-sacrificing spirit which animated you, when you so amiably wished to express a gratitude that I really do not merit, and I hasten to assuage the grief you must doubtless be suffering at parting from your monkey, and, by promptly returning him, convert your sorrow into smiles of joy. If it is ever in my power to be of use to you, do not hesitate to command me, and remember I can never consent to receive any return for the trifling services of
Yours, respectfully,

J. JONES."

If my correspondent could have seen the face that met my view in the opposite mirror, as I raised my head after perusing his letter, I fancy he would have beheld frowns instead of the smiles he had anticipated; but I will only say, that I ordered the grinning little beast down stairs so that I might not be tempted to tear him in pieces, and retiring to my bed, passed a sleepless night in a vain attempt to discover a way out of my perplexities. The fruit of my cogitations was a resolve to make another attempt to dispose of "Beauty," by presenting him to a lady of my acquaintance, the mother of a large family of spoiled children, who were very fit associates for my monkey. I sent him to her accordingly, after breakfast, and was more cautious this time in expressing my affection for him:

"MY DEAR MADAM:—I have just received a valuable and curious monkey from the West Indies, and as I have no place to keep him in without confining him too much, I send him to you, begging you to accept him as a present for your very interesting children. He is the most gentle of his species—so winning in his ways, and so harmless, that your dear little cherubs may play with him with impunity. I trust he will be the source of many a happy hour to them and of consequent pleasure to you. Give my regards to Mr. Smith, and be sure to kiss all your precious darlings for
Yours, truly,
CHERICOT."

The porter shortly returned with a message of thanks, giving me the consolatory assurance that the family appeared delighted with their new acquisition; and now, what a load was removed from my oppressed bosom! How gaily I set

about repairing the monkey's misdemeanors: in what spirits I re-indited my account of Mrs. Tabitha's doings in her New Home, and how sweetly I slept that night, you can imagine better than I can describe.

But I was rudely awakened from my peaceful slumbers early the following morning by Alice, who handed me a letter, saying—

"Sure, the craythur's like a bad penny—he's come back again."

I opened the missive with trembling hands, and a palpitating heart, and read as follows:—

"I have hitherto considered you a friend, and in the belief of your affection for me and mine, have lavished on you the tenderness of a confiding heart. How you have repaid that trust, let your conscience answer if it be not deaf to the loud thunders of accusing friendship, which demands in accents not to be misunderstood, *why* did you send me that monkey?

"When your treacherous letter and equally treacherous present were handed me, I hailed them with pleasure as new proofs of your love. I considered them delightful evidences of that tender intercourse of soul, that congeniality of mind and attainments that had hitherto united us in the lasting bonds of enduring unanimity. While my innocent babes danced eagerly round the new comer, I sat in a delicious reverie, apostrophising you as the friend of my soul. I recalled the blissful period,

When we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

and now, false friend, if we *are* parted forever—blame your monkey for it! If I supposed you undesignedly injured me, I would forgive it and restore my confidence to you, but circumstances too plainly prove what Mr. Smith and myself have for sometime suspected, your intense hatred of my defenceless family. The very last day we spent at your house, I could not help remarking the impatience with which you regarded their playful gambols, and your malignant looks when my noble George Washington broke the lamp and upset the oil on the carpet. Could you not have vented your malice on me and spared my precious infants?

"But listen to the detail of the suffering you have inflicted, and if you have any feeling or any tears to shed—prepare them *now*. Mr. Smith, to please our darlings, released the odious thing from the cruel confinement in which you had kept it, and tying it with a rope under the shed in the yard, our compassionate children immediately began to feed it. I am sure you must have starved the poor creature, for never did I see such an appetite. Tomatoes, peaches, oranges, water-melons, nuts and cakes, went down its throat in such rapid succession that at last the nasty beast could not move. It continued in a state of torpor until after tea, when my timid fawn, Rosa Matilda, playfully poking a stick in its eye, the little wretch jumped up, broke its string, rushed at her and bit her cheek till the blood streamed down her neck. While I bathed the gory wounds with my tears and some arnica, every one pursued the infuriated animal: and Zachary Taylor, bravely attacking it in the rear, caught hold of its tail, but it fiercely bit his poor little finger

and dashed into the house, where it whipped its paw into William Henry Harrison's eye, swelling it shut, and making it so black and blue that he really is not fit to be seen. As for Winfield Scott, notwithstanding he retreated to the pantry and entrenched himself behind the butter tub, the monkey laid in ambush, and the minute the poor child lifted his head, left scarcely a lock of hair on it; indeed, he looks as if he had been scalped. My cap was snatched off and torn to pieces, and when he had demolished that, he flew at poor Mr. Smith, clutched his wig, threw it into the kitchen fire, and literally covered his bald head with scratches.

"My dear, witty, little Charles Dickens says it looks for all the world like the globe with ever so many lines of latitude and longitude on it, and shows that his pa has passed the meridian of his life. We have only just caught the animal after two hours of riot and destruction, that I cannot pretend to describe. My looking-glasses, in particular, Mr. Smith thinks you ought to pay for; but I don't suppose you have feeling enough for that, so I will just add I have done with you for ever; and here's your monkey back again; and if you don't feel remorse when you read this, come and see for yourself that what Scott says is true:

"No spectre can the chancel send,
So dreadful as an injured friend."

For I may say, that inside and outside we are nothing but injuries. Mr. Smith joins me in hoping you may never know what peace is any more, but I don't suppose you care what we think.

"FANNY SMITH."

Now, Mr. Editor, I declare to you that the lady, who wrote the above letter, *never* was an intimate friend of mine; that we had been acquainted but a short time, and that I was as innocent of any regard for her as I was of malice preposse toward her children. You will perceive a strange discrepancy in her style, which varies from injured eloquence to coarse vulgarity; and as it is a fair sample of her conversation, you may imagine how probable it was that I, who have a soul which soars above the meaner things of earth, could have been linked with her in the ties of friendship. Dear little "Beauty," I could almost love you for the good taste you have shown in disliking that horrid woman!

When I recovered my temper, which was not for a day or two, I immediately began to consider about giving the monkey his credentials, and sending him again on his travels; and fortunately recollecting that a fair, frivolous, young lady, of my acquaintance, who had a passion for pets, had formerly expressed a wish for one, I thought myself tolerably secure, in sending "Beauty" to her, of never seeing him again. Alas! how vain were my hopes—but I will not anticipate.

"DEAREST ORIANNA:—I have often heard you wish for a monkey, and I am supremely happy to contribute to your enjoyment, by sending you one I have just received. I have had some difficulty in preserving it for you, so many of my friends coveted it; but as I destined it for *you*, my fondest and fairest, I resisted all petitions. Our mutual friend, Mrs. Smith, is quite offended at me about it; but I shall not care, if you are

pleased, which I am sure you must be with such an engaging pet. Au revoir. CHERICOT."

Two days, a week, elapsed, and as I heard nothing of "Beauty," I began to consider him as among the things that were; but, as usual, like uncurrent coin, or a counterfeit note, he would not pass, but invariably came back to me. The gentle Orianna's rose-scented billet will explain the difficulty.

"FRIEND OF MY HEART:—It grieves me to the soul to send you back the darling fellow; but pa, like Fate, is inexorable, and I am forced to submit to his decrees. You will readily conceive my anguish at parting with him, for he was not only inestimable as a token of *your* affection, but is, besides, the dearest little love of a creature I ever beheld. I was *so* delighted to get him, and had *such* pleasure in working for him. I never looked at my canary, nor spoke to Fidele, while he was in the house; but, alas! those days of happiness are fled for ever, and I am left in solitude to sigh. You may imagine how I loved him, when I tell you, that, with the exception of the whiskers and moustache, he was the exact image of dear Harry Harumscarum, (who, I suppose you know, has deserted me for that vile California.)

"I had a sweet, blue cashmere mantle made for him (the monkey, not Harry), tied with charming cherry colored rosettes; also, a pink, bound with white satin, and an orange, with lilac fringe; a velvet cap, with gold tassel, completed his costume, in which he did, indeed, look irresistible. Ah! poor, little fellow! I shall never admire you again, as I have done, dancing with delight at your finery; for, my dear, he was just as much pleased with dress as any man I ever saw. Pa was absent, at New York, until yesterday, and, when he returned, began, as I had expected, to grumble at and abuse the sweet fellow; but I do think matters would not have come to an extremity, had not dear "Beauty" injudiciously jumped out of my arms, as we sat at table, and knocked a cup of scalding hot tea down pa's bosom; the immediate consequence of which was, that he swore shockingly, and ordered me to send him instantly out of the house. This command I obeyed with many tears, and feeling reluctant to hurt your feelings by returning him to you, I sent him, with a friendly message, to Mrs. Smith, who, you intimated in your note, was anxious to have him. Imagine my dismay at his being sent back, with *such* a letter. Oh! my dear, you never saw anything like it, and I can't pretend to tell you all that was in it;—she accuses poor, innocent me of having leagued with you to add insult to injury, and says she hopes neither of us will ever darken her doors again. Of course, we won't; but do explain to me what she means? Je vous embrasse tendrement.

"ORIANNA."

"P. S.—I am forced, as you perceive, to return the monkey, but I shall often call to see him; indeed, if you do not object, I should like to have his daguerreotype, as, in the hurry of departure, dear Harry forgot to leave me his, and they are so much alike."

As usual with people in distress, I have many friends to give me advice, but there is no one

generous enough to take my monkey; in fact, he has given me so much trouble that I am resolved to sell him, and get paid for it; but here, again, is a difficulty—no one will have him as a gift, no one will steal him, no one will buy him.

One gentleman says he would be glad to have him—but he once owned a monkey, for whom he paid ten dollars, and the first time he left the house, his wife traded the animal off to a Jew for a common red bird, paying him a dollar and a half to boot, so he don't like to put another such expensive speculation in her way.

I should like to know the value of my monkey; but, that, like everything else concerning him, is a mystery. One person says he is worth twelve dollars; a second tells me two is too much for him; a third advises me to get rid of him on any terms, and a fourth bids me to let him run. I turn in despair to the newspapers, and the prices current tells me that ashes have a tendency upwards, that molasses is firm, cotton shaky, tobacco in demand, while common salt is rated heavy. I even see Scotch pigs mentioned (which I am told refers to iron); but there is nothing said about monkeys. In fact, a friend assures me that the market is glutted. He asserts they are to be seen for nothing, in any quantity, parading Chestnut street at fashionable hours, twirling their canes, and gazing impertinently at the belles who pass them.

But my monkey, sir, is not like those; he really is an *uncommon* monkey. Notwithstanding all the abuse that Mrs. Smith and Orianna's pa have lavished on him, I solemnly assure you he is a most desirable acquisition to any family circle. When you caressingly smooth his soft grey fur, you are rewarded by a smile that displays two rows of seed pearls, and his bright hazel eyes beam gratitude on you, while his long, feathery tail twines caressingly round your arm. Indeed, sir, if you can persuade anybody to purchase him, they will never repent it. I would advertise him, but that malicious Mrs. Smith takes the Ledger, and I am sure she would slander him, so that no one would like to have him. So, if you have any friend who answers to the description of the old proverb, "A fool and his money is soon parted," ask him to

BUY MY MONKEY.

TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.—Channing says: "We have felt, when looking above us into the atmosphere, that there was an infinity of space which we could not explore. When I look into man's spirit, and see there the germs of an immortal life, I feel more deeply that an infinity lies hid beyond what I see. In the idea of duty which springs up in every human heart, I discern a law more sacred and boundless than gravitation, which binds the soul to a more glorious universe than that to which attraction binds the body, and which is to endure though the laws of physical nature pass away. Every moral sentiment, every intellectual action, is to me a hint, a prophetic sign, of a spiritual power to be expanded forever; just as a faint ray from a distant star is significant of unimaginable splendor."

THE LITTLE STUMPY MAN.

FROM "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH, OR LIFE IN CANADA," BY MRS. MOODIE.

Before I dismiss for ever the troubles and sorrows of 1836, I would fain introduce to the notice of my readers some of the odd characters with whom we became acquainted during that period. The first that starts vividly to my recollection is the picture of a short, stumpy, thick-set man—a British sailor, too—who came to stay one night under our roof, and took quiet possession of his quarters for nine months, and whom we were obliged to tolerate from the simple fact that we could not get rid of him.

During the fall, Moodie had met this individual (whom I will call Mr. Malcolm) in the mail-coach, going up to Toronto. Amused with his eccentric and blunt manners, and finding him a shrewd, clever fellow in conversation, Moodie told him that if ever he came into his part of the world he should be glad to renew their acquaintance. And so they parted, with mutual goodwill, as men often part who have travelled a long journey in good fellowship together, without thinking it probable they should ever meet again.

The sugar season had just commenced with the spring thaw; Jacob had tapped a few trees in order to obtain sap to make molasses for the children, when his plans were frustrated by the illness of my husband, who was again attacked with the ague. Towards the close of a wet, sloppy night, while Jacob was in the wood, chopping, and our servant gone to my sister, who was ill, to help to wash, as I was busy baking bread for tea, my attention was aroused by a violent knocking at the door, and the furious barking of our dog, Hector. I ran to open it, when I found Hector's teeth clenched in the trowsers of a little, dark, thick-set man, who said in a gruff voice,

"Call off your dog. What do you keep such a brute about the house for? Is it to bite people who come to see you?"

Hector was the best-behaved, best-tempered animal in the world; he might have been called a gentlemanly dog. So little was there of the unmannerly puppy in his behavior, that I was perfectly astonished at his ungracious conduct. I caught him by the collar, and not without some difficulty succeeded in dragging him off.

"Is Captain Moodie within?" said the stranger.

"He is, sir. But he is ill in bed—too ill to be seen."

"Tell him a friend," (he laid a strong stress upon the last word,) a particular friend must speak to him."

I now turned my eyes to the face of the speaker with some curiosity. I had taken him for a mechanic, from his dirty, slovenly appearance; and his physiognomy was so unpleasant that I did not credit his assertion that he was a friend of my husband, for I was certain that no man who possessed such a forbidding aspect could be regarded by Moodie as a friend. I was about to deliver his message, but the moment I let go Hector's collar, the dog was at him again.

"Don't strike him with your stick," I cried, throwing my arms over the faithful creature.

"He is a powerful animal, and if you provoke him, he will kill you."

I at last succeeded in coaxing Hector into the girl's room, where I shut him up, while the stranger came into the kitchen, and walked to the fire to dry his wet clothes.

I immediately went into the parlor, where Moodie was lying upon a bed near the stove, to deliver the stranger's message; but before I could say a word, he dashed in after me, and going up to the bed, held out his broad, coarse hand, with, "How are you, Mr. Moodie? You see I have accepted your kind invitation sooner than either you or I expected. If you will give me house-room for the night I shall be obliged to you."

This was said in a low, mysterious voice; and Moodie, who was still struggling with the hot fit of his disorder, and whose senses were not a little confused, stared at him with a look of vague bewilderment. The countenance of the stranger grew dark.

"You cannot have forgotten me—my name is Malcolm."

"Yes, yes; I remember you now," said the invalid, holding out his burning, feverish hand. To my home, *such as it is*, you are welcome."

I stood by in wondering astonishment, looking from one to the other, as I had no recollection of ever hearing my husband mention the name of the stranger; but as he had invited him to share our hospitality, I did my best to make him welcome, though in what manner he was to be accommodated puzzled me not a little. I placed the arm-chair by the fire, and told him that I would prepare tea for him as soon as I could.

"It may be as well to tell you, Mrs. Moodie," said he sulkily, for he was evidently displeased by my husband's want of recognition on his first entrance, "that I have had no dinner."

I sighed to myself, for I well knew that our larder boasted of no dainties; and from the animal expression of our guest's face, I rightly judged that he was fond of good living.

By the time I had fried a rasher of salt pork, and made a pot of dandelion coffee, the bread I had been preparing was baked; but grown flour will not make light bread, and it was unusually heavy. For the first time I felt heartily ashamed of our humble fare. I was sure that he for whom it was provided was not one to pass it over in benevolent silence. "He might be a gentleman," I thought, "but he does not look like one;" and a confused idea of who he was, and where Moodie had met with him, began to float through my mind. I did not like the appearance of the man, but I consoled myself that he was only to stay for one night, and I could give up my bed for that one night, and sleep on a bed on the floor by my sick husband. When I re-entered the parlor to cover the table, I found Moodie fallen asleep, and Mr. Malcolm reading. As I placed the tea-things on the table, he raised his head, and regarded me with a gloomy stare. He was a strange-looking creature; his features were tolerably regular, his complexion dark, with a good color, his very broad and round head was covered with a perfect mass of close, black, curling hair, which, in growth, texture, and hue, resembled

the wiry, curly hide of a water-dog. His eyes and mouth were both well-shaped, but gave, by their sinister expression, an odious and doubtful meaning to the whole of his physiognomy. The eyes were cold, insolent, and cruel, and as green as the eyes of a cat. The mouth bespoke a sullen, determined, and sneering disposition, as if it belonged to one brutally obstinate, one who could not by any gentle means be persuaded from his purpose. Such a man in a passion would have been a terrible wild beast; but the current of his feelings seemed to flow in a deep sluggish channel, rather than in a violent or impetuous one; and, like William Penn, when he reconnoitred his unwelcome visitors through the keyhole of the door, I looked at my strange guest, and liked him not. Perhaps my distant and constrained manner made him painfully aware of the fact, for I am certain that, from the first hour of our acquaintance, a deep-rooted antipathy existed between us, which time seemed rather to strengthen than diminish.

He ate of his meal sparingly, and with evident disgust; the only remarks which dropped from him were:

"You make bad bread in the bush. Strange, that you can't keep your potatoes from the frost! I should have thought that you could have had things more comfortable in the woods."

"We have been very unfortunate," I said, "since we came to the woods. I am sorry that you should be obliged to share the poverty of the land. It would have given me much pleasure could I have set before you a more comfortable meal."

"Oh, don't mention it. So that I get good pork and potatoes I shall be contented."

What did these words imply?—an extension of his visit? I hoped that I was mistaken; but before I could lose any time in conjecture my husband awoke. The fit had left him, and he rose and dressed himself, and was soon chatting cheerfully with his guest.

Mr. Malcolm now informed him that he was hiding from the sheriff of the N—— district's officers, and that it would be conferring upon him a great favor if he would allow him to remain at his house for a few weeks.

"To tell you the truth, Malcolm," said Moodie, "we are so badly off that we can scarcely find food for ourselves and the children. It is out of our power to make you comfortable, or to keep an additional hand, without he is willing to render some little help on the farm. If you can do this, I will endeavor to get a few necessities on credit, to make your stay more agreeable."

To this proposition Malcolm readily assented, not only because it released him from all sense of obligation, but because it gave him a privilege to grumble.

Finding that his stay might extend to an indefinite period, I got Jacob to construct a rude bedstead out of two large chests that had transported some of our goods across the Atlantic, and which he put up in a corner of the parlor. This I provided with a small hair-mattress, and furnished with what bedding I could spare.

For the first fortnight of his sojourn, our guest did nothing but lie upon that bed, and read, and

smoke, and drink whiskey and water from morning until night. By degrees he let out part of his history; but there was a mystery about him which he took good care never to clear up. He was the son of an officer in the navy, who had not only attained a very high rank in the service, but, for his gallant conduct, had been made a Knight-Companion of the Bath.

He had himself served his time as a midshipman on board his father's flag-ship, but had left the navy and accepted a commission in the Buenos-Ayreal service during the political struggles in that province; he had commanded a sort of privateer under the government, to whom, by his own account, he had rendered many very signal services. Why he left South America and came to Canada, he kept a profound secret. He had indulged in very vicious and dissipated courses since he came to the province, and by his own account had spent upwards of four thousand pounds, in a manner not over creditable to himself. Finding that his friends would answer his bills no longer, he took possession of a grant of land obtained through his father's interest, up in Hersey, a barren township on the shores of Stony Lake; and, after putting up his shanty, and expending all his remaining means, he found that he did not possess one acre out of the whole four hundred that would yield a crop of potatoes. He was now considerably in debt, and the lands, such as they were, had been seized, with all his effects, by the sheriff, and a warrant was out for his own apprehension, which he contrived to elude during his sojourn with us. Money he had none; and, beyond the dirty fear-nought blue seaman's jacket which he wore, a pair of trowsers of the coarse cloth of the country, an old black vest that had seen better days, and two blue-checked shirts, clothes he had none. He shaved but once a week, never combed his hair, and never washed himself. A dirtier or more slovenly creature never before was dignified by the title of a gentleman. He was, however, a man of good education, of excellent abilities, and possessed a bitter, sarcastic knowledge of the world; but he was selfish and unprincipled in the highest degree.

His shrewd observations and great conversational powers had first attracted my husband's attention, and, as men seldom show their bad qualities on a journey, he thought him a blunt, good fellow, who had travelled a great deal, and could render himself a very agreeable companion by a graphic relation of his adventures. He could be all this, when he chose to relax from his sullen, morose mood; and, much as I disliked him, I have listened with interest for hours to his droll descriptions of South American life and manners.

Naturally indolent, and a constitutional grumbler, it was with the greatest difficulty that Moodie could get him to do anything beyond bringing a few pails of water from the swamp for the use of the house, and he has often passed me carrying water up from the lake without offering to relieve me of the burden. Mary, the betrothed of Jacob, called him a perfect beast; but he, returning good for evil, considered her a very pretty girl, and paid her so many uncouth attentions that he aroused the jealousy of honest Jake, who vowed

that he would give him a good "looming" if he only dared to lay a finger upon his sweetheart. With Jacob to back her, Mary treated the "zeabear," as Jacob termed him, with vast disdain, and was so saucy to him that, forgetting his admiration, he declared he would like to serve her as the Indians had done a scolding woman in South America. They attacked her house during the absence of her husband, cut out her tongue, and nailed it to the door, by way of knocker; and he thought that all women who would not keep a civil tongue in their head should be served in the same manner.

"And what should be done to men who swear and use ondacent language?" quoth Mary, indignantly. "Their tongues should be slit, and given to the dogs. Faugh! You are such a nasty fellow that I don't think Hector would eat your tongue."

"I'll kill that beast," muttered Malcolm, as he walked away.

I remonstrated with him on the impropriety of bandying words with our servants. "You see," I said, "the disrespect with which they treat you; and if they presume upon your familiarity, to speak to our guest in this contemptuous manner, they will soon extend the same conduct to us."

"But, Mrs. Moodie, you should reprove them."

"I cannot, sir, while you continue, by taking liberties with the girl, and swearing at the man, to provoke them to retaliation."

"Swearing! What harm is there in swearing? A sailor cannot live without oaths."

"But a gentleman might, Mr. Malcolm. I should be sorry to consider you in any other light."

"Ah, you are such a prude—so methodistical—you make no allowance for circumstances! Surely, in the woods we may dispense with the hypocritical, conventional forms of society, and speak and act as we please."

"So you seem to think; but you see the result."

"I have never been used to the society of ladies, and I cannot fashion my words to please them; and I won't, that's more!" he muttered to himself, as he strode off to Moodie in the field. I wished from my very heart that he was once more on the deck of his piratical South American craft.

One night he insisted on going out in the canoe to spear muskinoe with Moodie. The evening turned out very chill and foggy, and before twelve, they returned, with only one fish, and half frozen with cold. Malcolm had got twinges of rheumatism, and he fussed, and sulked, and swore, and quarrelled with everybody and everything, until Moodie, who was highly amused by his petulance, advised him to go to his bed, and pray for the happy restoration of his temper.

"Temper!" he cried, "I don't believe there's a good-tempered person in the world. It's all hypocrisy! I never had a good temper! My mother was an ill-tempered woman, and ruled my father, who was a confoundedly severe, domineering man. I was born in an ill-temper. I was an ill-tempered child; I grew up an ill-tempered man. I feel worse than ill-tempered now, and when I die it will be in an ill-temper."

"Well," quoth I, "Moodie has made you a tum-

bler of hot punch, which may help to drive out the cold and the ill-temper, and cure the rheumatism."

"Ay; your husband's a good fellow, and worth two of you, Mrs. Moodie. He makes some allowance for the weakness of human nature, and can excuse even my ill-temper."

I did not choose to bandy words with him, and the next day the unfortunate creature was shaking with the ague. A more intractable, outrageous, impatient I never had the ill fortune to nurse. During the cold fit, he did nothing but swear at the cold, and wished himself roasting; and during the fever, he swore at the heat, and wished that he was sitting in no other garment than his shirt, on the north side of an iceberg. And when the fit at last left him, he got up, and ate such quantities of fat pork, and drank so much whiskey-punch, that you would have imagined he had just arrived from a long journey, and had not tasted food for a couple of days.

He would not believe that fishing in the cold night-air upon the water had made him ill, but raved that it was all my fault for having laid my baby down on his bed while it was shaking with the ague.

Yet, if there were the least tenderness mixed up in his iron nature, it was the affection he displayed for that young child. Dunbar was just twenty months old, with bright, dark eyes, dimpled cheeks, and soft, flowing, golden hair, which fell round his infant face in rich curls. The merry, confiding little creature formed such a contrast to his own surly, unyielding temper, that, perhaps, that very circumstance made the bond of union between them. When in the house, the little boy was seldom out of his arms, and whatever were Malcolm's faults, he had none in the eyes of the child, who used to cling around his neck, and kiss his rough, unshaven cheeks with the greatest fondness.

"If I could afford it, Moodie," he said one day to my husband, "I should like to marry. I want some one upon whom I could vent my affections." And wanting that some one in the form of a woman, he contented himself with venting them upon the child.

As the spring advanced, and after Jacob left us, he seemed ashamed of sitting in the house doing nothing, and therefore undertook to make us a garden, or "to make garden," as the Canadians term preparing a few vegetables for the season. I procured the necessary seeds, and watched with no small surprise the industry with which our strange visitor commenced operations. He repaired the broken fence, dug the ground with the greatest care, and laid it out with a skill and neatness of which I believed him perfectly incapable. In less than three weeks, the whole plot presented a very pleasing prospect, and he was really elated by his success.

"At any rate," said he, "we shall no longer be starved on bad flour and potatoes. We shall have peas, and beans, and beets, and carrots, and cabbage in abundance; besides the plot I have reserved for cucumbers and melons."

"Ah," thought I, "does he indeed mean to stay with us until the melons are ripe?" and my heart died within me, for he not only was a great ad-

ditional expense, but he gave a great deal of additional trouble, and entirely robbed us of all privacy, as our very parlor was converted into a bedroom for his accommodation; besides that, a man of his singularly dirty habits made a very disagreeable inmate.

The only redeeming point in his character, in my eyes, was his love for Dunbar. I could not entirely hate a man who was so fondly attached to my child. To the two little girls he was very cross, and often chased them from him with blows. He had, too, an odious way of finding fault with everything. I never could cook to please him; and he tried in the most malicious way to induce Moodie to join in his complaints. All his schemes to make strife between us, however, failed, and were generally visited upon himself. In no way did he ever seek to render me the least assistance. Shortly after Jacob left us, Mary Price was offered higher wages by a family at Peterborough, and for some time I was left with four little children, and without a servant. Moodie always milked the cows, because I never could overcome my fear of cattle; and though I had occasionally milked when there was no one else in the way, it was in fear and trembling.

Moodie had to go down to Peterborough; but before he went, he begged Malcolm to bring me what water and wood I required, and to stand by the cattle while I milked the cows, and he would himself be home before night. He started at six in the morning, and I got the pail to go and milk. Malcolm was lying upon his bed, reading.

"Mr. Malcolm, will you be so kind as to go with me to the fields for a few minutes while I milk?"

"Yes!" (then with a sulky frown,) "but I want to finish what I am reading."

"I will not detain you long."

"Oh, no! I suppose about an hour. You are a shocking bad milker."

"True; I never went near a cow until I came to this country; and I have never been able to overcome my fear of them."

"More shame for you! A farmer's wife, and afraid of a cow! Why, these little children would laugh at you."

I did not reply, nor would I ask him again. I walked slowly to the field, and my indignation made me forget my fear. I had just finished milking, and with a brimming pail was preparing to climb the fence and return to the house, when a very wild ox we had came running with headlong speed from the wood. All my fears were alive again in a moment. I snatched up the pail, and, instead of climbing the fence and getting to the house, I ran with all the speed I could command down the steep hill towards the lake shore; my feet caught in a root of the many stumps in the path, and I fell to the ground, my pail rolling many yards ahead of me. Every drop of milk was spilt upon the grass. The ox passed on. I gathered myself up and returned home. Malcolm was very fond of new milk, and came to meet me at the door.

"Hi! hi!—Where's the milk?"

"No milk for the poor children, to-day," said I, showing him the inside of the pail, with a sorrowful shake of the head, for it was no small loss to them and me.

"How's that? So you were afraid to milk the cows. Come away, and I will keep off the bugaboos."

"I did milk them—no thanks to your kindness, Mr. Malcolm—but—"

"But what?"

"The ox frightened me, and I fell, and spilt all the milk."

"Whew! Now, don't go and tell your husband that it was all my fault; if you had had a little patience, I would have come when you asked me, but I don't choose to be dictated to, and I won't be made a slave by you or any one else."

"Then why do you stay, sir, where you consider yourself so treated?" said I. "We are all obliged to work to obtain bread; we give you the best share—surely the return we ask for it is but small."

"You make me feel my obligations to you when you ask me to do anything; if you left it to my better feelings, we should get on better."

"Perhaps you are right. I will never ask you to do anything for me in future."

"Oh, now, that's all mock humility. In spite of the tears in your eyes, you are as angry with me as ever; but don't go to make mischief between me and Moodie. If you'll say nothing about my refusing to go with you, I'll milk the cows for you myself to-night."

"And can you milk?" said I, with some curiosity.

"Milk! Yes; and if I were not so confoundedly low-spirited and lazy, I could do a thousand other things too. But, now, don't say a word about it to Moodie."

I made no promise; but my respect for him was not increased by his cowardly fear of reproof from Moodie, who treated him with a kindness and consideration which he did not deserve. The afternoon turned out very wet, and I was sorry that I should be troubled with his company all day in the house. I was making a shirt for Moodie from some cotton that had been sent me from home, and he placed himself by the side of the stove, just opposite, and continued to regard me for a long time with his usual sullen stare. I really felt half afraid of him.

"Don't you think me mad?" said he. "I have a brother deranged; he got a stroke of the sun in India, and lost his senses in consequence; but sometimes I think it runs in the family."

What answer could I give to this speech, but mere evasive commonplace?

"You won't say what you really think," he continued; "I know you hate me, and that makes me dislike you. Now, what would you say if I told you I had committed a murder, and that it was the recollection of that circumstance that made me at times so restless and unhappy?"

I looked up in his face, not knowing what to believe.

"'Tis fact," said he, nodding his head; and I hoped that he would not go mad, like his brother, and kill me.

"Come, I'll tell you all about it; I know the world would laugh at me for calling such an act murder; and yet I have been such a miserable man ever since, that I feel it was."

"There was a noted leader among the rebel

Buenos Ayreans, whom the government wanted much to get hold of. He was a fine, dashing, handsome fellow; I had often seen him, but we never came to close quarters. One night, I was lying wrapped up in my poncho at the bottom of my boat, which was rocking in the surf, waiting for two of my men, who were gone on shore. There came to the shore, this man and one of his people, and they stood so near the boat, which I suppose they thought empty, that I could distinctly hear their conversation. I suppose it was the devil who tempted me to put a bullet through that man's heart. He was an enemy to the flag under which I fought, but he was no enemy to me—I had no right to become his executioner, but still the desire to kill him, for the mere devilry of the thing, came so strongly upon me, that I no longer tried to resist it. I rose slowly upon my knees; the moon was shining very bright at the time, both he and his companion were too earnestly engaged to see me, and I deliberately shot him through the body. He fell with a heavy groan back into the water; but I caught the last look he threw up to the moonlight skies before his eyes glazed in death. Oh, that look!—so full of despair, of unutterable anguish; it haunts me yet—it will haunt me for ever. I would not have cared if I had killed him in strife—but in cold blood, and he so unsuspecting of his doom! Yes, it was murder; I know by this constant tugging at my heart that it was murder. What do you say to it?"

"I should think as you do, Mr. Malcolm. It is a terrible thing to take away the life of a fellow-creature, without the least provocation."

"Ah! I knew you would blame me; but he was an enemy after all; I had a right to kill him; I was hired by the government under whom I served to kill him: and who shall condemn me?"

"No one more than your own heart."

"It is not the heart, but the brain, that must decide in questions of right and wrong," said he. "I acted from impulse, and shot the man; had I reasoned upon it for five minutes, that man would be living now. But what's done cannot be undone. Did I ever show you the work I wrote upon South America?"

"Are you an author?" said I, incredulously.

"To be sure I am. Murray offered me £100 for my manuscript, but I would not take it. Shall I read to you some passages from it?"

I am sorry to say that his behaviour in the morning was uppermost in my thoughts, and I had no repugnance in refusing.

"No, don't trouble yourself. I have the dinner to cook, and the children to attend to, which will cause a constant interruption; you had better defer it to some other time."

"I shan't ask you to listen to me again," said he, with a look of offended vanity; but he went to his trunk, and brought out a large MS., written on foolscap, which he commenced reading to himself with an air of great self-importance, glancing from time to time at me, and smiling disdainfully. Oh, how glad I was when the door opened, and the return of Moodie broke up this painful *tete-a-tete*.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. The very next day, Mr. Malcolm made his

appearance before me, wrapped in a great-coat belonging to my husband, which literally came down to his heels. At this strange apparition, I fell a-laughing.

"For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Moodie, lend me a pair of inexpressibles. I have met with an accident in crossing the fence, and mine are torn to shreds—gone to the devil entirely."

"Well, don't swear. I'll see what can be done for you."

I brought him a new pair of fine, drab-colored kerseymere trousers that had never been worn. Although he was eloquent in his thanks, I had no idea that he meant to keep them for his sole individual use from that day thenceforth. But after all, what was the man to do? He had no trousers, and no money, and he could not take to the woods. Certainly his loss was not our gain. It was the old proverb reversed.

The season for putting in the potatoes had now arrived. Malcolm volunteered to cut the sets, which was easy work that could be done in the house, and over which he could lounge and smoke; but Moodie told him that he must take his share in the field, that I had already sets enough saved to plant half-an-acre, and would have more prepared by the time they were required. With many growls and shrugs, he felt obliged to comply; and he performed his part pretty well, the execrations bestowed upon the mosquitoes and black-flies forming a sort of safety-valve to let off the concentrated venom of his temper. When he came in to dinner, he held out his hands to me.

"Look at these hands."

"They are blistered with the hoe."

"Look at my face."

"You are terribly disfigured by the black-flies. But Moodie suffers just as much, and says nothing."

"Bah!—The only consolation one feels for such annoyances is to complain. Oh, the woods!—the cursed woods!—how I wish I were out of them." The day was very warm, but in the afternoon I was surprised by a visit from an old maiden lady, a friend of mine from C—. She had walked up with a Mr. Crowe, from Peterborough, a young, brisk-looking farmer, in breeches and top-boots, just out from the old country, who, naturally enough, thought he would like to roost among the woods.

He was a little, lively, good-natured manny, with a real Anglo-Saxon face,—rosy, high cheek-boned, with full lips, and a turned-up nose; and, like most little men, was a great talker, and very full of himself. He had belonged to the second-ary class of farmers, and was very vulgar, both in person and manners. I had just prepared tea for my visitors, when Malcolm and Moodie returned from the field. There was no affectation about the former. He was manly in his person, and blunt even to rudeness, and I saw by the quizzical look which he cast upon the spruce little Crowe that he was quietly quizzing him from head to heel. A neighbor had sent me a present of maple molasses, and Mr. Crowe was so fearful of spilling some of the rich syrup upon his drab shorts, that he spread a large pocket-handkerchief over his knees, and tucked another

under his chin. I felt very much inclined to laugh, but restrained the inclination as well as I could—and if the little creature would have sat still, I could have quelled my rebellious propensity altogether; but up he would jump at every word I said to him, and make me a low, jerking bow, often with his mouth quite full, and the treacherous molasses running over his chin.

Malcolm sat directly opposite to me and my volatile next-door neighbor. He saw the intense difficulty I had to keep my gravity, and was determined to make me laugh out. So, coming slyly behind my chair, he whispered in my ear, with the gravity of a judge, "Mrs. Moodie, that must have been the very chap who first jumped Jim Crowe."

This appeal obliged me to run from the table. Moodie was astonished at my rudeness; and Malcolm, as he resumed his seat, made the matter worse by saying, "I wonder what is the matter with Mrs. Moodie; she is certainly very hysterical this afternoon."

The potatoes were planted, and the season of strawberries, green peas, and young potatoes come, but still Malcolm remained our constant guest. He had grown so indolent, and gave himself so many airs, that Moodie was heartily sick of his company, and gave him many gentle hints to change his quarters; but our guest was determined to take no hint. For some reason best known to himself, perhaps out of sheer contradiction, which formed one great element in his character, he seemed obstinately bent upon remaining where he was. Moodie was busy under-bushing for a full fallow. Malcolm spent much of his time in the garden, or lounging about the house. I had baked an eel-pie for dinner, which if prepared well, is by no means an unsavoury dish. Malcolm had cleaned some green peas, and washed the first young potatoes we had drawn that season, with his own hands, and he was reckoning upon the feast he should have on the potatoes with childish glee. The dinner at length was put upon the table. The vegetables were remarkably fine, and the pie looked very nice.

Moodie helped Malcolm, as he always did, very largely, and the other covered his plate with a portion of peas and potatoes, when, lo and behold! my gentleman began making a very wry face at the pie.

"What an infernal dish!" he cried, pushing away his plate with an air of great disgust. "These eels taste as if they had been stewed in oil. Moodie, you should teach your wife to be a better cook."

The hot blood burnt upon Moodie's cheek. I saw indignation blazing in his eye.

"If you don't like what is prepared for you, sir, you may leave the table, and my house, if you please. I will put up with your ungentlemanly and ungrateful conduct to Mrs. Moodie no longer."

Out stalked the offending party. I thought, to be sure, we had got rid of him; and though he deserved what was said to him, I was sorry for him. Moodie took his dinner, quietly remarking, "I wonder he could find it in his heart to leave those fine peas and potatoes."

He then went back to his work in the bush, and I cleared away the dishes, and churned, for I wanted butter for tea.

About four o'clock, Mr. Malcolm entered the room. "Mrs. Moodie," said he, in a more cheerful voice than usual, "where's the boss?"

"In the wood, under-bushing." I felt dreadfully afraid that there would be blows between them.

"I hope, Mr. Malcolm, that you are not going to him with any intention of a fresh quarrel."

"Don't you think I have been punished enough by losing my dinner?" said he, with a grin. "I don't think we shall murder one another." He shouldered his axe, and went whistling away.

After striving for a long while to stifle my foolish fears, I took the baby in my arms, and little Dunbar by the hand, and ran up to the bush where Moodie was at work.

At first I only saw my husband, but the strokes of an axe at a little distance soon guided my eyes to the spot where Malcolm was working away, as if for dear life. Moodie smiled, and looked at me significantly.

"How could the fellow stomach what I said to him? Either great necessity or great meanness must be the cause of his knocking under. I don't know whether most to pity or despise him."

"Put up with it, dearest, for this once. He is not happy, and must be greatly distressed."

Malcolm kept aloof, ever and anon casting a furtive glance towards us; at last little Dunbar ran to him, and held up his arms to be kissed. The strange man snatched him to his bosom, and covered him with caresses. It might be love to the child that had quelled his sullen spirit, or he might really have cherished an affection for us deeper than his ugly temper would allow him to show. At all events, he joined us at tea as if nothing had happened, and we might truly say that he had obtained a new lease of his long visit. But what could not be effected by words or hints of ours was brought about a few days after by the silly observation of a child. He asked Katie to give him a kiss, and he would give her some raspberries he had gathered in the bush.

"I don't want them. Go away; I don't like you, you little stumpy man!"

His rage knew no bounds. He pushed the child from him, and vowed that he would leave the house that moment—that she could not have thought of such an expression herself; she must have been taught it by us. This was an entire misconception on his part; but he would not be convinced that he was wrong. Off he went, and Moodie called after him, "Malcolm, as I am sending to Peterborough to-morrow, the man shall take in your trunk." He was too angry even to turn and bid us good-bye; but we had not seen the last of him yet. Two months after, we were taking tea with a neighbor, who lived a mile below us on the small lake. Who should walk in but Mr. Malcolm? He greeted us with great warmth for him, and when we rose to take leave, he rose and walked home by our side. "Surely the little stumpy man is not returning to his old quarters?" I am still a babe in the affairs of men. Human nature has more strange varieties

than any one menagerie can contain, and Malcolm was one of the oddest of her odd species.

That night he slept in his old bed below the parlor window, and for three months afterwards he stuck to us like a beaver. He seemed to have grown more kindly, or we had got more used to his eccentricities, and let him have his own way; certainly he behaved himself much better. He neither scolded the children nor interfered with the maid, nor quarrelled with me. He had greatly discontinued his bad habit of swearing, and he talked of himself and his future prospects with more hope and self-respect. His father had promised to send him a fresh supply of money, and he proposed to buy of Moodie the clergy reserve, and that they should farm the two places on shares. This offer was received with great joy, as an unlooked-for means of paying our debts, and extricating ourselves from present and overwhelming difficulties, and we looked upon the little stumpy man in the light of a benefactor.

So matters continued until Christmas-eve, when our visitor proposed walking into Peterborough, in order to give the children a treat of raisins to make a Christmas pudding.

"We will be quite merry to-morrow," he said. "I hope we shall eat many Christmas dinners together, and continue good friends."

He started, after breakfast, with the promise of coming back at night; but night came, the Christmas passed away, months and years fled away, but we never saw the little stumpy man again!

He went away that day with a stranger in a wagon from Peterborough, and never afterwards was seen in that part of Canada. We afterwards learned that he went to Texas, and it is thought that he was killed at St. Antonio; but this is mere conjecture. Whether dead or living, I feel more convinced that

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

SCENERY IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN.

There is something grand and awe-inspiring in the higher class of mountain scenery. The ocean spread out before you in its vastness, is a sublime spectacle. The clear, calm lake, reflecting the "crimson and gold" of sunset clouds, and mirroring on its glassy bosom the scenery which fringes its margin, is a scene of richness and beauty. The broad savanna, decorated and embroidered with flowers and verdure of every hue and odor, is an object of loveliness. But a landscape made up of lofty mountains, frowning cliffs, ravines, torrents, vales and cascades, rises to the sublime, and yet tempers its own sublimity by an intermixture of the beautiful in nature, which relieves from the oppression of that which is grand and awful only. And then, too, there is panoramic variety in such a scene, which you look for in vain in the boundless fields of ocean, the unvaried face of the smooth lake, or the monotonous beauties of the flowery prairie.

I lately made a visit to the Cumberland Mountain, in quest of health, and found myself interested in the scenery much beyond my anticipations. I ascended the mountain by the main mail route leading from Nashville to Knoxville,

and took temporary quarters at Bon Air, five miles east of Sparta, on the Western brow of the mountain. The cabin assigned to myself and family was on an elevated point, a little way from the main building, and considerably higher, commanding a view among the most delightful I have ever seen. It extended from the southward round to sunset, describing half a circle, whose horizon was bounded by mountains varying, according to the best information I could get, from fifteen hundred feet high to more than two thousand; and this mountain horizon was from twenty to forty or more miles distant from my stand-point of observation. Within this broad area were included, I think, six or seven counties, or parts of counties; and the whole grand amphitheatre filled with high hills and mountains, interspersed with deep valleys, rivers, cultivated fields, villages and towns; and upon all these I looked at one glance from a position more than two thousand feet above Nashville, and near fifteen hundred feet above the neighboring village of Sparta.

But we must attempt something like an analysis of this rich landscape. Sitting in my cabin porch, and facing a point about S. S. W., the mountain falls rather abruptly, and a few rods below a bold freestone spring leaps from its rocky side, and sports its clear waters down into large troughs, prepared for their reception, at the roadside. Soon the deep descent places the tops of the tallest trees far below my sight, and a dark gulf intervenes to where the eye strikes an irregularly cone-shaped mountain which rises beyond the chasm, densely covered with green forest growth of stately stature; but the compact forest, as I look down upon it, appears like one great tree, whose top has been carefully shorn to reduce it to evenness. Behind this mountain rises another, and then another, and another, until the eye rests on the seventh of the series, where, at the distance of forty miles, it seems to support the firmamental dome, and bury its blue summit in the clouds; or, if no clouds be present, the sky and mountain-top appear a continuous wall on which the line of junction between the celestial and terrestrial is scarcely traceable by the eye. Change the view farther west or east, and the line of vision takes a diagonal range, through cultivated fields and human abodes. But in the instances of the remoter of these, the dwellings appear little more than toy-houses, and the farms as small gardens.

Through one of these valleys flows a navigable river, (Caney Fork,) which, within the scope of my horizon, has a fall of ninety feet within the distance of a few rods, and affords a five thousand horse hydraulic power. Early in the morning, you may trace the meanders of this river for many miles by the rising volume of fog, which in the distance so truthfully represents the stream from which it goes up, that you can hardly divest yourself of the illusion, especially where, within a basin of hills, it expands into a beautiful mimic lake. One morning, on looking out, a new spectacle was presented. The fog was very dense, and had risen up all over the immense basin described by my horizon, nearly to the tops of the mountains, and now I had before me a noble bay, with its coves and inlets, and in

which each mountain-top was a green island in the wide waste of ideal waters. The flowing of the fog, at one point, over a depression in the remotest mountain, gave the appearance of a strait, by which the mountain-girded bay was connected with the wide ocean, and rendered the illusion absolutely perfect.

The constant diversity of shade and sunshine is a beautiful sight, and is to be seen at all times when the sun is up: for at no time did I see the whole field of vision before me either shaded or sunny. On one mountain a deep shade rested, the adjoining one was covered with bright sunshine, and another still was receiving the blessing of a refreshing shower; and in this manner the entire area was diversified. I have seen heavy showers falling in three different locations at the same time, while the intervening country was either basking in sunshine or shaded with clouds. At one time, while the sun was shining brightly around me, and in a horizontal plane from my point of view, the sky was perfectly clear, save a few light, fleecy clouds over the southern horizon; below that line of vision hung a cloud which melted before me into a copious rain, and fell on the valley beneath. The "place of the rain" was before me, and I was permitted to witness the processes of the great laboratory of nature on a grand scale.

But the sublimest exhibition of all is a thunder-storm at night among these mountains. A transient sheet of flame flashes across an area of hundreds of square miles, revealing, for a moment, the giant forms of a hundred mountains, then leaving the whole under a pall of inky blackness; this is succeeded quickly by the loud thunder-peal, that makes the mountain tremble, and goes off in murmuring reverberations from mountain to mountain, until the deafening roar, weakened at each repeated echo, at last dies away in a low, distant moan.

I saw but one rainbow, and that, by-the-by, was not a *bow* at all. I was approaching the base of the mountain from the west, by a sort of gorge. On the nether slope of the mountain a lively shower was falling, and upon the falling rain the horizontal rays of a bright evening sun struck, and converted the shower into one broad, brilliant Iris, apparently lying on the ground, within two or three hundred yards of the place where I stood.

Altogether, we have here a glorious exhibition of the works of nature, and the power and goodness of Him who built the universe.—*Southern Lady's Companion*.

It is an undoubted truth, that the less one has to do, the less one finds times to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and, therefore, one seldom does it at all; whereas, those who have a great deal of business, must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in.

Politeness is the outward garment of good will; but many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

THE ESTRANGED.

BY R. HATHAWAY.

We meet,—but yet we do not meet,
And smile, perchance,—yet do not smile;
For, oh! how is each thought replete
With darkened memories the while;
Of fatal hour, when ruthless pride
Rude plucked away the flowers divine,
Whose fragrant garland sweetly tied
Thy trusting spirit unto mine.

For thou didst love, e'en as the heart
That troubles in this bosom chill;
Thou too must turn, though far apart,
All vainly to one image still.
Unto one altar, where was shrined
Too much of bliss for thee and me;
Now are we waked from dreams to find
How vain our deepest dreamings be!

Now, the lone paths our weary feet
Are tracing, lie full far apart;
And frail the gladdest smiles we meet,
To soothe the aching wayward heart;
For, oh! we never more may know,
Life's summer-dream, so early passed,
Nor feel again the bosom glow,
That should have charmed us to the last.

But yet thy manly brow alone
Seems lighted with divinest thought,
And more than others' is the tone
Thy lips do breathe, with music fraught.
And still I cherish, though in vain,
Their latest softly murmured sigh;
And turn me in my deep'ning pain,
For ray from out thy starry eye.

When faith that is to truth allied,
Undimmed by doubt was ever near,
To still the favored pulse of pride,
And stay all thought of coming fear;
When forth the springs of feeling gushed
In chainless torrent, full and free,
While all the far empyrean flushed
With beams of brighter days to be.

The freshness of Love's rosy morn,
Its quiet hours of summer calm,
Its glory-promise—beauty born—
Its nectar-dews of spirit-balm,—
Its Hope,—high orb of heavenly light,
Far smiling through the live long day,
O'er scene enchanted, Eden-bright,—
Have these for ever passed away?

Has Love a mortal life alone?—
Too strangely fair, so soon to fail;
A voice to swell one rapture tone,
Then only wake in sorrow's wail?
A prophesy of pain-release,—
Of blessing never to be blessed?
An earnest of untroubled peace,—
Whose giving is alone unrest?

Or may it own the life divine,
And in the night time all unseen,
Its cheering sun still quenchless shine,
Though darkling clouds do intervene?
Its kindling beams still brighter glow,
Beyond the bound of earthly strife,
Until, in One, united flow,
Our hearts' deep streams of Love and Life?

So will I trust, nor longer mourn
Affection's buds, though early sere;

Our footsteps hasten to the bourne,
Where none may weep estrangement tear;
Where dwell the true, secure and high,
Where stricken Love has never been;
There shall recruit the severed tie,—
There Spirit greet its Spirit-kin.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE, MICH., 1862.

INCIDENTS IN FRONTIER LIFE.

THE WAY THEY EMIGRATE.

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

At the close of the "Black Hawk War," in 1832, and as a partial indemnity for the injuries sustained, the government of the United States came into possession of a strip of country on the west side of the Mississippi, some fifty miles in width from the river, back, and extending from the vicinity of Fort Madison, north to Turkey river, above Dubuque. The Sauk and Fox nations of Indians claimed this country by conquest of the Ioways, about a century since. They received a valuable consideration for the exchange, and agreed to take possession of a tract of country towards the Missouri river, by the 1st of June, 1833. The people of Illinois called the country the "Black Hawk Purchase;" though that restless Indian had nothing to do in the sale or the treaty.

On the first opening of Spring, emigrants from Illinois and other Western States crossed the "Great river" at *Skok-o-quan*, to become the founders of a new State. A ridge of bluffs lay along the river, known to the Americans by the name of the "Flint Hills," the present site of Burlington city, where stood a solitary trading house, which had long been a gathering place for the aborigines, under the name *Skok-o-quan*.

The country in the rear of the Flint Hills was rich, and duly proportioned into timber and prairie: and in that direction the first tide of immigration passed. Many families from the vicinity of the writer disposed of good farms at a small price, to move to the "New Purchase." The "red-man" had scarcely set his face towards the setting sun, before many families, with their flocks and herds, found a new home on the plains of Iowa. On all the principal pathways leading across the peninsula, lying between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, wagons, people and their stock might be seen moving to the "Black Hawk Purchase."

Until they could open farms and raise crops, there was much suffering amongst these pioneers. The influx of immigration to the adjacent parts of Illinois, required all the surplus grain and provisions. Corn for bread could not be had for the people in the "New Purchase," even at an extravagant price, within fifty, and to some settlements, one hundred miles. And those who had no money to purchase with, nor team to haul it, had no alternative but to live without bread until they could prepare ground, fence it, and put in and cultivate a crop. Meat could be obtained by hunting, but the "staff of life" could not be had.

In the early part of the summer of 1833, the writer was travelling through the counties on the "Military Tract" in Illinois, as the country was

called that lay between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. He was engaged in establishing Sunday schools in the sparse, frontier settlements.

All the immigration by land to the Iowa country had to cross this tract. It was an interesting speculation to watch the "movers" as they wended their way to the New Purchase. For the amusement of such readers of the "Home Gazette," as are strangers to the aspects of frontier life, we will give an unvarnished portraiture of an immigrating family.

As the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the forest trees, and shedding their mellow tints on the floating clouds, a large road wagon, covered with coarse white cloth, with four horses, was seen entering the forest from the border of a large prairie, and proceeding slowly down the descent towards a small stream.

An elderly man with several youngsters of both sexes were marching on foot, and driving the cows and swine lazily along. A large sun-burnt man, with his clothing soiled and torn, was driving the team. He sat astride the hindmost horse, on the left side, and guided the others by a rope in one hand, while with the other he cracked his heavy whip to stimulate their efforts. The old man, who appeared to be about fifty, carried his rifle in a sloping position on his shoulder, while two stout lads each had the same deadly weapon. Their hunting gear was on, and each carried a large hunting-knife in his belt. Peering out from under the wagon cover could be seen the swarthy, wrinkled face of the matron, with a younger female, who might be taken for the "helpmate" of the driver, especially as three white-headed, dingy-looking children, with soiled faces and black eyes, were too young to claim consanguinity to the elderly female, unless in the line of second generation.

The weather for several days had been dry, and the roads dusty, and had we come on this family comfortably settled in a frontier log-cabin, they might have been a pattern for tidiness and thrift; but they were moving to a new country, and we describe them as their appearance was, which was far from prepossessing. Yet we have seen hundreds of families at their homes, on our frontiers, who were social, intelligent, cleanly and hospitable, and whose log-cabins would have done credit to a Jersey housewife.

On the bank of a creek that meandered through the strip of forest land, the wagon stopped, and the party made preparations to "camp out" for the night.

On the bottom land, along the creek, pea-vines and wild grass furnished rich pasturage. The horses were ungeared, and "hobbled out" on this "range," by fastening a strap or piece of hickory bark to the forelegs of the animals, so they could step but a few inches at a time. The cows were milked, and with the calves and swine, left to gather their own fodder, for they would not stray from the wagon. A fire had been kindled against a fallen tree; water was heating in the coffee-pot to prepare that indispensable beverage to a frontier family; one of the girls was wetting up corn-meal for "dodgers;" the old woman was smoking a dirty pipe, and the young wife was

nursing and petting her youngest child, who had been annoyed by the dust, heat and fatigue of travel. The father and one of his younger sons were erecting forks on which poles were laid and blankets spread, as a shelter for the night. While these preparations were going on, the company were startled by the sharp crack of a rifle, not a hundred yards from the encampment. Looking around to see who were missing from the company, the old man sang out—

"Where's Jim!"

"Gone a hunting," was the response of one of the girls. "I seed him take Bet (his rifle) soon as we camp'd, and start up the creek."

"I say," exclaimed the old lady, "that ar boy will run hisself to death a' hunting."

"Never fear, Patsy, I shouldn't mind if Jim's got another deer."

And, sure enough, Jim came running, half out of breath, exclaiming at the top of his voice—

"Dad, I say dad, send Joe to help me. I've got the confoundest, biggest sort of a deer up the creek yonder. He's all over a chunk of fat."

"Have you marked him?"

"Yes; right through the body, and cut his throat, too."

Jim's bloody hands and clothes were proof direct. Off ran not only Joe, but old folks, young folks, children and dogs, leaving the supper to cook itself. In about twenty minutes they all returned with a fine, fat, young buck—a ball hole near the heart, and the throat cut. "Jim," as the family called him, had taken to the trade of hunting since they left the borders of White River, in Indiana: and this was the third piece of venison he had brought to camp. He was a slouching, slender-looking fellow, who had just entered his sixteenth year. His garments hung about him as though he had caught them flying, but he bid fair to be the Nimrod of the family.

"I say, old man, hurry up now, and get that skin off, or you don't have a bit of that ar' venison for supper."

"Well, now, Patsy, don't fret, day-light is hardly gone yet."

To skin and dress a deer in such a company was the work of a moment, and, in less time than it has taken to record a single sentence of this veritable history, the steaks were simmering in the skillet.

Night had spread her heavy cloak over the forest, and the stars twinkled through the openings in the foliage, before the supper was prepared. The fire blazed up and threw its fitful glare over the surrounding scenery. Each of the party had performed the necessary ablutions in the brook. The old woman was pottering about a sort of iron ladle, containing a strip of cotton and melted grease for a lamp, which, when hung to a limb, threw a flickering light on the party. A coarse cloth was spread on the grass, on which were several platters loaded with refreshments, of which the venison formed no small part. Around this sat the family groupe on the ground—all but the grandchildren—who, after the fatigue of the day, had fallen asleep, from which neither threats nor promises of "Jim's venison," could arouse them. In justice to their kind mother, we testify each had received a cup of fresh milk

from the cows, and a piece of cold corn "dodger." The patriarch and his wife, Patsey—"Jake," as he was called, and his wife Peggy, Jim and Joe, Kate and Polly, did ample justice to the coffee, warm dodgers and venison steak. "Jim," in his own estimation, and that of his mother, was about the "biggest" of the group.

This family had sold their farm in Indiana, and were on their way to the "Black Hawk Purchase." Not one had ever been in this direction before. They had heard of a new country beyond the Mississippi, and the spirit of enterprise and restlessness impelled them to move. Very probably some of this family are now in Oregon, for the first families who migrated to that point in the "Far West," went out of Iowa.

HOUSEHOLD MUSIC.

One evening, taking my little boy, a child of two and a half years, in my arms, to lull him to rest, as have fond mothers since the world began, I took up a book of simple nursery rhymes, that some one had left on my table, containing the words and music on opposite pages. As I listlessly turned the leaves, and carelessly hummed the music, I heard a soft sigh from my child; but, without apparently noticing him, I sang on, when dewy tears welled out from beneath his closed eyelids; but still I sang, till, nestling closer to my bosom, the little fellow half whispered, his voice broken by sobs, "Oh, mamma, *don't* sing that!" Surprised at the circumstance, I sought for the cause. Examining the book, I found I had been humming the well-known air by Sir J. Stevenson, the Vesper Hymn. I knew no association connected with the air that could awaken such emotion in my boy; the words were entirely commonplace, and could not have been the cause; and to determine that question, many weeks after, under like circumstances, I again sang the same air to words totally different, but the same result followed,—first the silent tear, then a burst of mournful weeping.

Often, when I've heard the power of music denied or ridiculed, have I thought of this incident. Tell us, ye wise utilitarians! dwells there not a potent spell in an art that can work effects like these? Tell us, ye learned metaphysicians! what subtler chords vibrate in the human heart, than answer to its touch? Oh, ye mothers! sisters! prize your lovely gift, and by it weave strong bands, wreath the golden chains binding in one loving circle the dwellers at your hearth-stone.

Oh, ye parents! ye who bend daily at the altar of devotion, lose not the holy influence of this "most sweet" accompaniment: let with your morning orisons—let with your evening sacrifice ascend the voice of praise to the Highest! "for praise is comely, and it is good to sing praises unto our God!" Yea: with the royal psalmist let us say, "I will sing praises while I have being."

Who does not feel and acknowledge the power of the human voice? In whose memory—how thickly overpiled it may be, with a long life's gathered incrustations, with the thick layers of a stern life's realities—down, deep down in the heart's recesses,—dwells there not the echo of a

mother's lullaby—the remembrance of sweet hymns heard in earliest years? In "visions of the night," in dreams of long-gone times and scenes, they come to us like whispers of distant lutes, like the harmony of soft chords, such as one conceives the angels loved to harp.

Because the influence of music is not measurable by a mathematical scale, is not reducible to a logarithmic expression, too many deem its power a fiction of poets and dreamers; but parents! surrounded by young, impressible minds, reject so false an estimate, and despise not the moulding power you may exert on plastic hearts, by your tuneful praises of the "Lord of Hosts." Silently and unseen, perhaps, you shall plant a seed that "after many days" shall prove a gentle chord to lure back to paths of peace and virtue, a wayward, erring child, who, though widely straying, shall, in some silent watch, hear the still whisper of a reproving conscience, floating in, as it were, upon his soul's ear, in tones of an old, familiar melody—

"Return, oh wanderer! return,
And seek an injured Father's face."

What a reward! what notes of rapture shall sound from the redeemed, over one so reclaimed!

It needs no great skill in the *science* of music for this office in social worship. Sing the old airs and melodies your grandsires sang. The older, simpler, perhaps the dearer. They have the charm of associations of your early days. They are linked with sweet memories of those, perhaps, who have long sung nobler songs, long struck golden lyres. There's no melody on earth so perfect as the blending of kindred voices. Gather, then, your households, and attune their hearts and voices to sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb." What medium more fitting by which to celebrate the praises of a Saviour such as ours—to extol a love so ineffable as His? Daily let our voices "beat the heavenward flame," preparing us to join the seraph-choir, if at last we be permitted to

"Soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes that are divine."

Musical Review and Advocate.

POWER OF MUSIC.—A clergyman, says Mrs. Sigourney, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, 'Sing,' and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.

A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.

FARMERS' SONS.

[The following excellent story is from the New England Farmer.]

When a young man leaves his home in the country for a less desirable one in the city, or elsewhere, the inference, as a general thing, is either that he is "spoiled" by indulgence on the part of the parents, or by certain influences which may have fallen upon him, led to despise labor on a farm, and induced to seek a less laborious and more easy mode of life. That these are not the only causes which induce boys to leave a good home and farm, the following sketch may perhaps show.

"I am really very glad to see you, Mrs. Gove, this afternoon. Do you know that it is nearly a whole year since I've had this pleasure, and you my nearest neighbor?"

"I did not think it was so long, but—but, I have a great deal of care."

"Yes, you certainly must have. Let us take our work and sit on the piazza; it is much cooler there, and secluded from the sun."

"Can we see our meadow from there, Mrs. Norton?"

"Let me see—O, yes, very well."

"Mr. Gove, with the men and Billy, have gone down to the lower field fencing, and he wished me to have an eye on the meadow, as that fence is all down and our cattle are in the road. I see you have finished planting, Mrs. Norton. You have every thing done in season, and yet you never seem hurried, or fretted. You must take comfort."

"Why, as to that, we feel that there is nothing worth doing but is worth doing well; and feeling thus, we own but little land, a small farm compared with yours, and we find no difficulty in having our work done at the right time."

"Yes,—and I can hardly realize, Mrs. Norton, that this is the same place where I played, when a child, 'tis so changed, and so beautifully changed; these handsome trees—why in this very spot twenty years ago a sand bank 'twas, in which nothing grew but dock and tansey. I used to get the double tansey for grandmother, to color her cheese with. I am not surprised that my Billy should say, as he did to-day, that he was never so happy as when he was under the ash tree down by the spring. Really, Mrs. Norton, that is the only one near our house, and that is fast going to decay. You have vines, trees and shrubs, and beautiful flowers; why, it seems to me these things must tend to make home pleasant."

"You are right, Mrs. Gove; we feel that by cultivating a taste for the beautiful in nature, we improve the character and soften the heart."

"I know you are right, and not for my sake, but on Billy's account, I wish I could make Mr. Gove think as we do. But perhaps I do wrong to speak in this way, for Mr. Gove has more care now than any one man ought to have, and I know that he has no time for anything but barely to take care of what he has, without making any improvements. But I am in hopes when William grows up, that he will get time to set trees

and make our home pleasant, for a more ardent lover of nature I surely never saw."

"Mrs. Gove, of course your husband knows his own business, but I've often thought that it would be for your interest all round, if your husband had less land to care for. I mean, if he would sell some, it certainly would lessen his care as well as your own."

"Perhaps so, but really Mr. Gove doesn't think it looks just right for a man to part with property which has been handed down from father to son, until it is now in the fourth generation. 'Tis true I have a good deal of care, and must work hard, but I have no reason to complain, though 'twould be very nice, what little time I have to sew, to sit in such a cool, delightful place as this. Perhaps I'm all wrong, and think too much of these things."

Mrs. Gove was returning from the visit to her neighbor, which they had mutually enjoyed, when a pat on the shoulder caused her to exclaim, "Are you tired, Billy?" as she gazed earnestly at that pale face, and sought to read the language of those dark and handsome eyes. "Are you tired, my dear?"

"Yes, mother, O, I am very tired; for don't you think after I had helped father as long as he had any thing for me to do, I went into that pretty grove where sis and I played the week before she died, and there, right by a little mossy bank, was a little larch tree; and, mother, I wanted very much to dig it up and bring it home, and set it out by your bed-room window. I am sure, mother, it would look beautifully there, and then I never should see it without thinking of little Alice."

"Did your father take it up for you?" said Mrs. Gove, as she strove to force back the tears that would come.

"No, mother; I took the spade and tried; I dug all around it, but I couldn't start it a bit, when I tried to pull it up, and then I asked father if he would let Mike take it up for me. You know, mother, that Mike is a good hand, for he helped take up and set out all Mr. Norton's trees."

"And what did your father say, my dear?"

"He said, 'don't be so foolish, child—we've no time to fool away,' or something of that kind. I wish I had strength to pull it up; but I don't know as father would let me set it out. Do you think it is foolish, mother?"

"My dear child, your father has a great deal of care and anxiety, and you heard him say this morning, when the man called to tell him his fence all lay flat, and everybody's cattle were in, that his work was driving him continually; so perhaps father thought 'twould be wrong to spend the time that is now so precious to us, in doing what we could get along without doing."

"Well, mother, does father take much comfort? He is always behindhand, and he never finishes all the jobs he begins. Why, don't you know last summer we had so much to do that we did not get time to hoe that piece of corn between the woods, and I heard father say myself, that it did not begin to pay for the plowing. And, mother, you know I heard it talked over at the store, how

father had to pay for that strip of land he bought of Mr. Chase, twice, because he did not get time to make the deed, and Mr. Chase died before 'twas done. When I hear people say to father, 'you are the richest man in town,' or, 'you own the most land,' why, I think, well, I don't see as father is any happier than the neighbors, that havn't half as much. Why, I heard father say to-day that he was harassed to death."

The night after the above conversation, as Billy was quietly sleeping, and Mr. Gove sat with his arms folded, and his eyes resting on the wall, Mrs. Gove asked her husband, in rather a timid tone, if he had noticed how fully Mr. Norton's fruit trees had blown.

"Well, I believe I saw them, or heard some one speak of it. But I am tired."

"Yes, I think you must be; you've worked hard all day."

"I have worked like a dog, and what does it amount to?"

"Do you think," said his wife, "considering we have to work so hard and hire so much help, that it is for your interest to keep all the land?"

"Think—I don't think any thing about it. I've got it, and I must take care of it. I should look well spending what has so long been in the family. As long as property is in land it is safe; but change it into money, or any thing else, and ten to one 'tis soon gone, nobody knows where."

"Perhaps you are right; but it seems to me you could take much better care of less, make it more profitable, and at the same time relieve yourself of this care and anxiety, which I fear is wearing upon you. And then you know William is slender. I don't think he'll ever be able to work as hard as you have done."

"He never will, if he is brought up to think he is too good to work. He has notions in his head now, that I fancy will do him no good. You have been over to Norton's this afternoon. I suppose his wife advised you what was best for us to do.—Why, Betsey, can't you see through it all? They have been and sold half of their farm, and laid out the money in trees, and I don't know what all,—sent the boys to school instead of teaching them to work, and so she wants us to do the same.—Ha! ha! misery likes company. The long and short of it is, Betsey, Mrs. Norton wanted to get rid of work. I wish they had sold the whole concern and cleared out, for I see plainly you nor William can go over there, but it bewitches you. No—you will never see me covering my land, or surrounding my house with *boughten* trees. If I had time I should like well enough to set out a maple or something near the house. I should like one or two for the horses to stand under, but I havn't the time, neither do I think it best to encourage any such notions in the boy. You know how it is—if you give an inch they'll take an ell." He begged hard for us to dig up a larch this afternoon, but indulgence will spoil any child. If I had done that for him, why he would only have wanted more, and if he got too many such notions, why he is headstrong, and the first we should know he would be off like others we know of. No; the only way to get along with children is to be *strict*; no arguing

with them, and no giving way to their foolish wants."

"Do you think it was indulgence that made George White go to New York? I don't know but what it might be, his mother was dreadful careful of him."

"I should like to know what 'tis makes boys leave their father's homes and farms, and go off to the city, and barely get their board, if it isn't letting them have their will and way."

"I have no doubt that over-indulgence begets self-will, and overcomes a child's sense of duty, so that restraint is thrown off, and parental obligation disregarded; but, husband, I do believe one thing, and that is, if we wish Willey to love his home, we must make it happy; if we wish his warmest affections to cluster around this place, we must it attractive. You think the Norton boys are indulged too much, but this indulgence is nothing more than a desire on the parents' part, judiciously carried out, to make them useful and happy. And I believe they take the right course. No children love their home better than they do. Mrs. N. tells me that it is with the greatest reluctance that they leave home in the vacation, to visit their cousins in the city."

"Well, well, don't say any more, for I have as much I can do to get through the day's work, and I for one want to sleep in the night! Mrs. Norton is welcome to her notions, and I will have mine!"

While Mr. G. is wrapped in the "sweet sleep of the laboring man," and Mrs. G. is revolving in her own mind the many different plans which suggest themselves to a mother's ever watchful heart, for the good of her boy, let us take a peep at the character of both parents and child.

Had a stranger inquired of almost any one in N., "what sort of a man is Mr. Gove?" the answer would probably be to this effect: "Fine man, sir, upright, honest and firm; trifles don't move him." Granted—but let us see if there can be, with these good qualities, nothing wanting.

Mr. G. was stern; in his view, the "*smoothing over*" of an affair was never advisable. Billy, as a child, had much to contend with in the way of passion, pride, and self-will; like almost all children, occasional acts of thoughtlessness and hasty impulse led him into error and its painful consequences. Had his father been careful to "do justice to his better qualities, while at the same time he blamed and convinced him of his faults," all might have been well; but Mr. G. never met his errors in "love and conquered them by forgiveness." Unjust harshness actually confirmed him in error. Mr. G. was spoken of as a generous man, but to use the beautiful language of one departed, "There are those who are lavish in attention and presents to friends, but who never imagine that their own home circle has the first and strongest claim to kindness, whether of word or deed. Affections and thoughts lavished on comparative strangers never radiate on home; but when given to home first, they shed light and kindness far and near." Mr. G. never won the heart of his child. How was it with the mother? She possessed the rare combination of "gentleness with firmness, submissiveness with dignity." Her anxious desire was to do justice to his better

feelings, and while she wished to educate his mind, she was more anxious that his heart should be won and taught.

But little change, outwardly, was visible in the Gove family when William had reached his eighteenth year. The homestead remained the same—save some marks which "Time's effacing fingers" had not failed to make. The "ash tree," by the spring, was gone, and the maple "for the horse to stand under," had never been "set out."

One fine morning in May, William asked his father if he might have the sorrel horse to go to the village adjoining. Permission was given on condition that he would return before dinner. Dinner came, and with it came William.

"What has our William been doing?" exclaimed Mr. Gove, as he gave a hasty glance at the window. "Cutting a wagon load of withes."

"I don't know, but I can't see very well without my glasses."

'Twas easy to see, however, that that hasty glance had ruffled the smooth current of his thoughts, for he at once knew that withes needed no roots. William took out the horse, wheeled the wagon into the shed, and entering the long kitchen, seated himself at the table. The mother, with her quick perception, failed not to understand why that shadow rested upon the father's brow. Hardly a word was spoken—Mr. G., upon leaving the table, took up a newspaper, a thing which he rarely had time to do; it was evident to Billy, however, that he was not reading very intently, for the paper was upside down. When William left the house, he went directly for the spade and hoe, and walking deliberately down the hillside, south of the house, commenced making holes twelve feet apart, where he had helped his father plow the day before. He had thus been engaged half an hour, when, rising to wipe the heavy drops of moisture from his forehead, he saw his father looking earnestly at him.

"What are you doing, William?"

"I am fixing places to set out trees!"

"What kind of trees?"

"Peach and pear trees, sir."

"Where did you get them?"

"I bought them at a tree auction to-day."

"You did! Well, you can't set them, here, sir."

"I can't—what's the reason?"

"There are reasons enough, though I'm under no obligations to tell children; yet I won't be particular this time. In the first place, I wish you to understand once for all, that you take one step too far when you buy trees without leave or license, and more than that, proceed deliberately to put them on my best corn land. And now you can do what you please with the trees. You have taken far too much liberty. You shall never set them on my land."

Without one word, William shouldered his spade and walked to the house. His mother, who stood at the corner-window, although she had heard no word spoken, understood the whole affair perfectly. She saw William shoulder the spade, and then her heart beat heavily, but quickly raising the corner of her apron, she wiped away the tears which were fast falling, and met her son with a smile.

"Well, mother, I've done," said he, as he sunk down on the old kitchen chair, "I've done trying to be anything here. He won't let me be anybody!"

"My child, don't speak so disrespectfully of your father. He, Billy, that sounds dreadfully; never say *that* again, my son."

"I can't help it, mother, I shan't stay here. You know what I told you, last week, mother, and to-day I have had something come across my feelings, harder to bear than all. When I was coming from the village, I met a man with a double wagon, and a beautiful larch tree in it. I was hoping to buy it, so I asked him where he got it. 'Squire Gove gave it to me,' he replied. O, mother, wasn't that too much? I asked him who took it up, and he said his Irishman, that he called Mike. I could have torn that tree in splinters, mother. I rode round by the grove, and sure enough 'twas gone, and the mossy seat all trampled and torn. Do you think after that I would ask him to let me set out the trees? No, mother, if father can do without me, I can do without him. I shall go away as soon as you can get my things ready. Of course, the folks will say—'What an ungrateful boy to leave his father alone;' but why can't father try to please me as well as others—as well as strangers? There are the Norton boys—if father had done one-quarter for me that their father has done for them, I should be very, very happy. O, mother, don't feel so bad—you must not blame me. I know you are a real Christian, mother, but I ain't like you—you overlook, and forgive everything. I am some like father; I wish I was just like you."

William expected his mother would entreat him to stay at home, but no, not one word did she say in favor of it. She knew these were little things to cause the boy to leave the home of his youth for a home among strangers, but she knew also that the joys and griefs at home are almost all made up of little, very little things.

We will hasten over the particulars of William's leaving home, and only say that his father's parting words were, "I can do without you as long as you can without me, William." In four weeks from this leave-taking, William was a sort of waiter on board a Mississippi steamboat.

Mr. Gove hired an extra hand;—many people shook their heads meaningly, and said it was a pity, a great pity, but nothing new or strange, for an only child to be spoiled by indulgence; but then, he was a pretty, bright boy, and they supposed it came hard to punish him; but "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was Scripture.

The summer was passed, the golden grain was garnered, and the rich fruits secured, when Mr. Gove, who had grown somewhat moody of late, called Mike to the back door, and giving him some directions, took his hat, and passing out the other door, joined him.

"Let me see, you have the spade and hoe. Well, now, come down with me to the side of the hill where the early corn was planted, and do you remember where the holes were, that William made last spring?"

"And sure 'tis not me that's a futher forgetting

sich things, for didn't I put a flat stone by every hite of 'um; and didn't I in hoeing and harvest keep them from being shoved a bit? For do you mind, sir, I set a dale by the boy—he wouldn't hurt a baste, sir, and his heart is as big as a whale."

"Well, well, that's enough, Mike. Now, you bring all the trees you buried in the swamp, and set them out just as you did Norton's, and do you know which were the trees designed for the holes William had opened?"

"And faith I mind it well, for didn't I tie a string round 'um, and lay 'um jes so?"

"Well, set them right, and when you have done them, call me from the house."

Mr. G. took the arm-chair, and moving it to the bed-room window, seemed lost in thought. Surely, he must be sick, for he never was known to sit down of a week-day except at meal times.

Two hours passed, and Mike was passing the window, when he was thus accosted by Mr. G.: "Have you done, Mike?"

"Sure, sir, a plasant job to me, I was lazy to quat it."

"Now take your spade, and prepare a place by this window, where you see I've placed the stick, for a larger tree. Now, if you have it right, go over to Capt. Burns', and ask him if he will sell me that larch tree in the west corner of his birch lot. Tell him the price is no object, and be careful you don't break any of the small roots; be very careful, Mike."

"No fear o' that, sir."

"Stop, that is not all. When you come home, call at Smith's and tell him I have concluded to let him have the land, and tell him to come over, this afternoon, and Squire Norton will be here to fix the writings. Tell all who inquire for me that I am sick."

Before night, one-third of Mr. Gove's land was in Mr. Smith's possession, and the deeds on record. The larch seemed quite at home by the bed-room window.

And, now, what strange spell was this upon Mr. Gove.

"O, there are moments in our life
When but a thought, a word, a look has power,
To wrest the cup of happiness aside,
And stamp us wretched!"

The evening before, Mr. G. chanced to take up a school book of William's, and on a blank leaf were written, in a neat school-boy hand, these simple lines:—

"'Tis the last blooming summer these eyes shall behold;
Long, long ere another, this heart shall be cold:
For O, its warm feelings on earth have been chilled,
And I grieve not that shortly its pulse will be stilled."

Mr. G. dropped the book, and wandered, he hardly knew whither, till he found himself in the swamp where William's trees were buried. What followed, the reader already knows.

Mrs. G. had finished her day's work, and was seating herself in the little rocking chair, when Mr. G. called to her from the bed-room.

"Betsey, will you sit in here? I want you to write a letter to William, to-night."

"To-night! Why it is after nine o'clock!"

"I know it, but I shall feel better if it is done to-night. I feel sick all over, and perhaps I am nervous."

"I will write what you wish me to, my dear husband."

"O, don't say so—but tell Billy I wish him to come home without delay; tell him for the love he bears his mother, and for the love *I bear him*, to come now. Say that my hand trembles so, I can't write this, but I say it from my inmost heart."

Mrs. G., with an overflowing heart, quickly performed the delightful task.

"And, now, Betsey, I will try to ask God to watch over that boy, and to soften my own proud heart."

"O! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer."

June, beautiful June, the "month of roses," found Mr. G. in that "old arm chair," by the bedroom window, but O, how changed!

"His hair was thin, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year,
Cares that were ended and forgotten now."

It was the last day of his earthly existence. The gentle breeze, as it swept through the light foliage of that beautiful larch, caused him to open those eyes so soon to be closed for ever—and as they met, for the last time on earth, those of his own Billy, upon whose arm his head rested, he whispered, "I die happy now," and the scene of life had closed.

THE SPIRIT MAIDEN OF RHINE-LAND.

BY MEETA.

It was almost evening; the sun was sinking upon its imperial couch of gorgeous clouds, whilst beautiful beams of crimson and gold were reflected through the trees. The calm, broad-bosomed Rhine slept along its green-embowered banks, and the dying sun-rays twinkled and flashed in its blue depths.

The summer air was soft, and sweet as a breath of roses; and a gush of dreamy melody from some idling bark upon the water, stole as a "spirit's presence" over the earth.

Paul stood at the door of his father's mansion, watching the changing colors of the beautiful landscape. His heart was overflowing with a burst of tumultuous emotions, thanksgiving and praise to the Watchful One. He turned his head over his shoulder, and glanced back into the chamber which he had but just left; there, in his accustomed place, the evening glow tinging his silvery locks, sat the blind and aged father, and at his side, upon a low stool, was seated his young cousin, the meek and fair-haired Bertha.

The maiden held her lute, and her white fingers glanced like snow-flakes over the glistening chords as she played a light wild melody. She was singing a Rhinish love-song, and her voice, so sweet and low, fell like the tones of a silver bell upon the evening air.

A soft and holy influence was enveloping Paul's senses; but he thought he saw a white figure glancing in the wood, and a spirit-voice seemed calling to him, as it said—

"Paul! Paul! where art thou?"

The voice called, and the echoes caught the wild, witching melody, and Paul knew that it was the voice of his spirit-maiden singing to him. He walked forth into the wood with a saddened heart, and seated himself upon a mossy stone.

"Etheria! Etheria! here is thy Paul," he called in answer; but the voice was silent, and he heard only the sound of the wind, as it moved in the leaves, or the dreamy tinklings of the fountain.

Paul had never seen his spirit-maiden, save in his dreams, when she came to him clothed in all her virgin beauty, and whispered to him of her love. But she floated upon every gold-tinted cloud. She smiled in the shining sunlight, and breathed words of love in the beautiful flowers. He saw her not, and yet he loved.

The sun was gone quite down and had left, as a remembrance of what had passed, and what was yet to be, a crown of glorious rose-clouds lingering in the sky. Paul wandered again sorrowfully towards the mansion. Bertha was sitting at the tablette, with her Bible open before her, and she read to the aged man the holy words. Never had she looked so lovely. Her soft blue eyes were filled with tears as she read, and her bright, fair hair fell like a beautiful veil over her neck and shoulders. As Paul gazed upon her beauty, a gleam of flashing silver light glanced through the apartment; but an instant, and it was gone again. It was not the moonlight—it was the smile of the spirit-maiden. And Paul thought no more of the fair Bertha, but mourned for his soul's shadow.

When the devotion was over, Bertha led the old man to his chamber, and returning again, found Paul sitting listless and gloomy.

"Paul," whispered the beautiful Rhinish maiden, as she laid her hand gently upon his arm, "thou art sorrowful, and I may not comfort thee."

Her tones were very sad and reproachful. Paul drew her towards him and kissed her fair brow.

"I am sorrowful, my beloved Bertha," he said, mournfully, "for I must leave this beautiful Rhineland—my spirit-love awaiteth me. Hearst thou not her voice calling me? See'st thou not her wavy tresses beckoning me?—My love awaiteth me, and I may not stay."

Bertha knew of his strange love for the spirit-maiden, and she bowed her face amid her ringlets, and wept.

"Weep not, my beloved one," said Paul, in a soothing voice; "weep not, I shall soon return again, and thy heart shall be made glad by the gay smiles and witching tones of my own spirit-maiden."

Bertha pushed back the drooping tresses from her weeping face, and gliding from his embrace, reached the door.

"Paul," she whispered, sadly, "when thou art far distant, forget not the maiden of Rhineland."

Alas! Paul knew not the deep and holy love which rested in that innocent heart for him.

Paul reclined upon his couch, but slept not. The moon looked down at him, and the stars

twinkled and danced in the sky. A voice full of mirth and witchery came floating on the breeze, and whispering in the leaflets. Paul arose from his couch, and stealing from his chamber, gained the open air. With quickened foot-steps he reached the wood, and hastened to the fountain. And there, among the trees, stood a maiden of wondrous beauty, clad in shadowy garments, beckoning and smiling through the shower of the fountain.

Paul sprang to catch the beautiful form in his embrace; but, as he came nearer, it still receded—the mirthful tones still calling—

"Paul! Paul! where art thou?"

Sometimes she hid among the trees, and then again her soft breath fanned his cheek, and her dark tresses fell like a cloud over his face. Now she vanished in a wreath of spray, or seemed lost in her own strain of fairy music, and then she floated in the moonlight smiling, and waving her white arms. But ever sang she, and ever followed the youth.

Paul stood upon the summit of a high mountain, whither he had followed his spirit-love. His father's mansion was lost to view, and the spirit-maiden had vanished in a mist of snow—her voice was hushed. He had reached the highest peak: but he was alone—the clouds above, and the snow below. He thought he heard the vesper-bell ringing on the air, and Bertha's voice reading the evening devotion; the lulling sound of dreamy whisperings bewildered him, and he sank upon the ground insensible.

* * * * *

The years pass by in their varied attire, ever choosing a new devotee to worship at the shrines of bitter sorrow, or awakening hopes. The aged father was long since dead, and was buried upon the banks of the beautiful Rhine. The witchern drooped its branches over his grave, and the "sad bird" sang mournfully in the green leaves.

The gentle Bertha dwelt alone in the old mansion, more beautiful and more beloved than before. She often thought of her old love, Paul, but he had disappeared years ago, and was perhaps buried in a foreign land. Thus, like a fair lily, she bloomed in sequestered loveliness upon the banks of the Rhine, ever modest, gentle, and meek.

One lovely day, when the summer had returned again in fragrance and flowers, Bertha sat at her lattice netting a silken fillet to bind her fair tresses. Old memories came crowding around her heart, and tears trembled upon her golden lashes. She thought of one so dear to her heart—Paul. A tall, sun-burnt man, with a saddened, care-worn look upon his features, came slowly up the pathway which led to the door. He was changed—much changed and older, but Bertha's heart knew that it was Paul. He reached the door-way—Bertha threw down her silken net, and, gliding to the door, cried—"Paul! Paul! is it thou?"

In an instant, he folded her in his arms, and she rested weeping and smiling upon his breast.

"And the spirit-maiden, Paul?" asked the fair Bertha, as they sat, side by side, in the father's hall, as in days of yore.

"Ask me not, Bertha," he answered, in a low

voice, as he pressed her hand still closer in his, "ask me not. It is enough, alas! too much to know, that I sought for the Ideal, and knew not the true value of the Real. Had I but dreamed how fond and true was the gentle heart that beat for me in mine own Rhineland, then would the spirit-maiden have been, indeed, as a shadow."

Bertha felt that she was beloved at last, and she rested her fair cheek fondly upon his bosom, whispering—

"Oh, Paul! shall we not be happy now?"

* * * * *

Many—ah, how many have deserted the substance, which was within their grasp, for the shadow, which, uncertain, flits hither and thither! Ideal bliss takes wings and flies away; real happiness folds its pinions amid the flowers of earth, nor seeks a better resting place. The substance places a wreath of emerald around the heart, unchanging in its hues; the shadow rests in the soul as an opal, with its many beauties. Then, seek not for a happiness greater than that of the present hour; the morn arises in golden beauty, but the night may be a clouded sky, starless and unsearchable.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 21.

ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERATURE.

[The Literary World makes a few running comments upon, and extracts from Philarete Chasles's new book on this country, just translated from the French, and published by Scribner of New York, which we transfer to our columns.]

No one can deny that the French writers who have directed their attention to this country, have honestly addressed themselves to the business of understanding our peculiarities *from within*. They have sought the centre and heart of our institutions, in order to determine the physiology of our institutions and customs. Among foreign journalists, M. Chasles, the distinguished Professor in the College of France, is the most rapid, brilliant, and sympathetic of all who have subjected our young literature to critical examination.

He derives his conclusions from no transient and temporary survey, but from a patient induction of as many facts as he could command. In these conclusions we cannot always concur; but we must acknowledge that in many of them he is more American than Americans, and consequently more right in his judgments than the majority of indigenous critics. It is true that he attaches more significance to casual and incidental ascendancy in some cases, and in others mistakes crudeness and extravagance—individual to the writers whom he discusses—further than the facts would warrant.

Several of M. Chasles's critical papers—which help to make up the present volume—we have heretofore reproduced in the *Literary World*, so that our readers are already acquainted with the method and treatment of the eminent French critic. The author's "Preliminary Notice" to the collection, announces his object, with a just reference to others of his contemporaries who

have discussed American life from a different point of view:—

"This volume contains several 'studies' on North America, and the development of literature and manners there. You will find here no pretension to direct the age, nor to preach new doctrines—a merit, by the way, sufficiently rare in these times.

"The Americans of the United States, last-born of the great Anglo-Saxon race, and founders of the federal republic of the United States, have conquered, in the civilized world, a place which does not permit the observer to pass them by in silence.

"For a scientific analysis of their institutions, I refer the reader to the excellent works of M. de Tocqueville and of M. Michael Chevalier. My object is different. I propose to exhibit, in a series of faithful pictures, the details of manners, traits of character, phenomena and singularity, observed upon the spot by foreign travellers, or shown forth by Americans themselves."

At the very opening, M. Chasles disposes of the high claim of American literature, in sentences like these:—

"And as it is impossible for a man without remembrance to have imagination, so that intellectual quality cannot belong to a people born yesterday, whose whole Past dates from yesterday. The United States of America, for so many reasons remarkable and grand, are essentially modern; their genius is material and mechanic; their force lies in their good sense, their patient observation and industry. It is—as we have just said—a country without imagination, because without memories. Countries grown old in sorrow, Ireland, Scotland, for instance, lend much to the imagination. They have bought that brilliant faculty dear: not a castle whose walls are not blood-stained, whose legend does not tell of a murder; not a fortress whose echoes do not bring to you from afar the sound of violence; the atmosphere of the Gaelic hills is peopled with phantoms, every lake has its fay, every cavern its enchanter; the shadow of Bruce wanders through those sombre chapels; the name of Wallace sounds with the sigh of the wind through these ruined arches.

"The United States, by a phenomenon which we have just explained, wants that dawn and penumbra which give perspective. The very tongue is not native to the soil: it has crossed the sea, and naturalized itself on that side the ocean. To preserve the purity of their style, American writers are forced to keep their regards constantly fixed upon the mother country, where are found their types and their models. If they innovate, they fear vulgarity or emphasis. In this respect they are like those modern writers who use a dead language, and fancy that they can thus restore to us Cicero, Demosthenes, Livy; forgetting that it is the social life of a people which gives energy and life to a language, and that an idiom detached from national society and manners, is a branch detached from the tree, and deprived of its sap. Scotland, even, is proud of her dialect: she has her poet Burns, whose inspiration was at once extinguished when he became unfaithful to the patois of his province."

This—we submit—with due deference to the distinguished commentator, is altogether too summary; he forgets that, although we may want the perspective of history, it is the very province of genius to supply that perspective from itself. In the pictures of Hogarth, for example, which treat of immediate, every-day London life, does he not recollect the air of distance bestowed on a familiar street view—such as the Election Scene, with the half-seen procession passing on the other side of the wall? It is this very imagination which does the work of history: to say that imagination is not employed in American works is, therefore, merely to say that the writers of such works do not possess imagination—no more. Setting out with this destructive postulate, M. Chasles dispatches in rapid succession various classes of American authors, from the colonial period down to the present day.

His effort at finding philosophy in everything, is exemplified in the reason which he gives for Brockden Brown's superfluous horrors—"American society has nothing fantastic in it."

"He understood and could express passion. Instead of yielding to the timid scruples of his compatriots, he braved criticism and only looked for effect; effect, factitious and exaggerated. Brown's demons are false demons; his monsters result from predetermination; his efforts of imagination are the struggles of an intelligence which wishes to create but which produces chimeras. There is a ridiculous super-excitement in these productions; all is forced, violent, incoherent. Nothing spontaneous, natural, simple; but always convulsions, perpetual emphasis, and horrors crowded upon horrors.

"Whence comes this vehement exaggeration? Why this unheard of tendency to the pathetic, the immense, the romantic, fantastic, marvellous? Because American society has nothing fantastic in it; the drama and the dithyrambic are exotics in the United States. Brown is already forgotten. It is the inevitable fate of all outre literature. False colors soon fade; their own exaggeration destroys them."

Washington Irving, with a hit or two at his Anglicism, is dwelt upon approvingly:—

"The most lovable works of Irving are those in which the delicate observation of his youth is naively set forth. His satiric History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker, a parody on the Dutch minuteness, and the microscopic importance claimed for themselves by the very little—the Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, and the Tales of a Traveller—works which will remain, and which, indeed, are refined continuations of the style of Addison—constitute what one may call Irving's first manner. Criticism had accused him of feebleness; he wished to rise higher, and wrote the History of Christopher Columbus, and that of his companions—that of the Conquest of Grenada, and at last the Alhambra. In this second manner there is a little too high coloring and emphasis; but the research is conscientious and the style brilliant."

A peculiarity of Cooper is pointedly sketched in the following:—

"The author is as if in a jury-box, he tells the truth, and nothing but the truth. If two foemen

fight with fierce rage upon the edge of a precipice, if there be between them issues of life and death, Cooper tells you the color of the rock; how many feet it rises above the level of the sea; whether it be of silex or granite; what plants grow there; what birds build there; its latitude. Another would be content to set forth the vicissitudes of the combat, the convulsions of suffering, the triumph, the agony. But this is not enough for Cooper. Every muscle of the combatants must be visible; he shows his subject not merely naked, but skinned.

"If such a system were to prevail, a grain of sand or a butterfly's wing would serve as a text for volumes; there is no reason why authors should ever stop in their descriptions."

In a chapter on "certain American novelists and travellers," this characterization is given of Mr. Mathews's "Puffer Hopkins," which, in its irony as an index of a phase of American civilization, reminds the writer of "Roman Gaul:—

"This irony in the United States is still very rude; it will become refined, but at present it is singularly bitter and coarse. Readers upon this side of the Atlantic can only feel disgust for the odious scenes written by two satiric painters of manners, Messrs. Moore and Mathews, authors of *Tom Stapleton* and *Puffer Hopkins*. I read eagerly these sketches of American life by Americans. The impression is a mournful one; it is not popular, but low and aristocratic in the worst sense of that word; faded and corrupted vices, without grace or taste; a coward life which pursues titles, envies fortune, rushes upon success. These manners are destitute of purity, passion, simplicity, elegance, or greatness—'tis the lowest shopkeeper of Whitehall, transported into gilded drawing-rooms, and clumsily borrowing the upper vices without forgetting or losing the baser. It is no longer Washington; it has not become Horace Walpole. I cannot express the disdain and grief produced by these crazy and brutal manners, which belong by their impurity to the scandalous boudoirs of the old world, and smell of the bar-room while claiming to be aristocratic."

The satiric point of that much talked-of book, *Puffer Hopkins*, has not escaped M. Chasles. He does injustice to its general spirit, however. Had he at the time been acquainted, as we have reason to know he has since become, with Mr. Mathews's other writings, he would have formed a fairer idea of the book he has noticed. It possesses many high qualities which the author has since more maturely developed; but in its best descriptions, its pictures of feeling and fancy, it is widely separable from the transient literature with which M. Chasles confounds it. He appears to have received, at the time of writing these criticisms, a budget of the cheap pamphlet publications of the hour, a form into which the exigencies of the trade drove alike some of the best and worst productions of the time. The dingy paper and close type of the Brother Jonathan editions would hardly recommend the contents of a pamphlet to the cultivated and luxurious book-tastes of the Parisian. We trust M. Chasles may yet avail himself of some opportunity to present a

fairer, because fuller, view of Mr. Mathews's different productions.

We have been struck with the zeal displayed by M. Chasles, in keeping himself "up" in the current American literature. He receives and imparts a suggestion with infinite readiness. He has his eye, for instance, upon "local archæology."—"No fraction of the United States," says he, "so small as not to have a historian; no city so small as not to become visible in octavo or quarto, with engravings." This glimpse, too, is from the life—"The European literature is curiously treated in the United States. In the scarcely cleared regions of the West, traversed by the railroad, children haunt the stations, shrieking out 'New novel by Paul de Kock, sir?' or some other such matter."

In fine, M. Chasles's volume is eminently readable—none perhaps the less for its French characteristic of eager generalizing, which refreshes the, to cis-Atlantic readers, somewhat worn topics. It is an excellent corrective in its frank, off-hand, suggestive way of the prevalent spirit of puffery, and we should add is generally well presented, with life and spirit in its English dress, by the translator, Mr. Donald McLeod.

INTERESTING VARIETIES.

SHAKSPEARE'S FOOLS.—Speaking of Shakspeare's "licensed fooling," which the poet sometimes carries to so great a length, Hazlitt finely remarks that nothing can justify this extreme relaxation but extreme tension. "Shakspeare's trifling does indeed tread upon the very borders of vacancy; his meaning often hangs by the very slenderest threads. For this he might be blamed, if it did not take away our breath to follow his eagle flights, or if he did not at other times make the cordage of our hearts crack. After our heads ache with thinking, it is fair to play the fool."

A PICTURE BUYER.—Some years ago, a gentleman sold the greatest part of his family pictures at a very small price, the size of them not suiting his rooms. In his travels round an auction room, hung with pictures for sale, a short time back, he saw the head of an old man, which pleased him so much that he gave a very large sum for it. On inquiry of the dealer, whose property it was, and as to the manner in which he came by the picture, he found out that he had, without knowing it, bought his own *grandfather's* portrait.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.—The Springfield Republican mentions that a clergyman and warm advocate of the Maine Law, recently stopped at a hotel in that city, and on being shown into his room, ordered the waiter to bring up some *drinking water*. A tumbler of "colored beverage" was brought. Suspecting that it was not a glass of pure Adam's ale, the reverend gentleman cautiously protruded the tip of his tongue, till it came in contact with the suspected article, and instantly shouted with great indignation—"Waiter! why did you bring me this stuff?" "Did you not order it, sir?" asked the waiter. "Order it, no! I told you to bring me some *drinking water*."

"Oh!" responded the waiter, "I misunderstood you; I thought you told me to bring you some *drink, in water!*"

MADAME SONTAG.—Madame Sontag, says the Home Journal, has no need of gas-light to conceal any defects of complexion, or to heighten the charms of her person. She "bears" the broad light of day as well now as she did twenty years ago, when she was as renowned for her beauty as for her gift of song. If Time has robbed her of youthful bloom, Time repentant has given in return a charm made up half of queenly dignity, half of maternal grace. A more engaging, winning person, we have never looked upon, than the Countess Rossi.

GRATTAN'S FIRST SPEECH.—When he arose curiosity was excited, and one might heard a pin drop in that crowded house. It required, indeed, intense attention to catch the strange and long, deep-fetched whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on Mr. Pitt's lips, at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, his grotesque gesticulations, peculiar and almost foreign accent, and arch articulation and countenance. As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and, at length, settled in delight and admiration. Mr. Pitt beat time to the artificial but harmonious cadence of his periods, and Mr. Canning's countenance kindled at the brightness of a fancy which in glitter fully equalled, in real warmth and power far exceeded his own. Never was triumph more complete.—*Lord Holland.*

WEATHER PROPHECIES.—If the dew lies plentifully on the grass after a fair day, it is a sign of another; if not, and there is no wind, rain must follow. A red evening sky portends fine weather; but if it is spread too far upwards from the horizon in the evening, and especially morning, it foretels wind, or rain, or both. When the sky in rainy weather is tinged with sea-green, the rain will increase; if with deep blue, it will be showery. When the clouds are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle, and bright towards the edges, with the sky bright, they are signs of a frost, with hail, snow or rain. Two currents of clouds always portend rain, and in summer, thunder. If the moon looks pale and dim, expect rain: if red, wind; and if her natural color, with a clear sky, fair weather.

METHOD.—So much depends upon method in any pursuit, that without it, success might be considered as a sort of anomaly, even in the common affairs of every day life. It is said that "Brevity is the soul of Wit," and we say, "Method is the soul of Business." Without it nothing goes on well. Three of the chief things which tend to make any trade or profession easy and profitable, are method, application, and despatch; and without the first, the second will be as unprofitable as the third will be impossible. Be your calling what it may, study to acquire method in it. Despatch one thing *before* another, and be not continually running from one thing to another, which is a sort of wild-goose-chase work,

out of which little and seldom satisfaction comes. Ponder well the kind of employment in which your mind is engaged: endeavor to impress yourself well with its usefulness so as to insure some valuable end in life, and this will be a powerful stimulus to seek method in carrying it out.

A FRENCHMAN FAST.—A Frenchman upon the road on "Fast Day," told a boy to hold his horse *swift*."

"Fast, you mean, don't you, sir?" interrogated the lad.

"Vel, *fast*, den; I no understand dis."

"There goes a fast horse!" exclaimed a bystander, as a lively trotting nag streaked by.

"How is zat?" nervously inquired the astonished Frenchman; "zare is von horse *fast*, and he goes like zunder all ze time; zare is my horse—he is *fast*, too, and he no move."

"This is Fast Day in reality, by the appearance of the road," said another.

"Oh, I zee den," said monsieur, "vy dis is fast day; everything is fast—ze horse zat goes is fast, ze horse dat is tied is fast, and ze folks zat eat nothing and eat it slow is fast. Vot a countrie!"

WEAKNESS OF LITERARY MEN.—Buffon was very fond of dress. He assumed the air of the grand seigneur; sported jewels and finery; wore rich lace and velvets; and was curled and scented to excess—wearing his hair *en papillote* while at his studies. Pope, too, was a little dandy, in a bag-wig and sword; and his crooked figure, enveloped in fashionable garments, gave him the look of an over-dressed monkey. Voltaire, also, was fond of magnificent attire, and usually dressed in an absurd manner. Diderot once travelled from St. Petersburg to Paris in his morning gown and night-cap; and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works, he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the air when he had struck out a happy idea. One day a friend found him in tears. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Diderot, at a story that I have just composed!"

THE HABITS OF AMERICANS.—Capt. Mackinnon says:—No stranger landing in New York can fail to be painfully struck by the pale, wan, slight, and delicate appearance of both men and women. After residing some time in the country, and acquiring a knowledge of their habits, instead of being surprised that so many of them die prematurely, one is astonished that they manage to live as long as they do, or look so well.

"In a lecture recently delivered in New York by Dr. Fitch, it is mentioned, as a striking fact, that in the States only four out of every hundred individuals live to the age of sixty. In England, however, he asserts that seven out of every hundred attain that age. Still, though the climate in the latter country is warmer, and more temperate, it is much damper, and has all those at-

mospherical and other conditions which contribute to produce an immense amount of consumption. The people are so confined and closely packed—millions live so poorly and in such miserable habitations—that a far greater tendency to the above disease exists in England than in America. Why then should a greater mortality prevail in the United States? The reason is to be found in the different habits of the people. In England, the experience of the old is reverently regarded, and taken as a guide; while in America, experience is but little estimated, and the young consider themselves more knowing than their fathers. The result is, they often find a fool for a teacher, and die prematurely for their presumption."

KENTUCKY IN THE OLDEN TIME.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta relates the following anecdote, on the authority of one of Kentucky's most accomplished and travelled daughters, the wife of a late ex-governor:—

In the early settlement of that territory, her present aged, queenly matrons were without many of those things now esteemed by their sex so indispensable, and amongst them the *looking-glass*, which had never made its appearance across the mountains. In its stead, the eye and hand of a companion, or the smooth, reflective surface of the glassy brook, were made to subserve the purpose of the toilette; and a wooden trough, or hollow stump, filled with water, not unfrequently daguerreotyped the flowing curls and tawowed heads of the backwood beauties.

But it happened, on a time, that there came along the Indian trails a Yankee pedlar, who, amongst his precious store of goods, which he was exchanging for furs and skins, had a small *looking-glass*, such as fits the top of an old-fashioned, round shaving-box. As soon as seen by them, all bid for the rare and desirable thing; but, with native shrewdness, under the pretence that he could not spare it—well knowing it would prejudice his trading, did he prefer a buyer then—he refused all offers, intending, in the end, to accept the highest.

At last, however, ready to pack and leave, he called upon the best bidder, and received his offer. The purchaser was a young beau, who at once presented it to a family of beautiful sisters, the rival belles of the country. It was near the time of a large ball, to which they were invited, and where they proudly appeared with pieces of the looking-glass framed in lead, suspended by yellow bark strings from their beautiful brown necks. They were at once the observed of all—the main attraction of the evening—much to the slight of others equally handsome and "quite as respectable," who were, after that night, with bitterness and wounded pride heard to reproach their late attending beaux with—"Yes, oh yes, you couldn't see us this evening: we're too common. You chose first to dance up to the girls with the looking-glasses." "And," said the lady narrator, "that night were first sowed seeds of envy and hatred that show themselves to this day between many of the leading families of old Kentucky—and all because of the *looking-glasses*."

ENTERING HEAVEN.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

Softly part away the tresses
From her forehead of pale clay,
And across her quiet bosom
Let her pale hands lightly lay;
Never idle in her lifetime
Were they folded thus away.

She hath lived a life of labor,
She is done with toil and care,
She hath lived a life of sorrow,
She has nothing more to bear,
And the lips that never murmured
Never more shall move in prayer.

You who watched with me beside her,
As her last of nights went by,
Know how calmly she assured us
That her hour was drawing nigh;
How she told us, sweetly smiling,
She was glad that she could die.

Many times from off the pillow
Lifting up her face to hear,
She had seemed to watch and listen,
Half in hope and half in fear,
Often asking those about her
If the day were drawing near.

Till, at last, as one awery,
To herself she murmured low,
"Could I see him, could I bless him
Only once before I go—
If he knew that I was dying
He would come to me, I know."

Drawing then my head down gently,
Till it lay beside her own,
Said she, "Tell him in his anguish,
When he finds that I am gone,
That the bitterness of dying,
Was to leave him here alone.

"Leave me now, my dear ones, leave me,
You are wearied all, I know;
You have been so kind and watchful,
You can do no more below,
And if none I love are near me,
'Twill be easier to go.

"Let your warm hands chill not, slipping
From my fingers' icy tips,
Be there not the touch of kisses,
On my uncaressing lips,
Let no kindness see the darkening
Of my eye's last, long eclipse.

"Never think of me as lying
By the dismal mould o'erspread,
But about the soft, white pillow
Folded underneath my head;
And of summer flowers weaving
A rich broidery o'er my bed.

"Think of the immortal spirit
Living up above the sky,
And of how my face, there wearing
Light of immortality,
Looking earthward, is o'erlaving
The white bastions of the sky."

Stilling then, with one last effort,
All her weakness and her woe,
She seemed wrapped in pleasant visions
But to wait her time to go;

For she never, after midnight,
Spoke of anything below;

But kept murmuring very softly,
Of cool streams and pleasant bowers,
Of a path going up brightly,
Where the fields were white with flowers;
And at daybreak she had entered
On a better life than ours.

[Home Journal.]

ANECDOTE OF A RING.

Hannibal, it is said, in terror of falling into the hands of his enemies, always carried poison in a ring, and by means of it, after his defeat and flight into Bithynia, disappointed the hopes of the Romans by destroying himself.

That such might have been the case, is clearly proved by the capabilities of the Russian lady's ring (mentioned in Thiebault's "Original Anecdotes of Frederic II."), which concealed a small syringe, and which she very offensively made use of as follows:—"While the French minister, M. de Guines, was astonishing the Court of Berlin with the grandeur he conferred on his legation (a circumstance extremely mortifying to men of the same rank, unable to keep pace with his profusion), a Russian ambassador, on his way to Petersburg with his newly-married wife, arrived at Berlin. The lot of presenting him at Court, &c., fell to the Prince Dolgorouki, who gave a splendid dinner to all the ambassadors, at which M. de Guines was placed by the side of the lady, who was aware of the existing rivalry, and anxious, it would seem, as there was no competing with him, to render him ridiculous. The ring alluded to was of great beauty, and curious workmanship—circumstances to which she invited the French nobleman's attention during dinner; and while he was stooping down to examine it, she pressed a small spring, which was tugged to the inside of her hand, and spouted the small quantity of water the syringe contained, into his eyes. The latter laughed, rallied her with great good-nature, wiped his face, and thought no more of it; but the lady again filled the syringe without his perceiving her, and (while pretending to wish to speak across him to some one near them) discharged its contents again in his face. The minister, without appearing the least angry or out of countenance, in a tone such as we use when we give a piece of friendly advice, observed, "These kind of jokes, Madam, on the first experiment may be laughed at; on the second, we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gaiety, particularly in a lady; but, Madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at that very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me: I have, Madam, the honor to give you proper notice." But the lady, imagining he would not dare to execute his threat, filled her ring again, and holding up the glittering engine, emptied it as before in the face of the ambassador, who instantly seized his goblet of water, and threw it over her, calmly observing, "I had given you notice, Madam." The Russian husband took his share of the adventure by declaring that M. de

Guines had done exactly what was right, and that he thanked him for it; and while the lady left the table to change her dress, her friends prevailed on the remainder of the company to keep the incident to themselves. It was M. Dinot de Jopécourt (says the writer) who communicated the circumstance to me *as a great secret*, on the evening of the day on which it happened."

In reading this anecdote, one scarcely knows which to be most surprised at, the childishness or the rudeness of the transaction. One thing, however, it proves, that poison could as readily be concealed in a ring as water, and especially the subtle poisons of antiquity and the East; the use to which Hannibal put his, therefore, becomes the less extraordinary, particularly when we remember his antipathy to the Romans, and his constant fear of falling into their hands. Of late years the most curious use to which rings have been applied is in the cure of rheumatic disorders; and many persons continue to wear them of gold or silver galvanized, and affirm their conviction of being benefitted thereby.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We copy, from the Boston Olive Branch, one of Mrs. Denison's beautiful lessons in life. She says:—

A boon of inestimable worth is a calm, thankful heart—a treasure that few, very few, possess. We once met an old man, whose face was a mixture of smiles and sunshine. Wherever he went, he succeeded in making everybody about him as pleasant as himself.

Said we, one day,—for he was one of that delightful class whom everybody feels privileged to be related to,—“Uncle, uncle, how is it that you contrive to be so happy? Why is your face so cheerful, when so many thousands are craped over with a most uncomfortable gloominess?”

“My dear, young friend,” he answered, with his placid smile, “I am even as others, afflicted with infirmities, ‘I have had my share of sorrow—some would say more—but I have found out the secret of being happy, and it is this:

“Forget self.”

“Until you do that, you can lay but little claim to a cheerful spirit. ‘Forget what manner of man you are,’ and think more with, rejoice more for your neighbors. If I am poor, let me look upon my richer friend, and in estimating his blessings, forget my privations.

“If my neighbor is building a house, let me watch with him its progress, and think, ‘Well, what a comfortable place it will be, to be sure; how much he may enjoy it with his family.’ Thus I have a double pleasure—that of delight in noting the structure as it expands into beauty, and making my neighbor’s weal mine. If he has planted a fine garden, I feast my eyes on the flowers, smell their fragrance: could I do more if it was my own?

“Another has a family of fine children; they bless him and are blessed by him; mine are all gone before me; I have none that bear my name; shall I, therefore, envy my neighbor his lovely children? No; let me enjoy their innocent smiles with him; let me *forget myself*—my tears when

they were put away in darkness; or if I weep, may it be for joy that God took them untainted to dwell with His holy angels forever.

“Believe an old man when he says there is great pleasure in living for others. The heart of the selfish man is like a city full of crooked lanes. If a generous thought from some glorious temple strays in there, wo to it—it is lost. It wanders about and wanders about, until enveloped in darkness; as the mist of selfishness gathers around, it lies down upon some cold thought to die, and is shrouded in oblivion.

“So, if you would be happy, shun selfishness; do a kindly deed for this one, speak a kindly word for another. He who is constantly giving pleasure, is constantly receiving it. The little river gives to the great ocean, and the more it gives, the faster it runs. Stop its flowing, and the hot sun would dry it up, till it would be but filthy mud, sending forth bad odors, and corrupting the fresh air of Heaven. Keep your heart constantly travelling on errands of mercy—it has feet that never tire, hands that cannot be overburdened, eyes that never sleep; freight its hands with blessings, direct its eyes—no matter how narrow your sphere—to the nearest object of suffering, and relieve it.

“I say, my dear young friend, take the word of an old man for it, who has tried every known panacea, and found all to fail, except this golden rule,

“Forget self, and keep the heart busy for others.”

A DOG STORY.

A gentleman, residing in Chelsea, says the Boston Herald, owns an English terrier, that has a remarkably intelligent face, but is otherwise undistinguishable from the “common herd” of dogs. The gentleman visited Somerville a short time since, and the dog accompanied him. There the dog made the acquaintance of another dog, and was so fascinated with the sociability of his new companion that he missed the cars, and his master came away without him. But the dog was at the station early the next morning, and came home in the first train of cars. Since that time the gentleman noticed that his dog was absent about once a week during the entire day, and has discovered the fact, that on these occasions, he goes to the Lowell depot, takes his place in a passenger car, jumps out at Somerville, spending the day with his canine friend, and returns at night. The same dog will, if his master leaves home without him, run down to the coach office, jump into the omnibus, and come to the city in search of him; and if he does not succeed in finding him, returns by the same conveyance. He appears to prefer the omnibus to the ferry-boat, and his fidelity ensures him a “free-pass.”

It is of no consequence where these sentences were found; they are worth treasuring up. A preacher once said—“If you know anything that will make a brother’s heart glad, *run quick and tell it*; but if it is something that will only cause a sigh, *bottle it up, bottle it up.*” “We never get good bread for ourselves till we begin to *ask for our brethren.*”

EXERCISE FOR BOYS.

We love to see boys happy. We well remember our school-days—how the joyful scenes of those golden hours rise before us as we write. After a long and labored session of school, what is finer for boys than a good frolic on the green grass? See them!—they hop and run, and toss their hats and balls;—every bone and cord and muscle of their young and active frames is brought into full and vigorous play. Their minds are unbent as well as their bodies. Let boys have exercise. They must have it, and a good deal too; and they must have the right kind, or they will become sickly and dwarfish, their minds feeble, and their feelings peevish and fretful. The open air, and the more free and pure the better, is important to good exercise to any one, but especially to boys. Otherwise they will be pale and weak, as a plant doomed to the shade.

They must have exercise which makes them forget themselves, and all their troubles and tasks, and throws the mind and heart into a glow of life and joy. It does them good to be excited. Our natures were made to be excited. This excitement, however, must be innocent, and kept in proper bounds. The notion which some parents and teachers have, that boys must be kept as prim as soldiers, and that every motion and step must describe certain angles, is as false to nature as it is destructive to their health and happiness. Let your boys, mothers and teachers, have enough of well-cooked, nutritious (not rich) food at regular and suitable intervals, good clear water in abundance, well applied to all parts of their bodies; air, free and pure as nature makes it; studies, to the full extent of their capacities, judiciously distributed; exercise, that will stir the whole being, and keep in full play every life current; and then let them have sleep, early, and enough of it, in well ventilated rooms, and they can hardly fail to be happy, and grow up well-proportioned and strong "to the full stature of MEN."—*Mothers' Journal and Family Visitant.*

SILK.

Silk is an agreeable and healthy material. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture-covers, it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull surfaces of wool and linen are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness; will not readily imbibe dirt; and does not harbor vermin so kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, even, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it, like thick woollen or linen, without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore—the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used, instead of linen and wool—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange grotesque fashions, originating in the use of linen, would never have been invented during the more general employment of silk. The fluttering ribbon, the rustling and flowing

skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our costume more natural and pleasing to the eye. It is therefore satisfactory to see this gay material becoming every day the property of a wider circle of consumers.—*Herr Kohl.*

THE WAY TO HONOR AND HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. P. FARMER.

Would'st thou rise to honored greatness?

Truth and labor point the way.

Write thy motto—Perseverance; .

Hope will ever be thy stay.

Firm resolve and noble action

Level mountains to a plain:

Should thy earliest effort fail thee,

Ne'er despair, but "try again."

When misfortune overtakes thee,

Bow to her submissively,—

Lower to the earth she'll crush thee,—

Spurn her—she will bow to thee.

Waste no time in vain repining

O'er thy fate, however hard;

If it be thy lot to labor,

Labor brings a sure reward.

When above thy task thou'rt bending,

Blush not for thy humble birth;

Upright principles maintaining,

Thine is more than conqueror's worth.

Be it in the field or forum,

In the workshop or the mill,

Care not—either great or lowly,

It will bring thee honor still.

Should contempt, with jewelled finger,

Point at thine, with labor stained,

Stand erect, her false pride scorning,

In thy honest pride sustained.

Birth is but the empty casket,

Worth the brilliant gem it bore;

Wealth descended may bring honor,

Self-earned competence brings more.

When we view the clouds of even,

Like proud banners all unroll'd,

God's armorial upon them,

Wrought in purple, edged with gold;

And each planetary system,

Fixed or moved by Heaven's laws,

We our admiration give them—

Reverence searcheth out the cause.

Greatness is alone dependent

On its self-sustaining powers,

Comes to us, from none descendant,

None can e'er inherit ours.

Man, on ancestors reliant

For his wealth or noble name,

Like the bird in borrowed plumage,

Has at best a doubtful fame.

Yet no more of earthly treasure

Seek than modest wants demand;

When the mind on gold is centered,

Then it ceases to expand.

And a surplus weight, tho' gilded,

Clogs the wing that fain would soar—

Earn a noble independence;

Be content nor wish for more.

NEW IBERIA, Aug., 1862.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

Little William played truant from school one day; "Now," said he to himself, "I'll have plenty of play,

Mama will not know it, papa will not hear, So I'll do what I choose without any fear.

"I've enough of those tiresome books, I am sure, I'll leave them, and go where the river runs pure, I'll launch the new boat Robert gave me to-day— Oh! 'twill be such fun by the river to play.

"Mama said, it is true, that I must not go there, But I don't see the harm, if I only take care, Besides, she won't know it, so why should I stay? There is nothing to hinder my frolic to-day."

Little William forgot that our Father above, Who for all little children feels tenderest love, Always looks with displeasure upon them, if they Their father's or mother's commands disobey.

So he went to the river to play with his boat, And laughing and shouting he set it afloat; He watched it awhile, and feared 'twould be lost, So swiftly away by the current 'twas tossed.

"I'll get it," he cried—"I'm sure I can't lose My nice little boat—I will take off my shoes, And wade in the water—there's nobody near, And the water's not deep—I have nothing to fear."

But the water *was* deep, and the current *was* strong,

William struggled awhile, he could not struggle long;

The blue waves closed o'er him—poor William thought then

He would ne'er disobey his dear mother again.

A kind man at work, in a meadow close by, Ran down to the river—he heard William cry; He plunged in the water, and quick as a thought, In his arms to the shore little William he brought.

Oh, many a long summer's day passed, I ween, Before William again in the school-room was seen, But the lesson he learned from his folly, was not Through all his long life for a moment forgot.

[The Student.]

LITTLE MARY'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Shall I? shall I?" whispered little Mary to herself, standing on tiptoe with her chubby hands hid behind her.

On the polished table that her blue eyes just peeped over, laid a bright round sixpence, a new sixpence that Mary longed to see transferred to her little, red silk bag. Her mother had left the coin there, and forgotten it; forgotten it, Mary knew, because she heard her say that there was not a bit of small change in the house.

Long and eagerly Mary contemplated the treasure. What a variety of nice things took shape and floated over that table, crowding round the new sixpence, and giving it a sort of fairy value; surely, it would buy such an endless variety of pretty toys, and if she could get two sugar birds for one penny, what a countless lot could she buy with six whole pence.

She would have sugar-plums, and sticks of twisted candy; she would have peppermint hearts, and a little new doll—no, she wouldn't buy a doll on second thought, for she had two already. She would keep some of her money to carry to school, or, perhaps, all of it, and show it to her playmates, who seldom had so much.

"Shall I? shall I?" Oh! how that wicked tempter urged the fair-haired little girl! What golden visions he placed in array before her! How he kept whispering, "mama will never know it, never, never, never; for she has forgotten all about it;" and how stealthily, at last, that wicked tempter, that dwelt in Mary's dear little heart, caught her white hand, and slowly carried it till the tips of her fingers touched the very rim of the shining sixpence.

But, thank God, there is also an angel in every human being, as long as he strives to keep pure and good, whose delight it is to overthrow this wicked tempter, that assails not only little Mary, but men and women.

She came slowly up, and murmured, in a quite still voice that would not have frightened a mouse, "Oh! little Mary, little Mary, don't you know that is stealing? don't you know it's as wicked to take that bit of money, as for the great thief to rob your father's money-drawer, or steal your mother's gold ring?"

"But father and mother would find it out then; they would know that somebody had taken their treasures—this little sixpence I'm *sure* nobody remembers, and I want it badly;" almost insensibly the fingers had closed over the money.

"But little Mary," said the good angel in a solemn voice that quite awed the child, "there's a great God, whose eye can see away into your heart; and he knows the thoughts you're thinking; He has found out the dark corners where these wicked thoughts hide, not daring to come into the light. Oh! little Mary, remember how often your darling mother has talked to you about that sin; think that though *she* might not know it, God and you would, and all the time you would keep feeling, 'I'm a thief, I'm a thief; I stole sixpence, and I shall never be happy again.' No, little Mary, though you are ever so sorry, you can never be happy again."

"Shall I? shall I?" The wicked tempter had spoken for the last time; little Mary took the sixpence, with a heightened color, and heavily beating heart, but she ran as fast as she could run, never stopping to take breath till she found her mother, and eagerly holding out the money, she cried, "it was on the table in the chamber, dear mother."

Her mother smiled, took the sixpence, and kissing Mary's forehead, she said, "What a dear, little daughter I have 'got! some little daughters would have kept the money, and never have told of it; how can I be thankful enough to God who has given me such an honest little girl!"

Mary held down her head; the tears were gathering thickly in her eyes, but she looked up bravely, and said, almost sobbing, "oh, mama, I don't know as I am honest; am I honest if I wanted to take it *ever so much*, and almost did take it?"

"Bless you, my child," said the happy mother,

catching her treasure in her arms; "you have safely passed the ordeal, you have been tried and not found wanting; yes, dear, you are still my honest daughter, and I have no fear, that after to-day, you will ever take anything that does not belong to you, thank God." And, in the excess of her joy, the good mother could not keep from weeping.

"But what, then, are you crying for?" said little Mary, wiping away the tears with her pretty fingers.

"For pleasure that my Mary has resisted evil; for pleasure that she did not wickedly take the sixpence when she knew her mother would never find it out. And, now, my darling, you shall have the money for your own; you shall keep it, and I will add to it till you have enough to buy poor Judy's little girl a nice warm frock for the coming winter; and whenever you see that frock on the little girl, you must pray to God that He will always lead you out of temptation, and never, never allow you even to wish for that which is not your own."

Mary's eyes sparkled; she had for a long time wanted to give something to the washerwoman's pretty little girl, and now she was as happy as happy could be. She went singing and dancing about the house; she felt by her father's warm kiss, and "God bless you," that he knew she had done right.

Do you think, dear little reader, if Mary had taken the sixpence, and bought all those nice things, she would have had that pure enjoyment that comes from doing right? On the contrary, it might have led her at last to be a wicked, sinful woman, whom nobody would ever have loved.

Do, then, as Mary did; don't take that bright cent; put down that coveted plaything; think how dreadful it would be to be branded a THIEF, if only by your own conscience, and then think, above all, that *God knows it*. Always remember little Mary and her temptation.—*Olive Branch*.

THE YOUNG LAUNDRESSES.

BY MRS. ALICE B. NEAL.

PART I.

"We should like so much to help ourselves, dear aunt, Nora has so much to do."

"And it's such a nice shady place," urged Amanda.

"But what would your mother say, my dears?" returned the quiet Mrs. Spencer. "Besides, you will never accomplish it."

"Let us try, do please," said both the girls, and at last their aunt gave a reluctant consent.

Away they flew to the little room given up to them during their visit to the Parsonage, and the tumbling of drawers and trunks that ensued, would have alarmed their mother; and certainly gave a loud note of preparation.

"Here are two handkerchiefs, one night dress, three pairs of stockings, and two skirts of mine, soiled," said Amanda, triumphantly.

"And I have this great pile of under-clothes, and my blue cambric frock," returned her sister. "It will be nice to have it all fresh for the little party, Laura Elliott is to give. I think Laura is so nice—don't you?"

"And her brother John is a perfect gentleman," added Amanda. "I think this green apron had better go in, dear, and then we shall have about the same. I wonder if Nora will let us iron our things, this afternoon. How surprised mother will be when she hears what we have done."

"What shall you wear to work in?" inquired Ellen, looking down at the neat chintz dress which she wore.

"Oh, we shall take off our dresses, of course; no one will see us there, and I will put on my white sacque, and be careful not to splash it."

"My dears," called Mrs. Spencer, as they passed through the sitting room.

It was certainly provoking to be stopped just at that moment, but they came back with their sun-bonnets in their hands, and the soiled clothes hanging over their arms, like miniature laundresses.

"Now, I wish you to understand," said their aunt, "that I do not approve of this matter at all. But as I see your hearts are bent on it, I allow it. You are to have no help from Nora, for she is baking this morning, and I expect some gentlemen to dine with your uncle, so you must be thorough in good season. Mr. Poland, your favorite, Ellen, is among them."

"Yes, ma'am," both of the girls answered, meekly, and hurried away as fast as they could, bent on proving to Mrs. Spencer that they were not helpless, and had no need whatever of Nora's assistance.

This, then, was the grand scheme they had formed, and now proceeded to put in practice. Amanda had quite an idea of doing impossible things. Her nature was quick and sprightly; she was busy from morning till night, but rarely finished half she undertook. She wanted at one time to be a philanthropist. It was when her mother was reading the Life of Mrs. Fry; but she never finished the coarse underclothes her mother was persuaded to take in her name from the Dorcas society. At another time, she undertook to teach Ann, their servant, to read. But Ann proved stupid; and it is to be doubted whether they ever got beyond "Ba-ker," in the spelling book.

Her activity had displayed itself several times before, during the vacation they were spending at Brook Parsonage. Once she had offered to put the china closet in complete order; but by the time every thing was out of place, she deserted her part for luncheon, and idled so all the afternoon, that Mrs. Spencer was obliged to leave visitors and finish the work herself. Then her uncle's book-cases met with a similar disarrangement, all through the helpful zeal of his little niece.

Now her genius had developed itself in proposing to her sister, that they should wash their own clothes this week, and save Nora so much trouble on Monday morning. It is true city-bred young ladies of nine and eleven have seldom any great practice in this useful art; but Miss Amanda had the theory from cross-questioning Nora, at the wash tub, and she felt fully competent to instruct her younger sister in the various mysteries of rubbing, rinsing, etc.

The Parsonage was in a very small and se-

cluded village, and took its name from the stream that ran at the foot of the garden,—a large brook, or creek, as it was called, a little lower down, where it spread into a broad bay, and emptied finally in the Hudson river.

At Brook Parsonage, however, it was but a narrow, murmuring stream, winding among pleasant trees, and gurgling over large stones that seemed as bridges, by stepping from one to another. The vegetable garden of the Parsonage overhung it; but there was a fence and a high bank to scramble down. A rude shed had been constructed, scarcely larger than a closet, to hold the washing utensils used by Nora, who made a fire-place for the occasion, of some stones piled together, and swung her kettle on a crooked tree that made the most charming gipsy arrangement you can conceive of.

It was this that had captivated Miss Amanda's fancy. I don't believe she would have given one thought to such a disagreeable task, had it been conducted under the kitchen rafters. But to make a gipsy fire, and sit under the tree while the clothes were simmering in the kettle, and to rinse them in the running brook! And then they should relieve Nora of so much trouble, and that would be right, because their mother had said the only reason she hesitated to accept their aunt's invitation, was lest they should give her too much to do in looking after them while she was so delicate.

"And now," said Laura, as they surveyed their ground, "we must have the tubs and the kettle, and make our fire. Here are some pieces of wood that were left last Monday; but what shall we do for some coals? Nora won't give us any, that's certain. She'd say we would set the house on fire, and run to Aunt Spencer with one of her stories. Oh! I see, there's Sarah Brown at the door, and you go over the brook and ask for the coals, and I will get the things out while you are gone."

"But," remonstrated Ellen, "the brook is so high! I shouldn't dare to cross it without anything in my hands, and red-hot coals, Amanda. What if I should spill them?"

"Why they couldn't set fire to anything if they fell in the brook, could they? Come now, don't be unkind, and we haven't any time to lose; it's ten o'clock now."

So Ellen, persuaded, but not convinced of the feasibility of the project, departed for Sarah Brown's in fear and trembling, while her sister proceeded to inspect Nora's treasures of tubs and buckets.

PART II.

As Ellen had on a pair of new bronze boots, she thought it advisable to take off her shoes and stockings and wade over the brook, though she did not decide on this until she had once or twice dipped her foot in the stream. She reached the other side without any accident, and found Sarah Brown, a rough, coarse girl of thirteen, "sweeping down" the kitchen, preparatory to getting dinner over. She was the cook, chambermaid and waiter of her father's household, and already quite a woman in size and strength.

The little Spencers had a brook-side acquaint-

ance with her, which their aunt did not exactly approve. However, it was an emergency, and Ellen walked boldly into the kitchen.

"La, luy," said Miss Sarah, leaning on her hemlock broom, and surveying her young visitor from head to foot, "you don't say you waded through the brook, now. How's Miss Spencer this morning. Guess your goin' to have company, ain't you? I see Nory a mixin' some cup-cake when I went round to borrow some turn pikes. Set down, won't ye?"

"Thank you," answered Ellen, in a voice making a strong contrast to Miss Brown's nasal tones. But she declined the chair, and stated the object of her visit as briefly as possible. Her young hostess was evidently amused at the proceedings across the brook, and asked Ellen "where they'd learnt the business?" As for the coals, she could have a basket full, but what had she brought to take them in? There was but one shovel in the house, and as Sarah was baking, too, it was wanted immediately to clear the oven. At length, the expedient of a broad chip of green wood suggested itself, and away she hurried to the wood-block to select one. The bark side downwards, it was speedily heaped with live coals, and Ellen, shuddering inwardly with fear, grasped it with all apparent courage.

"Are you *sure* it won't get on fire?" she asked of Sarah, who said, "No, indeed, not afore it got dry," and escorted her city-bred visitor to the margin of the brook.

It was unusually swollen, this Friday morning, and the stepping-stones were quite wet with the tiny cascades that broke over them. Ellen took two or three steps quite boldly, but she could not keep her eyes on the stones and the coals at the same time; and just in the middle of the stream, she saw the wood already smoking. The great heat scorched her unprotected hand—the brook gurgled and foamed at her feet—her head grew dizzy, and the stone she had just stepped on rolled slightly in its sandy bed. She tried to preserve her balance and succeeded; but down came the coals into the water, one resting for a moment on her bare foot, causing her to scream with pain and terror. Then, after all this, her foot still smarting, her head yet dizzy—to find Amanda coolly preparing to light the fire with some matches she had discovered with the kettles—it was certainly *too* hard; the more so, that her sister could not be made to see how she had suffered from nervous fear, besides the actual hurt.

Ellen's enthusiasm had received an effectual damper, but Amanda's was as daring as ever. She toiled and toiled at the fire, that would blow out with every fresh puff of wind; and, finally, when a struggling, smoky flame appeared, summoned Ellen to assist her in handing out the tubs and buckets. The kettle was hardest to manage, but it was finally drawn down to the brook and filled—but, alas! then, they were unable to move it a single inch! So the water was all thrown out, and the kettle, after much tugging and straining, hung on the crooked branch, to be filled more slowly with the huge tin dipper. The tubs were distributed—a large and small one to each, for they had concluded they should "splash"

each other if they worked in the same. By this time, their faces were red and heated, their white skirts bore many a long, dingy stain, and their cross-barred muslin sacques were certainly not in order to wear to church on Sunday.

It was rather tiresome, sitting in the hot sun and waiting for the water to get warm enough to commence operations. Ellen's foot was now quite lame, and was marked by a deep red stripe where the coal had fallen. She began to think her sister unkind because she took no notice of it, and was not inclined to fall into raptures about how aunt would be surprised and convinced when they showed her the clothes nicely ironed, that night, and what their mother would say to their being so industrious. Amanda's position was anything but lady-like, as she sat embracing her knees with both arms. You would have thought she had assumed Nora's manners with Nora's work.

By and bye she grew very impatient; and though the fire burned so slowly that the water was scarcely lukewarm, she dipped out enough to commence with, and putting a large handful of soap on her green apron, she began to rub it vigorously, talking the while to Ellen, who proceeded more cautiously.

"Seems to me, Elly, they put clothes in soak. Yes, I'm sure they do. So I'll put everything in at once. There; I've given them a good stir. I wish I had a rubbing-board. Nora always carries hers up to the house. I never shall get along without a rubbing-board, shall you, Ellen? Oh, dear! how hot the sun is! I wish I could move this great heavy bench into the shade. I believe my neck is all blistered. Why don't you rub, Ellen? this is the way;" and so she rattled on to Ellen's mute nods, or weary, disheartened words.

At length, Sarah Brown was hailed once more, and a "wash-board" borrowed from her. Their young neighbor was particularly delighted at their proceedings, and volunteered the information that "it might be a new fashion, but she never see *bluing* put into suds before, and 'twasn't best to put soft soap into calicos."

Amanda was not a little mortified about the bluing, for she had informed her sister that "Indigo was quite necessary to *clear the suds*. She had watched Nora, on Monday, and she dipped the bag in the water and then squeezed it, *so*."

The rubbing-board proved fatal to the knuckles of the young amateurs. What with the strong soft soap, and the unaccustomed immersion in water for so long a time, small blisters rapidly formed, and the skin was bruised and discolored. So after stirring the clothes about for a little while longer, the sisters concluded they were clean enough to boil, and accordingly another liberal supply of soap was given to the different articles, and they were placed in the kettle. To be sure, they did not promise snowy whiteness, and Ellen was somewhat dismayed at the appearance of her blue cambric frock, but Amanda said the boiling and rinsing would do wonders. However, even her buoyant spirits flagged as they once more seated themselves to await the boiling that would not commence, and

their aching limbs, as well as aching heads, thrilled with pain.

The kettle would not boil. There was an end of it. The sticks of wood were too large, the chips too green. The flame plunged dimly through huge volumes of smoke, and the suds did not even simmer. How long they would have waited for it, I cannot tell—but just then the dinner-bell of the Parsonage rang loudly, and they started to their feet in dismay. There was not a moment to lose, for their hair was all in disorder, their faces blackened, and with the indigo, *blue*-blackened, and the perspiration had made a strange mingling of hues. And now was a hard task to empty the tubs, moving them from the high wash-bench, and carrying them to the brook-side, for there was not time for bailing them out with the dipper. The clothes were *squeezed*, not wrung, out of the warm suds in which they had been soaking, and fresh water poured upon them, but they were more dingy than ever. But the wringing out was a task they had not calculated for. They succeeded very well in the lighter pieces, but the night-dresses and skirts baffled their puny strength. They could scarcely lift the heavy cloth, saturated with water. Their arms were already stiff, their hands aching. It seemed as if Ellen's head would burst with pain. She longed to sit down on the flat stone, and cry, but she was afraid Amanda would laugh at her, perhaps scold her; so she toiled on. She saw Sarah Brown come down to the brook-side and watch them. She wished she would not look at her so strangely—and then her temples throbbed more painfully, and the brook roared louder and louder, the sky grew dark, and everything reeled before her.

Poor Ellen! when consciousness returned, she was lying on the chintz lounge in her aunt's parlor, all soiled and wet as she was, her face showing the stains all the more for her great paleness, and a strange ringing in her ears, as if the brook was flowing through them.

Her aunt was holding her, and several gentlemen, evidently just from the dinner-table, were standing around. Poor Amanda! for she was there, too, almost as pale as her sister with fright, and looking still more dirty and forlorn, with her hair hanging about her eyes, her skirt pinned back as she had seen Nora do, and the tears making blue channels down her cheeks. They were both put to bed as soon as possible, and Nora sent to finish their work, which the good-natured Sarah Brown had already accomplished!

It was not until the next day that Ellen fully understood how she had fainted through heat, and pain and fatigue, and Sarah Brown ran for assistance; and her favorite, Mr. Poland, whose visit they had lost, after such pleasant anticipations, had carried her to the house in his arms.

And it was a sad sequel, when the new green apron, and pretty cambric frock, were found soaked almost white in the strong soap-suds, completely ruined. However, their mother told Mrs. Spencer, afterwards, that it was a cheap lesson to Amanda, who began to be contented to do work suited to her, and not to attempt a fresh, impossible scheme every day in the week.

THE SHINING EYES.

In the rural cemetery, near Frankfort, upon a hill overlooking the river, under the shadow of protecting trees, are two green mounds, unmarked by slab or stone informing the stranger that the remains of two honored pioneers—Daniel Boone and his wife—rest beneath. The beauty of the locality is unrivalled, and it is not far from the magnificent monument erected by Kentucky to her brave officers fallen on the field of battle; the splendid shaft inscribed with their names, and surmounted by a figure of Victory holding crowns in her hands. It is hoped that ere long the State will do justice to the memory of those whose arduous efforts won a victory not less glorious over the untamed wilderness, and opened the way to others as bold and persevering.

It will be remembered that the father of Daniel Boone had his residence on the borders of the Yadkin, in North Carolina, at no great distance from the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, then a frontier country, and the greater part of it unbroken forest. Near the farm here opened, was another, owned by Mr. Bryan, comprising about a hundred acres beautifully situated on a gentle swell of ground; the eminence crested with laurels and yellow poplars, which half concealed the farmer's dwelling. A wild mountain stream ran along the base of the hill. This Joseph Bryan was the oldest son of Morgan Bryan, of Virginia, the head of a very respectable family. His daughter, Rebecca, was born near Winchester, in Virginia.

Flint's "Life of Boone" contains the following account of his first meeting with his future wife, referred to as authentic by other biographers:—

"Young Boone was, one night, engaged in a fire hunt with a young friend. Their course led them to the deeply timbered bottom which skirted the stream that wound round Bryan's pleasant plantation. That the reader may have an idea what sort of a pursuit it was that young Boone was engaged in, during an event so decisive of his future fortunes, we present a brief sketch of a night fire hunt. Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes, bears on his shoulder what is called a *fire pan*, full of blazing pine knots, which casts a bright and flickering glare far through the forest. The second follows, at some distance, with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle is more impressive than this of pairs of hunters thus kindling the forest into a glare. The deer, reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade, and, instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it, as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. This cruel mode of securing a fatal shot is called in hunters' phrase—*shining the eyes*.

"The two young men reached a corner of the farmer's field at an early hour in the evening. Young Boone gave the customary signal, to his mounted companion preceding him, to stop—an indication that he had *shined the eyes* of a deer. Boone dismounted, and fastened his horse to a tree. Ascertaining that his rifle was in order,

he advanced cautiously behind a covert of bushes, to rest the right distance for a shot. The deer is remarkable for the beauty of its eyes when thus shined. The mild brilliance of the two orbs was distinctly visible. Whether warned by a presentiment, or arrested by a palpitation and strange feelings within, at noting a new expression in the blue and dewy lights that gleamed to his heart, we say not. But the unerring rifle fell, and a rustling told him the game had fled. Something whispered him it was not a deer; and yet the fleet step, as the game bounded away, might easily be mistaken for that of the light-footed animal. A second thought impelled him to pursue the rapidly retreating game; and he sprang away in the direction of the sound, leaving his companion to occupy himself as he might. The fugitive had the advantage of a considerable advance of him, and apparently a better knowledge of the localities of the place. But the hunter was perfect in all his field exercises, and scarcely less fleet-footed than a deer, and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, which advanced a little distance parallel with the field fence, and then, as if endowed with the utmost accomplishment of gymnastics, cleared the fence at a leap. The hunter, embarrassed with his rifle and accoutrements, was driven to the slow and humiliating expedient of climbing it. But an outline of the form of the fugitive, fleeting through the shades in the direction of the house, assured him that he had mistaken the species of the game. His heart throbbed from an hundred sensations, and among them an apprehension of the consequences of what would have resulted from discharging his rifle, when he had first shined those liquid blue eyes. Seeing that the fleet game made straight in the direction of the house, he said to himself: 'I will see the pet deer in its lair,' and he directed his steps to the same place. Half a score of dogs opened their barking upon him as he approached the house, and advertised the master that a stranger was approaching. Having hushed the dogs, and learned the name of his visitant, he introduced him to his family as the son of their neighbor Boone.

"Scarce had the first words of introduction been uttered, before the opposite door opened, and a boy apparently of seven, and a girl of sixteen, rushed in, panting for breath, and seeming in affright.

"'Sister went down to the river, and a painter chased her, and she is almost scared to death,' exclaimed the boy.

"The ruddy, flaxen-haired girl stood full in view of her terrible pursuer, leaning upon his rifle, and surveying her with the most eager admiration. 'Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbor,' was the laconic introduction. Both were young, beautiful, and at the period when the affections exercise their most energetic influence. The circumstances of the introduction were favorable to the result, and the young hunter felt that the eyes had *shined* his bosom as fatally as his rifle shot had ever the innocent deer of the thickets. She, too, when she saw the light, open, bold forehead, the clear, keen, yet gentle and affectionate eye, the firm front, and the visible impress of decision and fearlessness of the

hunter—when she interpreted a look which said as distinctly as looks could say it, 'how terrible it would have been to have fired!' can hardly be supposed to have regarded him with indifference. Nor can it be wondered at that she saw in him her beau ideal of excellence and beauty. The inhabitants of cities, who live in mansions, and read novels stored with unreal pictures of life and the heart, are apt to imagine that love, with all its golden allusions, is reserved exclusively for them. It is a most egregious mistake. A model of ideal beauty and perfection is woven in almost every youthful heart, of the brightest and most brilliant threads that compose the web of existence. It may not be said that this forest maiden was deeply and foolishly smitten at first sight. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maidenly modesty. As for Boone, he was remarkable for the backwoods attribute of never being beaten out of his track, and he ceased not to woo, until he gained the heart of Rebecca Bryan. In a word, he courted her successfully, and they were married."

Boone's first step, after his marriage, was to find a suitable place where he might cultivate his farm, and hunt to the greatest advantage. His wife remained at home, while he went to explore the unsettled regions of North Carolina. When he had selected a locality, near the head waters of the Yadkin, Rebecca, with the same resolute spirit of enterprise which afterwards led her to the wilds of Kentucky, bade farewell to her friends, and followed her adventurous husband. In a few months, her home had assumed a pleasant aspect; a neat cabin stood on a pleasant eminence near the river, surrounded by an enclosed field; the farm was well stocked, and with the abundance of game in the woods, the settlers had no lack of means for comfort and enjoyment. The rude dwelling frequently offered the traveller shelter; and by a cheerful fire and table loaded with the finest game, with the enhancing blessing of a hospitable welcome, was many a tale of adventure narrated, while as yet the surrounding forest was untouched by an axe. For some years, the young couple lived in this sylvan retirement, till the fields of other emigrants opened wide clearings, and dwellings rose so thickly in the neighborhood as to form villages; when Boone made up his mind to remove to some wilder spot.—*Mrs. Ellet's "Pioneer Women of the West."*

TO A SERAPH IN THE REALMS OF REST.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Thou wast to me in this dark world so lonely—
Smiling upon me with those eyes of love—
Like some bright star which shines upon me only—
So bright no other seems to shine above.

As fades that star whose looks me home have
lighted

To joys as pure as its own beams divine—
Leaving me here alone on earth benighted—
So faded from my soul that face of thine!

As some lone traveller, by the night misguided,
Misseth his way when his bright star is gone;
So, left, alas! by Death from thee divided,
My soul now wanders through this world alone!

THE MORMONS, OR LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

The origin, rapid development, and present prosperity of this religious sect, is one of the most remarkable and instructive historical events of the present century. That Joseph Smith, a native of Vermont, an obscure individual, without money, education or respectability, should, under the influence of an overwhelming religious enthusiasm, successfully induce a belief in his immediate inspiration in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people, and cause a book entitled the "Book of Mormon," to be conscientiously received by them as of equal authority with the Scriptures, and a continuation of the sacred revelations of Heaven, that, in twenty years' time the disciples of Joseph Smith should have increased from six to 300,000, should have founded a State in the distant wilderness, and compelled the government of the United States *practically* to recognise them as an independent people with the right of self-government; that the emissaries of this religious sect should now be preaching its doctrines with success, in the most enlightened nations in Europe, and in pagan countries, and that converts should be continually flocking to the Mormon settlement, in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, from all parts of the earth; these are facts worthy the researches of the philosopher, the consideration of statesmen, and the pen of the historian. Such a revelation of the superstition and folly of humanity in modern times, throws a bright light on similar events which have occurred in former epochs of the world's history, the revelation and Koran of Mahomet, &c.

The following is the account given by Lieutenant Gunnison, [from whose interesting book just published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., the facts set forth in this article are obtained,] of the origin of the Mormon sect:

"The founder of the Mormon sect was Joseph Smith, a native of Vermont, who emigrated when quite young in his father's family to Western New York. According to his autobiography, published in a series of letters, he was of a religious turn of mind, and, when seventeen years of age, became greatly interested in the 'revivals of religion,' often occurring among the 'denominations' in that section of country. In one of these times his feelings were so powerfully wrought upon that he gave himself up to continued prayer for some days—and meditating still at night, he at length arose while all the family were hushed in sleep, and poured forth his soul 'agonizing' to have made known to him the truth, among the conflicting opinions he heard by the various sects. His apartment became suddenly illuminated, and an angel appeared and conversed familiarly with him, and instructed him in the way of righteousness; informing him also that there was no true church upon the earth. The doctrine taught on this point is, that the church which was once established, had fallen under the rule given by the prophet, and had 'changed the ordinances,' 'broken the everlasting covenant,' and 'corrupted the faith;' for which cause it was removed

from earth—or, in their figurative expression, 'the man child was caught up into heaven,' which means that the priesthood was taken away fifteen hundred years ago. And Joseph was told that his prayers were heard and registered in the books on high, and that, being dearly beloved of the Lord, he should be commissioned a priest after the order of Melchisedek, and restore that line among men, organizing a church of faithful persons, to receive the Lord in the Millennium, which time should be hastened according to their degree of *mighty faith*, for he was determined 'to cut the work short in righteousness.' In after visits he was further instructed that 'truth should spring out of the earth'—(Ps.)—and that, accordingly, he should be conducted to the hill Cumorah, in Palmyra, New York, and receive from out the ground holy and prophetic records concerning a family of Jews that emigrated from Jerusalem in the time of Zedekiah, and were miraculously led to America, across the Eastern ocean.

"On being guided to the spot, he found a square stone box, eight inches high, covered with a slab, cemented upon it; and made repeated trials to open it. He was struck back by an invisible blow, and informed, in answer to his earnest prayer, that the want of success was owing to his listening to the suggestions of Satan, who had walked at his elbow on the way, and had made him resolve to make use of the golden plates on which the records were engraved, as well as the contents when published, to advance his temporal fortunes. This was sin—to think he should become famous, was unholy ambition; that he should be rich and powerful thereby, was avarice.

"But, on sincere repentance and submission, four years after, the contents of the box were shown to him, the angel opening it; which consisted of the 'Sword of Laban,' brought from Jerusalem, a breastplate and two stones, 'bright and shining,' and golden plates engraved with characters, and united at the backs by rings. A portion of the records was received, constituting the Book of Mormon, in which are depicted, much in the style of the Bible Chronicles, the various fortunes of the four brothers of the emigrating family, and of their descendants—how some tribes were evil in their practices, despising reproof, and became cursed with a dark skin and loathsome habits, and were made scourges to others when falling away from the truth—the sayings, teachings, and warnings of their prophets, who foretold by name the advent of the Saviour of the world—the organization among the purer people on this continent, of a church by Christ, who came down to them after His ascension at Jerusalem, and gave them His gospel nearly in the words of the Sermon on the Mount, and how that for apostacy these Christians were finally destroyed by the Gadian-ton robbers and the red men—the last prophet, Morani by name, scaling up the Records, and depositing them, with the sword, Urim and Thummim, and breastplate, at Cumorah, there to remain until 'the fullness of time' should demand their exhumation; and which should be brought forth, 'by way of Gentile,' for the 'convincing of both Jew and Gen-

tile that Jesus is the Christ.' (See Preface, B. Mormon.)

"The restoring angel was the spirit of this same Morani, the son of Mormon the Seer, who had made a compendium of the holy writings and delivered them to him; and Joseph now constituted the Seer, by means of the Urim and Thummim, placed in a bow and looked through upon the plates, began their translation, and preached the news of his important mission."

Such is the account given by Joseph Smith and his followers of the origin of the Book of Mormon. Fanaticism will ever meet with opponents in men whose minds are enlightened by science, and where Christian principles are firm and settled. It is alleged by the opponents of Mormonism, that the Mormon bible was fabricated by Joseph Smith, out of a manuscript written by the late Rev. Mr. Spaulding, at Conneaut, Ohio; and of which he became possessed. This manuscript was written by Mr. Spaulding, to account for the ruined cities and temples discovered in Central America. These remains of a past civilization, which antiquarians have not yet been able to account for, were chosen by Mr. Spaulding as the subject of his MS., which is a romance to show the manner in which America was peopled by the Jews, and the "lost ten tribes of Israel," together with the subsequent events that occurred to their descendants, and the origin of the Indian nations which overspread the continent of America when it was discovered by Columbus. A clear idea of the origin of the Mormon bible can be had from the affidavit of Mr. Henry Lake, given at Conneaut, in 1833, which is corroborated by an abundance of other testimony.

"He affirms: 'I left the State of New York in the year of 1810, and arrived in this place about the first of January following. Soon after my arrival I formed a copartnership with Solomon Spaulding * * *. He frequently read to me from a manuscript which he was writing, and which he entitled the 'Manuscript Found,' which he represented as being found in this town. I spent many hours in hearing him read said writings, and became acquainted with their contents. He wished me to assist him in getting it printed, alleging that a book of that kind would meet with a rapid sale. This book represented the American Indians as the lost tribes, gave an account of their leaving Jerusalem, their contentions and wars, which were many and great. One time, when he was reading to me the tragic account of Laban, I pointed out to him what I considered an inconsistency, which he promised to correct; but by referring to the Book of Mormon, I find to my surprise it stands there, just as he read it to me then. Some months ago I borrowed a golden Bible, * * * had not read twenty minutes before I was astonished to find the same passages in it that Spaulding had read to me, more than twenty years before, from his 'Manuscript Found.' Since then, I have more fully examined the said golden bible, and have no hesitation in saying that the historical part of it is principally, if not wholly, taken from the 'Manuscript Found.' I well recollect telling Mr. Spaulding that the too frequent use of the words, 'Now it came to pass,' 'And it came to pass,' rendered it ridiculous. Spaulding left

here in 1812, and I furnished him with the means to carry him to Pittsburg, where he said he would get the book printed and pay me. But I never heard any thing more from him, or of his writings, till I saw them in the Book of Mormon."

The same in effect is the evidence of the brother of Spaulding, that he heard much of the "Manuscript" read, and that, according to his best recollection, "The Book of Mormon is the same as my brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter." All this is confirmed by more than half a dozen other gentlemen, and by the widow and daughter of the author of "Manuscript Found."

It appears that Mr. Spaulding left Pittsburg in 1814, and that his widow, after his death, in 1816, removed to Onondaga county, New York, near to her early residence, and carried a trunk thither, containing the writings of her deceased husband. During a part of the time from 1817 to 1820, when she again married and moved to Massachusetts, the trunk was at her brother's in Onondaga Hollow, near the residence of the Smith family. When the Book of Mormon appeared, and its identity with the Spaulding MS. was discovered, the trunk was hunted up, and search made for the Spaulding MS. It had mysteriously disappeared, and the "Manuscript Found" has ever since been the "Manuscript Lost." From these circumstances it is thought that Joseph Smith obtained possession of it, and moulded it into the Book of Mormon, arranging and altering the matter so as to suit his own purposes.

A copy of the Book of Mormon was placed in our hands a few days ago, when in the Philadelphia Library, and we have no hesitation in saying that a more successful attempt to imitate the Scriptures, was perhaps never made. Its literary style and merits are, however, truly contemptible, its author having been plainly about as ignorant of the rules of grammar and composition as a Hottentot. Contrast the revelations in the Book of Mormon with the sublime beauty and grandeur of the revelations of the unchanging laws of nature, in the "Principia of Newton." How truly contemptible is superstition!

The manner of writing the Book of Mormon was as follows: "Smith would place his pseudo gold plates in a hat, and take the stones, Urim and Thummim, which he affirmed had been delivered to him at the hill Cumorah, in Palmyra, by an angel—and, raising a screen of cloth between himself and the scribe, proceed to look through the stones, and the words, in reformed Egyptian characters, would change to his vernacular, and 'pass before his eyes by the power and gift of God.'"

He gives us a particular account of the first persecution by his neighbors, who tried to capture the "gold plates;" and to escape from this, he concealed them in a barrel of beans. We are also told that Cowdery, the scribe, was sharply rebuked for impertinent curiosity, in wishing to see the gold plates, *which was the prophets' privilege only.*

The Book of Mormon was issued in 1830, and on the 6th of April, of the same year, the first Mormon church was organized, consisting of only

six members—the father of Smith, his two brothers, and Oliver Cowdery, a schoolmaster, being amongst the number. It is said that Cowdery first baptized the prophet, and, to render the act legitimate, there were present as sponsors, Moses and Elias, together with Peter, James and John. The prophet now baptized and commissioned elders, who began their enthusiastic preaching, and converted several visionary characters, persons without any settled opinions in Christianity, of a weak and superstitious turn of mind, and liable to be immediately carried away by the first eloquent harangue in favor of Millerism, Mormonism; or any other religious delusion. In this manner, the Mormon church gradually increased in numbers.

In the following August, Parley P. Pratt, a Campbellite preacher in Ohio, who was preaching notions on prophecy, the restoration of the Children of Israel, and the Millennium, met with the Book of Mormon, and became a convert, whilst on a visit to the State of New York. On his return, he presented the new Bible to another still more enthusiastic person, named Sidney Rigdon. He too adopted the new system. These were important additions to the Mormon Society. Both were men endowed with talents, learning and eloquence. We would remark here, that Rigdon had for three years taught the literal interpretation of Scripture prophecies, the gathering of the Israelites to receive the second coming, the literal reign of the Saints on earth, and the use of miraculous gifts in the church.

It will be readily allowed, that there are passages in Scripture which are hard to be understood, and about the exact meaning of which the learned disagree. Experience shows that men may pore over the hidden meaning of such passages until they become religiously insane, and are thus led to "wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction." When we find the most mysterious parts of the Bible, including the *prophecies and revelations*, invariably quoted to sustain their peculiar views by the Mormonite and Millerite preachers, and this with a degree of positiveness of assertion which will admit of no consideration, common sense as well as Christianity plainly shows such preachers to be nothing but religious fanatics or impostors. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The first Mormon settlement was formed at Kirtland, in Ohio, in January, 1831. To this place the prophet and his people removed, where Pratt and Rigdon had already a society of over a thousand to receive them. In the month of June, Joseph Smith professed to have received a revelation, which resulted in the sending forth of a mission of elders into Missouri. The site for a city was selected, which was called Zion, and there was soon collected, in Jackson county, Missouri, over 1200 Mormons, buying lands and cultivating them peaceably. Two years thus passed away in peace, but in 1834, the people in Jackson county collected and drove them out. This attack appears to have been altogether unjust, and without any motive but the fear of the Mormons gaining a political ascendancy in the county, and a dislike to their fanatical doctrines and institutions. The Mormons again gathered

rapidly together in Clay and the adjoining counties, and prosperity again accompanied them in all their efforts. In 1837 a Mormon bank was established at Kirtland, and public credit obtained to a considerable amount. This bank failed in 1838, and its managers were prosecuted for swindling. The Mormons in Missouri and Ohio were now driven out of these States, and 12,000 of them arrived on the banks of the Mississippi, in a destitute condition. Their tale of distress touched the hearts of the Illinoisians, and they received them hospitably, furnishing them with both food and clothing and a place on which to effect a settlement. The city of Nauvoo was now built by the Mormons, and the site for a temple chosen. The State favored the exiles; charters were obtained for the city, with peculiarly favorable privileges; the Nauvoo Legion was incorporated, and the arms of the State loaned, in which they were well drilled, and became a standing army, with the prophet as Lieutenant-General. Missionaries were now sent abroad to Palestine, Africa, and Europe.

One of that band, still well affected towards Mormonism, though differing on one point from its teachings, related to Lieut. Gunnison some parts of the discourse of Joseph to the Missionaries.

One main point insisted on was, that "spiritual wifery" was to be most pointedly denied; and that they taught that one man should live in chaste fidelity with one woman in conjugal relationship. In the dark concerning the revelation allowing polygamy, he sincerely declared that but one wife was ever known to any of his brethren. While zealously preaching in the city of New York, he was thought worthy, by the Apostle Lyman, to be let into the secret of the "blessings of Jacob," the privileges of the Saints. Called aside one day by the President of the Stake, he was told that God had always rewarded His distinguished saints with special privileges, such as would be wrong for sinners, but by revelation made harmless to the good. As an instance he would cite Jacob, David, and Solomon, who had many wives allowed them. In these last days, also, the like had been accorded to Joseph Smith and others; and having now full confidence in his holiness, the priest could have the same privilege of adding to the household of the faith many children, by choosing additions to the present wife. The priest says he was utterly astounded, but, on reflection, chose to dissemble, and say he would consider the matter. In the evening he was invited to witness "a sealing" of several couples, at a large boarding-house. In the front parlor the ceremony, like a marriage, was performed; and, as each pair was "finished" by the priest, they retired through the folding doors, and thus to their own apartments. The guest was so shocked, that he retired to his home, and though he never took any open part against the "church of new privileges," he was denounced as a deserter in their papers, and the public cautioned against him as a defamer.

From 1838 to 1844, Mormonism appears to have been in a state of continuous prosperity at Nauvoo. It was during this peaceful interim, that the revelation, allowing to Joseph, and the

high priests of the Mormon hierarchy, as many wives as they could support, was alleged to have been received from Heaven. In vain the wife of Joseph, styled by himself and followers, "The Elect Lady," threatened, by way of retaliation, to take another husband; the only consolation she received was that a prophet must obey the Lord—"he would be obedient to the Heavenly vision."

The Mormons now boasted of having 100,000 persons in the faith, throughout the States. In 1844, Joseph sent forth his "Views on Government," and was actually put forth by the infatuated votaries of his religious imposture as one of the candidates for the Presidency! Now it was that those who had treated them so hospitably, became incensed against them. It was asserted, and with truth, that no Gentile could obtain justice in the Nauvoo courts. The property of the people of Illinois was stolen from them, and traces of it were obtained at Nauvoo. Men of influence and talent now deserted the standard of the prophet, denouncing him as an impostor, debauchee, and tyrant. Women impeached him of attempted wrong, whilst the miserably subterfuge resorted to by him, that he did it just to see if they were virtuous, only exasperated those families which he had sought to dishonor. The Expositor having published a list of the prophet's debaucheries, and those of his friends, a party of Mormons attacked the printing-office, broke the press to pieces, and scattered the type in the streets. This attack was resented on the part of the people, and justice having been refused, the Governor of the State was appealed to, and Joseph and Hyrum, his brother, together with Dr. Richards and John Taylor, were lodged in Carthage jail.

The citizens of Carthage now conspired together to attack the jail, and take justice into their own hands. Early on the morning of the 27th of June, 1844, they assaulted the door of the room in which the prisoners were incarcerated. Richards and Taylor, lying on the floor, made a stretch across the room, the feet of one against the shoulders of the other, and kept the door from fully opening. Guns were thrust in and discharged, and Joseph, with a revolver, returned two shots, hitting one man in the elbow. A ball struck Hyrum, the patriarch, and he fell, exclaiming, "I am killed!"—to which Joseph replied, "Oh, brother Hyrum!" The prophet then threw up the window, and, in the act of leaping through, was killed by balls fired from the outside, saying, as he fell, "O Lord, my God!" The people in the hall forced into the room and wounded Taylor; the other escaped "without a hole in his robe."

After the death of Joseph, the struggle for the leadership followed, and Brigham Young was elected. The persecuting spirit did not cease with the death of the prophet. Nothing would satisfy the people of Illinois but the expulsion of the Mormons from Nauvoo and the surrounding country. It was announced, by revelation, that the whole church must retire into the wilderness to grow into a multitude aloof from the haunts of civilization. The Valley of the Great Salt Lake was selected for a settlement, and on the 21st of

July, 1847, the pioneer party arrived, and on the 24th the Church Presidency, which latter day is now their grand epoch.

Since this time, the Mormon church has continued to prosper. They have by their industry fertilized a barren region, and made "two spires of grass to grow where only one grew before." And there they are bidding defiance to their persecutors, and ready to fight for their rude rocks and snowy lands. They demand a recognition of their independence as a State, on the ground that they know better than all the world besides what is suited to their condition. They are a peculiar people. "They have formed everything on the model of a republican State, adopted a constitution, liberal, free, and tolerant of conscience in religion, and have a criminal code which applies to their peculiar situation and feelings;" and it is not to be presumed that lawyers and judges, however eminent in their profession at home, can understand or appreciate the statutes of this wild country. Gentle judges are, therefore, regarded by all Mormons as an unjust imposition, and they are resolved on resisting all such foreign interference.

Experience has shown that Mormonism cannot exist in these States. It must conquer or die. The Mormon settlement is at present rendered harmless by its geographical position. The Valley of the Great Salt Lake is situated midway between the Mississippi States and California, and is hemmed in on all sides by inhospitable tracts of country upwards of a thousand miles in extent. It is, in fact, a three months' journey, with the present conveniences for travelling, from the nearest civilized community to the Mormon settlement.

We have given an outline of the historical picture of Mormonism drawn by our author, and we shall now take a glance at a few interesting peculiarities in the Mormon theology.

The Mormons worship a Trinity, or rather a duality of persons in the Godhead. God the father is an infinitely perfect man; Jesus Christ is the Son of God by the Virgin Mary, and the Holy Spirit is the one mind possessing and acting in the Father and the Son. Passages are quoted from their own works to show that such are in reality their views.

"First, God himself, who sits enthroned in yonder heavens, is a man like unto one of yourselves, that is the great secret. If the veil was rent to-day, and the great God who holds this world in its orbit, and upholds all things by His power, if you were to see Him to-day, you would see Him in all the person, image, and very form as a man; for Adam was created in the very fashion and image of God; Adam received instruction, walked, talked, and conversed with Him, as one man talks and communes with another."

There is a quotation extant from the author of the "Voice of Warning," to the effect that "we worship a God who hath both body and parts; who has eyes, mouth, and ears, and who speaks when, and to whom He pleases—who is just as good at mechanical inventions as at any other business."

But we are referred by their teachers to the Apocalypse, where it is written of the Redeemer:

"And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father;" and to the apostle that said, "there are gods many and lords many," to prove that the Father had "his Father," and they talk boldly of the grandfather, great-grandfather of God, thus tracing back almost *ad infinitum* to the "Head God, that called the grand council together, when the worlds came rolling into existence."

Our author adds:—"The prophet has not left on record, to my knowledge, the manner in which the Head God originated." And, hence, amongst the Mormons, the mode of his origin is a mere matter of opinion!

The Mormons believe that the "head devil," as they term him, retains many of the noble qualities which he possessed when an archangel; that he is a "perfect gentleman," all the meaner temptations being resorted to by the baser sort of imps.

They entertain peculiar views on the resurrection, believing that the same body will be raised, but that it will be without any blood, which they consider to be the mortal part of our nature. This peculiarity in their faith is thus expressed by the apostle Pratt, one of their authorities in doctrinal matters.

"Jesus was the exact pattern of our resurrection. 'And Jesus Christ came forth triumphant from the mansions of the dead, possessing the same body which had been born of a woman, which was crucified; but no blood flowed in his veins; for blood was the *natural life* in which were the principles of mortality; and a man restored to flesh and blood would be mortal, which was not the case with our Saviour;' and he was substantial, for he told his disciples to handle him, and know that he had *flesh and bones*;' which will be the constitution of all resurrected bodies."

It is believed that a person may be "moved by the spirit" to utter any set of sounds in imitation of words, the speaker knowing nothing of the ideas expressed, and that another member of the congregation may have imparted to him, by the same spirit, the "gift of interpretation of tongues," so that he can explain to the audience what has been said in intelligible language.

It is unnecessary to give further extracts from Lieut. Gunnison's book. We have written thus much on Mormonism because we think the rise, progress, present prosperity and peculiarities of this religious sect ought to be more generally known; and we wish to call particular attention to this work as a faithful and truthful expositor of Mormonism.

That polygamy is practised among the Mormons is undeniable, and, indeed, the subject begins to be more openly discussed than formerly, and it is announced that a treatise is now in preparation to prove, by the Scriptures, the right of all Christians to a plurality of wives, if not to declare their own practice of the same.

We dissent from many of the views in this volume. Mormon prosperity is attributable to their admirable system of combining labor, whilst each has his own property in lands and tenements; and also to their industry. Similar results would follow, under any other religious system, provided the laws were equitably ad-

ministered; and therefore are not to be attributed to the peculiarities in the Mormon theology, or priestly government.

The success of the Mormon prophet is to be attributed more to the ignorance and superstition which is still so abundantly prevalent in society, than to the skill and science with which he was endowed. Our author speaks in terms of aggrandisement of Joseph Smith wielding "the powers of life and death over a multitude in an *enlightened age and community*; but the success of so transparent a system of imposture, shows that much of the darkness and superstition of past ages at present clouds the understandings of men, and that in religious matters, the intellects of a large portion of the present generation are but little brighter than those of their predecessors, anterior to the Lutheran Reformation.

WAVES FROM THE RIVER OF LIFE

AS IT ROLLED UNDER ARCHES OF SORROW.

Why so sad for her, who, sleeping,
Smiles upon thee never now?
Would'st awaken her with weeping?
She is happier than thou!

Can'st thou wish her slumber ended,
When existence still must be,
As it ever has been, blended
With such crushing misery?

Can'st thou image her reclining
In the Palestine of Peace,
And not check thy fond repining—
Bid thy cherished anguish cease?

Would'st thou bring her from the bowers
Of Elysium above,—
Where the angels lead the hours,
And the air she breathes is love,—

To be one where all are weary,
Who commingle in the strife,
With a mournful misereere,
Of the fearful battle-life?

Rather sigh that thou yet livest;
That the seraph sought not thee;
Know each sacrifice thou givest
Lifts thee nearer Deity!

She is happy—thy lost treasure!
Is there one alive, the same?
Is there one possessing pleasure
That is perfect but in name?

None, earth over! Fear and sorrow
Are our portions while of clay—
A foreboding of to-morrow,
A forgetting of to-day.

Weep! there's luxury in weeping,
When the heart of grief is full;
And the dark clouds under-creeping
Make the stars invisible.

When but God alone can hear us,
As we breathe the fervent prayer,
That His Spirit ever near us,
May make light the load we bear.

There's a sanctity in sorrow
More commanding than the air

That the proudest Prelates borrow,
From the ermined robes they wear.

O be patient! Life will linger
But a few short seasons more;
Even now the angel's finger
Turns the tear-marked pages o'er.

Soon the brightest, darkest, saddest,
The oft-prayed for leaf—the last—
When celestial harps hymn gladdest
Will have cheered us—chilled us—past.

With a sigh for those who love us
As they mourn that we must sever,
And a Godlike glance above us,
We will throw aside forever.

With an anthem of thanksgiving,
Whose intensity none know,
This infirmity of living,
This inheritance of woe:

And re-robe by Rapture's river—
The Euphrates of the sky—
Whose sweet waters roll forever
Round the isles of Ecstasy.

PHILADELPHIA, July 29th, 1850.

T. Y.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN IN CITIES.

[From a series of articles, from the pen of Mrs. Neal, on the subject of employment for females, now appearing in the *Lady's Book*, we make the following extract of an imaginary conversation between the writer and a lady with whom she is supposed to be shopping.]

"For," continues Mrs. Jenkins, quite entering into the spirit of the subject, "just see how many young girls are growing up dependent on their brothers or fathers, and wasting their own time, or making foolish, unhappy matches, when they might much better be usefully employed. And look at the widows, worn by dependence and grudging charity, seeing their children neglected or ill used, when their hearts are aching to do something for themselves, and to make a home for these helpless little ones. If I was a widow, I'd soon find something to do, you may depend."

"But *you* could teach."

"Not in Philadelphia, where there are more boarding-schools now than can get supported. Many a poor soul is struggling on in difficulties and embarrassments, who would be glad to work with her hands, if she could only find something to do, and I guess it's so all over."

"But there is *always* plain sewing," you suggest, readily.

"Do you know what women *get* for plain sewing?" Mrs. Jenkins abruptly asks; "because I have had occasion to know something about that, too. I can give you, almost word for word, the answer of a dealer in wholesale clothing, who had been twenty years in the business. I went, accidentally, to his shop to make an inquiry, and it occurred to me to ask if he could give employment to some poor woman I was just then interested in.

"We give the highest prices, ma'am, and calculated to have all our work well done. Now,

we have given as high as eighty-seven cents a piece for fine shirts.'

"Eighty-seven cents! Why, I always pay a dollar and a quarter."

"Oh, we couldn't stand that, no way, ma'am. It wouldn't pay at all. Why, in these *cheap* clothing stores, none of 'em give over a levy and three fips, and ten cents for Canton flannel. We don't pay a great deal on that; but these are mostly made by old women, who can't see so very well, and don't depend on it for a living, so they can afford to work cheap."

"But a woman who *does* depend on her needle, how much can she make?"

"Why, a right steady hand can earn as high as two, and two and a half, and three dollars, by sitting to it all the time. A vest-maker can do that, if she's good at button-holes. You see, I just cut out half a dozen satin vests at once, and give them. A pantaloons-maker can't do so well, unless she has customer-work, or is uncommonly smart. Some don't make over a dollar, or a dollar and a half, if they don't bring in good work. You see, they don't stay long enough at their trade to learn. They can't afford to pay their board, and so they don't stay more than three months before they must begin to earn for themselves. That makes a great many bad hands. I pity the poor things, and get along with them the best I can. Sometimes I try to show them myself; but I have to turn them off at last; though, I must say, it goes rather hard," said the worthy man, 'because I know half the time they haven't got money to pay their board, and dear knows what becomes of them! And those that do well, you see, they have to sit so steady to make their three dollars, and then their board has to come out of that, and they don't have much light or good air, and they mostly get sick, and just live along.'

"That's almost word for word what he told me; and, I declare, it gave me such a headache I could not enjoy my own comforts. He was, no doubt, a liberal and humane employer. Think how many are a great deal worse off. I've no patience with people who are everlastingly preaching up the needle. If the sword has its thousand victims, the needle has its ten thousands, small and inoffensive as it seems, because we women know how intolerably irksome the unvaried labor must be. I like sewing, and should not know what to do with myself often without it; but to sew only one morning without stopping, *always* gives me a pain in my side."

We all can certainly testify to the truth of this. "Some of my Sunday-school girls," continues the good woman, whom we have never before suspected of knowing anything more of social economy than appertained to the management of her own household, "when I used to teach—that was the first I ever thought about the matter; they were quite large girls: I had a kind of Bible class; and nearly all earned their own living. It was very easy for me to go round in my silk dress and white kid gloves, and preach up self-denial and industry to them, out of our Sunday's lesson, and they practising it all the time, in those little, dark, filthy alleys, swarming with pigs and children. One of them sewed straw

bonnets—no wonder they can sell them so cheap, when they only give ten cents a piece for them! others worked in crowded milliner shops from Monday morning till Saturday night, for a dollar and a half, mixing with good and bad—the Monday's talk with their comrades undoing all the good of Sunday's lessons. I soon found that out. A young girl could hardly have a worse moral atmosphere than one of those work-rooms; they themselves, and their mothers, have told me so many a time. I always had a headache while I taught those girls: it was the first thing that made me think of what a woman ought to be, or might be, in the way of influencing society²—her own sex in particular—without any public gatherings, or speech-makings either."

Mrs. Jenkins has certainly spoken very energetically in all those intervals of our shopping in Second street, where we have still been waited upon by our own sex as well as though the hands that displayed the ribbons and muslins had been twice as large and coarse; and now we are driven to Eighth street, to be fitted for a pair of gaiters—still by a woman—and here the comfort and propriety are self-evident; there is no need of soiling your own gloves, or ruffling your temper in bending over a refractory lacing.

Eighth street is the paradise of cheap shopping, as we all know; but it is remarkable for one other feature: so many of these little stores are not only kept, but owned by women, many of whom have accumulated a sufficient sum to retire upon comfortably, when they shall choose. This we are told from the lips of one of them, a bright, tidy, little body, who shakes back her black curls, and snips a little bit of paper with her scissors as she talks.

"You have been here some time, Mrs. White," says Mrs. Jenkins, choosing a sacque for her youngest boy.

"Yes, ma'am; eight years now. I came when there were very few stores along in this square, and I have made my own business, as you may say, and a great deal for other people. I've been a widow now fifteen years," (she scarcely looks old enough for this, so round, so comely are her face and figure), "and I was left without anything; and now I've got enough to live on, the rest of my days, if I choose; but I know I couldn't be satisfied to sit still, after such an active life. I bought my goods myself, and sewed, and tended the shop, and saved, and I knew all I was making was for myself. My rent was always ready when rent-day came, and I never had to ask the favor of security from anybody, though this house and store is seven hundred a year. Please God, I'm quite independent now." And yet, withal, she is as womanly a little body as one could wish to see.

But we must not neglect to sketch the three sisters that we find next door, dispensing their pins and tapes, and polite sayings over their little counter. Mrs. Jenkins commends them to our especial notice; but this is not necessary—we have made their acquaintance before. They are always dressed precisely alike, it seems to us, in subdued half mourning black dresses and lead-colored ribbons, and each with a mourning brooch, their only ornament. We cannot tell

them apart yet, although it is three years since we first chanced to notice the neat shop windows, with their collars and cuffs, and ribbons, and such beautifully shaped combs and brushes. They are all tall, with full fine figures, appear to be the same age, or certainly very near it. They have kindly dark eyes, and black hair neatly arranged, and speak in a soft, measured voice; they seem to have one voice as well as one mind. Many an errand we have made there, for a moment's glance at so much quiet goodness and content.

"Pins, Miss?" Perhaps our feminine vanity is conciliated by this, for they have never recognized our claim to the dignity of madamship. "Which sort, if you please? Oh, English pins; quite small, I recollect; they do not tear one's collars so, and though they cost a little more, are better in the end. Lovely day, Miss; quite cool after the shower yesterday. Yes, ten cents for those; this size are a levy. Was there anything else? Combs? I suppose you would like them well finished. Sister, will you be so good as to show this young lady some tucking combs? At the other counter, Miss;" and we turn to the other counter to find the ditto of the first speaker, in appearance, voice, and manner.

"Wore your last comb two years? That's the fault of our goods, though," (with a low mellow laugh:) "all our customers say so; they last too long for our profit. But then we always have the best, as you say the best is the cheapest in the end. Yes, Miss, that's a beautiful pattern; we had a great deal of trouble to get it again. The street is quite lively this morning. A great many people are out of town though. This one, did you say? Eighty-seven cents, if you please. We would just as soon change a five dollar piece as not. Thank you, Miss; sometimes we have a heavy payment to make, and it is all the better. This is the change, I believe; all but five cents. I'm sorry to keep you waiting. Sister, could you give this young lady five cents? Good morning; good morning, Miss." And both sisters bow and smile as pleasantly as if we had expended ten dollars instead of one.

We have often longed to know something of their history, there is such an air of placid content and innate refinement about them and their little shop; their very ribbons rustle, with an old-style gentility, as they are folded and unfolded in their soft white hands.

And now the carriage rolls beyond what we have always considered the business part of the town, down Tenth street, to a range of low frame houses, each with its narrow window of cheap muslins, and tawdry ornaments; shops, as the author of the "Charcoal Sketches" has said, "which bring a sensation of dreariness over the mind, and which cause a sinking of the heart, before you have time to ask why you are saddened; frail and feeble barriers they seem against penury and famine, to yield at the first approach of the gaunt enemy. Look at one of them closely. There is no aspect of business about it; it compels you to think of distraining for rent, of broken hearts, of sickness, suffering, and death.

"It is a shop, moreover, we have all seen the like, with a bell to it, which rings out an an-

nouncement as we open the door, that few and far between there has been an arrival in the way of a customer, though it may be that the bell, with all its untuned sharpness, fails to triumph over the din of domestic affairs in the little dark room, that serves for parlor, and kitchen, and hall, and proves unavailing to spread the news against the turbulent clamor of noisy children. The owner is one of those women you may recognize in the street by their look of premature age, anxious, hollow-eyed, and worn to shadow. There is a whole history in every line of their faces, which tells of unceasing trouble; and their hard quick movement, as they press onward, regardless of all that begirts their way, indicates those who have no thoughts to spare, from their own immediate necessities, for comment on the gay flaunting world. Little does ostentation know, as it flashes by in satined arrogance and jeweled pride, of the sorrow it may jostle from its path; and perhaps it is happy for us, as we move along in smiles and pleasantries, not to comprehend that the glance which meets our own comes from the bleakness of a withered heart, withered by penury's unceasing presence."

Ay, it is too true a picture to spare one tint, one shade of the sombre coloring, for such is the worn face that tries to smile—such a wintry gleam!—as we are welcomed, though there is scarcely room to stand, outside the narrow empty counter. And why has industry failed in its reward? "It is those fairs," the woman tells us—speaking bitterly, poor soul! and what wonder?—"that kills all our business. Some ladies won't pay a fair price when they can get things there so much less, and even think they are giving to charity besides. It's poor charity, to my thinking, ma'am, that takes the bread out of our mouths, and works our hands to the bone. And then they come here, and bring their work, and we must do it for next to nothing, because we can't starve, and they know it. Some ladies don't seem to have no conscience, ma'am."

But Mrs. Jenkins is not of these; she has come far out of her way to give out this bundle of plain sewing, and she will pay a fair price for it, too. "I know it won't be done quite so well," she says to us confidentially, "but it will wear quite as long, and nobody will look at the stitches. That poor soul used to sew beautifully when she was first a widow, but she set up a little shop for muslins and trimmings, as you see, and sunk all she had, because ladies *will* buy where they can get things under price, without looking at the justice of the thing. Now she *has* to slight her work; but I never say a word. I see just how things go."

Reader, thus far we have spoken under the guise of a pleasant morning's talk; but we have given you no fancy sketches. What we have related are studies in a life school, vouched for by our own actual experience and observation; and yet the task we have set for ourselves seems so feebly executed that we could almost lay down our pen despairingly, when we think of the hundreds of our own sex, everywhere around us, wasting life and energy in idleness, or ill-paid and wasting labor. And we have our own share in

the wrong—those of us, at least, who allow the weakness or poverty of our sisters to minister to our own luxury and selfishness. "The laborer is *not* unworthy of her hire;" and when, by trifling self-denial of ostentatious luxuries, the needlewoman has her just and equitable recompense, hers will cease to be the wearisome and dreaded task it has now become. But this cannot be, so long as it is the *only* avenue open to our sex. It is a principle of our social economy that the price shall be equal to the demand; and where so many are forced into competition, justice cannot be rendered. But we have said what we could, with deep and earnest feeling, and must leave, for a time, a subject so full of interest to us all, believing, with Fredrika Bremer, that—

"He who points out a new field for the employment of female industry ought to be regarded as a public benefactor; and any means by which such a field becomes accessible to woman, recommends itself to society as an important agent in the civilization of the future."

THE OCCULTATION OF A LIFE.

TO R— M'C— JR.

Another shrine is dim!
Another altar desolate! Another star
Hath passed into sublimer regions; seraphim
Enthroned around it are.

Another light hath died
From out the world, and left a waste of gloom;
And mourners weeping bitterly beside
A consecrated tomb.

Who shall breathe comfort now?
What music linger sweetly? Who that weaves
Garlands of blossoms for the bridal brow,
Shall braid the cypress leaves?

What sympathy can ope
The emptied chambers of a troubled heart,
And touch the Darkness with a wand of Hope,
And say to it: "Depart"

What words can cool the brain,
Or make the eyelids, heavy with their tears,
Lift up to drink the dawn of peace again
Which breaks through coming years?

Alas! we can but pray
That she who was so beautiful, and crowned
With all the elements of glory, may
Extend her arms around,

And raise you up to her.
We feel, with you, the majesty of Woe,
And tread in awe her court-yards, holier,
Waiting our turn to go

Into her presence. All,
Aye, all have heard her summons, or must hear;
It may be blessings from her lips will fall,
Even beside the bier.

We strengthen in the trust,
That of this withering of the heart at morn—
This crumbling of our idols into dust,
A rapture will be born:

Far off, perchance, but sure;
For He who smiteth, loveth us; He saith,

And if in faith, the evil we endure,
We shall not taste of death.

Hark, and a voice will come
Far downward through the fathomless abyss
Of Heaven, to woo us sweetly to a home,
More beautiful than this;

And islands of the Night,
As we glide silently from shore to shore,
Entrance us with effulgency of light
That floats the darkness o'er.

T. Y.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

If girls would have roses in their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies, and get up with the morning-glories.

Few things are necessary for the wants of this life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

"Nothing," once said an old gentleman to us, "so much indicates the nature of a man's taste, as the style of the pictures which decorate the walls of his dwelling." "But," we inquired, "suppose he has no pictures?" "Then he has no taste!" quickly responded the sage.

"There's our Gershom," said Mr. Shelton, "he must go off to the city, to get his living *by his wits*!" "Well, how did he make out?" asked a friend. "Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh, tapping his forehead significantly, "he failed for want of capital."

When Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners, to give an account of the particulars of his income; having answered a question which was asked, one of the *wise men* said, peevishly, that he did not understand his answer. "Then," said Tooke, "as you have not *half the understanding* of another man, you ought, at least, to have *double the patience*."

Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady what new work he was employed about. "I am writing nothing, just at present," he replied. "Well, but, doctor," said she, "if I could write like you, I should be always writing, merely for the pleasure of it." "Pray, madam," retorted he, "do you think that Leander swam across the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swimming?"

A lawyer was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel arose and said:—"May it please the court—I do not propose in this case to *bore for water*, but——." Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, the ridiculousness of the case was exposed, and the defendant got clear.

We see it stated, in an English paper, that a man, in the vicinity of London, undertook, lately, for a bet of twenty-five dollars, to lay a gun upon the ground, throw a potato up, turn heels over head, pick up the gun, and hit the potato once out of five shots before it fell to the ground. He afterwards actually performed this feat, winning his bet the first shot.

INTERESTING FACTS IN SCIENCE.

The twenty-second meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was held at Belfast during the first week in September. From the London Athenæum, and London Literary Gazette, we condense a number of interesting facts and items of scientific intelligence brought forward at this meeting; which we do, without regard to the order of their occurrence in the general proceedings of the Association, and in the language of the reports from which we quote: Sir David Brewster gave an account of a remarkable case of mirage in Radnorshire. Travellers in Switzerland observe not unfrequently their own shadows projected against the mists upon the mountains; but the peculiarity of the case described by Sir David, and what is extremely rare, is, that it is not a case of shadow but of reflection. A little girl saw her own image—her clothes with all their hues—painted against a cloud. She waved a victorine, and the image did the same, returning not only her motion, but also every color, with the utmost fidelity. Sir David also gave an account of a singular case of vision without retina. In mentioning the case, he said: "In the course of last summer I met with a gentleman who had a peculiarity of vision of a very remarkable kind, and one of which I believe there is no other example. While hunting he fell from his horse, and received such a severe blow upon his head, as to deprive him entirely of the sight of one eye, and to a great extent of the sight of the other. Neither of the eyes had suffered the slightest local injury from the blow, and, therefore, the total blindness in one eye, and the partial blindness in the other, arose from the insensibility of the retina, caused by the disorganization of the part of the brain more immediately connected with the origin of the optic nerves. The degree of vision which remained in one eye was such as to enable its possessor to recognize any friend at the distance of 400 or 500 yards, or more generally speaking, at a considerable distance; but in society he could not recognize his most intimate acquaintance. He could see only the eye or the mouth of his friend; and he was not able to obtain, from the duration of the impression of light, and the rapid transference of his eye from one feature to another, such a combination of the separate impressions, as to give the likeness which they composed." In the case, as explained by Sir David, the retina was ineffective; the man saw with choroid, which at one small place—the *foramen centrale*—is uncovered by the retina. The minuteness of this space permitted only a small amount of surface to be seen at a time.

Lord Rosse was present at the meeting, and exhibited diagrams of Nebulæ obtained by observations made with his immense telescope. In many cases these Nebulæ presented a vortical appearance, as if the mass had been twirling round in space, and thus became furnished with a number of spiral wings. This spiral figure was a prevailing character in most of the diagrams. Sometimes a star is observed in the centre of the Nebula, and the latter appears to recede a certain distance from the star, and to arrange itself

symmetrically round the latter. In other cases the Nebula is coiled round the star, like an Archimedean spiral, till at length, reaching a certain limit, it is suddenly broken, and thrown, like a reflected sunbeam, in another direction.

A report was made by Dr. J. H. Gladstone, on the influence of the solar radiations on the vital powers of plants growing under different atmospheric conditions. As a preliminary matter of enquiry, he had tested the effect of colored media in accelerating or retarding the growth of various kinds of plants. Hyacinths were chosen as the sample of the bulbous-rooted plants. Roots of as nearly as possible the same size and description in every respect were grown under the various bell-glasses. Certain differences were described, both in the rootlets and the leaves, which might fairly be attributed to the character of the light; the time of flowering, and the flowers themselves, were not affected by it; and the greatest growth (estimated quantitatively in each instance) took place in the plant exposed to all the rays of the solar spectrum; the next greatest was under the blue glass. Wheat was also grown in a similar manner; the method of arrangement of apparatus being minutely detailed, and the character of the corn-plants which appeared under the various glasses. Those under the yellow were the most sturdy in their growth; those under the blue the least healthy; whilst some grown under a nearly darkened shade grew quickly nine inches long, put forth no secondary leaves, and died in a month. Mallows were grown in a similar manner. The detailed observations were to much the same purport as in the preceding instance. Plants kept in an unchanged atmosphere appear to enter into a sort of lethargic condition; experiments were instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether the alteration in light produced by colored media made any marked variation in this matter. The pansy and the *Poa annua* were the plants selected; and comparative experiments were made with a darkened shade, and with no covering at all. The results were various,—but scarcely conclusive, unless in reference to the fact that plants survive much longer for being in unchanged air. The colorless and yellow media appeared most favorable to the healthiness of the plants.

An illusion, similar in character to the *Fata Morgana* seen in certain states of the atmosphere on and about the Straits of Messina in Italy, have, at various times, appeared on the northern coast of Ireland. Records of these appearances exist even prior to the twelfth century, and subsequent mention is frequently made of them. Mr. McFarland read an interesting paper on these *Fata Morgana* of Ireland, in which he mentions that, in June, 1833, himself and a party of friends, when standing on a rock at Portbalintra, perceived a small roundish island as if in the act of emerging from the deep, at a distance of a mile from the shore; at first, it appeared but as a green field, afterwards it became fringed with red, yellow and blue, whilst the forms of trees, men and cattle rose upon it, slowly and successively; and these continued for about a quarter of an hour, distinct in their outlines, shape and color; the figures, too, seemed to walk across it, or wandered among the trees, the ocean

bathed it around, the sun shone upon it from above; and all was as fresh, fair, and beautiful as a dream of Heaven, till the sward assumed a shadowy form, and its various objects, mingling into one confused whole, passed away as strangely as they came. Mr. McFarland considered that these various exhibitions of the Fata Morgana might all be accounted for by applying to those parts of the coast on which they had been displayed, the theories of Minasi, and M. Honel, as advanced by them in explanation of similar phenomena, seen on and about the Strait of Messina. The Northern Channel of Ireland presents, to a very great degree, the same data, as regards shape, indentations, currents, and bitumen as that strait does, and on which their theories rest; and he believed that, to some extent at least, so did the sea in the neighborhood of the Isles of Arran and town of Waterford. Where the Marine Morgana was found, the Aerial might be expected, and the Prismatic was a mere corollary to the first.

Sir David Brewster next read a paper "On the Form of Images produced by Lenses and Mirrors of different sizes." He showed that by using large lenses, photographers introduce parts into their pictures which should be totally unseen; an addition is made to the nose, chin, or other feature, which the eye cannot discern in the original; and from this sole cause arises almost all the hideousness and monstrosity of photographic pictures. Childhood is deprived of its smile, youth of its beauty, and the vigor of manhood is reduced to the decrepitude of quaking old age. The lens, instead of being three or four inches in diameter, as is usually the case, ought, strictly speaking, to be only two-tenths of an inch. Sir David exhibited an experiment, which was strikingly confirmative of his view.

Sir David also read a paper "On an Account of a Rock-Crystal Lens and Decomposing Glass found in Nineveh." Sir David said that he had to bring before the Section an object of so incredible a nature that nothing short of the strongest evidence was necessary to render the statement at all probable:—it was no less than the finding in the treasure-house at Nineveh of a rock-crystal lens, where it had for centuries lain entombed in the ruins of that once magnificent city. It was found in company with several bronzes and other objects of value. He had examined the lens with the greatest care and taken its several measurements. It was not entirely circular in its aperture, being 1 6-10ths inches in its longer diameter and 1 4-10ths inches in its shorter. Its general form was that of a plano-concave lens, the plane side having been formed of one of the original faces of the six-sided crystal of quartz, as he had ascertained by its action on polarized light,—this was badly polished and scratched. The convex face of the lens had not been ground in a dish-shaped tool in the manner in which lenses are now formed, but was shaped on a lapidary's wheel, or in some such manner. Hence it was unequally thick, but its extreme thickness was 2-10ths of an inch, its focal length being 4 1/2 inches. It had twelve remains of cavities which had originally contained liquids or condensed gases; but ten of those had been opened probably

in the rough handling which it received in the act of being ground; most of them therefore had discharged their gaseous contents. Sir David concluded by assigning reasons why this could not be looked on as an ornament, but a true optical lens.

Sir David then exhibited specimens of the decomposed glass found in the same ruins. The surface of this was covered with iridescent spots more brilliant in their colors than Peacock copper ore. Sir David stated that he had several years since explained how this process of decomposition proceeded, on the occasion of having found a piece of decomposed glass at St. Leonard's. It had contained manganese, which had separated from the silex of the glass, at central spots round which circles of most minute crystals of true quartz had arranged themselves; bounded by irregular jagged circles of manganese, these being arranged in several concentric rings. When this process reached a certain depth in the glass it spread off laterally, dividing the glass into very thin layers, and new centres seemed to form at certain distances, and thus the process extended.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.—Deer often engage in a sham battle or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, attempts to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after small and moving objects, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind,—they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring; the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and again watch, and again spring forward at another. Rengger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances like kittens. Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks and eminences in their pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner. Birds of the pie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is told of a tame magpie, that it was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studious air dropping them in a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "Currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for amusement.

INSTINCTS OF THE TIGER.—In a work entitled "Brown's Anecdotes," we see it stated that on a certain occasion, a party of gentlemen from Bombay, while visiting the stupendous cavern temple of Elephanta, discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of its dame, they took it up hastily and cau-

tiously, and retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length, having attained a vast size, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it began to inspire terror by its tremendous powers of doing mischief to a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, which fell in its way. It is to be observed that, up to that moment, it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes upon its prey, tore it with fury to pieces, and, growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles.

INSTINCT OF BEES.—Bees revisit their old haunts, the trees and the flowers where they have been used to find honey; they recognise their own hive among many others, returning to it in their homeward flight in a direct line, and never hesitating between it and the surrounding ones. It is highly remarkable that they know their own hive more from its locality than from its appearance, for if it be removed during their absence, and a similar one be substituted, they enter the strange one. If the position of the hive be changed, the bees for the first day take distant flight till they have thoroughly scrutinized every object in its neighborhood; and it is asserted by Kirby and Spence, that the queen-bee does the same thing, making several probationary flights before the swarming of the hive, as if to select the proper spot. They also mention the circumstance of a number of bees having been attracted in the autumn to some honey which had been placed in a window, and of their visiting the same spot, in the ensuing spring, in search of it again. The mason-bee contrives holes as receptacles for its young, in which it lays up their food; and if a hole be closed up during its absence, it searches for some time along the wall, after its return, without noticing other holes, and having found it, it removes the obstruction and continues its work: a clear proof that these bees distinguish between their own holes and those of others. * * * Bees are remarkable for the cleanliness of their dwellings: they are extremely solicitous to remove such insects or foreign bodies as happen to get admission into their hive. When so light as not to exceed their powers, they first kill the insect with their stings, and then drag it out with their jaws. But it sometimes happens that an ill-fated snail creeps into the hive; this is no sooner perceived than it is attacked on all sides, and stung to death. But to attempt to carry out so heavy a burden would be labor in vain; and, therefore, to prevent the noxious smell which would arise from its putrefaction, they immediately embalm it, by covering every part of its body with propolis, through which no effluvia can escape. When a snail with a shell gets entrance, the disposal of it gives much less trouble and expense to bees. As soon as it receives the first wound from a sting, it naturally retires into its shell. In this case, the bees, instead of

pasting it all over with propolis, content themselves with gluing all round the margin of the shell, which is sufficient to render the animal forever immovably fixed.

THE ELECTRIC EEL.—The gymnotus, or electric eel, is a tremendous assailant, both of the inhabitants of its own element, and even of large quadrupeds, and of man himself, if he puts himself in its way. Its force is said to be ten times greater than that of the torpedo. This animal is a native of South America. In the immense plains of the Llanos, in the province of Caraccas, is a city called Calabozo, in the vicinity of which these eels abound in small streams, inasmuch that a road, formerly much frequented, was abandoned on account of them, it being necessary to cross a rivulet, in which many mules were annually lost in consequence of their attacks. They are also extremely common in every pond, from the equator to the ninth degree of north latitude.

Humboldt gives a very spirited account of the manner of taking this animal, which is done by compelling twenty or thirty wild horses and mules to take the water. The Indians surround the basin into which they are driven, armed with long canes or harpoons; some mount the trees whose branches hang over the water, all endeavoring, by their cries and instruments, to keep the horses from escaping. For a long time, the victory seems doubtful, or to incline to the fishes. The mules, disabled by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappear under the water; and some horses, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gain the banks, and, overcome by fatigue and benumbed by the shocks they have encountered, stretch themselves at their length on the ground.

There could not, says Humboldt, be a finer subject for a painter: groups of Indians surrounding the basin; the horses, with their hair on end, endeavoring to escape the tempest that has overtaken them; the eels, yellowish and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents, swimming on the surface of the water, in pursuit of their enemy.

In a few minutes, two horses were already drowned: the eel, more than five feet long, gliding under the belly of the horse or mule, made a discharge of its electric battery on the whole extent, attacking at the same instant the heart and the viscera. The animals, stupefied by these repeated shocks, fall into a profound lethargy, and, deprived of all sense, sink under the water, when, the other horses and mules passing over their bodies, they are soon drowned. The gymnoti, having thus discharged their accumulation of the electric fluid, now become harmless, and are no longer dreaded. Swimming half out of the water, they flee from the horses instead of attacking them; and if they enter it the day after the battle, they are not molested, for these fishes require repose and plenty of food to enable them to accumulate a sufficient supply of their galvanic electricity.

Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

There is, at the present time, among certain American writers, who are gifted with rare abilities, a tendency to use their fine powers in the mere anatomizing of morbid states of mind, or in the creation of human monstrosities. The appearance of their books is hailed by a class of critics, who judge of a work more by its intellectual skill than its usefulness, in terms of extravagant laudation, thus encouraging these authors to explore the still profounder depths of a morbid imagination, and enticing other writers into literary efforts of the same gloomy and unprofitable character.

In reading current criticisms on the various books teeming from the prolific press of our country, few think of the *personal* characters, or professed principles, of those who write them—too rarely, nothing whatever is known as to the authorship of a criticism—or reflect upon the bias which these may give to the judgment! In too many cases, the more intellectually discriminating critical writers judge of a book by the mental power it displays, and lose sight, almost altogether, of its ability to make the reader wiser and better; and, what is still worse, these critics, in too many instances, speak lightly, coldly, and often with covert condemnation of books written with the high purpose of doing good, and with an honest truth to nature, because the authors have not the morbid, we might almost say insane, strength and wild, unnatural beauty of the favorites they hold up to public admiration. Better for the world would it be, if they justly condemned the perversion of power in the one, and encouraged and fostered, by fair, but strengthening criticism, the other.

Above all things, we want a healthy, life-like, progressive literature; and, to gain this, we need a stimulating criticism far different from anything that has yet been vouchsafed by those who have assumed the high office of passing judgment upon our literary men and women.

In literature, as in architecture, what we most need are fitting habitations in which mind and heart can dwell with all their healthy thoughts and social and home affections; not elaborate edifices, built to display the artist's wonderful abilities, that, within, contain no pleasant apartments, nor sweet resting places; but sombre arches, gloomy and vaulted chambers, where no warm sunlight finds its way, and never-ending passages, among the intricacies of which we go wearily and faint with the close and stifling atmosphere. But such is not the literature fostered by the critical dogmatists, and their imitators of the present time. A few are bold enough to dissent, and to ask, "What good is there in all this?" but their voice is scarcely heard.

To be a good critic, a man must be wise and good. He must be so far a lover of his fellow men as to regard their well-being. He must not only be able, from his cultivated taste, to see the evidences of skill and power in an author; but he must be so far a man as to decide, at once, how far the author, in his performance, has been

true to humanity. Other criticism we have, in plenty. Right gladly will the public hail the juster, the better order to which we have referred.

Grace Greenwood met, incidentally, with the author of "Alton Locke," and thus mentions him briefly, in one of her letters to the *National Era*: "While lingering there, I observed Lord Carlisle greet, with much cordiality, a slight, pale, refined, clerical-looking man, who stood near us. After a few moments' conversation, his lordship introduced this gentleman to me as the *Rev.* Charles Kingsley, author of 'Alton Locke.' I did not meet him without emotion; for I had been most deeply impressed by the power and purpose, the terrible earnestness of his writings—the heart-crushing pathos, the fearful vividness of his pictures of misery, of the mortal desperation of the struggle of the poor with want and wretchedness, and all the horrible shapes of sin and despair. You see few indications of the impassioned strength of Mr. Kingsley's genius in his countenance or conversation. He is quiet in the extreme, even while talking of art, like an artist and a poet. I should think his mental life inwardly intense, rather than outwardly demonstrative, except through the pen. He spoke of America with much interest, and with fine appreciation of the spirit of her institutions."

How often is respectable and promising mediocrity robbed of its power and usefulness, by unsought comparisons with superior ability? Unjustly are young authors, artists and performers condemned, censured, or their true merit slurred over by unwise or ill-natured critics, because they are not equal to some brilliant genius who is all ablaze before the world. Gifts are various, and all have their appropriate use. When a man does the best he can, according to his natural ability, let his merit be acknowledged as far as it goes. To condemn or insult him because he does not possess another man's talents, indicates either great weakness or exceeding ill-nature. Perhaps singers and musical performers suffer in this particular way as much as any others; and we are pleased to see, in a London periodical, a well-expressed plea for musical mediocrity, a part of which we extract:—"Mediocrity has its uses, and is not to be indiscriminately crushed. If the friends of Miss A. declare her singing of 'Ah, non giunge,' at her concert, was remarkable, it was not at all necessary that the critics should inform the public that the lady, here called Miss A., is not Jenny Lind. The public know that right well; and they understand the word 'remarkable,' as applied to Miss A.'s performance, in a sense perfectly different from the same word when applied to Giulia Grisi or Madame Castellan. And Miss A. herself, however she may feel herself flattered by such applauding epithets, will hardly think of coming out, upon the strength of them, in the arduous character of the heroine of the *Somnambula*."

Yet, all this notwithstanding, Miss A. is really the centre of a small circle, in the midst of which she performs a function by no means unimportant.

"However it may be with science, it should be recollected that elegant art has always thriven most under the fostering sunshine of favor and patronage. The highest talent requires success for its full development. Genius, as Prince Albert reminded the artists assembled at the last anniversary festival of the Royal Academy, 'is a tender plant, which will thrive only in an atmosphere of kindness—kindness towards the artist personally as well as towards his production:'—a sentiment wearing a positive artistic beauty in the princely mouth from which it emanated. It is not, as we said, an incontrovertible truth that mediocrity should be extirpated. Is it not out of the level plain that the mountain rises? and we all remember the pleasant mistake which the Edinburgh Reviewers made about Lord Byron."

The cutting-up, fault-finding, captious spirit indulged in by certain critical writers for the press, who look at the performances of others in order to search out defects instead of merits, is very properly rebuked in the following extract:—"Criticism is mostly held in esteem in proportion as the critic is severe and inflexible. The literary charioteer is accounted to be a good driver in proportion as he lashes the animals subjected to his mercy. Let us, however, bear in mind that truth and ill-nature are not precisely the same quality. An allegation is not true, simply because it is defamatory. Let any one look carefully round upon the proceedings of his acquaintance, and we will find that a greater amount of falsehood originates in splenetic ill-humor, even than results from polite flattery so proverbially insincere. If a man be determined to enlighten his neighbors on the subject of another's demerits, he seldom allows his resolution to be restrained by so feeble a barrier—so metaphysical a limit—as truth: and, we suppose, the same may hold of written and printed criticisms on the works of others. A 'cutting-up,' as it is technically called, is no doubt a very good thing in its way; but it is not to be considered honest only because it is a cutting-up. It is, at any rate, a very unamiable thing; and when it comes itself to be cut-up, it often turns out to be as foul as it is ill-favored."

Some weeks since, the Saturday Evening Post had the following editorial paragraph: "We recently noticed in the daily papers some resolutions in honor of three boys who died during the vacation. One of those boys we frequently met last winter in the Germantown cars, carrying a heavy load of school books. His face interested us much—fine and intellectual, but sadly pale. We feared then that he was studying beyond his strength; and we should not be at all surprised if a proper verdict in his case, as in that of various others, would be:—Died of the High School."

The Boston Olive Branch copies the above, and then remarks thereon:

"There was a beautiful child in one of our vil-

lages. A more brilliant scholar was never known. 'Give me books, give me books,' was his constant and eager cry, and his parents paraded him before admiring company, as parents too often do. They sent him early to the best school in the State, and attributed his thin face and delicate figure, to 'growing;' he *grew*, it was true, too fast. At sixteen he was laid in the family vault, at Cambridge; 'he was never well,' said his sorrowing parents. He never had the chance to be; he died of High School.

"How many sweet young creatures have we known, growing up into the fairest promise, who have 'died of High School.' And the victims increase; studies that should never be attempted, till the age of thirty, are thrust upon poor pale girls of twelve and fourteen—and ambition is the goad that urges them to their death.

"Parents be careful that your beloved ones do not die of High School."

There is matter for thought in this: and parents who have bright, but pale and studious boys, should ponder the subject well. Of what value is a brilliant education, if health is destroyed thereby? Of what avail will be a full mind, if there is not a strong body, in manhood, to sustain its activity? But, we by no means call the forcing system adopted in most of our public and noted private schools, by the word, education. The mere crowding of the memory with a jostling variety of facts and theories cannot strengthen the mind: cannot give the habit of concentration, nor that confidence in its own powers which inspires the will, and overcomes difficulties.

We published an article last month on the education of girls, from the pen of Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D. That article contains a paragraph that bears with such force on the subject to which we now refer, that we re-print it, and call to it the especial attention of parents and teachers:—

"There is no end to the list of 'English branches,' which the child has to 'go through' during the few years of school training: the enumeration would have frightened our most studious ancestors: they did not understand what is meant by 'going through the English branches;' they in their simplicity supposed that there was some *use* attached to every study—that it must be acquired thoroughly, and be made either a means of mental discipline, or an object of investigation and discovery. But it would puzzle the most ingenious observer to discover the good *use* of most of our children's studies. If the object be mental discipline, there is no surer way of defeating such an object, than to attempt to give the mind a superficial view of a subject too difficult for it to grasp—to confuse it with a multitude of disconnected studies—to hurry it from subject to subject, so that the simple studies, more suited to the young mind, are imperfectly acquired, and soon forgotten. Thus the greater part of the time devoted to the so-called cultivation of the intellect is really wasted: and it is no uncommon thing to find the young girl who has gone through all the English branches, quite unable to write a lady-like note, or read aloud a single page with right emphasis, ease and accuracy.

"How can it be otherwise, when the young mind has to apply itself, during the limited term

of school-study, to such a list of subjects as the following: Grammar, Ancient and Modern History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Astronomy, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Physiology, Rhetoric, Composition, Elocution, Logic, Algebra, Geometry, Belles-Lettres."

What an appalling list of studies for tender childhood and youth! What reasonable person can contemplate it, and not feel an overpowering conviction of the injustice to children involved in our present systems of education!

"To-day," writes Grace Greenwood in her interesting letters to the National Era, "I have made a devout pilgrimage to the grave of Milton, in the parish church of Cripplegate. The spot where the divine poet sleeps the sleep of the blessed is marked alone by a fine bust and a small tablet—pews are built over the vault which I do not like; for Milton's grave is too sacred, even to be knelt upon by strangers, and the inconsiderate, it may be, in mechanical obedience to a mere religious form.

"This is a quaint, shadowed, old church, where at night one would step softly, in breathless awe, and listen, half-hoping to hear angels chanting solemn anthems over the dust of him who so grandly told the wondrous story of creation, of the fall and redemption of man, and who sung God's praise in such high, seraphic strains.

"In this church Oliver Cromwell was married. Who ever thinks of the stern Puritan leader as a lover? And yet, such grand, craggy natures as his have often the peaceablest, most sheltered nestling places for the gentlest human affections. I doubt not he felt for his young bride a deep and manly devotion; and that he dearly loved at least one of his daughters, we have pathetic evidence in the history of his last sad days."

It is to be hoped that a better spirit in regard to the treatment of candidates for office will, ere long, prevail in this country. The present wretched system of abuse has been carried quite far enough. We were pleased, a few evenings since, in passing by a rostrum from which a political speaker was haranguing a crowd, to hear the orator strongly condemn this abuse of candidates, and call upon the members of his party present to set their faces against it. The candidates for office on both sides, he said, were good and true men, and it was false, and a high outrage, to allege anything different. This is a better doctrine, a more worthy spirit; and until it becomes the spirit of party, we cannot hope to have our best men stand forth as candidates for office. Hear what General Cass says on this subject. The extract is from one of his speeches in the United States Senate:—"I speak, perhaps, with the more warmth on this subject, because I have had some experience, and I believe that in the whole catalogue of human enormities you can scarcely find a single crime that was not charged to me in 1848, except, perhaps, the murder of my wife and children; and if Providence, in its wrath, had taken them from me, I verily believe that I should have been charged with their murder; and I have just as little doubt that

a large portion of the Whig party would have believed the story. Sir, I bore it well, I think quite philosophically; but no man can bear such charges with total indifference. Why, if Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, were here, it would try his patience to be subject to such aspersions. I think, if I had gone through some portions of this country in that year, many a good Whig would have peeped out from safe covert, seeking to discover my horns and hoofs, firm in the conviction that if I were not the archfiend himself, I stood pretty high in his conclave, and was one of his fittest associates."

Referring to some anecdotes of birds, published in the October number of the *Home Magazine*, a correspondent at Deep River, Conn., writes:—"Anecdotes of Birds remind me of a statement made to me some three years ago, and confirmed about a month since, by Mr. Ezra Bull, of Saybrook. In 1827 he attached a skull of a horse to an out-building, when some wrens soon took possession of it, and raised two broods of young, each year, for three years in succession. He then moved some four miles, and took the skull with him (in the winter.) In the spring some wrens, apparently the same family, took possession, and have occupied it regularly for twenty-two years, raising two broods of young annually, averaging six birds to each brood."

A correspondent, who sends us a poem, full of good promise, as to what the author will in the end achieve, speaks thus hopefully. We like his spirit, and say to him, work and wait. There is a future of success to all who labor diligently in the present: "If Fame has any gift for me, it is in the future's keeping. I will cheer the hour with song as best I may, and bide my time. I am still on the sunny slope of life, with a strong hand and a willing heart. My only schooling has been the discipline of misfortune, and the hard buffeting with the rude world. Yet, often, in the want of outward culture, will the mind find gain of inner development; and, from sore conflict with grosser natures, be evolved the inspiration of heaven-born sympathies."

Sensible people cannot but feel amused while reading some of the dogmatic criticisms on musical artists of the highest ability, which appear in certain daily, weekly and monthly publications. Referring to this, a musical writer says, with exceeding pertinency:—"The only objection we can see to criticisms of this nature is, that it seems a little absurd for a scribe, perhaps without name or character, to think of setting right an artist of high fame, and to assume a judicial irresponsibility in doing so. Are great artists often the wiser for the very profound suggestions which issue from the anonymous tribunal?"

That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness, who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1852.

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE OLDEN DAY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOUILLE, COUNTESS OF DERBY.

The Countess of Derby may well be pronounced one of the noblest, greatest, and most heroic women that England or the world ever has produced. I write England advisedly, for, although she was a Frenchwoman by birth, and that of the very highest rank short of royalty—being a daughter of the princely house of La Tremouille, it was still in England that all her great exploits were performed—all her extraordinary qualities displayed; and as she was married in very early youth to the gallant and noble Derby, nearly, indeed, at the same period when his royal master, Charles I., espoused the beautiful daughter of the last hero-king of France, Henry, the Bearnois of Navarre, it is not unnatural to conclude, that it was in her adopted, rather than her native country, that she learned those lessons of strong persistency, cool endurance, and patient fortitude, which would appear in all ages to have been characteristic rather of the English than of the French temper, which is generally held to be conspicuous for impulsive gallantry and offensive valor, rather than for perseverance under the pressure of evil or iron sufferance of inevitable calamity.

Still, heroism is of no age or country—although there may be peculiar shades or hues which appear to belong to the attributes, and to constitute, as it were, almost general traits of national character. Even in this view, however, there are discrepancies to be noted by the wise observer, which quickly show the injudiciousness of those who, from general traits, would seek to establish absolute principles, or to constitute individual actions the basis of invariable laws.

Thus, in spite of the generally prevailing notion that the French, however admirable at attack, are greatly inferior in the defence of fortified places, the most wonderful instance of endurance, under horrors of famine, pestilence, and exhaustion almost unparalleled, recorded in modern history, is the protracted resistance of Massena within the walls of Genoa, against the combined armies of Austria and fleets of England, by which, in point of fact, he neutralized all the successes of the victors, and converted defeat into triumph, by holding out until the French columns had already crossed the Alps, and thus making possible the almost miraculous campaign of Marengo.

Again, it was Charlotte de la Tremouille, who, with unparalleled feminine heroism, defended Latham House long after hope had been extinct in the hearts of the bravest of its masculine defenders, while her Lord was fighting afar off for his church and his king—who, a second time, after the noble head of Derby had fallen on the gory scaffold, last token of his adherence to that holy cause which he could uphold no longer, defended the Peel Castle in her hereditary realm of Man, fighting for the rights of her son, and the hereditary dignities of his race, long after the weak unworthy monarch, Charles II., had departed a fugitive from his kingdom—and who so earned the noble praise of being the last person in all the territories, provinces, dependencies, of Great Britain, who laid down arms which she had taken up for the rights, and which she resigned only—she the sovereign of a mere mimic realm almost within gunshot of the shores of England—after Virginia, the Bermudas, Antigua and Barbadoes had submitted to the Parliament; after the sister islands of the Channel, Scilly and Guernsey had surrendered, and the narrow seas were swept far and nigh, cutting off all supplies, and prohibiting all egress or ingress to her island fortalice, by the unrivalled fleets of Blake.

Equally heroic with that heroine of all time, the Maid of Arc, her heroism was yet of a character entirely different and distinct. The character of the latter was essentially French—French of all ages—though modified assuredly by the peculiar influences of her own era—deeply imbued with romance—full of impulsive fire, burning with generous ardor, deeply imbued with the sensibility to the call of glory, kindled at a word to the wildest enthusiasm, not unresponsive to the breath of superstitious fatalism, yet despondent when held inactive, and recovering her high courage and unflinching heroism only when actually called upon to do or to suffer.

Widely different was the noble Charlotte de la Tremouille—for of her it might have been said, as it is said of the greatest man of the present day, that duty was everything and glory nothing, except indorsed as it arose incidentally from the consequence of duty done. Not in the slightest degree touched by romance as to her own secret nature, although the history of her career is, in it

self, the wildest of romances—scarcely, if at all, influenced by impulses—a person of slender imagination and few sensibilities—superior to all superstitions—superior also to all reverses of fortune, she was greater by far in suffering than in acting—and it was rather by supporting with unmoved constancy what her enemy did unto her, than by doing unto them what they might not have half so hardly supported, that she earned her undying fair and spotless reputation.

It is said, that in her younger days she was remarkable for delicate and extraordinary beauty; if it were so, anxiety and a life harder and exposed to vicissitudes more man-like than are wont to break the calm tenor of female ways, early destroyed all its vestiges; for in the magnificent painting of Vandyke, which still exists, as do those of most others of the celebrated ladies of her day, she is represented as a stout and somewhat coarse-featured matron, of middle age, richly attired, but possessing none of that refined and gentle haughtiness—if I may so express myself—which we somehow or other expect to see in the carriage and lineaments of those who, themselves great, have mingled much in the society of the great, and yet more who have themselves been the doers of great actions.

There is none of this haughtiness, or dignity, then, call it which you will, in the air or features of Charlotte de la Tremouille; nor is there any marked impress on her brow and lip either of deep thought and high intellect, or of brilliancy, daring and courage almost superhuman. On the contrary, she has the air of a genuine country matron of high class, in her own age; something, one would think, of a lady Bountiful; apt at distilling simples and dispensing medicines to the ailing, good things to the hungry of her tenantry and neighbors—yet this was she, who for two successive kings of England did more, held more, suffered more and lost more, than any other woman who ever drew the breath of life—who, after the death of one monarch on the scaffold, and the despairing exile of another, for whom her noble lord had died devoted, endured the utmost of persecution from the cruel and victorious Parliament—who, after the restoration of that monarch's worthless son, endured yet more from his base ingratitude than she had done from the rancor of his enemies, herself coming nigh to perishing on the same scaffold which had drunk her husband's gore, charged by the perjured monster Oates, with participation in that Papish plot, which never had an existence without the brain of that most mean and odious of all murderers.

Early in the war of the Commonwealth and the King, that war through the furnace and fierce ordeal of which, through so much misery to the kings, the nobles, and the people of England, was wrought out at last the wonderful edifice of her present constitution, with all its inestimable blessings—that constitution, which alone possessing the power of self-modification, can be progressive without being iconoclastic or destructive, can undergo change without fear of revolution, and therefore bids fair to be coeval with the chalk cliffs which wall its empire. Early in that war; or rather, I should say, at its very commencement, the Earl of Derby had taken arms

for his sovereign, believing it wiser to trust to the king, whose prerogatives were already strictly limited, whose leaning toward absolutism might be supposed to be, in a great measure, checked, and to whose encroachments all constitutional means of resistance existed, in full force, or rather reinforced and greatly strengthened by the passage of the bill of rights, and the adoption of the general remonstrance—than to submit to the self-constituted authority of the Parliament, now evidently bent on wresting everything beyond the bare name of regal power from the almost helpless monarch, whose proceedings had no limit save their own consciences and their own will; and whose violence and outrage, the kingly power once gone, and the ministers of the law merely their own creatures, there was no means in the kingdom constituted for disputing legally or resisting forcibly.

Steadfastly, gallantly, he had fought to the last—nor less nobly had his Countess contended, as all men know—for the defence of Latham House is history—and there are few to whom its details are not facts, as it were, of every day allusion. How she held out alone, with her lord afar, not fighting unwomanly with the sword, not donning the attire or buckling on the armor of a man—for heroine as she was, she saw the indelicacy and inutility alike of such procedure—but aiding, assisting, comforting, inspiring all, by the unmoved composure of her noble face, by the unvarying and placid smile with which she received all evil tidings; with which she endured all personal inconveniences and sufferings—including toward the end the want of common necessities, of bread and water to support human life. Limiting her own table to the quantity and quality allotted to the meanest sentinel; braving the hottest fire of the assailants to carry refreshments to the weary, assistance to the wounded, of the combatants; nay! as defender after defender, fell slain outright or sorely wounded at his appointed station, carrying arms and ammunition, clad in her full magnificence of court attire, to any member, as they failed him, of that weak, yet invincible garrison; and in that last assault, when the ladders were reared against every bartizan and buttress, when the volleying death-shots raked every embrasure and window, when the clash and clang of broadsword on cuirass and helmet were mingled with the roar of the culverins, the sharp rattle of the musketry, and savage shouts and execrations of her combatants, standing with her maidens side by side with their defenders, and loading musketoon and harquebuss as fast as they might fire them, until all was ended.

Vainly, however, fought the Earl in the field, vainly the Countess in her guarded fortalice—for the good cause might not prevail, until England should have supped deeper yet on horrors, and her king should have bowed down that "gray dis-crowned head," erewhile so fair and noble, to the base felon's block. If Charles lost kingdom, crown, and life, Derby and his young wife lost all they had in England, princely estates, high rank, wealth almost royal, title most exalted—all was gone save the feudal royalty of the little Isle of Man; save the lives which both had risked so freely, one scarce had thought they valued them.

And even these they held, not as their own possessions, but as things to be devoted to the cause, to be cast self-sacrificed to the winds of Heaven, so soon as the service of the king should desire it.

So for the time all was over. Hopton, the king's best leader in the west, was defeated, and his army utterly dispersed at Torrington by Fairfax. Montrose was *hors du combat* deprived of all his men by the decisive route of Philipbaugh—and Astley—gallant Astley—who, before the first encounter of the Cavaliers and Roundheads at Edgehill, knelt at the head of his lines, and prayed this short prayer memorable through all time: "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!" and then springing to his charger cried, "March on, boys!" and led a charge so fiery and so well sustained, that it won the day. That same Lord Astley, defeated at Stowe by Morgan, with superior forces, and himself made prisoner, said to the Parliamentarians, "You have done your work, and may now go to play, unless you choose to fall out among yourselves!"

And in truth their work was done—and their cruel play was about to commence, which had for stakes the fortunes of a country, and the life of a king.

In the short insurrection which broke out, when the tidings were proclaimed how that the Parliament had determined to try the king by a high court of justice, and to bring him, whom they dared not murder, to the block, Derby bore no part. Ill-planned, uncombined, irregular, it had neither concert, nor the chances of success—it could be fatal only to its projectors, and fatal to them it was—for after it was shed on the scaffold the first blood that flowed during the war, save by the sword, *flagrante bello*, when sword was met by sword—the blood of Lisle and Lucas and Lord Capel shamefully slaughtered—Cromwell's first deed of cruelty and shame—in spite of capitulation after Colchester.

So far from that insurrection deferring, or tending to prevent, it accelerated only the murder of the king, by harassing the apprehensions, without alarming the fears of the Parliamentarians. But, as I have said, in it Derby bore no part, it was too suddenly concerted to permit him to be present, even if his military sagacity and clear political foresight would have permitted him to join so rash a rising.

But he was in no condition to have done so in any event, for so soon as he saw that for the present all was lost, he made good his retreat, rather than his escape, with his Countess, her son, and the trustiest of his adherents, to the strong walls and castles of his island kingdom, which he put in order at once to make the most vigorous defence of his own rights, and to wage war for his own crown of Man, and for that of his brother, king of England.*

Treton, meanwhile, who commanded in the north for the Parliament, and had a strong force

afoot in Lancashire, sent him a trumpet, with a summons to surrender on good conditions, to whom the Earl returned this answer of high and stern defiance:

"I received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer, that I cannot but wonder whence you gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of my former actions in his late majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favor; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power for your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn the paper, and hang up the messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his majesty's most loyal and obedient subject."

"DERBY."

Scarce had these stirring and memorable lines flowed from the pen of the brave and noble cavalier, before he was again called to prove in the field that indomitable loyalty, for which his race was so nobly conspicuous.

The Second Charles, proclaimed by his Scottish subjects, who had revolted against the grim intolerance and fanaticism of the Independents, had remained well nigh two years in their camp, rather indeed as a prisoner than a king, but had still in spite of the fatal defeat at Dunbar maintained his position as monarch, and kept up his own hopes and those of his well-wishers, of one day recovering his English crown. And now, at length, had the day arrived. Profiting by a false movement of Cromwell, who, being pressed for supplies, was compelled to leave the way into England open to the Scots, he rushed down, high of hope, into the centre of his native realm, trusting to rally on himself all the stout cavaliers of the northern and the midland counties, and by a daring stroke to master the metropolis before Oliver could retrace his steps, or come up with his rear.

But little knew he of the giant with whom he had to do.

Rapidly he marched southward, but tardily and feebly came in the levies of the cavaliers. Defeat and death had thinned their numbers, had tamed their high, hot blood, had rendered them, although brave as ever, hopeless and averse to further struggles. Sequestrations and confiscations had narrowed their resources, their plate, their silver candlesticks, and posset dishes had been melted down in the late king's service; their trusty war horses were dead or aged; their gallant sons were dead on the field or on the scaffold; their brave tenants were decimated, and the survivors given to other masters. Never have men so fought, so bled, so suffered for any cause or king, as have the cavaliers of England for that most lamentable and disastrous house of Stuart—never have men met with such ingratitude.

Levies and men came in slowly—but at the first trumpet call, the foot of Derby was in the stirrup, the blue scarf of the king upon his breast, the

*It must be borne in mind that this was not a mere ceremonial or nominal title; but that this Countess of Derby was received by Charles II. as *notre tres chere et tres puissant seigneur, Reine de Man et Contesse de Derby*—and that it is only within the memory of persons now alive, that the feudal title of kings of Man was extinguished by its cession to the crown of England, by the then Earl of Derby.

king's black feather in his hat—he left his castle to the keeping of his noble wife, and as he kissed her proud fair brow at parting, “It may be,” he said, “that we shall meet no more on earth, but we shall meet in Heaven! Mourn not for me, therefore, Charlotte, if I fall, but be strong and brave in duty.”

And she replied, “Do but your duty, and I will not mourn, save in the secret heart; and when you are saint in Heaven, look you down on us, and see if I do not mine.”

His race was soon run, and his days numbered. His small detachment cut off and overpowered at Wigan Lane, he still made good his way to Worcester, and fought there the last desperate fight for Charles—nor when that day was lost, stern Cromwell's crowning mercy, did he desert his king, but saw him placed in safety, before he thought, too late, of his own preservation,

A skirmish, a prisoner—a court martial, a convicted culprit—a block and a martyr—that was the last of Derby.

She heard, but wept not, nor despaired, but did her duty, mourning in the secrecy of her heart only.

Until not one English flag, save of the common-wealth alone was flying, she held out her island fortalice, and so stern had been her defence, so great was their fear of her desperation, that the Parliament, on the surrender of her strongholds and her submission to their usurping government, permitted her to retain her estates, and enjoy their revenues, and she dwelt there, educating her orphan son, as such a mother only can educate a man; adored by her islanders, respected by Englishmen in general, and unmolested, if unreverenced by the Parliamentary chiefs, until the restoration of King Charles II. renewed her persecutions, and perhaps brought her nearer to the block than the worst enmity of his enemies.

She escaped all the perils of the Pretended Plot, bore all her sufferings to the last, as she had borne the first; returned to her island home, not the least instance of the ingratitude of kings, lived in perpetual weeds for her lost lords—and died a good wife, a good mother, a good mistress, a good subject—truly a heroine of all time, and conspicuous on the page of history, as the last lady that has levied war, or that shall levy war again forever within the kingdoms of Great Britain.

There was a certain dignity about the person of Louis XIV. which awed those who for the first time came into his presence. An old officer who had come to court for the purpose of soliciting some favor from the king became embarrassed and hesitated in his speech. Being unable to finish his address, he said in conclusion, “Sire, I am not accustomed to tremble thus before your enemies.” It is unnecessary to add that he obtained his request without further difficulty.

Experience, which tells us many a home truth, and which disabuses the most romantic of their dearest prejudices, leaves no doubt that clerical despotism is quite as bad as military or any other despotism.

THE WHIRLWIND.

FROM “ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH,” BY MRS. MOODIE.

The 19th of August came, and our little harvest was all safely housed. Business called Moodie away for a few days to Cobourg. Jenny had gone to Dummer, to visit her friends, and J. E—— had taken a grist of the new wheat, which he and Moodie had threshed the day before, to the mill. I was consequently left alone with the children, and had a double portion of work to do. During their absence it was my lot to witness the most awful storm I ever beheld, and a vivid recollection of its terrors was permanently fixed upon my memory.

The weather had been intensely hot during the three preceding days, although the sun was entirely obscured by a blueish haze, which seemed to render the unusual heat of the atmosphere more oppressive. Not a breath of air stirred the vast forest, and the waters of the lake assumed a leaden hue. After passing a sleepless night, I arose, a little after daybreak, to superintend my domestic affairs. E—— took his breakfast, and went off to the mill, hoping that the rain would keep off until after his return.

“It is no joke,” he said, “being upon these lakes in a small canoe, heavily laden, in a storm.”

Before the sun rose, the heavens were covered with hard-looking clouds, of a deep blue and black cast, fading away to white at their edges, and in form, resembling the long, rolling waves of a heavy sea—but with this difference, that the clouds were perfectly motionless, piled in long curved lines, one above the other, and so remained until four o'clock in the afternoon. The appearance of these clouds, as the sun rose above the horizon, was the most splendid that can be imagined, tinged up to the zenith with every shade of saffron, gold, rose color, scarlet and crimson, fading away into the deepest violet. Never did the storm-fiend shake in the face of day a more gorgeous banner; and, pressed as I was for time, I stood gazing, like one entranced, upon the magnificent pageant.

As the day advanced, the same blue haze obscured the sun, which frowned redly through his misty veil. At ten o'clock the heat was suffocating, and I extinguished the fire in the cooking-stove, determined to make our meals upon bread and milk, rather than add to the oppressive heat. The thermometer, in the shade, ranged from ninety-six to ninety-eight degrees, and I gave over my work and retired with the little ones to the coolest part of the house. The young creatures stretched themselves upon the floor, unable to jump about or play; the dog lay panting in the shade; the fowls half buried themselves in the dust, with open beaks and outstretched wings. All nature seemed to droop beneath the scorching heat.

Unfortunately for me, a gentleman arrived about one o'clock from Kingston, to transact some business with my husband. He had not tasted food since six o'clock, and I was obliged to kindle the fire to prepare his dinner. It was one of the hardest tasks I ever performed; I almost fainted with the heat, and most inhospitably rejoiced when his dinner was over, and I saw him depart.

Shortly afterwards, my friend, Mrs. C——, and her brother called in, on their way from Peterborough.

"How do you bear the heat?" asked Mrs. C——. "This is one of the hottest days I ever remember to have experienced in this part of the province. I am afraid that it will end in a hurricane, or what the Lower Canadians term 'L'Orage.'"

About four o'clock they rose to go. I urged them to stay longer. "No," said Mrs. C——, "the sooner we get home the better. I think we can reach it before the storm breaks."

I took Donald in my arms, and my eldest boy by the hand, and walked with them to the brow of the hill, thinking that the air would be cooler in the shade. In this I was mistaken. The clouds over our heads hung so low, and the heat was so great, that I was soon glad to retrace my steps.

The moment I turned round to face the lake, I was surprised at the change that had taken place in the appearance of the heavens. The clouds, that had before lain so motionless, were now in rapid motion, hurrying and chasing each other round in the horizon. It was a strangely awful sight. Before I felt a breath of the mighty blast that had already burst on the other side of the lake, branches of trees, leaves, and clouds of dust were whirled across the lake, whose waters rose in long sharp furrows, fringed with foam, as if moved in their depths by some unseen but powerful agent.

Panting with terror, I just reached the door of the house as the hurricane swept up the hill, crushing and overturning everything in its course. Spell-bound, I stood at the open door, with clasped hands, unable to speak, rendered dumb and motionless by the terrible grandeur of the scene; while little Donald, who could not utter many intelligible words, crept to my feet, appealing to me for protection, while his rosy cheeks paled even to marble whiteness. The hurrying clouds gave to the heavens the appearance of a pointed dome, round which the lightning played in broad ribbons of fire. The roaring of the thunder, the rushing of the blast, the impetuous down-pouring of the rain, and the crash of falling trees, were perfectly deafening; and in the midst of this uproar of the elements, old Jenny burst in, drenched with wet, and half dead with fear.

"The Lord preserve us!" she cried, "this surely is the day of judgment. Fifty trees fell across my very path, between this and the creek. Mrs. C—— just reached her brother's clearing a few minutes before a great oak fell on her very path. What thunder!—what lightning! Mistress, dear!—it's turn'd so dark, I can only just see yer face."

Glad enough was I of her presence; for to be alone in the heart of the great forest, in a log hut, on such a night, was not a pleasing prospect. People gain courage by companionship, and in order to reassure each other, struggle to conceal their fears.

"And where is Mr. B——?"

"I hope not on the lake. He went early this morning to get the wheat ground at the mill."

"Och, the cratur! He's surely drowned. What beast could stan' such a scrimmage as this?"

I had my fears for poor John; but as the chance that he had to wait at the mill till others were served was more than probable, I tried to still my apprehensions for his safety. The storm soon passed over, after having levelled several acres of wood near the house, and smitten down in its progress two gigantic pines in the clearing, which must have withstood the force of a thousand winters. Talking over the effects of this whirlwind with my brother, he kindly sent me the following very graphic description of a whirlwind which passed through the town of Guelph in the summer of 1829.

"In my hunting excursions and rambles through the Upper Canadian forests, I had frequently met with extensive wind-falls; and observed with some surprise that the fallen trees lay strewn in a succession of circles, and evidently appeared to have been twisted off the stumps. I also remarked that these wind-falls were generally narrow, and had the appearance of a road slashed through the forest. From observations made at the time, and since confirmed, I have no doubt that Colonel Reid's theory of storms is a correct one, viz., that all wind-storms move in a circular direction, and the nearer the centre, the more violent the force of the wind. Having seen the effects of several similar hurricanes since my residence in Canada West, I shall proceed to describe one which happened in the township of Guelph during the early part of the summer of 1829.

"The weather, for the season of the year (May), had been hot and sultry, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring. I had heard distant thunder from an early hour in the morning, which, from the eastward, is rather an unusual occurrence. About 10 A. M., the sky had a most singular, and I must add a most awful appearance, presenting to the view a vast arch of rolling blackness, which seemed to gather strength and density as it approached the zenith. All at once the clouds began to work round in circles, as if chasing one another through the air. Suddenly the dark arch of clouds appeared to break up into detached masses, whirling and mixing through each other in dreadful commotion. The forked lightning was incessant, accompanied by heavy thunder. In a short time, the clouds seemed to converge to a point, which approached very near the earth, still whirling with great rapidity directly under this point; and apparently from the midst of the woods arose a black column, in the shape of a cone, which instantly joined itself to the depending cloud. The sight was now grand and awful in the extreme. Picture to your imagination a vast column of smoke, of inky blackness, reaching from earth to heaven, gyrating with fearful velocity—bright lightnings issuing from the vortex; the roar of the thunder—the rushing of the blast—the crash of timber—the limbs of trees, leaves, and rubbish, mingled with clouds of dust, whirling through the air;—you then have a faint idea of the scene.

"I had ample time for observation, as the hurricane commenced its devastating course about two miles from the town, through the centre of which it took its way, passing within fifty yards of where a number of persons, myself among the rest, were standing, watching its fearful progress.

"As the tornado approached, the trees seemed to fall like a pack of cards before its irresistible current. After passing through the clearing made around the village, the force of the wind gradually abated, and in a few minutes died away entirely.

"As soon as the storm was over, I went to see the damage it had done. From the point where I first observed the black column to rise from the woods and join the clouds, the trees were twisted in every direction. A belt of timber had been levelled to the ground, about two miles in length and about one hundred yards in breadth. At the entrance of the town it crossed the river Speed, and uprooted about six acres of wood, which had been thinned out, and left by Mr. Galt (late superintendent of the Canada Company), as an ornament to his house.

"The Eremossa road was completely blocked up for nearly half-a-mile, in the wildest confusion possible. In its progress through the town, the storm unroofed several houses, levelled many fences to the ground, and entirely demolished a frame barn. Windows were dashed in; and, in one instance, the floor of a log house was carried through the roof. Some hair-breadth escapes occurred; but, luckily, no lives were lost.

"About twelve years since a similar storm occurred in the north part of the township of Douro, but was of much less magnitude. I heard an intelligent settler, who resided some years in the township of Madoc, state that, during his residence in that township, a similar hurricane to the one I have described, though of a much more awful character, passed through a part of Marmora and Madoc, and had been traced, in a north-easterly direction, upwards of forty miles into the unsurveyed lands: the uniform width of which appeared to be three quarters of a mile.

"It is very evident, from the traces which they have left behind them, that storms of this description have not been unfrequent in the wooded districts of Canada; and it becomes a matter of interesting consideration whether the clearing of our immense forests will not, in a great measure, remove the cause of these phenomena."

A few minutes after our household had retired to rest, my first sleep was broken by the voice of J. E——, speaking to old Jenny in the kitchen. He had been overtaken by the storm, but had run his canoe ashore upon an island before its full fury burst, and turned it over the flour; while he had to brave the terrors of a pitiless tempest—buffeted by the wind, and drenched with torrents of rain. I got up and made him a cup of tea, while Jenny prepared a rasher of bacon and eggs for his supper.

Jarvis, the painter, was painting Bishop——, and the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him upon the dissipated course into which he had fallen. Jarvis, dropping his pencil from the forehead of his portrait to the lower part of his face, said, with a slight motion to the reverend sitter, "Just shut your mouth, bishop!" By painting upon that feature, he "changed the subject."

ESQUIMAUX TRACES.

[From Lieut. Osborn's "Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal," just published by Putnam, we take the following:—]

I will now, with the reader's permission, carry him back to a subject that here and there has been cursorily alluded to throughout these pages—the Esquimaux traces and ruins, everywhere found by us, and the extraordinary chain of evidence which, commencing in Melville Island, our farthest west, carries us, link by link, to the isolated inhabitants of North Greenland, yclept Arctic Highlands.

Strange and ancient signs were found by us in almost every sheltered nook on the seaboard of this sad and solitary land,—signs indubitably of a race having once existed, who have either decayed away, or else, more probably, migrated to more hospitable portions of the Arctic zone. That all these traces were those of the houses, caches, hunting-posts, and graves of the Esquimaux, or Inuit, there could be on our minds no doubt; and looking to the immense extent of land over which this extraordinary race of fishermen have been, and are to be found, well might Captain Washington, the talented compiler of the Esquimaux vocabulary, say, that they are one "of the most widely-spread nations of the globe."

The seat of this race (arguing from traditions extant during Baron Wrangell's travels in Siberia) might be placed in the northeast extreme of Asia, the western boundary being ill-defined; for on the dreary banks of the Lena and Indigirka, along the whole extent of the frozen *Tundra*, which faces the Polar Sea, and in the distant isles of New Siberia, rarely visited by even the bold seekers of fossil ivory, the same ruined circles of stone, betokening the former abode of human beings, the same whalebone rafters, the same stone axes, the same implements of the chase, are to be found as to this day are used, and only used, by the Tchukches of Behring's Straits, the Inuit of North America, or the Esquimaux of Hudson's Straits and Greenland,—a people identical in language, (of which they all speak different dialects), habits, and disposition.

Supposing, then, that from the east of Asia these people first migrated to the American continent, and thence, eventually wandered to the eastern shores of Greenland, it became an interesting question to us, how the lands upon our northern hand, in our passage to the west up Barrow's Strait, should bear such numerous marks of human location, whereas upon the southern side they were comparatively scarce; and how the natives residing in the northern portion of Baffin's Bay should have been ignorant that their brethren dwelt in great numbers southward of the glaciers of Melville Bay.

Some amongst us—and I was of this number—objected to the theory summarily advanced, that at a remote period these northern lands had been peopled from the south, and that the population had perished or wasted away from increased severity of climate or diminution of the means of subsistence. Our objections were argued on the following grounds:—If the Parry group had been colonized from the American con-

continent, that continent, their nursery, would have shown signs of a large population at points immediately in juxtaposition, which it does not do.

From the estuary of the Coppermine to the Great Fish River, the Esquimaux traces are less numerous than on the north shore of Barrow's Strait. To assert that the Esquimaux have travelled from the American continent to the bleak shores of Bathurst Island, is to suppose a savage capable of voluntarily quitting a land of plenty for one of gaunt famine: on the other hand, it seems unreasonable to attribute these signs of a by-gone people's existence to some convulsion of nature, or some awful increase of cold, since no similar catastrophe has occurred in any other part of the world. Contrary to such opinions, we opined that the traces were those of a vast and prolonged emigration, and that it could be shown, on very fair premises, that a large number of the Inuit, Skræling, or Esquimaux—call them what you please—had travelled from Asia to the eastward along a much higher parallel of latitude than the American continent, and, in their very natural search for the most hospitable region, had gone from the north towards the south, not from the south towards the north, or, what may yet one day be laid open to the world, reached a high northern latitude, in which a deep and uncongealable sea gives rise to a milder climate and an increased amount of the capabilities of subsistence.

I will now lightly sketch the probable route of the Esquimaux emigration, as I believe it to have taken place in the northeast of Asia. The Tchukches, the only independent tribe in Siberia, are seen to assume, amongst that portion of them residing on the sea-coast, habits closely analogous to those of the Esquimaux. The hunters of Siberia tell how a similar race, the Omoki, "whose hearths were once more numerous on the banks of the Lena than the stars of an Arctic night," are gone, none know whither. The natives now living in the neighborhood of Cape Chelajskoi, in Siberia, aver that emigration to a land in the northeast had occurred within the memory of their fathers; and amongst other cases, we find them telling Wrangell, that the Onkillon tribe had once occupied that land, but, being attack by the Tchukches, they, headed by a chief called Krachnoi, had taken shelter in the land visible northward from Cape Jakan.

This land, Wrangell and others did not then believe in. British seamen have, however, proved the assertion to be a fact; and Captains Kellett and Moore have found "an extensive land" in the very direction the Siberian fishermen declared it to exist. It is not my purpose to enter into a disquisition upon the causes which brought about this emigration. Sad and bitter necessity alone it must have been which thrust these poor members of the human family into localities which, even in Asia, caused the Russians to exclaim, "What could have led men to forsake more favored lands for this grave of Nature?" Choice it could not have been, for, in America, we see that the Esquimaux has struggled hard to reach southern and genial climes. In the Aleutian Isles, and on the coast of Labrador, local circumstances favored the attempt, and the Indian

hunter was unable to subsist in lands which were, comparatively, overflowing with subsistence for the Arctic fishermen; but elsewhere the bloodthirsty races of North America obliged the human tide, which for some wise cause was made to roll along the margin of the Polar Sea, to confine itself purely to the sea-coast; and although vast tracts, such as the barren grounds between longitudes 99° and 109° W., are at the present day almost untenanted, still a sufficient population remains to show that an emigration of these tribes had taken place there at a remote period.

These people reached, in time, the shores of Davis's Straits and the Atlantic Ocean; and, in a line parallel to them, others of their brethren who reached the land lately rediscovered, northward of Behring's Straits, may have likewise wandered along the Parry Group to Lancaster Sound.

In order to have done this, land must be presumed to extend from the meridian of Behring's Straits to Melville Island—a point upon which few who study the geography of that region can have now a doubt; and eminent men have long supposed it to be the case, from various phenomena, such as the shallow nature of the sea between the Mackenzie River and Behring's Straits, and the non-appearance of heavy ice in that direction—all indicating that a barrier lay northward of the American continent. The gallant squadron, under Captains Collinson and McClure, will, doubtless, solve this problem, and connect, either by a continent or a chain of islands, the ruined *yurts* of Cape Jakan with the time-worn stone huts of Melville Island.

Situated, as these places are, under the same degree of latitude, the savage, guided by the length of his seasons and the periodical arrival of bird and beast, would fearlessly progress along the north shore of the great Strait, which may be said to extend from Lancaster Sound to the Straits of Behring. This progress was, doubtless, a work of centuries, but gradual, constant, and imperative. The seal, the reindeer, and the whale, all desert or avoid places where man or beast wages war on them whilst multiplying their species, and have to be followed, as we find to be the case with our hunters, sealers, and whalers of the present day.

As the northern Esquimaux travelled to the east, offshoots from the main body no doubt struck to the southward. For instance, there is every reason to believe Boothia to have been originally peopled from the north. The natives seen there by Sir John Ross spoke of their fathers having fished and lived in more northern lands. They described the shores of North Somerset sufficiently to show that they knew that it was only by rounding Cape Bunny, that Ross could carry his vessel into that western sea, from whose waters an isthmus barred him: and this knowledge, traditional as I believe it to have been, has since been proved to be correct by those who wintered in Leopold Harbor finding Esquimaux traces about that neighborhood, and by the foot journey of Sir James Ross, in 1848, round Cape Bunny towards the Magnetic Pole.

In corroboration of my idea that these inhabitants of the Arctic zone were once very numerous

along the north shore of Barrow's Strait and Lancaster Sound, the following localities were found to abound with ruins:—The gulf between Bathurst and Cornwallis Land, the whole southern shore of Cornwallis Island, Wellington Channel, Cape Spenser, and Cape Riley; Radstock Bay, Ommanney Harbor, near Cape Warrender, where the "Intrepid" discovered numerous well-finished graves, bearing the marks of a comparatively more recent date. Passing Cape Warrender, I supposed the remnant of the northern emigration from Asia to have still travelled round the coast; the more so, as at Jones's Sound, the only spot one of our officers happened to land upon, Esquimaux had evidently once lived. The Arctic Highlander, Erasmus York, who was serving in our squadron, seemed to believe his mother to have dwelt about Smith's Sound: all his ideas of things that he had heard of, but not seen, referred to places northward. He knew a musk-ox when shown a sketch of one, and said that they were spoken of by his brethren: with a pencil he could sketch the coast-line northward of where he embarked, Cape York, as far as Whale Sound, or even farther, by tradition; but southward he knew of nothing.

Old whale-fishermen say that, when in former days their pursuit carried them into the head of Baffin's Bay, they found the natives numerous; and it is undoubted that, in spite of an apparently severe mortality amongst these Arctic Highlanders, or Northern Esquimaux, the stock is not yet extinct. Every whaler who has visited the coast northward of Cape York, during late years, reports deserted villages and dead bodies, as if some sudden epidemic had cut down men and women suddenly and in their prime. Our squadron found the same thing. The "Intrepid's" people found in the huts of the natives which were situated close to the winter quarters of "North Star," in Wolstenholme Sound, numerous corpses, unburied, indeed, as if the poor creatures had been suddenly cut off, and their brethren had fled from them. Poor York, who, amongst the dead, recognized his own brother, described the malady of which they died as one of the chest or lungs: at any rate, the mortality was great.

Where did the supply of human life come from? Not from the south, for then the Northern and Southern Esquimaux would have known of each other's existence. Yet the Southern Esquimaux have faint traditions of the head of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound; and Egede and Crantz tell us of their belief in a northern origin, and of their tales of remote regions where beacons on hills had been erected to denote the way. Surely all this points to the long and landward route pursued by this extraordinary people.

It may be quite possible that a portion of the Esquimaux crossed Davis's Straits by accident from the west to the east: such things have occurred within the memory of living men; but I deny that it would ever be a voluntary act, and therefore unlikely to have led to the population of South Greenland. A single hunter of seals, or more, might have been caught in the ice and been drifted across, or a boat's load of women

may have been similarly obliged to perform a voyage which would have been very distasteful to an Esquimaux; but such accidents do not populate countries.

Lastly, before I quit this subject, it would be as well to call the attention of those interested in such questions to the extraordinary fact of the existence of a constantly starving race upon the east side of Greenland. The Danish surveyor's (Capt. Graah) remarks lead me to the opinion that these people come from more northern parts of their own side of Greenland; and it would be a curious circumstance if future geographical discoveries should give us grounds to believe that from the neighborhood of Smith's Sound the Esquimaux migration divided, and the one branch of it followed down the shores of Baffin's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst the other, tracing the northern coasts of Greenland, eventually descended by the eastern seaboard to Cape Farewell. The nursery, the hot-bed of this race, I believe to exist northward of spots visited by us in Baffin's Strait—for bay it is not, even if it had no other outlets into the Polar Sea than Lancaster, Jones's and Smith's Sound.

JAY'S TREATY. A DIALOGUE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY E. KENNEDY.

Tommy. The Mississippi is a mighty river, isn't it, papa?

Papa. It is a mighty river.

T. So wide and so—

P. Not so very wide—seldom a mile; but then it is so deep, so rapid, so heady a stream that you may well call it mighty. Some rivers are pretty, and some are romantic, from the character of the scenery around; but the Mississippi is fearful.

T. Why fearful, papa?

P. O, from the general aspect of things about it; its rapidity, as I said, the vastness and extent of its rushing waters, its dark and turbid current, and above all the wildness and desolation of the wide, wide forest that skirts its precipitous and broken banks:—I can't describe it very well: there are some things that have to be seen in order to be appreciated, or to enable one to have any thing like a fair or adequate conception of them. The falls of Niagara, for instance, or the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky—nobody knows anything about these, that has not visited and gazed upon their wonders: the Mississippi river is peculiarly one of these mighty works of nature, which can only be correctly conceived of by a personal inspection of its tide of rolling grandeur.

T. Maybe I'll see it one of these days when I set out upon my travels. But there are one or two questions about the Mississippi river which I have put down upon paper so as to remember them.

P. Well:—

T. The first is, what about Jay's Treaty, that was made when Washington was President?

P. A good question that, and one that might

open the way to a long and not unprofitable talk. I suppose you know who John Jay was?

T. He was a great American statesman from New York, who lived in the time of the revolution, and was the first Chief Justice of the United States.

P. Yes, a wise, and good, and very useful man: but it surprises one to learn that a man whom Washington would appoint to the office of Chief Justice, should, when sent over as Commissioner to England, in 1794, agree to give up for a period of thirty years, all claim upon the Mississippi river; and yet he did so, and what is more, and still stranger, that our Senate of the United States confirmed the Treaty.

T. But there was nothing bad in Mr. Jay, was there?—I mean, he didn't do wrong with any intention of doing wrong, did he?

P. Certainly not. Mr. Jay was one of the wisest and best men of his time, as I told you; but it shows how little idea people had fifty or sixty years ago, of the value of that river to American commerce.

T. Another question. Who was General Wilkinson, and what had he to do with the Spanish Government about the navigation of the Mississippi?

P. Ah, I see; you have been reading something of our early Western history, and I must try and clear up your troubles. After the revolutionary war was over and peace was declared, we owned the land westward as far as the Mississippi river; but it was a new region inhabited by bears, and buffaloes, and savage Indians, and no one had any idea of its great value. It was so far distant that people didn't suppose there was any possibility of settlements there within a generation or two, anyhow. There were scarcely any settlements beyond the Allegheny mountains. Kentucky had some people in it who cultivated tobacco; but the entire West was mostly an Indian country, and people in New York and Philadelphia talked about the Western parts of even those States in which these cities were situated as the *back-woods*; and a man who set off to travel there, was sure to make his will before he mounted his horse for so perilous a journey.

T. That must have been before steamboats began to run, wasn't it?

P. O, yes, long before; there were no steamboats in existence at the time of Jay's Treaty. You must know that Washington and Franklin never saw a steamboat—never heard of such a thing—they both died before the existence of steamboats in the world.

T. That sounds queer.

P. It does; but it is certainly true. Now about General Wilkinson. He was an officer in the United States army, who was sent out in command into the Western country. When he got there he found the few tobacco planters, who I said were settled in Kentucky, making a terrible ado about Jay's Treaty, which yielded up the right of navigating the Mississippi river to Great Britain. They said, and they said truly, that the right of navigation of that stream should belong to the United States alone.

T. But what had Spain to do with the matter?

P. I'm glad you have asked that question, because it has a great deal to do with General Wilkinson and the people who cultivated tobacco in Kentucky. The market for tobacco was in Europe, and the only way to send off their produce and get the money for it, was to float it down the Ohio river, and down the Mississippi river in flat boats to New Orleans, and there dispose of it. Up to the year 1800, Spain, you will remember, owned Louisiana, and occupied New Orleans; and they got jealous—these Spaniards—of the industrious Yankees who had settled in the wilds of Kentucky, and had set themselves to work raising tobacco, and trying to get rich. They refused to let American produce come to New Orleans without paying a pretty clever sum into their pockets for every hoghead of tobacco so sent.

T. I'm sure that was very ugly in them.

P. So it was; but it was just what we might expect from the national character of that people. Now when General Wilkinson went to New Orleans, and saw how things were, he thought he would make a good bargain for the Kentuckians, and at the same time do a good office for himself. He obtained from the Spanish governor, permission for Kentucky tobacco to come to New Orleans at quite a reduced price, and this was certainly very clever in him; but then a portion of the tribute money so paid went into his own private purse, and this was not quite so clever.

T. Well, that's what I read; but was it really true? Didn't General Wilkinson deny that charge that was made upon him?

P. Yes; he and his friends denied it; but the matter has never been cleared up very satisfactorily; and the general agreement of history is in favor of the view I have just stated. The fact is very certain that favors of some kind were shown to the Kentuckians in regard to the right of the navigation of the Mississippi river, through the interference of General Wilkinson; and that the Spanish government would grant, privately, to General Wilkinson what they refused to every one else. It is a difficult question, however, and it is very probable the General did what he thought was for the best. But in 1800 Spain gave the country up to France, and in the year 1803, Mr. Jefferson, the President, bought Louisiana from Bonaparte, and so it passed entirely into our hands, and has remained so ever since. After steamboats were introduced—which was about the year 1820—people began to appreciate the immense value of these Western rivers, and the growth and prosperity of the Western country began at once. What I have told you about Mr. Jay's Treaty, and about the Spanish usurpation of the Mississippi river, can only be credited by a recollection of the condition of this vast Western region at the time:—that it was a wide and almost unbroken forest, and that steamboats and steam navigation were as yet unknown anywhere upon the habitable globe.

An Earl Marshal was found fault with by his sovereign for some mis-arrangements at a coronation. "Please your Majesty," said he, "I hope to do better next time."

THE FIRST BABY.

My old schoolfellow, Mary Thornley, had been married nearly two years when I made my first call on her in her capacity of a mother.

"Did you ever see such a darling?" she exclaimed, tossing the infant up and down in her arms. "There, baby, that ma's old friend, Jane. He knows you already, I declare," said the delighted parent, as it smiled at a bright ring which I held up to it. "You never saw such a quick child. He follows me with his eyes all about the room. Notice what pretty little feet he has, the darling footsy-tootsies;" and taking both feet in one hand, the mother fondly kissed them.

"It certainly is very pretty," said I, trying to be polite, though I could not perceive that the infant was more beautiful than a dozen others I had seen. "It has your eyes exactly, Mary."

"Yes, and da-da's mouth and chin," said my friend, apostrophising the child, "hasn't it, precious?" And she almost smothered it with kisses.

As I walked slowly homeward, I said to myself, "I wonder if, when I marry, I shall ever be so foolish. Mary used to be a sensible girl." In a fortnight afterwards I called on my friend again.

"How baby grows," she said; "don't you see it? I never knew a child grow so fast. Grandma says it's the healthiest child she ever knew."

To me it seemed that the babe had not grown an inch; and, to avoid the contradiction, I changed the theme. But, in a moment, the doting mother was back to her infant again.

"I do believe it's beginning to cut its teeth," she said, "putting her finger into the little one's mouth. 'Just feel how hard the gum is there. Surely that's a tooth coming through. Grandmother will be here to-day, and I'll ask her if it isn't so."

I laughed, as I replied, "I am entirely ignorant of such matters; but your child really seems a very fine one."

"Oh! yes; everybody says that. Pretty, pretty dear!" And she tossed it up and down, till I thought the child would have been shaken to pieces; but the little creature seemed to like the process very much. "Is it crowing at its mother? It's laughing is it? Tiny, niny, little dear. What a sweet precious it is!" And she finished by almost devouring it with kisses.

When I next called, the baby was still further advanced.

"Only think," said my friend, when I had made my way to the nursery, where she now kept herself from morning till night, "baby begins to eat. I gave it a piece of meat to-day—a bit of real broiled beefsteak."

"What!" said I, in my ignorance, for this did look wonderful, "the child eating beefsteak already?"

"Oh," laughed my friend, seeing my mistake, "what a sad dunce you are, Jane! But wait till you have babies of your own. She says you eat beefsteak, darling," added the proud mother, addressing the infant, "when you only suck the juice. You don't want to choke yourself, do you, baby? Eat a beefsteak! It's funny, baby, isn't it?" And again she laughed—laughing all the

more because the child sympathetically crowed in return.

It was not many weeks before the long-expected teeth really appeared.

"Jane, Jane, baby has three teeth!" triumphantly cried the mother, as I entered the nursery. "Three teeth, and he's only nine months old! Did you ever hear of the like?"

I confessed that I had not. The whole thing, in fact, was out of my range of knowledge. I knew all about Dante in the original, and a dozen other fine lady accomplishments; but nothing about babies teething.

"Just look at the little pearls!" exclaimed my friend, as she opened the child's mouth. "Are they not beautiful? You never saw anything so pretty—confess that you never did. Precious darling," continued the mother, rapturously hugging and kissing the child, "it is worth its weight in gold!"

But the crowning miracle of all was when "baby" began to walk. Its learning to creep had been duly heralded to me. So also had its being able to stand alone; though this meant, I found, standing with the support of a chair. But when it really walked alone, the important fact was announced to me in a note, for my good friend could not wait till I called.

"Stand there," she said to me in an exulting voice. "No; stoop, I mean; how can you be so stupid?" And, as I obeyed, she took her station about a yard off, holding the little one by either arm. "Now, see him," she cried, as he toddled towards me, and finally succeeded in gaining my arms, though once or twice I fancied he would fall, a contingency from which he was protected, however, by his mother holding her hands on either side of him, an inch or two off. "There, did you ever see anything so extraordinary? He's not a year old, either."

By this time I began to be considerably interested in "baby" myself. He had learned to know me, and would begin to crow whenever I entered the nursery; and I was, therefore, almost as delighted as my friend, when, for the first time, he pronounced my name. "Djane," he said, "Djane!"

His mother almost devoured him with kisses in return for this wonderful triumph of the vocal organs; and when she had finished, I, in turn, smothered him with caresses.

I never after that smiled, even to myself, at the extravagance of my friend's affection for her baby; the little love had twined himself around my own heart-strings. How could I?

And now that I am a mother myself, I feel less inclination still to laugh, as others may do, over that mystery of mysteries—a mother's love for her baby.

Cortez, in a letter to Charles V., in illustration of the advanced state of society among the Indians of Mexico, says that "they begged in the streets like civilized people."

A clergyman, once, dwelling on the prowess of Sampson, remarked that among his other feats he had on one occasion, *with the jaw-bone of an ass* put a thousand Philistines to the sword."

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The evening of the party at Mr. Lane's had come, and the interest now manifested therein by Helen, was a matter of surprise both to her husband and parents—pleased surprise to Mr. Bullfinch and her mother, and, to her father, who had observed, with a sad hopelessness of feeling, the unnatural changes which were taking place in the character and mental states of his daughter, a source of at least some small degree of satisfaction.

If, in anything, Mr. Bullfinch was dissatisfied with the appearance of his wife, when she joined him, on descending from her chamber, dressed for the occasion, it was in the lack of certain showy points which her good taste had led her to reject. Yet, for all this, never had she appeared so beautiful in his eyes—never had he felt prouder of her than now.

"You really look charming, Helen," he said, as he gazed upon her with lover-like admiration. "Charming," he repeated, as his eyes ranged over her person.

"Do I?" was her simple response; yet, in the tones of her voice, the most indifferent ear could have detected an expression of pleasure.

"And you would have looked more beautiful still," he added, "if you had consulted less carefully your too severe taste. A little more ornament would have made the whole effect perfect."

Helen smiled rather feebly, as she answered—"My own opinion is, that I am rather overdressed."

"O, no, no; not in a single particular," said the ardent, admiring old man. "Your excellent taste will always prevent your falling into that error."

"Others may see with different eyes," replied Helen, as a shadow flitted over her face.

For the sober moods of his wife, Mr. Bullfinch had no fancy. He saw the passing shadow, and said, instantly—

"Come, dear; the carriage is waiting."

Without further remark, Helen passed from the house, and was soon whirling away towards the elegant residence of Mr. Lane.

It was not without sore conflict, and bitter self-denial, that Helen had decided to make one of this party, the second of any promised brilliancy which she had been induced to attend since her marriage. After her decision, she came under the influence, as has been seen, of a new state. A certain worldliness of feeling overlaid the instinctive qualities of her mind, and gave birth to a spirit of emulation, and a desire to make an impression. She was too conscious that, in marrying an old man, she had forfeited the good opinion of her sex. She had but to take counsel of her own thoughts and feelings, to know how the act would be regarded. She had but to refer to her own loss of self-respect, to know how she would be esteemed among right-feeling women. She could not, therefore, go into society hoping to win regard and love—hoping to gain a position such as she might be proud to occupy. As she must appear on the social stage,

it was needful to act a part; and her latent pride of character prompted her to choose a brilliant part, and to act it well. If she could not inspire a sentiment of respect, she was resolved to win admiration.

This was the state of mind which the unhappy victim of a false marriage was endeavoring to superinduce upon her real character. The effects of her last struggles with good impulses were visible in the flitting shadow that darkened her young brow, as she was about passing from the scene of rehearsal at home to make her appearance on the stage at Mr. Lane's.

As Mrs. Bullfinch entered the brilliantly-lighted and already well-filled drawing-rooms, not a trace of weakness could be seen on her beautiful countenance, that was flushed with hues warm from her now lightly beating heart. Leaning on the arm of her husband, she moved amid the crowd, extorting admiration, and conscious that it was given.

"Who is she?" "Is that her father?"

Such questions, in suppressed tones, or low whispers, reached, ever and anon, her ear. They did not awaken in her bosom a quicker throb. She was fully prepared for them. None knew better than she, that her husband was old enough to be her father, and she did not expect strangers to the true relation that existed, to be guiltless of error on the subject. Her pride had been wounded, over and over again, from these mistakes, so naturally made; but she had covered her coat of mail with new plates of harder and more highly polished steel, and especially for this occasion; and now the arrows rebounded from her protected bosom with scarcely a jar against the armor.

"Beautiful!"

"What a splendid creature!"

"Not her husband?"

Was it a well-bred company, that remarks like these were loudly enough uttered to reach her ears—in fact, uttered at all?

Well-bred, or not, such whispered remarks were made, and were heard by the young wife. We only note the fact. If such things indicate want of good-breeding, then there is a sad lack of this essential of truly good society in many of our fashionable drawing-rooms, and among people who affect to hold everything vulgar in abhorrence.

But Helen was protected at every point. She knew the quality of those among whom she was going, and was well enough read in the book of human nature to understand the lessons that were profitable to be learned. And, yet, while she was altogether unaffected by a reference to her position as the wife of an old man, she was far from being insensible to the admiration she had designed to awaken. That produced a warmer glow in her bosom, and deepened the rose that spread its beautiful petals on her cheeks.

As the wife of Adam Bullfinch, Helen attained at once a social position. The standing thus settled, her personal attractions made her the centre of a circle, in which she was no shrinking girl, timid of her powers, but a self-possessed woman, entirely equal to the maintenance of her position, yet never guilty of over-acting or in-

delicate boldness; and, therefore, extorting a sentiment of respect as well as compelling admiration. While she made no overtures, she rejected no proffered attentions; and all who came in contact with her were, in a measure, constrained to a favorable impression.

It was not long after Helen entered the drawing-rooms of Mr. Lane, before she became aware of the presence of two persons, who, if she did not hold her natural feelings with a double rein, would have power to break down her assumed character, and compel her to retire in utter inability to sustain the part, in acting which she had made so good a beginning. These were Henry Wellford, and the niece of her husband, Fanny Milnor.

What she was to endure, from the presence of Wellford, may be imagined from the fact that she had not met him since her marriage, and had ever looked forward to such a meeting as a trial of all others to be dreaded. Far away, in the most sacred chamber of her heart, a chamber with the door closed, and the secret of ingress known only to herself, was enshrined an image—the image of Henry Wellford. He was her first love and her only love, and to him would her heart remain true as the needle, even until its last feeblest pulsation. How many an hour had she brooded over the picture of a meeting, which must sooner or later take place, and striven to school her heart into an icy calmness; but never in imagination could she compel the quick, throbbing pulses to beat low and evenly. Never did she unlock the door of that secret chamber, open it, and stand reverently before the inshrined image, that she did not suffer from profound agitation. How, then, was she to meet her heart's idol, face to face, in utter hopelessness, and maintain a composed exterior? We may not wonder that she grew faint, nor that her cheek paled, as her eyes first rested upon him. An electric consciousness of her position, and the fatal consequences that might follow a betrayal of her real feelings, brought back the color to cheeks and brow, and restored the fire to her eyes. To aid in the recovery of her self-possession, she turned her eyes from him, and strove to forget the changed face that came upon her suddenly, like an apparition. It was some time before she ventured to look in the direction where she had first seen him.

Although frequently urged by his largely increasing circle of friends, to go into society, this was the first time that Wellford had been dragged from his self-imposed and, to most of those who knew him, incomprehensible seclusion. But for the importunities of Mr. Lane, who disregarded all excuses, he would have spent this evening in his quiet home, instead of in the agitating sphere of a fashionable party.

It so happened that, soon after Wellford's entrance into the drawing-rooms, he received an introduction to Fanny Milnor, whose thoughtful, subdued, and rather retiring manners, combined with an agreeable address, gave him a prepossession in her favor. Change and trial had left their marks on her also. He was conversing with Fanny when he first became aware of Helen's presence. He was remarking, with more than

usual animation, upon something which she had said, when, on lifting his eyes, he encountered those of Mrs. Bullfinch. They were fixed upon him with an intenseness that seemed like fascination. She seemed to be reading not only his countenance, but his very soul; and, while she did so, betrayed to him the secret of her own heart. No oral language was needed to tell him that he was still beloved; and with a devotion far greater than he had dreamed of, in the earlier and happier days, when lip-language falteringly told the story of affection. For a few moments, he was stunned—bewildered. Ere he recovered himself, or Helen could withdraw her eyes from his, Fanny's gaze took the direction of her companion's, and she too first became aware of the presence of her uncle's wife.

There was a heightened color in the face of Fanny Milnor, when Wellford turned to her again, and her voice had lost its steadiness at her next utterance. His voice was also changed and husky. Both suddenly lost interest in the subject on which they had been conversing; were less pointed in their remarks, and gradually lapsed into silence.

They were sitting, each busy with new thoughts, when a young lady friend came to the side of Fanny and said, in a low voice, as she glanced across the room,

"Have you seen Mrs. Bullfinch?"

"Yes," was the low, seemingly reluctant reply.

"She makes quite a showy appearance," said the other.

"Yes."

"I'm afraid she's utterly heartless," was added.

"How could you look for anything else?" said Fanny, with a bitterness of tone that almost caused Wellford to start.

"Young ladies with much heart don't usually enter into marriages of this kind," remarked the friend.

"Heart has nothing to do with it," said Fanny. "None but motives the most sordid could ever have induced Helen Lee to marry my uncle. I told him so, but he would not listen to me. He has had good cause, I have reason to believe, long ere this, for a correction of his opinions in regard to her."

"Do they not live happily together?" inquired the young friend.

"Happily! What a question to ask? One might as soon expect repose on the eternal billows as happiness in such a union. They may tolerate each other, but as for happiness—it comes not within the range of their experience. Look at Helen's face."

The young lady turned her eyes toward Mrs. Bullfinch.

"Did you know her before her marriage?" asked Fanny.

"I used to see her sometimes," was answered.

"Do you remember her countenance as it was then?"

"Distinctly. I used to think it a very sweet, innocent face."

"Look at it now!"

"It is much changed, certainly; but is more womanly and brilliant, if I may use the word. What splendid eyes!"

"Their splendor has been acquired at too great cost."

"At what cost?"

"They shine not from heart-fires, kindled by the breath of love. Dead embers and ashes lie upon the altar whereon she has offered up her sacrifice. Their light comes from without,—they reflect only the glare of a vain, weak, debasing desire for admiration."

"You speak strongly," said Mr. Wellford, now first trusting himself in utterance; yet not venturing to look Fanny steadily in the face, lest he should betray something of what he felt. He was now first aware that his companion was the niece of Mr. Bullfinch, of whose indignant withdrawal from her uncle's house he had heard at the time of its occurrence.

"I do, and with reason," answered Fanny.

"Mr. Bullfinch is your uncle?"

"He is."

"Excuse me; I was not aware of this until a moment ago. You did not approve the marriage?"

"How could I?"

"You knew Helen Lee?"

"She was my teacher."

"How did you regard her?"

"With a respect and esteem amounting almost to affection."

"Upon what were these based?"

"On her supposed qualities."

"May not your uncle have been as much attracted by these as you were?"

"I have tried not to blame him," said Fanny, in a low, troubled voice, partly speaking to herself. "She must have acted on him with consummate art!"

"How often did she visit your house?" asked Wellford, now resolved to gain all possible information on a subject that had been, to him, a blight and a mystery.

"Twice a-week."

"For what purpose?"

"To give me lessons, according to engagement."

"Was your uncle home on these occasions?"

"Rarely during the earlier times of her visits; but, towards the last, quite frequently."

"Did you then see any thing in her manner towards him that awakened suspicion?"

"Nothing. The announcement, when finally made, came upon me like a thunderbolt. I was utterly unprepared for it."

"The art must have been consummate, indeed," said Wellford, with an irony that Miss Milnor did not fail to perceive, "if it could win your uncle's regard, without in the least exciting your suspicion. When and where did she act upon him? Did they meet except at your house?"

"I know not. Nothing that occurred ever led me to think so. But, it strikes me, Mr. Wellford," said Fanny, with a frankness that his rather close interrogations fully warranted, "that your questions are rather searching, and betray more than an idle interest in the wife of my uncle. It is said that she had a lover."—And she turned her eyes full upon the young man's face. "Did you ever hear whether this were so or not?"

Vainly Wellford strove to keep down the tell-tale blood that a quicker heart-throb sent bounding up to his face. He was only in part successful. Ere he could frame a reply, they were joined by two or three friends, and the conversation took a new shape, much to his relief.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Bullfinch and his niece met for the first time since Fanny turned from him with so stinging a rebuke. As each became conscious of the other's presence, each felt that a time of trial had come. Neither knew the exact feeling of the other, nor how the other would act. It would not do—each felt this—to meet without recognition; and it would little comport with good breeding to make any marked exhibition of coldness or ill-feeling. As long as it could well be done, each avoided the other; but, at last, they were thrown into immediate contact, and in such a way, that they must act as total strangers, or pass a few words with each other. Many eyes were on them, and they knew it.

They met, but not a ripple on the surface was discovered even by the closely observant. A few pleasantly uttered common-places passed between them, and then they were separated by the crowd, each to breathe more freely, and with a sense of relief that the first meeting was over.

In the meantime, Mrs. Bullfinch was drawing an admiring circle around her, and acting her part with consummate skill. In assuming a new character, she seemed to have become a new creature, with new powers, and a new education. Surprise and pleasure were elicited on all sides. If there was, as might naturally be expected from one in her circumstances, a little over-acting, the defect was seen only by a few. Most of those who were in pleased contact with her, saw nothing in the assumed character but what was real. She did not force herself into a prominent position; she exhibited nothing of boldness; did not act so much as re-act—and in no case inordinately. In a word, a strongly grounded admiration of the woman soon came to be a prevailing sentiment, and even Fanny Milnor, who kept rigidly aloof, yet maintained a close observation, felt her prejudices insensibly melting away.

"What a sacrifice!" "And she the wife of that old man?" "It is inconceivable!" "What could she have seen in him?"

These, and similar expressions, passed, occasionally, from lip to lip.

"I am altogether puzzled," said one.

"She is an enigma to me," said another.

"She is a brilliant, fascinating woman," remarked a third.

"There'll be a rich young widow for some body before long," said a fourth, shrugging his shoulders and arching his eyebrows. "I rather think I will defer my matrimonial speculations for a few years."

"Do you think old Bullfinch so very rich?" was responded to this.

"I should like to be worth about half what he is," replied the first speaker.

"There is some difference of opinion on this head. His paper has been hawked about rather freely for the last six months."

"That may not be his fault."

"Though the fault of his credit. Some of the banks, I know, will not touch it."

"You surprise me."

"What I say is true, nevertheless. I saw a man, only yesterday, who had over fifteen thousand dollars of his paper, which he was offering at one-and-quarter per cent."

"That looks a little dubious."

"So it strikes me. You can wait for the widow; but, take my advice, and don't build too strongly on the fortune."

"I don't know," was returned with a smile. "that I could resist the lady's personal attractions, if they survived to her widowhood."

"That may not be for these twenty years. Old Bullfinch comes of a long-lived generation."

"O dear!" lightly responded the other. "We can't have everything just our own way. But, what could have possessed her to marry that old man? Not love, certainly."

"No, it was money."

"Then she must be a heartless woman."

"Something is wrong, without doubt. The marriage is unnatural, and must have had its origin in constraint, or overweening cupidity. There has been a lack of womanly virtue somewhere. Do you know that the niece of Mr. Bullfinch, whom he had raised almost as his own child, left the house on the very day she entered it, and has not crossed the threshold since?"

"No!"

"It is yet true."

"Who was she?"

"A Miss Milnor; and she is here to-night."

"Ah! Can you point her out to me? I should like to observe her conduct in relation to them. It will present a fine study in human nature."

"There she is in conversation with Mr. Wellford."

"Ah! That's the young lady. Well, there is certainly a look of spirit about her."

The two men observed, in silence, for some moments, the personages alluded to. They were in earnest conversation.

"Did you see that look?" said one of them, suddenly.

"What look?" asked the other.

"The look cast upon them by Mrs. Bullfinch."

"No." And, as he spoke, he turned his eyes towards Helen. "There's something in that I don't just comprehend," he said, after a brief observation.

"Nor do I. Unless I err, there was something of the fire of jealousy in her eyes."

"Just so I read them. There! See! She is looking at them again. What can it mean? Ah! Now I remember having heard something of a lover. Can Wellford possibly be the man?"

"Why should she give him up for an old man like Bullfinch? His worldly condition, if not quite so good now, promises, in my opinion, to be much the best. You know he is a member of the house of Lane, Latta & Co."

"I do. But little more than a year ago, he was only a clerk in that house. His prospects at the time Miss Lee was married, and his prospects now, are very different."

"I must know something further in regard to

this matter," said the other. "There's a new study in human nature here, at least, for me."

"If you would probe the matter pretty effectually, I will suggest a mode of procedure," remarked the friend.

"Well?"

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Bullfinch?"

"I am not."

"Does he know you?"

The friend shook his head.

"He is on the side of the room from his wife just now."

"So I perceive."

"As a stranger you are not supposed to be aware of the fact, that so beautiful a young creature—a mere girl as it were—holds to an old man like him the relation of a wife."

"Go on. I am all attention."

"Approach, and enter into conversation. It will then be the easiest matter in the world to make allusion to the charming Mrs. Bullfinch."

"Ah! I take your drift. You wish me to excite his jealousy?"

"Make allusion to Wellford. It will be the more effectual if Mrs. Bullfinch should happen to cast upon the young gentleman a glance or two, such as we detected just now."

"I understand my part fully," was replied. "Thank you for the suggestion. If I don't awaken a tempest in at least one mind to-night, then I'm mistaken."

"Take care that you don't do harm," said the friend, in a warning voice.

"Harm! what harm?"

"You may destroy the peace of that old man."

"Would it not be a just punishment for his wickedness in marrying that young creature? What right had he to rob her of her true dower in life? To lay a sacrifice like that upon the reeking altar of sensuality. Hah! I burn with indignation at the thought. If I can lay upon him a scorpion lash, right freely will I do it."

"As you choose. But, to my thinking, you are assuming towards him, rather unadvisedly, the joint office of judge and executioner. In matters like this, all are free to act as they think best. Consent must precede marriage. His wife, therefore, is quite as much a party in this business as himself. Why he alone should be punished for a mutual fault, is what I do not clearly comprehend."

"I can't stop to argue this matter," was replied. "My mind is already made up. So now for introducing my probe into this festering sore."

And, as he said this, the young man moved away from his friend, and was soon at the side of Mr. Bullfinch. In a little while, with much adroitness, he succeeded in engaging the old man in conversation.

"What a charming creature that is!" said he, breaking in, with well-managed abruptness, upon a remark of his companion. And he glanced towards Mrs. Bullfinch.

The countenance of the latter became lit up with pleasure in an instant; but ere he had time to indicate the relationship in which he stood towards her, the young man added—

"I'm told that she is the wife of old Adam Bullfinch. But, I presume, there is a mistake in this."

"I believe not," was the rather grave answer. "That Mrs. Bullfinch!"

A formal bow was the assenting reply.

"You surprise me! Well, I can only say, that I admire the old fellow's taste. When I want a wife, I'll get him to look out for me."

This rather familiar way of speaking about himself and his affairs, made Mr. Bullfinch hesitate as to a declaration of identity. To avow himself now, would be, he felt, rather embarrassing. He, therefore, determined to let his companion talk on in supposed ignorance as to the true personality of his auditor. He merely remarked—

"Mrs. Bullfinch is certainly a charming woman."

"Oh, delightful! If I were her husband I should feel strongly inclined to cage her up at home. Why, half the men here are in love with her already."

The arrow had struck. A cloud fell instantly on the brow of Mr. Bullfinch.

"She had a lover I'm told," was the next remark. "I wonder if there is any truth in it. Some one said he was here to-night."

The old man's eyes turned instantly towards Wellford.

"There! Did you see that look?" said his companion, touching familiarly the old man's arm.

"What look?"

"The look Mrs. Bullfinch cast on Mr. Wellford, who is in earnest conversation with that young lady—said to be the niece of her husband, and to have left his house indignantly on the very night of their marriage."

The eyes of Mr. Bullfinch were instantly fixed upon his wife, who was regarding the two persons just mentioned, with the peculiar look before described. Well might he take the alarm. Such a look never rested upon a man in whom the heart had no interest.

"Wellford is the man; I'll wager a kingdom of it!" said the evil genius of Mr. Bullfinch, triumphantly.

The old man started, as if stung by a serpent. Thrown off of his guard, he said, in a low, angry voice—

"Who are you, sir, that dares to trifle with me after this fashion!"

The young man instantly shrunk away, and retiring to another part of the drawing-rooms, spent the rest of the evening in observing the result of his evil handy-work.

CHAPTER XX.

Not until this unlooked-for meeting with Henry Wellford, did Helen fully comprehend the nature of the passion with which she loved him. As we have said, his image lay enshrined far away, in the most sacred recesses of her heart; not dust-covered, nor dimmed with gathering mould, yet as she had believed, forever hidden from the light. An image, before which, if her spirit sometimes bowed in its weakness, it bowed with a consciousness of sin, and, in bowing, prayed to Heaven for strength ever to stand upright.

Now that she had looked upon his living face for the first time since their last sad meeting in the street, she felt that she was unequal to the

trial. More than an hour had glided away since her eyes rested upon him, and, from that time, while she compelled herself to act even more skillfully, than at first, her part, ever and anon, her glances would go searching after him, and when descried, linger on his form for moments, as if she were spell-bound.

A strange feeling, almost suffocating in its intensity, seized upon the unhappy woman, when she saw that Wellford remained by the side of Fanny Milnor, much of the time engaged in earnest conversation. Was it a spirit of jealousy that, constricting her chest, gave to respiration a quickened impulse?—or, did she shrink from the personal detracting of herself, which she had good reason to believe would be poured into the ear of her former lover?

However this might be, the good understanding and mutual interest which seemed to exist between Wellford and Fanny Milnor, were to her a source of most exquisite pain. Yet, for all this, she hid beneath the garment of a well-assumed exterior, the fox that was tearing her very vitals. A few, more observant than the rest, noticed, occasionally, the manner in which she regarded these two persons; but no one dreamed of the agony that was veiled by her winning smiles, or concealed under the buoyant tones of her rich, mellow voice. What a task had she imposed upon herself! The only wonder is that she was able to sustain her part.

An hour had glided away since she became aware of Wellford's presence; and now, for the first time, she found herself about coming into immediate personal contact with him. This was not accidental, but from design on his part, as she plainly saw. A gentleman with whom she had been conversing had just left her side, and she was sitting alone. This opportunity Wellford seized for the renewal of an acquaintance, broken off under such painful circumstances, nearly two years before. As he approached her, the heart of Helen fluttered, and then grew still, as if overpowering emotions were actually about extinguishing her life. He bowed with considerable formality, and showed an embarrassed manner.

"I am pleased to meet you again," said he, with less steadiness of voice than he had hoped to maintain.

The lips of Helen moved, but no words came therefrom. There was a welcome, however, in her eyes; and Wellford failed not to see this. He sat down by her, forced a smile to conceal the real agitation he felt, and made some commonplace remark, to which she now found voice to reply. How soon each would have regained an easy self-possession, we cannot say. A third party joined them almost immediately—the husband of Helen.

The two men, who had met in business circles, and had a slight business acquaintance, bowed formally, as each gave utterance to the other's name. It was at once apparent to Wellford, that the old man was disturbed from some cause; and he did not fail to observe, that with a singular want of good breeding, he seated himself on the narrow portion of the sofa that intervened between him and Helen.

A few unimportant remarks were made by Wellford, to which Mr. Bullfinch gave constrained answers. Perceiving that his presence was, from some cause, disagreeable, the former soon retired to a distant part of the room, and from an unnoted point of observation, saw that sharp words were passing between the young wife and her husband. Another might not thus have interpreted the manner of Mr. and Mrs. Bullfinch; but his knowledge of the past, as well as his peculiar state of mind, gave to Wellford a more than ordinary keenness of vision.

"Did you see that?" said the young man, who had, so unwisely, and, we might say, wickedly, awakened in the breast of Mr. Bullfinch the evil spirit of jealousy. He addressed the friend with whom a previous conversation had been held.

"See what?" asked the other.

"Mr. Wellford, only a moment ago, took a seat near Mrs. Bullfinch; but, scarcely had they entered into conversation, ere the old man came up and coolly thrust himself between them."

"Indeed!"

"That tells the story, doesn't it?"

"What story?"

"Of a young lover and a jealous old husband. I thought there was something peculiar in the way Mrs. Bullfinch looked at Wellford, when he sat talking so earnestly with her husband's niece."

"You seem to take a singular interest in their affairs," said his friend—"an evil interest, I am afraid. Pardon me for plain speaking."

"I'm a student of human nature you know, and this is one of its phases."

"It is one thing to study human nature, and another to mar its beauty. I'm afraid the lover was more in your imagination than anywhere else, and that all the cause for jealousy that exists you created. This is hardly to be justified on any plea."

"Oh, as for that," was replied with indifference, "I act pretty much as fancy prompts. As for self-justification, I rarely give it a thought."

"Some people would say," remarked the friend, half seriously and half in earnest, "that you had either a wrong head or a bad heart."

"People will say almost any thing that suits their fancy. For one, I never give much heed to the opinions of others regarding myself. The worst is usually judged of our actions. I seek compensation for these things in saying and doing pretty much as I list; and I presume the world thinks quite as well of me, as if I were guarded about the effect of my words, and over nice as to the consequences of my actions."

"There is something more to be desired than the world's opinion."

"So I think."

"Our own self-respect, and consciousness of right actions."

The other merely shrugged his shoulders.

"If we can do no good, let us do no harm. The casting of an evil seed may seem a light thing; but, the small acorn becomes, in time, a giant oak. Think of this. You have, carelessly, sown a seed of jealousy in the mind of Mr. Bullfinch. Already it has germinated. The fruit, which must be eaten, will be bitter to the taste; nay, may poison the whole system. Will it add

any thing to your pleasure in life to know that you have made others inconceivably wretched? I should think not."

"You make a serious matter of my little pleasant annoyance of Mr. Bullfinch," said the other, in a slightly changed tone.

"If I err not, it will prove more than a pleasant annoyance to the old gentleman and his young wife. The passion of jealousy, when once excited, rarely burns out. It makes fuel of every thing within its reach. Ever suspicious, and prone to misjudge, it becomes insatiate and cruel. Ah! I fear you have put thorns in the already uncomfortable pillow on which the head of that young wife uneasily reposes."

"Oh, dear! Don't grow sentimental," was replied, with forced levity. "Her pillow is soft enough, I'll warrant you. She'll sleep sound for all the thorns my hands have planted."

As this was said, the piano, which had been silent for some time, was touched by softly falling fingers, and, in a moment after, a clear, sweet, mellow voice arose and filled the rooms.

"Ah! who is that?" remarked one of the young men.

"It's Mrs. Bullfinch, as I live," said the other, as he moved half involuntarily towards the instrument.

There was an instant hush throughout the crowded and buzzing drawing-rooms. Every ear seemed penetrated with the unexpected melody. Several brilliant performers had, from time to time, during the evening, executed some of their best pieces; but, they had played only to a narrow, music-loving circle, while most of those present were rather annoyed than otherwise at the loud, incessant thrumming, which made conversation an effort. But now, an involuntary attention was awarded by all, and soon there was a crowd around the piano.

Piece after piece was played and sung, in accordance with the requests or suggestions of those who gathered near the singer. Yet, all the while, Mrs. Bullfinch played for the ear of only one—though he never asked for a song, nor even made one of the delighted group that clustered around her. It was not that she designed to play for Wellford; she could not help it. With every note she struck, every skilful modulation of her voice, every expression that was breathed forth, went also a thought as to how his ear would be effected! And so entirely was this the case, that it totally obscured her consciousness of the fact. She played for her old lover, yet knew it not.

Never had the old man been so struck with the charms of his young wife as now. Never had he observed such a witchery in her voice. How proud of her he felt! Yet, with this pride, was a feeling of uneasiness not before experienced. The seed of jealousy was in his heart; it had already quickened into life, and was sending down its sharp, piercing rootlets. In the eyes of those who looked on her, his newly acquired vision perceived something deeper than mere admiration; and when he saw a gay, handsome young man, bending to her ear, and speaking in tones so low that he could not hear them, suspicion imagined the words that were uttered, and troubled the waters of his spirit to their deepest depths.

The fact that Wellford did not join the listeners who had gathered around the piano, was not unobserved by Mr. Bullfinch. The meaning of this he interpreted in his own way, and made it the alimot on which to feed his jealousy.

At last, Helen retired from the piano, receiving, as she did so, thanks and compliments from many voices, and accompanied by one or two young gentlemen, who were completely charmed with her. Mr. Bullfinch tried to get between these and his wife, as the latter was headed to a seat. The effort did not prove so successful as in the case of Wellford. But he remained standing near, unconscious that, in countenance and manner, he was betraying to all eyes the real state of his mind. Nor was this state rendered any the more endurable by parts of sentences, over-loudly spoken or whispered, that reached his ears, such as—

"She's a charming creature!" "Old Bullfinch had better cage her up at home." "Somebody'll run off with her before a year." "The maudlin old fellow! how she must despise him!" "She can't love him." "A chattel, bought with gold."

At an early hour, Mr. Bullfinch suggested to his wife that it was time for them to return home.

"It is only twelve," said she, in reply, "and the carriage was not ordered until two."

"Two—two—so late as that?" he answered, in a confused manner, "I had forgotten."

Cotillions were now forming, and a young gentleman, whose attentions to Helen had not escaped the keen eyes of her husband, pressed forward, and asked if she would dance with him.

A graceful assent was given, and the couple took their places on the floor.

An ill-concealed gesture of impatience marked the effect of this upon Mr. Bullfinch, who, with a lengthened visage and contracted brow, took his place, moodily, among those who were too old, or disinclined, to dance.

Set after set were formed; in each of these, always with a new partner, Mrs. Bullfinch was to be found. With color warm from exercise, and eyes glittering with excitement, she looked as happy as she was beautiful. None noticed, as she went circling through the mazy evolutions, her quick glance thrown, ever and anon, towards a point in the room, where, in close conversation, sat Henry Wellford and Fanny Milnor. Only once during the evening had she been thrown into the immediate company of Fanny, when they met as strangers.

Nothing more dramatic than the incidents we have chronicled, took place during that evening. Once again Helen and Wellford met and exchanged a few words; but, in doing so, there was no betrayal of feeling on either side. At two o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Bullfinch retired; each with sharper thorns in the pillows upon which their heads were to recline hereafter.

In Helen's Book of Life, a new leaf had been turned; and, as she brooded over the yet unwritten page, her heart trembled at thought of the probable record. She had tasted a new cup—the sweet and bitter exquisitely mingled—and she felt that she was destined to drink it to the very dregs.

"It was no seeking of mine," said she, gloomily, to herself, as she pondered the future. "The consequences rest with those who dragged me into a position fraught with trials and temptations beyond my power to sustain or resist. But the step has been taken, and I must now press onward in the new and dangerous path that opens before me. I have pride enough to enable me at least to tread it boldly. No one must see a step falter—and *no one shall!*"

CHAPTER XXV.

It was mentioned, in a previous chapter, that sharp words had passed between Mr. Bullfinch and his wife, while at Mr. Lane's party, occasioned by the renewal of intercourse between the latter and Mr. Wellford. Such, at least, was the young man's inference, and he did not err. Excited by the rude conduct of her husband, the moment Mr. Wellford retired, Helen said to him, warmly, though in a low tone,

"I don't understand you, Mr. Bullfinch! What is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning is," was quite as warmly answered, "that I do not wish you to hold any intercourse with that person."

"Why not, pray?"

"I have good and sufficient reasons, Madam," said the old man.

"They must be good and sufficient to me, before I act from them," replied Helen, firmly.

"What have you against him?"

"It should be enough for a wife, that her husband objects to her being on terms of intimacy with a particular man."

"It is not enough for me, at least," said Helen. "If you know anything wrong of Mr. Wellford, say so."

Beyond this, nothing further passed between them on the subject, at the time; others were too near to render a continuance of such a conversation at all prudent.

The uneasiness of Mr. Bullfinch during the evening, and his broad exposure of the jealousy which had taken possession of him, did not escape the observation of Helen. It produced in her mind a strange blending of emotions; among which were mortification at his obtrusive weakness, mingled with a flutter of triumph. She, in no degree, pitied his suffering, but felt like adding thereto by acts that would increase, rather than allay, the suspicions that were fretting him. Not that there was any guilty purpose in her mind—she was too pure for that: but a certain perverseness, born of unnatural and constrained relations, was beginning to influence her.

Mrs. Bullfinch at Mr. Lane's, and Mrs. Bullfinch immediately on her arrival at home, was another person, altogether. A stranger could scarcely be made to believe that the wearied-looking, silent, almost sullen woman, who sat, half unrobed, one glove on the floor, and the other partly drawn—her hood tossed upon the bed, and her elegant shawl just falling from the back of a chair where she had thrown it, with an indifference amounting almost to contempt—was the same with the brilliant, beautiful, fascinating creature, who had been for hours the centre of an admiring circle.

"You have met Mr. Wellford before, I believe," said Mr. Bullfinch, breaking in upon a state of mind in his wife, that it would have been far wiser for him had he left undisturbed—at least, by such a remark. It was thus that he renewed the subject now nearest to his heart, a subject which the presence of others had interrupted a little while before, and which had not since been a moment absent from his thoughts.

Helen raised her eyes quickly, and with a slight start, fixing them, in a steady, half-frowning glance, upon her husband. In no other way did she answer his remark. A few moments she continued to look at him, and then her eyes drooped to the floor again, and her mind fell back into reverie.

"Helen!"

The wife looked up again.

"You might at least reply to my question. Common politeness, if no higher feeling, should prompt to this," said Mr. Bullfinch, with ill-concealed excitement of feeling.

"What was your question?" asked Helen, again looking up, and now speaking with a coldness of tone that was almost chilling.

"It was in reference to Mr. Wellford. I said that you had met him before."

"In that you said truly," was the frigid answer.

The whole mind of Mr. Bullfinch was now inflamed. It was with difficulty that he could restrain an outbreak of feeling, or school his voice into anything like calmness of utterance.

"He is an old acquaintance, I believe," he next remarked.

"He is," was the composed response.

"Well, I now repeat what I said at Mr. Lane's."

"And I repeat the answer then given," replied Helen. Her voice had in it not the least perceptible weakness.

"Helen!"

"Sir!"

The whole manner of both husband and wife underwent a sudden change.

"You must be to that man as a stranger from this day henceforth!" said Mr. Bullfinch, speaking with an angry vehemence that it was impossible to restrain.

"This is your command, I suppose," retorted Helen, with a proud, defiant air, that showed a will fully equal to the emergency.

"It is my command, if you will," said the old man, speaking with undiminished warmth.

"I am your wife, and equal," replied Helen, her former coolness of manner returning; "not your slave. If you expect to influence my conduct, you have got to use reason, not command."

"Then, Madam," said the old man, calming down a little, and speaking with mock deference, "I desire you not to hold intercourse with this gentleman in future."

"A desire will have no more influence with me than a command, unless accompanied by a reason. Do you know anything wrong of Mr. Wellford?"

"He is not the man for you to associate with."

"Why?"

There was more of interest in her voice than Helen wished to betray.

"Is it not enough for you that such is my impression of the man?"

"No, Mr. Bullfinch, it is not enough for me," was answered. "He is an old and valued acquaintance; and, until now, not a whisper against him has ever reached my ears. To say to me that we must hereafter be strangers, and this without the assignment of a single reason, does not satisfy me."

"He is a bad man!" exclaimed Mr. Bullfinch; his strong excitement returning.

But, the assertion did not, to all external appearances, in the least move his wife.

"A designing, bad man," repeated Mr. Bullfinch.

"It will be wisest to drop this subject," said Helen, with a coldness that contrasted strongly with the passionate manner of her husband. "It seems to involve a poor suspicion of your wife, as weak as it is unworthy of you. You have committed an error, sir, that it may be difficult to repair. I did not wish to go to this party. I would have been happier at home; but you dragged me there against my will. It would have ill become me, as your wife, to carry into such a company a clouded brow, or to have failed in doing my part towards the general enjoyment of the evening. I, therefore, as best I could, entered into the spirit of the hour; when, strange to say, you insulted our entertainer by a rudeness towards a guest who was polite to me, that nothing can justify; and now, add to your fault by demanding the surrender of an acquaintance partially renewed after the lapse of nearly two years. You have, I repeat, committed an error, Mr. Bullfinch, that it may be difficult to repair."

In more than one contest with his wife, Mr. Bullfinch had come off far from victorious; and the result was in no way different on the present occasion. There was, to his ear, a threat involved in the closing sentence of his wife, that slightly troubled, and caused him to regret having so unguardedly betrayed his awakening suspicions. He made no reply; and both soon relapsed into moody and abstracted silence.

Scarcely a week passed, ere invitations were received for another large and fashionable party.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Bullfinch, when the complimentary note was handed to him by his wife.

"Read it," said she.

The old man's countenance did not brighten as his eye took in the contents.

"Do you think of going?" said he.

"Certainly I do," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Bullfinch did not look very happy.

"Consult your own feelings about the matter," said he. "If you would prefer remaining at home, I shall be content. Don't go, therefore, simply on my account."

"I thought," remarked Mrs. Bullfinch, a little maliciously, we are sorry to say, "that you always enjoyed society. I am sure such has been your unvarying declaration. Heretofore I have, I confess, been unjust to you in this respect. All my preferences were for retirement—even seclusion. But, I have learned to overcome this weak-

ness. It is not good for me. We are social beings, and only in mingling with each other socially can we hope to maintain a cheerful mind."

"True; very true," said Mr. Bullfinch. His assent was not made with any heartiness; and he added,—"But there is always danger of carrying things too far. All pleasure tends to excess."

"Two parties, in a season, can hardly be called taking pleasure to excess!" replied Helen, in a way that left little room for dissent on the part of her husband.

"No—no—of course not. Though two fashionable parties in the space of a single week might be thought rather verging on to dissipation," was her husband's answer.

Little more was said on the subject, until Helen asked for fifty dollars. Now, it so happened, that, on the very day this request was made, Mr. Bullfinch had a large amount of money to pay, while the sources from which it was to come were by no means as apparent as he could wish them. In fact, the difficulty of making his payments in bank had been on the increase for some time, and he was, naturally enough, rather troubled on this account. His thoughts were busy with the ways and means of raising some ten thousand dollars, when his wife said to him, as he was about leaving the house, on the morning after the invitations just referred to were received—

"I want fifty dollars, Mr. Bullfinch. Will you send it to me in the course of an hour?"

"I can't do it to-day," was replied.

"Oh, but I must have it this morning," said Helen.

"Is your want so very pressing, Helen?" was coldly inquired.

"Indeed, it is. I must get a new dress for the party at Mrs. Levering's; and there is no time to be lost. Unless I get it into the hands of the mantua-maker, to-day, there will be danger of disappointment."

"A new dress, Helen?" said the old man, a little surprised. "Where is the one that was worn at Mr. Lane's? You could not find anything more becoming."

"Why, Mr. Bullfinch! Would you have me go to two successive parties in the same dress?"

"And why not, pray?"

"People would think I hadn't but a single dress fit to appear in. You would hardly like that thought, much less said."

The old man was thrown altogether aback by this unexpected, and, in his case, rather unanswerable argument.

"Won't the money do as well, to-morrow?" said he, after musing for a little while.

"Oh, no!" promptly answered Helen. "I must buy the dress this morning, so as to be certain of having it made up in time."

"Very well; I will see about it," replied Mr. Bullfinch, and then hurried away to his store, there to devise the ways and means for meeting the heavy liabilities which had fallen due.

See about it! In no case, before, had Mr. Bullfinch thus replied to his wife's applications for money, which, we will say, had never been very extravagant. She did not attribute his re-

luctance to supply her demand to the true cause, for of that she had no suspicion. She gave it a different explanation altogether. It arose, in her view, from a desire on his part to diminish, if possible, the personal attractions of which, a short time before, he had been so proud; and this view determined her to increase these attractions.

The day proved, to Mr. Bullfinch, one of anxiety and great trial—a day in mercantile life that makes an impression on the mind rarely, if ever, forgotten. Up to one o'clock, he was on the street, in the effort to raise money, or in his counting-room, devising ways and means for the same purpose; and it was not until after this hour that he began to breathe at all freely. Merchants, who had heretofore given him the usual temporary loans with the utmost readiness, were now all, strangely enough, short of money. His bank, from which he had enjoyed a fair line of discounts, had, this morning, thrown out notes of hand for over five thousand dollars; an event entirely unlooked for, and which added very seriously to the difficulty under which he was laboring.

As a last resort, he was obliged to raise a considerable sum of money at an exorbitant rate of discount.

It was nearly three o'clock when his last note was taken out of bank, and then, in no comfortable state, he turned his steps homeward. Not since he entered his store, had a thought of the fifty dollars, required by his wife, crossed his mind; and, it may be doubted whether, if it had done so, the sum would have been despatched to meet her want. The pressure of business needs for money would, in all probability, have forced that matter aside.

Not until Mr. Bullfinch was in the act of entering his house, did he remember the omission; and then it flashed upon him with a presentiment of trouble. He doubted not that a clouded brow would meet him on his entrance, and he was not mistaken.

"I declare, Helen," said he, and he spoke in a perplexed, half-troubled manner, "I entirely forgot about the money you asked for. In fact, I have had a very busy day of it, and hardly wonder at myself."

Helen made no answer, but the look she gave him said, so plainly, that she regarded this as a mere excuse, if not a subterfuge,—so plainly, that he could not be mistaken in her thoughts.

"I assure you, Helen," said he, seriously, "that I meant to bring you this money. If you knew how much worried I have been, you would not blame my omission. But you shall have it to-morrow morning."

No response, whatever, was made to this by Mrs. Bullfinch, nor did the cloud on her brow lift itself up, or permit a gleam of light to break through its dark masses.

A cheerless meal was that of which the family partook. Mrs. Lee, who was cognizant of her daughter's disappointment, looked quite as sombre and more indignant than Helen. Mr. Lee, who usually made an effort, not always unsuccessful, to introduce pleasant topics of conversation, was, unfortunately, too much indisposed to

leave his room. So poor Mr. Bullfinch was left alone to encounter the suffocating sphere of two injured and indignant women, who, if they could punish him in no other way, were quite ready to visit on his head the terrors of a moody silence. This was quite as much as he could bear. A shorter time than usual he remained at the table, and then, instead of the half hour's *siesta*, went immediately from the house. A hurried walk soon brought him to his store.

"How much money is in the drawer?" said he of the clerk who had the cash in charge.

The young man opened his money-drawer, and, after counting over a few small bills and loose change, replied—

"About eight dollars, sir."

"Is that all?" Mr. Bullfinch manifested considerable disappointment.

"Yes, sir; we had to scrape pretty close, to-day. How much do you want?"

"Fifty dollars," was replied.

"I can borrow it for you, I presume," said the clerk.

"Do so, if you please, Mr. Williams. I want that sum particularly."

The young man went out, and was gone for over half an hour.

"Really," said he, on coming in, "I never had so much trouble to raise a small amount of money in my life. Everybody's deposits were made, and nobody had anything 'out of bank.'"

As he spoke, he drew three small rolls of bills from his pocket, and laying them on the desk, unfolded and counted them over.

"Just fifty dollars. I had to get it from three several places; and such money as it is! It hails from nearly every point of the compass—is, in fact, the very debris of depositable funds. I don't know that it will be of any use to you, now."

Mr. Bullfinch took the bills, and, with a dubious look, turned them over slowly.

"It will have to do," said he, in mimic desperation. So writing a hurried note—addressed to his wife—he enclosed and sent her, by the hands of his porter, the money.

What remained of the afternoon was devoted to an examination into the financial resources of the next day, which did not show a very hopeful state of things, although the payments were far from being as heavy as those just made.

When Mr. Bullfinch again took his way homeward, it was not with any pleasing anticipations. He half dreaded to meet his wife, notwithstanding he had sent her the money she wanted; but was a good deal disappointed, on his return, to find that she was out.

"Where has she gone?" he inquired of her mother.

"To Levy's," replied Mrs. Lee.

He asked no further question. The answer was altogether sufficient.

From Levy's, Mrs. Bullfinch went to the dress-maker's, and did not get home until nearly an hour after the usual tea-time, her absence delaying supper, and fretting her husband almost beyond endurance. Their meeting, when she at last came home, was not with any excess of kind words.

For the party at Mrs. Levering's, Mrs. Bullfinch made even more thoughtful preparation than for the one previously attended. Her new dress was of the richest material, and its style and trimming such as to show off her person and complexion to the best possible advantage.

"How beautiful! How attractive!" was the mental exclamation of her husband, as he gazed upon her, when fully attired for the evening, and ready to enter the carriage that was to convey them to Mrs. Levering's. Yet, with this involuntary feeling of admiration—this consciousness of his young wife's charms, Mr. Bullfinch looked forward to the gay assemblage in which she was to shine, with a feeling of uneasiness so profound as to rob him of peace entirely. Too fully was he satisfied that Helen did not regard him with any real affection. But, of this, he had no right to complain; for, had she not declared to him, most unequivocally, before marriage, that she possessed no heart to give; that, if he took her hand, he must be content with that alone? Then, he did not give to her declaration its full force; alas! how fraught with meaning had he since proved it to be! And now, when he saw the admiration she was eliciting, and believed that at least one man, with whom she must come into immediate contact, loved her with the fervor of a first passion, his jealousy became feverish in its intensity.

As for Helen, although she knew it not, the leading impulse from which she was acting sprang from a desire to meet Mr. Wellford. In all her toilette arrangement, now most carefully made, every effect sought to be produced was for his eyes. At Mr. Lane's party, during the earlier portion of the evening, gratified vanity fed the flame of excitement, and enabled her to act her brilliant part. But, now, another state had supervened; she felt indifferent to all save Henry Wellford, whose image was scarcely ever absent from her mental vision. The moment she entered Mrs. Levering's drawing-room, her eyes began ranging about in search of her old lover; and the search did not end until, with a feeling of disappointment, she ascertained that he was not present. Then a certain listlessness came over her, and to many of those who, at Mr. Lane's, had been charmed by her free, social manners and lively conversation, she was dull, distant, and abstracted. By several, the change was noticed and remarked upon. Mr. Bullfinch, who was quite as uninteresting as his wife, remained close by her side, and did his part, fully, towards keeping young gallants at a distance.

Suddenly, after the lapse of nearly an hour, the rather pale face of Mrs. Bullfinch was seen to flush and her eyes to light up with a new interest. Those who noticed this, and followed the direction of her glances, saw the handsome person of Henry Wellford, junior partner in the extensive house of Lane, Latta & Co. From that time, Mrs. Bullfinch, to all external seeming, was another creature. A new beauty came into her young face. No longer did she repel those who approached her; and soon, as on the evening at Mr. Lane's, she was the centre of an admiring circle. Yet, even beyond this circle,

went eyes and thoughts to one who did not approach her; nor, indeed, so far as she was able to detect, seem even to know she was in the room.

Not long after Mrs. Bullfinch became aware of Mr. Wellford's presence, she saw the attractive face of her husband's niece, Fanny Milnor; and almost at the same moment, the young man approached her, and the two were soon engaged in earnest and familiar conversation. Lip and cheek paled for a moment; then, an effort, born of conscious weakness, sent the blood back again. How instantly wretched became the excited woman; while a feeling of bitter dislike towards Fanny took possession of her bosom. It required, now, a far stronger effort on her part than before, to maintain an interested exterior; to meet and adequately respond to the social attentions which were freely accorded. As for Wellford and Miss Milnor, no full minute of time passed, in which Mrs. Bullfinch did not turn her eyes upon them, and note, with a quick instinct, from signs none but a woman can read, the state of feeling that existed between them. Disappointed beyond measure was she, in not receiving from Wellford a single glance. Not once was a look cast towards her; and there was nothing in his manner that indicated a knowledge of her presence. As this manifestation of ignorance or indifference continued, it seemed to Mrs. Bullfinch as if her feelings would suffocate her. In the midst of this unhappy state, she saw Wellford accompany Miss Milnor to the piano, and watched him while he stood by her, as she sung, with skill and fine taste, two or three popular airs. She did not hear the complimentary words he uttered; but she imagined them; which was all the same, so far as the effect upon her state of mind was concerned.

"Now, Mrs. Bullfinch," said a gentleman, as soon as Fanny retired from the piano, "you will favor us with a song."

There was not a moment's hesitation. The invitation just accorded with her wishes. She arose, and, crossing the room, took her seat at the instrument. Never, perhaps, in her life, had Mrs. Bullfinch thrown so much power and expression into her voice, as on this occasion. For a time, conversation was hushed; and, as her voice died away into silence, murmurs of pleasure and admiration reached her ears from all sides; but, she listened in vain for the voice of Wellford. What would she not then have given, could she have looked upon him; but too many eyes were on her; she dared not turn herself towards the part of the room where she knew he was standing in company with Fanny Milnor.

The moment Mrs. Bullfinch retired from the piano, she threw a hurried, but stealthy glance, towards Wellford. How her heart sunk, and fluttered. His back was towards the instrument at which she had been seated, and he was bending to Miss Milnor, whose countenance manifested the interest she felt in his words.

Soon after this, Mrs. Bullfinch's absence from the drawing-rooms was remarked. She had complained of indisposition to her husband, and he, quite ready to withdraw her from a company so fraught with trial and temptation, suggested

their return home, to which she consented. Their retirement was made unobtrusively, and was known, at the time it took place, only to their hostess. Many questions and surmises followed, as soon as they were missed, and, as is usual in all such cases, some of the latter, from a slight suspicion of the truth, took the form of rather distinct affirmations, in which the presence of an old lover, and his indifference, or attentions to a new idol, made a pretty broad foundation.

The true cause of Helen's wish to retire, was a sudden and overwhelming conviction of the danger and sinfulness of the thoughts and feelings that were permitted to rule in her bosom. Some good angel had lifted the veil from her eyes, and enabled her to see herself as she was; the sight produced a fearful shudder, that thrilled her whole being.

"Am I not a wedded wife?" she whispered to herself,—and as the full meaning of the words stood out in living relief before her, the shudder went, if possible, still deeper.

Crouching beside her husband, a feeling almost like guilt in her heart, the unhappy woman rode home in silence. To his kind, even tender inquiries, and obtrusive suggestions of remedies for her indisposition, Mrs. Bullfinch forced herself to reply gently, and with some small acknowledgment in her tones of the real interest of which she was the subject. That her husband had full cause for the jealous suspicions he had manifested, she acknowledged to herself, with a sense of painful humiliation. This produced something of a new feeling towards him; duty, more clearly seen, became the prompter of different actions; and led to a new, if compelled, external.

But, oh! What a trial was before her! These meetings with Wellford had blown into a flame the damped fires kindled years before, and which could not be permitted to blaze forth again without destroying honor and virtue; and now, though she sought to cover them from view, they burned still, consuming the very altar where they rested.

It was not in Mr. Bullfinch to comprehend the change which, from this time, was apparent in his wife. That it had something to do with Mr. Wellford, he, indeed, suspected, for he had not failed to notice the total indifference manifested by him; as well as his marked attentions to his niece, between whom he most sincerely hoped a matrimonial arrangement might take place. But he was far from giving his wife credit for the real state of mind from which she was acting. He had seen her but a little while before, apparently wholly absorbed in Wellford, and utterly indifferent to him;—Wellford made no return of this interest, while he plainly enough showed that, if he had ever loved her, he was about transferring his affections to another. The change in his wife, therefore, he attributed to no higher sources than disappointment and chagrin; and while he was gratified at her softened manners towards him, respect for her was in no way increased; nor did his jealous feelings lose their active suspicion.

The suddenly awakened interest in society, which Mrs. Bullfinch had manifested, as suddenly

died out. The social season promised to be unusually gay, and invitation after invitation came in, often as many as two in a single week; but, in every case, regrets were sent, and the old man and his young wife were missed from the festive circles. Thus more than two months passed. Awakened to a sense of her duty as a wife, Helen had striven, during this time, though in a weak way, to make the home circle more cheerful than it had been. Her father's health was growing feebler every day, and it was now but rarely that he could venture abroad into the open air. His spirits, too, were low. A sense of dependence on Mr. Bullfinch, whose manner towards him had never been frank and cheerful; and worse than this, a consciousness that the food he ate, and the house that covered him, were obtained at the cost of his daughter's happiness, lay ever like a weight upon his bosom. In brooding over the ruin of her own hopes in life, Helen had failed to comprehend, as fully as the case required, her father's state of mind; but, now, her thoughts were turning to him with a wiser appreciation, and a loving desire to brighten, with warmer colors, the later days of his waning life.

Changed in her manner towards her husband, and more interested and cheerful in the home circle than before; and, at the same time, aware that such was the case, Helen was disappointed at not meeting from Mr. Bullfinch a looked-for appreciation of this new and better state of things. He had grown, all at once, silent, abstracted in manner, moody, and often captious. Money was supplied for the use of the family more sparingly, and with what seemed a grudging spirit. Frequently he would sit the evening through without speaking a word, unless addressed, and then his replies indicated an entire indifference on the subject to which his attention was called. Everything that did not exactly suit his tastes, was the subject of complaint, while nothing that was agreeable met with a single word of commendation. How often was his ear greeted with a sigh, that an expected pleasant look or tone would have prevented.

Thus the season was passing away, and Mr. and Mrs. Bullfinch had not ventured into any of the fashionable assemblages, since the evening at Mrs. Levering's. But now, invitations were received from a source that made the sending of regrets a doubtful expedient. They could not absent themselves without being misunderstood, and producing a state of coolness in friends particularly regarded.

So, with much reluctance, Mrs. Bullfinch prepared for another evening abroad. Even if she had desired a new dress for the occasion, the recent closeness exhibited by her husband, in regard to money, would have caused her to suppress the desire. That worn at Mrs. Levering's had never been used since, and her present love of appearance was not strong enough to make her desire another. So, making a few changes in this dress, which was of rich material, by which the effect was diminished instead of heightened, she attired herself for the occasion, and in doing so, studied simplicity instead of ornament, to an extent which, governed as it was by good taste, rendered her appearance really more attractive

than before. With the effect produced, Mr. Bullfinch was particularly struck, while, at the same time, he was puzzled. The change in his wife, dating from the evening at Mrs. Levering's, he had never been able clearly to understand, although he had endeavored to account for it, and, at one time, pretty much to his satisfaction. That it had something to do with want of attention on the part of Mr. Wellford, he still believed. And now, he was at a loss to determine whether the new effects produced in her appearance by his wife, were really the result of indifference or design. Suspicious jealousy favored the latter view, while her total want of interest in society, manifested for some two months, led to a different conclusion. Be the reason what it might, Mr. Bullfinch resolved to keep an eagle eye upon her.

Much as Mrs. Bullfinch had striven to avoid effect in her dress, she was far from going to this third party, at the residence of Mrs. Floyd, in a state of mental indifference. While, under a strong sense of womanly virtue, she was repressing all voluntary interest in her old lover; and had sought, by avoiding society, to shun temptation; now, that there was a prospect of meeting him once more, she could not repress the wish to note the progress of events between him and Fanny Milnor. Hopelessness had produced, on the surface of her feelings, an icy calm—at least in reference to Wellford; and, if the waters beneath were at any time troubled, threatening to break the congelation, a strong effort of the will repressed the agitation. She did not, therefore, wish to attract attention; but rather desired the privilege of an observer without being observed.

There were few who had met Mrs. Bullfinch at Mr. Lane's and Mrs. Levering's, who were not struck with the marked difference in her appearance, and who were not as much interested in her as before; but the interest was altogether of another kind. Before, there was about her much of the brilliant woman of the world, and many, while attracted and admiring, said, in their secret thought, that she was heartless. Now, changed states of mind had subdued what before led to a light estimation of her character; and evidences of suffering softened towards her many who, on the previous occasions, would not have hesitated in the utterance of words that would have struck her like barbed arrows.

Wellford was present, and also Miss Milnor, and it was plain to see that a very good understanding existed between them. Not, as before, however, did the former keep entirely aloof from Mrs. Bullfinch. At Mr. Lane's, he had observed her closely, and listened to the observations of others. The character she had assumed and the impression she made, produced on his mind an unfavorable conclusion. At Mrs. Levering's, he was less pleased than before. In fact, he was shocked at her taking the piano, immediately after Miss Milnor had risen from it, and striving, as was too evidently the case, to eclipse her performance. That she was playing and singing for his ears, he understood too well; and while not insensible to the fact that she still regarded him with affection, his virtuous feelings were shocked at her effort to awaken an interest in his mind when she was the wedded wife of an-

other. Purposely, therefore, did he refrain from manifesting even a knowledge of her presence; and when she so suddenly retired, at an early hour, and he heard her indisposition remarked upon, he did not err in his interpretation of its meaning.

Once drawn from his self-imposed seclusion, Mr. Wellford, after tasting the pleasures of social life, and, more particularly, after making the acquaintance of Miss Milnor, needed no persuasion to induce him to mingle in society. Helen was married; and, in her marriage, violence to his respect for her had been committed. Why, then, should he make himself a hermit on her account? She was no longer any thing to him. An impassable gulf had been thrown between them. Thus he reasoned with himself, and gradually gained accessions of internal sustaining power. He felt that social intercourse was good for him; and from this preception, as well as from inclination, he was led to go much into company.

Wellford did not, of course, fail to notice that, after the evening at Mrs. Levering's, Mrs. Bullfinch, from some cause, no longer went into company. Nor did he fail to notice, on her reappearance at Mrs. Floyd's, that she had assumed a new character altogether; or, rather, fallen back into her own. After carefully observing her for some time, and remarking an entire absence of what he had before thought a gay, almost heartless, manner; and also remarking that she no longer fixed on him the strangely penetrating glances that really haunted him, at Mrs. Levering's, and which he avoided, by seeming not to be aware of her presence, at Mr. Lane's, he began to feel differently towards her, and very soon made his way to her side.

Even the sharp, suspicious eyes of Mr. Bullfinch saw little in the manner of either his wife or Mr. Wellford to add fuel to the flame of jealousy. Both were guarded carefully, and guarded by the surest protection, that of virtuous principle. While the latter had no desire to rob the husband of his true dower, the affections of his wife, the former, conscious that every truant thought, or cherished regard for her old lover, was sin, kept even, by a powerful effort, the pulsations of her heart.

What a trial—shall we say a triumph?—it was to both! No, not altogether a triumph. "Love never dies. The heart that has once loved truly, loves on forever." The fires may be hidden, but they burn on. Ashes may lie on the altar, but there is a latent fire beneath them.

For a while they conversed—the old lover and his lost idol—and, to each ear, how full of music, sweet as the songs of childhood, were the voices that filled them! Then, Mr. Wellford, feeling that his soul was going out towards her, as if drawn by a spiritual magnet, forced himself away. The struggle was not apparent, even to Mrs. Bullfinch; nor did the quick ear of her husband detect the sigh that breathed from her lips, as the young man withdrew from her side.

And now, for Wellford's eyes, a strange eclipse had come over the face of Fanny Milnor, and her voice had lost many tones of melody. He drew again to her side, but failed to become interested as before. He wondered at this, sighed,

yet not audibly, and then experienced a sense of relief, as he remembered that he had not, up to this time, uttered a word for her ears that could be construed into lover-like preference. It did not escape the observation of Fanny, that, from this time, during the evening, Wellford was less constant, than heretofore, in his attentions. Why this was so, she had no suspicion, or she would not have been so unwise as to remark, on finding him near her—

"My uncle's wife looks twenty years older than when married. The wine of her life has soured. Yet, who wonders—or who pities her?"

There was, certainly, no pity in the tones of the young lady's voice, but rather a feeling of triumph. Wellford made no reply; but, in a little while, he left her side, and did not seek her company again during the evening. From that time, she had no attractive power for him. Occasionally he had been a visitor at her residence, but he called there no more, and, when, on the next occasion of her being in company, her eyes searched the crowded rooms for the form now most attractive to her eyes, it was nowhere to be seen. Nor did she meet him again at any of the closing parties for the season.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Winter closed, and spring came with its genial airs and the fragrance of budding leaf and opening blossom. To Helen, the season had been one of no light trial. Another page in the book of her life had been turned, and the writing thereon told the story of a new and a bitter experience. And now, sorrow was to be added to her cup. She must stoop to the waters of Marah, yet untouched by the leaf of healing.

Through the long winter, Mr. Lee's health had been growing worse and worse. To the milder season, his wife and daughter looked forward with anxious interest. It had come, but, to the drooping invalid, it came not with a blessing. Anxiety changed to alarm. Instead of gaining sufficient strength to ride out, the softer airs of spring relaxed his system; and now, when he had permission to leave his room, a mere descent to the parlors caused so much fatigue, that it was not again ventured upon.

An occasional walk across his chamber, supported by his wife or daughter, soon made the extent of Mr. Lee's bodily exertion. This did not long continue. Next, the sitting up for a few hours each day was as much as his strength would bear—then, entire physical prostration came. Life's pulses beat weaker and less evenly—the end was nigh.

From some cause, the feelings of Mr. Bullfinch had been greatly soured against Mr. Lee. For months, he had scarcely treated him with common civility. After he was confined to his room, he never visited him, and it was but rarely that he made inquiries as to the state of his health. The beginning of this dislike was his strong opposition to the marriage of his daughter, and the plainness of his speech prior to that event. Many things then said had never been forgotten; and, in treasuring them, memory had given added force to their meanings. The declining health of Mr. Lee was to Mr. Bullfinch, therefore, less a

source of pain than pleasure. If he thought of his death at all, it was with a sense of relief. His presence was a burden and an annoyance; and he cared not how soon he were rid of both. Such could not be the state of her husband's mind, without the fact being perceived by Helen. How exquisite the pain it occasioned! It was to secure comfort, and freedom from care and a sense of dependence, for her father, that she had consented to become the wife of Mr. Bullfinch. All, and more than all the dreaded suffering, she had endured twice told, while the hoped-for good was denied! How the fine, manly qualities of her father's mind had smarted under a sense of dependence, which he had been made to feel! And was Helen ignorant of this? Alas! No. Her own perceptions were too quick not to comprehend all this. As for the mother, her want of womanly tact and delicacy increased the evil. Towards her, Mr. Bullfinch entertained a most profound dislike, which he was at no pains to conceal. Not unfrequently, warm words passed between them; and more than once he had intimated, pretty broadly, that if she did not interfere less with his views and comforts, he would feel called upon to speak in a way that might not be altogether agreeable. What this meant, Mrs. Lee readily comprehended, and the hint was not lost.

As Mr. Lee grew weaker and weaker, he could not bear to have his daughter away from him a moment; and she had little desire to leave him. They were much alone; for Mrs. Lee took from Helen the care of the household. As life waned slowly, and drew nearer and nearer its mortal close, the thoughts of Mr. Lee reached themselves more and more heavenward; and yet, how constantly were these upward soaring thoughts drawn back to rest upon the earth—how often he sighed, as their wings were folded in his bosom!

Not many words passed between him and Helen, beyond kind enquiries and grateful replies. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Their hearts were full—full to oppression, and struggling for utterance—but they dared not give voice to their thoughts. How often the daughter's light hand was laid tenderly on the forehead of her father, now resting there with a gentle pressure, and now smoothing away the thin hair that scarcely hid his temples. How often were her silent lips pressed to his pale forehead—or her cheek, in sudden excess of tender feeling, laid close against his own. And then, how earnestly and lovingly they would gaze at times into each other's eyes; gaze until their light was dimmed by gathering moisture. Beautiful, yet sad—exquisitely sad—was this daily intercourse between the father and daughter. And all the while their hearts were oppressed for utterance; yet, silence was felt to be a sacred duty.

One day, as Helen sat thus by her father, who had been silent, as usual, for some time, he said—

"There is always consolation in the night, Helen."

The remark roused Mrs. Bullfinch from a kind of mental lethargy into which she had fallen.

She bent over her father, and looked at him inquiringly.

"There is always consolation in the night," repeated Mr. Lee, and he smiled as he spoke.

"From what source?" asked Helen, in partial abstraction of thought.

"The morning is sure to break," was answered, with something of an exultant tone, as if a new truth, or the strong realization of an old one, had come to his mind.

"To give," returned Helen, unguardedly and bitterly—"a clearer view of the ruin which has been wrought in the darkness."

"Dear child! Say not so!" quickly returned Mr. Lee, in an altered voice. "The morning of which I speak reveals not wreck nor ruin."

"Forgive me, dear father!" said Helen, forcing a smile. "I spoke unguardedly. Oh, yes; there is, I trust, such a morning."

Yet, as she uttered the words, "I trust," there was doubt, and lingering sadness in her tones.

"There is such a morning for all who will look, in hopeful trust, to its breaking," said Mr. Lee. "It is not an earthly morning. For me, it will soon break, love; and I trust I am ready to welcome it when it dawns."

Helen tried to answer, but her lips quivered, and she remained a few moments voiceless. Then she hid her face on her father's bosom and wept.

"It will break for you, dear father," said she, on recovering herself. She spoke with composure, yet deep feeling. "And it will break, I know, ere long. But oh! When you leave me, what shall I have to lean upon? When the morning breaks for you, colder and darker will the night close around your unhappy child. My father—"

Her slender form quivered for a few moments; then she was able to grasp the rein that had left her hand suddenly.

"Oh, my father," she said, speaking from an impulse that would no longer be governed by any considerations, "ere you go, pray that I may have strength to bear my burdens. They are not light, believe me; and, under their pressure, I feel myself growing weaker. Oh! How often have I longed to open my heart to you, dear father! To tell you all I have suffered, to show you with what patience I have striven to bear all and to endure all. Yet how weakly and hopelessly have I struggled! You could have understood me—you could have sympathised with me; and, in my weakness and ignorance, have helped and instructed me. Ah! my steps have well nigh slipped. But, thank God! I have been able to tread the rugged path of duty, though with bleeding feet. How it will be when your daily presence no longer speaks to me of the right, I cannot tell."

Mr. Lee had grasped a hand of his daughter, so soon as she began thus to unbosom herself, and was now holding it tightly in both of his. A flood of emotions was sweeping through his mind; but he was able to control himself, and to speak with composure.

"I will still be very near to you, my sweet one!" said he, and he even smiled as he looked intently at her.

"My guardian angel!" exclaimed Helen, unable

to restrain herself, as a new thought flashed into her mind. "May God in His mercy grant it!" And she again hid her weeping face on the breast of her father.

"He will grant it," whispered Mr. Lee, faintly. "Love conjoins the spirit. We shall only know a bodily separation. Our souls will be intimately present, as now. When the morning breaks for me, love, it will break in some measure for you also. In my light, you shall have light. In my renewed strength, strength shall flow down to you. No, no, Helen; your night shall neither be colder nor darker, because mine has passed away. God bless you, my child!"

Feebler and feebler had grown the voice of Mr. Lee, through this sentence; and his earnest "God bless you!" was but just audible. When Helen lifted her head, as his lips ceased their utterance, she was alarmed at the deathly hue that overspread the countenance of her father. The sudden cry of anguish that burst from her heart, reached her mother's ears, in a distant apartment, which brought her quickly to the chamber. As the two bent, with pale faces, over the husband and father, whose sands of life were running low, nature rallied feebly, and he whispered—

"Not yet—not yet. But the night will soon come—and the morning!"—he added, while a faint smile lit up his wan features.

An hour later, and Helen was again alone with her father. Mr. Lee had slept for a portion of the time. The curtains were closed that the light might not disturb him. Helen sat near the bedside, her head resting on the back of an easy-chair, and her eyes closed. A few rays, that struggled through a small opening in the window drapery, were resting on her forehead, and throwing a mellowed light over her pale countenance. From his brief slumber, Mr. Lee had awakened, and while Helen sat thus, his eyes rested upon her young, but thin and pain-marked features, that were beautiful, though faded. How early in life for the fading! What were the father's thoughts and feelings, as he lay there, with his eyes on that suffering countenance, can only be imagined. He gave them no utterance in words. Inexpressibly sad was his face, so sad that its hue was instantly caught by that of Helen, as she suddenly unclosed her eyes, and saw that her father had awakened.

"Dear father!" said she, tenderly, starting forward, and placing, as she was wont to do, her hand on his forehead. What pleasure that soft touch ever gave him!

A smile chased, instantly, the sadness away.

"The morning will soon be here, love," he faintly murmured.

"Oh, my father! I cannot bear this," said Helen, with an anguish she strove not to conceal. "I try to think of the morning; but I see only night—dark, starless night!"

"I would not pain you, dear child!" replied Mr. Lee, tenderly, drawing her cheek down, and touching it with his lips, "by turning your thoughts to the approaching change; but in the little while I have to remain with you, I wish, if possible, to impart strength to your mind, even

though I must sow in tears. May you reap in joy! Amen!"

For a little while, the eyes of the dying man were closed. If to his outward ear came no response, in spirit he heard the fervent "Amen" that answered to his own.

"Helen," said he, as he looked again into her face, "I know your trials, your patient endurance, your long suffering. But out of all these will come, I trust, purification. As gold tried in the fire may you be, when our Heavenly Father comes to make up his jewels."

"Only what is developed here can be perfected there. Is this not so, father?" Helen lifted a finger as she spoke, and pointed upwards.

"It is so, I believe," answered Mr. Lee. "But why make this enquiry, my child?"

Helen laid her hand on her bosom, and sighed heavily, but did not reply to the question. Her father partly comprehended her meaning, but it involved a subject that neither felt willing to approach nearer; yet, on which, of all others, Helen most longed to unburden herself to some one who could comprehend her, and who could throw some light on the dark path of duty, along which she was moving with wearied limbs and bleeding feet.

A long silence followed, yet thought was busy in the minds of both. At last, Helen, with the manner of one who had forced herself into a doubtful utterance, said—

"Father, I do not love Mr. Bullfinch, nor did I ever love him. I married him from motives which I see to be wrong. Even the good I expected from the sacrifice has not been attained in anything like the anticipated measure. Daily, since our unnatural union, has he grown more and more repugnant to me. I have striven against this, but the strife is hopeless. Nature will speak out. Now, father, what is my duty?"

Mr. Lee, while he knew to what his daughter made allusion, in the beginning, was hardly prepared for this broad declaration. He did not reply, immediately, for he saw not clearly how to answer.

"What is my duty, father?" she repeated. "Forgive me for thus disturbing the hours that should be sacred to thoughts of eternal life. But, oh! my father, when you leave me, to whom shall I go for counsel? If words of wisdom reach not my ears now, they may never come. You have sought my confidence in this sad and solemn time. Shall I give it freely?"

"Freely, my child, freely!" replied Mr. Lee. "Keep nothing back. I am fully prepared to hear. God is giving me strength for the hour."

"What, then, is my duty?" There was now a stern calmness about the daughter. "I do not love Mr. Bullfinch. I have failed to make him happy. The union is altogether external and of constraint. Had I not better leave him?"

"Helen! My child!" exclaimed the father, his wan face flushing. "Who has thrown such a thought into your mind? What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," he added, solemnly.

"This union was not of God," replied Helen. "It had its origin in selfishness and false principles."

"Did you not refer it to God, and invoke His sanction, in your submission to a solemn ordinance of the church? Were you not joined together by His minister and representative? Surely you were! The conjunction was not of external constraint in a sense that took from you a consentation of the will. Formally and solemnly you presented yourselves, and formally and solemnly wedded each other; and now you cannot abandon the assumed relation without sin."

Helen bowed her head, while her father was speaking. He paused, but she still bent her head, and listened.

"Did you not promise Mr. Bullfinch to be to him all that a wife should be, even until the end of life?"

"A wife should love her husband," said Helen. She spoke without raising her head.

"True."

"I promised love—promised it when I knew I could not give it."

"Love goes not out at the bidding; but outward obedience to a known duty is possible. You promised to keep your husband in sickness and in health. If you fail in part, fail not in all, my child. If, as a wife, love is an utter impossibility; yet, in an unselfish seeking of your husband's good; in a daily, earnest endeavor to make him happy, something of interest may and will be awakened. You cannot do this, without softening and humanizing his character, and making him better fitted for a higher and purer life than he has yet lived. In brooding over the ruins that fill the chambers of your heart, you only neglect the offices which are required of one in your position. The trial is great, I know; but having assumed such momentous responsibilities, do not abandon them, as you value your soul's safety. God has joined you together, not in the orderly union He would have provided, but in the disorderly one provided by your own mistaken judgments. The bond is just as sacred, and must be kept whole until the end. This is the divine law; not made arbitrarily, but for the good of those who are to live in obedience to what it requires. Better, far better will it be for your own spiritual good—and this is, in fact, the only real good—to bear the cross that you have taken up, and bear it even to the end. It will be sowing in tears, I know, my child; but there will come a harvest of joy."

The father ceased speaking, but Helen neither raised her head, nor replied. Deeply had his words penetrated her heart, and with a strong sense of conviction; yet, so intently had her mind brooded over the thought of a separation from her husband, that she had already come to think of it with a kindling sense of pleasure. All this was now extinguished. The dim light—the false light which had burned in the dark chambers of her mind, flickered and went out. How cold and gloomy was all before and around her! And yet, her father's dying words, while they swept away a false hope, gave new strength for greater endurance.

"Though rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day."

In these words, familiar from childhood, she lifted, almost involuntarily, her suffering heart

upwards, and, as she did so, a better light dawned upon her, a light felt to be the true precursor of a coming day.

"You have spoken truly, my father," said Helen, breaking, at length, the long silence. "I cannot, innocently, abandon the position so unwisely assumed."

"Not while your husband remains faithful to his vows at the marriage altar. Mere alienation of mind is no warrant for breaking so holy a bond."

"There is something that I can do, father." Helen's voice was warmer in its tones, as she said this; while a flush lighted, dimly, her face.

"What is it, love?"

"I can forget myself more than I have done, and be more thoughtful of my husband. In many things I can promote his comfort. Ah! I have been too indifferent. How strong the conviction strikes me now! Dear father! How blind to duty a selfish brooding over my own disappointed feelings has made me. I have not denied myself for another's good. But, God helping me, I will live differently in the future."

"My spirit leaps with pleasure to hear you thus speak, my good, my true-hearted child," said Mr. Lee, tenderly. "God will help you. The very wish to bend action to duty, brings Him near with His sustaining power; and the silent prayer for strength is never uttered in vain. He will keep you. May His blessing rest upon you! Amen!"

Mr. Lee placed his hand on the bent head of his daughter, and lifted his eyes upward. Silently, for some moments, he prayed for her. Then his lids drooped slowly; the light of thought faded from his countenance, and he seemed unconscious of the present. The minutes glided by, and Helen, who knew that but few sands of life remained, began to feel a breathless suspense. A slight moving of the chest showed that respiration still continued. But a low, shuddering sense of fear was creeping along every nerve, and she was about laying her hand heavily upon him, and uttering his name in a quick voice, when his eyes slowly opened, and he looked up into her face with a quiet, heavenly smile.

"Peace—peace," he whispered, but so faintly that Helen bent low to hear him,—"All is peace. I go down into the waters, yet fearing no evil; for I can see across the dark river.—There are shining ones on the other side. They wait to receive me. Already my feet are on the brink—the waters have touched them. One parting kiss, dear child!"

They were his last words. As he uttered them, the door opened and the mother of Helen came in. With an effort, the dying man stretched his hands towards her, partly raised himself up, and fell forward on her bosom. When she laid him back on the pillow, his spirit was at rest forever.

As quickly as she could get away from the chamber of death, Helen fled to her own room, locked the door, and, sinking on her knees, lifted her bruised and suffering heart upwards, aspiring to Heaven on the wings of prayer. For a long time she remained thus, now weeping in abandonment of grief, now communing with her own heart, and now imploring strength for the future.

Word was sent to Mr. Bullfinch of the sudden death of Mr. Lee. On hurrying home from his store, he found his wife singularly composed. Her countenance, it is true, was inexpressibly sad, and her eyes red from weeping; but there was none of that wild abandonment of grief that he had expected to see—no irrational wallings; none of that utter prostration of body and mind which so often accompanies deep affliction. He could not but wonder at this, nor help feeling an involuntary respect. He doubted not the suffering—in the endurance, therefore, was something that struck him as sublime, and gave him a new impression of her character. Tenderly he spoke to her, and, with a kindness that she gratefully felt, offered brief, yet fitting words of condolence.

This bereavement, destined, now, to harmonize many antagonisms—to make somewhat smother the path they were treading—would, but for the dying interview between father and daughter, have been the signal for a violent disruption of the bonds which held together this ill-assorted couple. An evil seed had been cast into the mind of Mrs. Bullfinch; it had found life there, and was sending up its first tender leaves. Watered and nourished, it would soon have attained size and vigor. Amid its branches, night-birds would have found shelter, and beneath its gloomy shade the green things of her heart would have perished utterly. But, the father's dying hand had plucked the evil plant, and the tender roots lay sapless in the sunshine.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There are few to whom affliction does not come as an angel of mercy; few, who do not rise out of the fiery trial purified, in some degree, from the dross of worldly-mindedness or self-seeking. This was eminently so in the case of Mrs. Bullfinch. The starless night she had feared, did not come. The morning that broke upon her father, lent a few rays that struggled through the clouds darkly curtaining her horizon; and threw light on the rugged path she was destined to tread, thus helping her to step between the flinty rocks on which her feet would have been torn, had she groped in the darkness. To her mind, the dying words of her father were ever present; the tones in which they were uttered, still sounded in her ears with a solemn impressiveness. Though dead, he yet spoke to her in a living voice.

New states of mind never exist without producing a corresponding external. The state inspires the thought, and thought flows into action. Deeply conscious of having been, thus far, unfaithful to the pledges involved in her marriage; and earnestly purposing now to do her duty to her husband as far in her lay, it was not strange that Mr. Bullfinch soon perceived a change in his wife, that affected him agreeably. The moodiness, and sharp ill-nature, which she had from time to time exhibited, were no longer apparent. Upon his fretfulness, under slight disappointments, or fault-finding spirit when things did not please him, she no longer reacted as of old; but, to his surprise, meekly bore his captious words. Moreover, little discomfords, from which he so often suffered, were no longer apparent.

And what was quite as agreeable to him, his rather epicurean tastes were consulted to a degree not known since Fanny Milnor resigned the care of his household.

In the orderly progress of cause and effect, a change soon showed itself in Mr. Bullfinch. His former cheerfulness did not return—there were reasons outside of his domestic relations affecting this—but, the ill-nature from which his family had suffered, disappeared; and the deference that his wife manifestly extended to his wishes, excited in him an inclination to defer also. Thus, constrained good will, and consequent good offices, produced good offices in return. The death of her husband greatly subdued Mrs. Lee, and so removed her disturbing influence.

If, in this new order of things, Mrs. Bullfinch did not find the beginnings of genuine affection for her husband, she yet experienced the birth of a new interest, that induced a closer observation. Much of the time she saw that his brow was clouded, and his mind either deeply abstracted, or evidently disturbed. More earnestly she sought to know his wishes; more sedulously strove to meet them in every particular. That she was successful in her desire to make his home pleasant, she had many reasons to conclude; still, the troubled aspect of his countenance remained; and his silence and abstraction grew deeper. A few times she sought to penetrate the cause of this change, but he gently repelled or evaded her enquiries.

In the sunless sky bending over Mrs. Bullfinch, the moon had risen to give its mellow, guiding light; but that sky was not long to remain cloudless. Either her closer observation of her husband revealed causes of anxiety, if not alarm, or he was beginning to acquire a habit exceedingly dangerous at all ages, but more particularly so for one at his time of life. Both wine and brandy he had always used on his table. Of the propriety of this, Helen had never, up to the present time, seen anything to awaken a doubt. But, now, she began to remark the frequency with which he filled his glass, and the stupor that often came after dinner. Could it be possible, she asked herself, and with a feeling of alarm, that he was becoming inordinately fond of stimulating drinks? The very question gave a new excitement to her fears, and quickened her observation.

It was not long before all doubts gave place to painful certainty. Occasionally, Mr. Bullfinch went out in the evening to spend an hour with some old friend. From one of these visits he returned rather later than usual, and so much under the influence of drink, as to be exceedingly foolish. In less than a week the same thing occurred again. From these, as well as other indications, it was but too apparent whither his over-indulged appetites were carrying him. He had pampered them until they were too strong for the rein, which, in times past, he was able to hold with a vigorous hand.

Morning usually found Mr. Bullfinch silent and troubled, his mind brooding over something, of which he showed no inclination to speak; while, it too often happened, that evening found him so

heavy with excess of wine, as to be utterly stupid. As time wore on, this increased.

At length his manner became unusually excited, while his countenance showed the existence of intense anxiety. His breakfast would be taken hurriedly, and often full half an hour elapsed beyond the dining period—usually so promptly observed—before he returned from his store. Let us make the cause of this change more apparent to the reader.

Mr. Bullfinch had taken his silent and hastily eaten breakfast, one morning, during the time of which we are speaking, and was on his way to his store, when a mercantile friend overtook him.

"Have you seen the morning paper, Mr. Bullfinch?" enquired this gentleman.

"No," was answered. "I never see the papers until I get to my store. Any news of interest?"

"Another bad failure in New York is reported."

"Who?"

"L—— & J——."

"Impossible!"

"Too true, I fear. They have been, for some time, greatly extended."

"I declare! It begins to look frightful," said Mr. Bullfinch, his manner indicating great uneasiness of mind.

"It does, indeed," was the equally concerned reply.

"Do they owe you anything?" asked Mr. Bullfinch.

"No, thank fortune. The owing part is on the other side, this time."

"Ah! you're lucky."

"So I think. But, how is it with you?"

"I wish I could say the same. But, I sold them a bill just four months ago. The note fell due in New York yesterday. If they have actually failed, the protest will come to hand this morning."

"What amount?"

"Twenty-three hundred dollars."

"Bad. Was the note discounted?"

"Yes: and this makes it so much the worse. I shall have to provide for it, on a day that is already burdened quite heavily enough."

The other shook his head, and put on a very grave countenance.

"How will you stand, to-day?" asked Mr. Bullfinch, after a pause. "Should this note come back under protest, I shall want to raise a couple of thousand dollars. Are you likely to have anything over?"

"Not a cent," was the unequivocal reply. "Not a cent. I've been on the borrowing list for a week, and see no prospect of getting off of it for a month to come."

The two men parted here, their ways diverging. With a quickened step Mr. Bullfinch hurried on to his place of business. The news of L—— & J——'s failure proved to be too true. Letters from New York not only confirmed it, but the protest on their unpaid note made assurance doubly sure.

Without this additional weight, Mr. Bullfinch had quite as much to carry for that day, as he could well bear. Intently as he had pondered the ways and means within his power, he was not yet able to see how his other payments were

to be made: nor, after much thought and effort continued for some two hours, did the prospect before him grow any brighter. At length, after one of the heavy sacrifices, which, of late, he had been obliged too frequently to make, he obtained sufficient money to lift his own notes, but the protested note of L—— & J—— was yet unprovided for. This bid fair to prove the last pound that "breaks the camel's back." Every dollar of paper he had received, up to this time, for sales of goods, had been either passed through bank, or was in the hands of private money-lenders. No resource was left but that of borrowing money from mercantile friends, to be returned in a day or a week, as the case might be; and he had, already, made application in all quarters likely to afford the needed relief, in the effort to meet his legitimate payments.

Time flew by on rapid wings, and banking hours were fast drawing to a close; still the needed supply of money came not into the hands of Mr. Bullfinch. The old man's heart began to faint. That terrible ultimate in a merchant's life, failure, loomed up before his mental vision in its most frightful aspects, causing a shudder to reach his very heart.

It was past two o'clock, yet the deficit in his money matters for the day was just twenty-three hundred dollars, the amount of the protested note. To a merchant, who had been in the habit of lending him freely, but who had that morning failed to accommodate him as usual, he made application a second time.

"You must raise me a couple of thousand," said Mr. Bullfinch. "That note of L—— & J——'s is still in the notary's hands, and my regular payments for the day have exhausted all the day's resources."

"Impossible," was the firm answer; "utterly impossible. We had five thousand dollars in protested drafts to provide for, besides our usual payments, which were very heavy."

"Has any body got any thing over to-day?" asked Mr. Bullfinch, in a half-despairing tone.

"Nobody that I have heard of, except Lane, Latta & Co. They are as easy as an old shoe. Some one told me, yesterday, that their bank account always showed a balance to their credit of over ten thousand dollars."

"Possible!" The old man seemed partially stupefied by this declaration.

"Try them," said the merchant.

Mr. Bullfinch shook his head.

"You'll get what you need for to-day, I have not the smallest doubt. See Mr. Wellford. He has most to do with the financial concerns of the establishment, and will lend you all you want at a word."

"No—no—I can't go there." There was a quickness of tone, and an unusual mark of feeling in the old man's voice.

"Why not? You want the money, and can get it for the asking."

"I'll try some where else," said Mr. Bullfinch, turning from the merchant, and walking hurriedly away. As he reached the street, his eyes rested on the face of a clock. What a large segment of a circle the minute hand had described since he last marked the hour! The old man's

heart beat quicker and stronger. Two evils were before him—mercantile dishonor, or an application to Wellford for a temporary loan. He had no time now to cast about for any other resource; and, even the one that seemed to offer, must be used quickly if used at all.

It would be hard to describe the feelings of Mr. Bullfinch, as he dragged himself along in the direction of Lane, Latta & Co.'s. No physical suffering could have been so dreaded, as was the meeting with Mr. Wellford, to whom he knew the application for money must be made.

"Is Mr. Wellford in?" he asked, in a voice far from being as composed as he could wish, on entering the store.

"You will find him back in the counting-room," was answered, and the old gentleman moved down the store. It so happened that Wellford was alone in the counting-room. He saw Mr. Bullfinch approaching, and, having heard that he was a loser by the failure in New York, inferred at once the purport of his visit.

"Mr. Bullfinch. How are you?" said he kindly, as he advanced to meet him. Seeing that the old man was much embarrassed, he anticipated his request by saying—

"Can we do anything for you, to-day?"

"If you have some twenty-three hundred dollars over, you can," was stammered out.

"We can check for as much," said Wellford, cheerfully. "How long will you want it?"

"For three or four days, if you can spare it so long," replied Mr. Bullfinch.

"Say for a week," replied Wellford, as he stepped back to a desk, and took down the check-book.

A few minutes after Mr. Bullfinch entered the store, he came out with a check in his hand for the sum needed. In one respect, his mind was relieved; but, in another, it was heavily burdened. There was not a man living from whom an obligation could have been received with more reluctance. Nothing but the fearful consequences just ready to be visited upon him, would ever have driven him to this resort.

It did not escape the observation of Mrs. Bullfinch, when her husband came in, much later than usual, to dinner, that he was suffering from more than ordinary disturbance of mind; nor did she fail to remark that, while he ate with none of his accustomed relish for food, he drank wine almost as freely as if it were water. The consequence she dreaded, came. When he arose, at length, from the table, he was so much affected by the unusual quantity of wine taken, that Helen had to assist him up stairs. Insensibility followed, from which he was not aroused until a late tea hour, when he took a single strong cup of coffee, and then went out for the evening. At eleven o'clock he came home, in little better condition than when he left the dinner table. In the morning, he was himself again, and prepared for another day's struggle with fortune. A too distinct remembrance of the previous day's trials, and especially the mode in which he had saved himself from ruin, in no way tended to the promotion of a cheerful spirit. Heavily contracted his brow, as he sat at the unenjoyed and silent breakfast.

"Can you let me have some money, to-day?" asked Mrs. Bullfinch, as he arose from the table.

The words of his wife seemed most unwelcome, for his already knit brows gained instantly a few more lines, and he said, rather impatiently—

"Money! For what? How much do you want?"

"None for myself," replied Mrs. Bullfinch, in a voice which showed that she was hurt by his manner. "The bread bill and milk bill have not yet been paid, and the waiter wants twenty dollars that are due her."

"Very well:—milk man, bread man, and waiter, can't be accommodated," said Mr. Bullfinch, gruffly.

"I told them all that they should have their money to-day," said Mrs. Bullfinch, in some perplexity of manner.

"Can't help it. They must wait. Money don't always come when you call for it. At least, not to me."

And without waiting a reply from his wife, whose flushing face warned him that he had spoken too unguardedly, Mr. Bullfinch turned off abruptly, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

We need not linger to trace, successively, the downward steps taken by Adam Bullfinch, whether as a man or a merchant. Accumulating years, and sensual indulgence, had united to dim the clearness of his intellect. A merchant of the old school, if he had been wise enough to keep to the old school doctrines of caution, close calculation, and contentment with moderate, but sure returns, all would have been well with him in respect to worldly goods. But, having taken a young wife, Mr. Bullfinch felt himself quite a young man, and must needs act as he felt. "The mind," he vainly said to himself, "never grows old. The body may bend with accumulating years; but the immortal soul knows not the touch of time. I have now a brighter and stronger intellect, a clearer reason, than I possessed twenty years ago, and am more capable of doing business—and more far-seeing as a merchant."

And so, Mr. Bullfinch, pulling up the old landmarks—despising the old-fashioned lessons of wisdom, by an adherence to which he had slowly accumulated a fortune, threw himself forward in a contest with the sharp, shrewd, unscrupulous, nothing-venture-nothing-gain class of merchants, and in a wonderfully brief period, came out of the struggle an utterly ruined man.

Having broken the ice with Mr. Wellford, Mr. Bullfinch, as his efforts to save himself grew more and more desperate, forced himself to make repeated applications in that quarter, and in most cases with success.

"I'm afraid," said the resident senior partner of the house, speaking one day to Mr. Wellford, "that old Bullfinch is not in a safe condition."

"I begin to have some doubts myself," was answered.

"Some one told me, this morning, that he takes too much wine."

A shadow passed over the young man's face, as he said—

"O no. That must be a mistake."

"I hope so; but, his appearance rather confirms the assertion."

A mercantile acquaintance coming in at the time, the subject was continued, and the question asked as to his opinion of 'the old gentleman's habits.

"I'm told, on good authority," was unhesitatingly answered, "that he drinks like a fish,—never goes to bed a night in his life that he is not stupid as a beast."

Wellford sighed deeply. His thought was with Helen; and his sympathy for her painfully excited.

"What do you think of his business?" inquired Mr. Lane.

"He's sound, I suppose."

"He seems hard run for money just now," said Mr. Lane.

"I know; and, what is more, has been paying enormous rates for some months past."

"No man is safe in these times," was remarked.

"That's true enough. Men who seemed firm as the eternal hills, have toppled over, involving numbers below them in utter ruin. As for Bullfinch, I have, between you and me and the post, my own private opinion for my own private action."

"What is that?" inquired Wellford.

"As to the opinion, I need not speak; the action will be sufficiently demonstrative. In a word then, I declined selling him a bill of goods yesterday."

"You did!"

"It's true."

"Of what amount?"

"Five thousand dollars. Do you want to know why?"

"Of course."

"This, then, for your ears. Two or three days ago I saw certain packages, just arrived from New York, taken to his store; and, yesterday morning, I saw the same packages sold at auction, below the market price. Do you understand?"

"Clearly."

"An hour afterwards he wanted to make a good round bill with me, but I declined."

"And you were right," said Mr. Lane, firmly. "We are obliged to you for the hint. We have been lending him pretty freely of late; but shall have to be less liberal of our favors."

Scarcely had the neighbor left the store, when Mr. Bullfinch was seen to enter.

"You mustn't lend him any thing more," said Mr. Lane.

"Very well," replied the younger partner, averting his face.

Mr. Lane retired to his own private counting-room, and Wellford met the old man, who came up to him in a half cringing manner, yet, evidently, under a strong feeling of reluctance.

"How are you off for money to-day?" inquired Mr. Bullfinch, in a low voice.

"Nothing to spare," was the firmly spoken answer.

"Will you want the three thousand I was to return this morning?"

Wellford reflected for a few moments, and then replied:

"If it will be any accommodation to you, that may be deferred until to-morrow. But we will certainly want it then."

"Thank you—thank you. I will bring it around in the morning. Are you certain you can't spare a thousand to-day?"

"Quite certain."

"Good morning;" and the old gentleman, with a disappointment he could not conceal, retired from the store.

It was after two o'clock, and Wellford was about leaving to go home and dine, when Mr. Bullfinch confronted him again, and said, with a beseeching earnestness—

"You must help me, once more, my young friend."

"Impossible." And Wellford shook his head.

"Don't say that. If you haven't a thousand dollars in bank, lend me your check dated two or three days ahead; that will answer my purpose just as well."

Wellford repeated his negative.

"You must help me," said Mr. Bullfinch, much excited. "I am just one thousand dollars short, and have tried every possible means to raise the money. Frankly and confidentially"—he bent close to Wellford's ear—"I have come to you as my last resort. If you do not help me now, I shall be protested."

There was something in the old man's voice that Wellford could hardly withstand. It would have been withstood, however, had not a vision of Helen come to his mind. Silently he turned to his desk, and filling up a check for a thousand dollars, handed it, without a word, to Mr. Bullfinch, who, grasping it nervously, hurried away to prolong, for a brief season, the unequal struggle he was endeavoring to maintain.

On the next day, he did not call to return the three thousand dollars, as he had promised Wellford. The loan of an additional thousand, after what had passed between Mr. Lane and his junior partner, displeased the former a good deal, and caused him to speak so plainly that the latter was hurt and slightly offended. Some rather sharp words passed between them, which, but for the good sense of both parties, might have led to an open rupture, and a consequent withdrawal of Wellford from the house.

On the day but one following, the mercantile community was startled by the announcement of another failure—that of Adam Bullfinch; and a very bad failure it proved to be. When, under an assignment, his affairs were subjected to investigation, it was found that he was hopelessly insolvent. Nor were his creditors at all satisfied with the reckless manner in which he seemed to have been doing business for some time. Goods had been purchased on credit, in large quantities, and sent immediately to neighboring cities and sold at auction, for cash, at less than the purchase prices; enormous discounts had been submitted to on temporary loans; and other doubtful and reckless expedients resorted to, by which means thousands and thousands of dollars had

been wasted. This was his new mode of doing business, in accordance with the more enterprising spirit of the times, into which the increasing vigor and clearness of his mental powers were enticing him!

Had Mr. Bullfinch stopped payment six months before, he would have come out with a clear surplus of over fifty thousand dollars. But, in struggling, and sacrificing, and hoping for some new turn of fortune, under the impulse of his modernized views of business, he wasted everything to such a degree, that even borrowed money debts were unprovided for, while his whole estate was so impoverished, that the most sanguine would have sold out their claims against it for forty cents on the dollar! His business indebtedness to Lane, Latta & Co. was five thousand dollars, and his obligations to the same house, for borrowed money, six thousand more.

So utterly insolvent was the estate of Mr. Bullfinch, that his application for an extension of time, in order that he might go on and recover himself, was at once voted down in the meeting of creditors. His assignment was accepted, and the net value of the estate realized as quickly as possible.

The house in which Mr. Bullfinch resided was his own, and was worth about ten thousand dollars. It was, however, under mortgage for nearly its full value. Two or three smaller houses were also included in the deed of assignment. Through the personal influence of Mr. Wellford, one of these, with the household effects of the debtor, were presented, by the creditors, to Mrs. Bullfinch. But for the fact, that one or two of the creditors, who had heard something of Wellford's former relation to Mrs. Bullfinch, and who not only highly respected the young man, but were men enough to appreciate his motives and feelings in the present case; but for the fact that these, we say, seconded the generous proposal, the family of the broken merchant would have been left homeless as well as penniless.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr. Bullfinch was not the man to pass through so terrible an ordeal, and bear the pain with but few external marks of suffering. The degree of agitation exhibited, when no eye but that of his wife saw the anguish of his spirit, was, at times, fearful to look upon. And yet, almost to the last, he hid from her the cause, notwithstanding she appealed to him, again and again, in the tenderest manner, to make her the sharer of his trouble. At last, the truth could no longer be concealed. Up to the final moment, he struggled to sustain himself with a tenacity of mercantile life rarely shown. All was activity and profound agitation, until hope spread out her pinions and flew away! Then a deep calm fell upon his spirit.

"It is all over," said he, in a composed voice, to his confidential clerk. "I have done all in human power to accomplish. The crash is coming, at last. Whether I shall come out alive from beneath the ruins, or be crushed to death by the fall, is more than our weak foresight can determine. I think I am prepared for the worst; but we are only mortal, at best."

The state of mind in which her husband had, for weeks, returned from his business, caused Mrs. Bullfinch to look, daily, for his coming, with something of dread. On this particular occasion, the dinner hour had long passed, yet he was still away. This, as it was not an unusual thing, caused her no greater concern than she had been daily suffering. At last, she heard him enter, and listened with more interest, perhaps, than common to his deliberate step, as he moved along the passage, and ascended the stairs. It was the old, familiar tread, to which her ear had become accustomed; and yet, there was something in it that marked a change in her husband's state of mind—whether favorable, or otherwise, her instincts were not informed—and she waited, with partially suspended respiration, his entrance. One glance sufficed. She saw that—whatever had been the causes from which he had suffered so profoundly of late—the struggle was over. His brow, where deep lines had fixed themselves for months past, was smooth, as if anxious care had never laid thereon a finger; but, smooth as it was, it reflected not a single ray of light. His eye had lost its quick motion, and now looked heavy and fireless. His lips, long so tightly drawn together, or arched with earnest thought, were gently parted, and almost expressionless. His body, usually erect, was slightly bent forward. He was an impersonation of hopeless, yet patient endurance.

"Mr. Bullfinch!" exclaimed Helen, starting forward, and laying her hand, with an earnest pressure, on his arm, "what has happened?"

"Sit down," said he, in a voice so strangely unfamiliar to the ears of his wife, that the tones chilled her, "and I will tell you all. Concealment were no longer a virtue."

Helen suffered him to lead her to a chair. Taking one beside her, and still holding her hand, he continued—

"Helen—when I asked you to become my wife, I was rich. I offered you all the comforts and elegancies that wealth could buy. Even with these to lay at your feet, I have failed to make you happy. Heaven knows the pleasure it has ever given me to see a smile light up your countenance—alas! how few and feeble they have ever been."

He uttered the last words quickly, and with a slight unsteadiness in his voice. A moment he averted his face, and then resumed—

"Helen, as I have just said, when I asked you to become my wife, I was rich. But, this day, I am a beggar!"

He paused, and looked anxiously into the face of his wife. The change he had expected was not visible. She did not start, nor grow pale, nor weep.

"Did you understand me, Helen? I said that I was a beggar. When I married you, I promised all the good things that wealth could procure. This day, I am reduced to poverty."

"Wealth alone," replied Helen, in a composed voice, "never made a heart happy. True satisfaction of mind has its source in a higher spring."

The old man was greatly moved by so unexpected a reception of his communication. He had long since let go the delusion, that, for any

other attraction than his wealth, his wife had consented to wed. She had plainly enough declared this in the beginning, but, in his blind self-delusion, he would not believe the assertion. Alas! In what rigid and unmistakable forms had the truth been since presented to his mind. Now that wealth was gone, he felt that the only uniting bond was severed, and, in the hopeless spirit of a martyr, he made this declaration of his changed fortunes.

No wonder such an unexpected reception of his announcement moved him deeply.

"Did you understand me, Helen?" he asked.

"I believe so," she answered.

"I am rich no longer. This day, I have failed to meet my payments, and, to-morrow, all I have in the world must be surrendered to my creditors. Do you comprehend the meaning of all this?"

"Clearly," said Helen.

"But can you bear the change that comes inevitably?"

"I have borne it once," she replied. "I can bear it again."

"Once!"

For an instant, Mr. Bullfinch did not comprehend his wife. But memory quickly made all clear. Her father had, from wealth, been reduced to extreme poverty. How well he remembered all the events connected with Mr. Lee's failure, and the not over-generous part that he had acted as a creditor for a small amount.

"Ah! now I remember," he said, his voice falling.

"I have borne reverse of fortune, once," repeated Helen, "and I can bear it again; with some fortitude, I trust, for I am stronger, now."

Mr. Bullfinch gazed upon his wife in silent wonder. There were no marks of pain or fear on her countenance, that wore an elevated, truly dignified aspect. With what a shrinking reluctance had he looked to this stern necessity—how he had dreaded the effect upon his wife of the announcement she had received so calmly! For a little while, he was sustained by her fortitude. This, however, was but temporary. The consequences to himself were too direct and all-embracing; and he had too long rested for happiness in the external things that wealth and social position gave, to meet such utter ruin with any philosophical resignation whatever.

It was soon apparent to Mrs. Bullfinch, that her husband had fallen never to rise again. That, in the destruction of his earthly fortune, self-control, under the pressure of appetite and habit, and self-respect also, were both to a great extent involved. If the announcement of his loss of property had in no way appalled her, the too certain signs of this personal abandonment, as they became more and more visible, day after day, began to startle and alarm her with glimpses of a profounder depth of suffering, if that were possible, than any she had yet been called on to endure.

A week or two elapsed before Mrs. Bullfinch began to comprehend the exact position of her husband's business. Finding that, under the pressure of a great calamity, he was fast losing all manly control of himself—in fact, drowning

thought, daily, in excessive quantities of wine or brandy, she took direct means for ascertaining the state of his affairs. That is, she called upon a merchant who had frequently visited at their house, and in whose good feeling and truthfulness she had entire confidence. From him she learned, that the declaration of Mr. Bullfinch, to the effect that he was a beggar, was no figure of speech. It was then that she began to feel dizzy, as her eyes wandered down the dark chasm which had suddenly opened at her feet, and she could see no bottom. Had her husband retained his balance of intellect, personal activity, and entire control of his appetites, she would have met the change with few emotions strong enough to leave an external sign.

But, unhappily, this was not so. Each recurring day made but the more apparent the rapidity with which he was sinking all the manly qualities of his nature—drowning everything of good that remained in the cup of utter confusion. Morning found him sober and serious enough. A few hours were then devoted to the business of conferring and acting with the assignees of his property. Dinner-time brought him home usually the worse for repeated glasses of brandy; while the afternoon, and often the evening, were spent in sleeping off the effects of deeper potations.

One day he came home greatly agitated.

"All gone!" he exclaimed, on meeting his wife. "Everything swallowed up. Ruin! utter ruin!"

"I know the worst," said Helen.

"They will leave us nothing! House,—household effects—everything is to be swept away! I never saw such rapacity—such want of humanity."

It is scarcely to be wondered that the face of Mrs. Bullfinch grew paler now; nor, that her lips were tremulous as she said—

"They will at least spare us these." And her eyes glanced around the room in which they were sitting.

"Nothing. All must go! It is dreadful! Let a man once become unfortunate, and his fellow men hunt him to the death as if he were a criminal."

Mrs. Bullfinch replied not. But her thoughts were busy with new images, that took more fearful and repulsive forms.

As it had been for weeks before, it happened on this afternoon, Mr. Bullfinch sought temporary oblivion in wine.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.)

A respectable tradesman, with a large family, having sustained a serious loss of property by the failure of some relations, for whom he had become security, was asked by a friend (after he had pulled through his liabilities) what means he had adopted to surmount difficulties which would have crushed the spirit and damped the energies of ninety-nine out of a hundred. "By two very simple expedients," was the reply: "one was to sell my horse and gig, and the other to buy two new aprons."

The error of a moment is often the sorrow of a life.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

Beloved and most beautiful!
 I gaze upon thy face—
 Upon thy slender form, replete
 With every winning grace;
 And, oh! I tremble when I think
 How dear to me thou art;
 Wert thou to die, how desolate
 Would be my vacant heart!

I pass each evening in my walk
 The little churchyard lone,
 And I see the moonlight shining
 On *one* white gleaming stone;
 The lilies growing round that grave
 Look fair in the moon's ray;
 But she who sleeps beneath that stone
 Was fairer far than they.

She was a lovely, gentle girl,
 With eyes of Heaven's blue,
 And cheeks whose soft tint put to shame
 The earliest rosebud's hue.
 I loved her, wooed her; but she was
 A treasure lent—not given;
 And, ere we wed, her gentle soul
 Flew to its native Heaven!

And sometimes, in the lonely hours,
 When far away thou art,
 I look into that sepulchre
 Of buried joy—my heart.
 And Memory brings back the face
 Of her, my seraph bride—
 And that sad morning in the spring,
 That May morn when she died!

But, oh! I loved her not as I
 Love thee, beloved one!
 She was my life's sweet morning star,
 Thou art its glorious sun!
 Though long I wept, when she fled back
 To her fair home on high,
 Wert thou to perish so, beloved!
 I would not weep—but die!

JUPITER'S CHOICE.

A MYTH.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

The king of the gods walked forth one day—
 It is thus the ancient fables say—
 Not yet had mortals learned to raise
 A temple to the monarch's praise,
 Nor through a form of earth or sea
 Had dared approach his majesty;
 And Jupiter pondered: of all he had made,
 What most his mightiness displayed?

The oak threw out his branches wide,
 And thus he spoke in his strength and pride:
 "A simple acorn to earth was tunc,
 And thence has the boast of Tellus sprung,
 Whose summit looks down on Olympia's height,
 Whose roots have pierced to Erebus' night,
 With Neptune who copes for the rule of the sea;—
 Meet emblem I, great Jove, of thee!"

An eagle stayed in his course to the sun,
 And thus his royal accents run:

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"The king of the air, to the King of Heaven,
 Only supremacy hath given.
 No dust of the earth has stained his breast,
 His eyrie is poised on the mountain crest,
 Where he views thy dart with a dauntless eye,
 And scoffs at the whirlwind hurrying by.
 No emblem meet, great Jove, of thee,
 But the mountain eagle, proud and free!"

The rose and the lily their arms entwined,
 And thus their mutual wish combined:
 "My cheek is as bright as the sunset's glow,"
 "My heart is as pure as the mountain snow,"
 "And sweet as radiant," "sweet as fair,"
 "Naught with us can earth compare;
 Then grant us, mighty Jove, to be
 The types of parity, grace, and thee!"

"Oh, mighty Jove!" so gold began,
 "Come share with me the homage of man;
 I rule the lord, I rule the slave,
 From the baptismal font to the unblest grave.
 The king of the air, of the earth and the sea,
 And pureness and beauty, must yield to me!"

"And thou?" The silent marble heard,
 And answered in calm, unboastful word:
 "Where life is not given, death is no sin;
 What thou hast made me, I have been!"

A temple to Jove might mortals rear,
 So the Oracle answered prayer.
 Chaplets of oak to the fane were brought,
 And the lily and rose in his vesture were wrought;
 The eagle stood with outstretched wing,
 Low at the feet of the mighty king;
 And burnished gold was the royal throne—
But the god looked forth from the silent stone.

ANNIE.

I've a sweet little pet!—she is up with the lark,
 And at eve she's asleep when the valleys are dark,
 And she chatters and dances the blessed day long,
 Now laughing in gladness—now singing a song.
 She never is silent!—the whole summer day
 She is off on the green with the blossoms at play;
 Now seeking a buttercup—plucking a rose,
 Or laughing aloud as the thistle she blows.

She never is still!—now at some merry elf,
 You'll smile as you watch her, in spite of yourself;
 You may chide her in vain, for those eyes, full of
 fun,
 Are smiling in mirth at the mischief she's done,
 And whatever you do—that same thing, without
 doubt,
 Must the mischievous Annie be busied about;
 She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty to me,
 And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot
 see.

She dances and sings, and has many sweet airs,
 And to infant accomplishments, adding her prayers.
 I have told everything that the darling can do,
 For 'twas only last summer her years number'd
 two.

She's the picture of health—and a southern-born
 thing,
 Just as ready to weep as she's ready to sing,
 And I fain would be foe to the lip that hath smiled
 At this wee bit of song of the *dear little* child.

PIONEERS OF THE WEST.

[From Mrs. Ellet's new book, "The Pioneer Women of the West," published by Charles Scribner, we take the following interesting extracts:]

ELIZABETH TAPPEN.

Elizabeth Harper was the second daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Harper, and was born February 24th, 1784, in Harpersfield, New York. She was in the fifteenth year of her age when she accompanied her parents to Ohio, in 1798, and was the oldest daughter who went with them, her eldest sister having been married some years and remaining in their old home.

The labors and perils of commencing a settlement in an almost unbroken wilderness, encountered by all who took part in this adventurous enterprise, were shared without a murmur by the young girl, to whom fell, of course, no small part of the work of the household and the care of the younger children. The novelty of their mode of living, and the wild forest scenery, with incessant occupation, caused the time to pass speedily and pleasantly through the first summer; but with the approach of a more rigorous season, their hardships commenced, and the death of her beloved father brought before the bereaved family the realities of their situation, far from early friends, and isolated from the comforts of civilization. Elizabeth suffered much at this time of gloom and distrust, with a longing for home, and fears for the future; but the fortitude and resolution with which Mrs. Harper sustained herself under the pressure of calamity, had a due influence on the minds of her children, and the feeling of discontent was soon subdued.

During the absence of James, who went to Canada, to procure provisions, another son, William, broke his leg. The other boys were seven and nine years old, and as they could do nothing of consequence, the work of providing firewood for use in the house devolved entirely, for some four weeks, upon Elizabeth, and her younger sister, Mary. It was no easy task to cut, split, and bring home all the fuel consumed, as the cabin was very open, and large fires were required.

The prospects for the approaching winter were very dark, owing to the scarcity of provisions and the want of comfortable quarters; and Mrs. Harper thought it best to send her younger daughter to stay with some friends at a settlement in Pennsylvania. She determined not to accept the invitation for herself, and Elizabeth decided to stay with her mother. The winter proved one of unusual severity, and the settlers suffered greatly from the want of provisions after the wreck of the only vessel on the southern shore of Lake Erie, their supplies having to be brought from Canada. Twice the little community was reduced almost to the point of starvation, having to relieve the cravings of hunger with strange substitutes for wholesome food. On the last occasion, when the men sent for supplies returned, they brought with them a small quantity of coarse Indian meal boiled, which was called samp. Mrs. Harper warmed a portion of this, and making some tea, called her family to partake of the simple meal, then a luxury privation had taught them to appreciate. Most of the

children felt sick from absolute want, and disinclined to touch the food; but, after tasting it, they were so eager for more, that it required all the mother's firmness to restrain them from taking more than they could bear in so weakened a state.

It has been mentioned that a quantity of wheat raised in Pennsylvania, was brought on hand-sleds a distance of fifty miles on the ice to the settlement, and ground in a small mill belonging to one of the families. It was Elizabeth's work to grind that required for her family. She would take a peck of wheat and walk two miles and a half to grind it, then carry home the meal and make it into bread. The mill would grind no more than a bushel of grain in a day when constantly in use, and three families were to be supplied. The men being occupied in bringing the wheat and attending to other necessary duties, the grinding was chiefly done by the women.

Many of the cattle belonging to the settlers died this winter, and some of the oxen disappeared, supposed to have been killed and carried off by the Indians. The disaster that caused so much inconvenience the following season—the breaking of the little mill which had been so useful—set them upon the invention of a substitute. A hole was burned and scraped in the top of an oak stump, large enough to hold a quantity of corn, which was then pounded as fine as possible with a pounder attached to a spring pole resembling a well-sweep, the heavy end being fastened to the ground. This contrivance was called a mortar. Their ovens were equally primitive. As neither brick nor stone was to be had, a stump was hewn perfectly flat on the top, and a slab hewn out and laid upon it. On this the women spread a layer of clay, and placed upon it wood heaped up in the form of an oven, covering the whole except a small opening at one end, with a thick layer of clay. It stood a short time to dry, and then the wood was set on fire and burned out. The oven thus manufactured proved an excellent one for use, and served as a model for all the ovens in the country for some years afterwards.

In the autumn of the second year of the settlement, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Harper's eldest daughter, came with her husband and family, and they took up their residence in a cabin they built half a mile from that of the widow. They were joined by several other families soon afterwards.

Some anecdotes of their encounters with the wild beasts of the forest are remembered in family tradition. One summer evening in the third year, when William Harper was returning about dusk from Judge Wheeler's, his attention was arrested by the sight of a bear just in the path before him, engaged in devouring a hog he had just killed. William fired at the animal without apparent effect, and was hastily reloading his gun, when the bear desisted from his meal, and started in pursuit of the new enemy. Fortunately, a large tree was near at hand, which the young man ran round, the bear closely following and tearing off pieces of the bark in his fury. William contrived, while dodging him, to load his gun, and fired eleven times before the enraged animal fell to the ground; then, completely ex-

hausted by the efforts he had made to keep the foe at bay, he hastened homeward, and met his brother, who alarmed by hearing reports in such rapid succession, had come to look for him. On going to the spot the next evening, they found the bear quite dead, with ten of the eleven balls in his body, the tree being entirely stripped of bark as high as he could reach.

It was not long after this that Elizabeth, while staying with her sister in the absence of her husband, was alarmed by an attack from one of these ferocious animals. A crazy woman belonging to the settlement had come to stay the night in the house. Late in the evening they heard a noise among some fowls roosting upon the projecting logs of the cabin, and going to the door, they distinctly saw a large bear standing on his hind legs, trying to reach the fowls, that crowded together in their terror above the range of his paws. It required all of Elizabeth's presence of mind and energy to prevent the lunatic from rushing out; but by alarming her fears, she persuaded her to be quiet, and fastened the doors. A more severe encounter took place some years afterwards, in the house of her brother. A hungry bear broke into the yard, and attempted to catch a goose wandering on the premises. Mrs. Harper, the sister-in-law, hastily called to her children to come in, and barred the door; but the fierce creature had heard the sound of her voice, and bent on securing his prey, sprang through the open window, and attacked her. Her clothes were much torn, and her arm badly scratched; but her husband and a man who chanced to be with him coming to the rescue, they beat off the bear with clubs, and killed him. The fright of Mrs. Harper had such an effect upon her that she suffered in health for many years.

When the school was established in 1802, the earliest on the Reserve, Elizabeth Harper was employed to teach it. The following winter Abraham Tappen was appointed to take charge of it, and some of the scholars came from distant settlements. The school was taught alternately by Tappen and Miss Harper during the winter and summer, for some years. Religious meetings were established about the same time.

In 1806, Elizabeth was married to Abraham Tappen, then engaged as a surveyor, and employed in equalizing the claims of land-holders. His duties compelled him to be absent from home during a great part of the time, and after they were settled, the labor of superintending the clearing of a new farm devolved upon the wife. The work was done, however, with an energy and cheerful spirit worthy the daughter of such a mother; and a substantial foundation was thus laid for future comfort and prosperity. For a few years the youthful couple lived in a small log hut containing but one room, in which it was necessary very frequently to entertain company, as Tappen's acquaintance and business associations with land owners and land agents brought strangers continually to his house, and the duties of hospitality were esteemed sacred in the most primitive settlements. Mrs. Tappen was often obliged to spread the floor with beds for the accommodation of her guests; and the abundance of her table, and

the excellent quality of her cooking, could be attested by many who from time to time were the chance inmates of her cheerful home. At that early period an unaffected kindness of feeling, poorly replaced in a more advanced state of society by the conventionalities of good breeding, prevailed among the settlers, and some families were sincerely attached to each other. Good offices were interchanged between neighbors every day, and a friendly intercourse maintained by frequent visits. These were often paid from one to another, even when a journey of fifteen miles on horseback, occupying a whole day, had to be performed. The alarms and accidents to which a new settlement is liable, tended also to bind the emigrants together for mutual assistance and protection. One of a number of similar incidents, which occurred in 1811, caused much trouble to the Harper family. A son of Mrs. Wheeler, nine years of age, had gone out alone to gather chestnuts. The afternoon was sultry, and he was thinly clad, but it was not long before a terrible storm of wind and rain came on, prostrating acres of the forest, and swelling the streams in a little while to torrents. Just before dark, Mrs. Tappen received a hasty summons to go to her sister, whom she found half frantic with fears for the missing boy. The alarm quickly spread, the neighbors assembled, and people came from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to aid in the search, which was continued through the next day and the following one, without success, till near the close of the third day, when the child was found in so exhausted a state that in attempting to rise he fell upon his face. His limbs were torn and filled with porcupine's quills.

Not very long afterwards, another boy belonging to the settlement was lost in the woods, and the members of his family, in the search for him, called his name aloud repeatedly. It may not be generally known that the panther, which at this time came frequently near the dwellings of man, emits a cry resembling a human voice in distress. The calling of the boy's name was several times answered, as his friends supposed, and after following the sound and hallooing some time, they discovered that the voice was not human. In a state of torturing anxiety and apprehension, they were obliged to wait for daylight, when the boy made his appearance. He had wandered in an opposite direction from the panther's locality, and had found shelter at a house, where he remained all night.

The experience of Mrs. Tappen during her residence in the backwoods was full of such incidents. But the forest around them gradually receded before the axe of the enterprising emigrant, the country became cleared and cultivated, and with the progress of improvement the condition of the early settlers became more safe and comfortable. Judge Tappen and Mrs. Tappen still reside on the same farm which they first reduced to cultivation, about half a mile from the spot where her father fixed his dwelling on his first removal to the country. The little village of Unionville, in Lake County, Ohio, has been built partly on Judge Tappen's farm, and partly on the land formerly owned by his wife, the county line running through it.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

The following sketch of life in the woods is extracted from an article written by John S. Williams, the editor of the *American Pioneer*:

"Emigrants poured in from different parts, cabins were put up in every direction, and women, children and goods tumbled into them. Everything was bustle and confusion, and all at work that could work. Our cabin had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid, when we moved in on Christmas day! We had intended an inside chimney, for we thought the chimney ought to be in the house. We had a log put across the whole width of the cabin for a mantel, but when the floor was in, we found it so low as not to answer, and removed it. We got the rest of the floor laid in a very few days; the chinking of the cracks went on slowly, but the daubing could not proceed till weather more suitable, which happened in a few days; doorways were sawed out, and steps made of the logs, and the back of the chimney was raised up to the mantel, but the funnel of sticks and clay was delayed until spring.

"In building our cabin, it was set to front the north and south, my brother using my father's pocket compass on the occasion. We had no idea of living in a house that did not stand square with the earth itself. This argued our ignorance of the comforts and conveniences of a pioneer life. The position of the house, end to the hill, necessarily elevated the lower end, and the determination to have both a north and south door, added much to the airiness of the domicile, particularly after the green ash puncheons had shrunk so as to leave cracks in the floor and doors from one to two inches wide. At both the doors we had high, unsteady, and sometimes icy steps, made by piling up the logs cut out of the wall. We had a window, if it could be called a *window*, when perhaps it was the largest spot in the top, bottom or sides of the cabin at which the wind *could not* enter. It was made by sawing out a log, placing sticks across; and by pasting an old newspaper over the hole, and applying some hog's lard, we had a kind of glazing which shed a most beautiful and mellow light across the cabin when the sun shone upon it. All other light entered at the doors, cracks, and chimney.

"Our cabin was twenty-four by eighteen. The west end was occupied by two beds, the centre of each side by a door, and here our symmetry had to stop, for opposite the window, made of clapboards supported on pins driven into the logs, were our shelves. Upon these shelves my sister displayed in order, a host of pewter plates, basins, dishes, and spoons, scoured and bright. A ladder of five rounds occupied the corner near the window! By this, when we got a floor above, we could ascend. Our chimney occupied most of the east end; pots and kettles were opposite the window under the shelves, a gun on hooks over the north door, four split-bottom chairs, three three-legged stools, and a small eight by ten looking-glass sloped from the wall over a large towel and combcase. These, with a clumsy shovel and a pair of tongs, with one shank straight, completed our furniture, except a spin-

ning-wheel and such things as were necessary to work with. It was absolutely necessary to have *three-legged stools*, as four legs of anything could not all touch the floor at the same time.

"The completion of our cabin went on slowly. The season was inclement, and laborers were not to be had. We got our chimney up breast high as soon as we could, and our cabin daubed as high as the joists outside. It never was daubed on the inside, for my sister, who was very nice, could not consent to 'live right next to the mud.' My impression now is, that the window was not constructed till spring, for until the sticks and clay were put on the chimney we could possibly have no need of a window; the flood of light which always poured into the cabin from the fireplace would have extinguished our paper window, and rendered it as useless as the moon at noon-day. We got a floor laid overhead as soon as possible, perhaps in a month; but when it *was* laid, the reader will readily conceive of its imperviousness to wind or weather, when we mention that it was laid of loose clapboards split from a red oak, so twisting that each board lay on two diagonally opposite corners, and a cat might have shaken every board on our ceiling.

"The evenings of the first winter did not pass off as pleasantly as evenings afterwards. We had no corn to shell, no turnips to scrape, no tow to spin into rope-yarn, nor straw to plait for hats, and we had come so late we could get but few walnuts to crack. We had, however, the Bible, George Fox's Journal, Barkley's Apology, and to our stock was soon after added a borrowed copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which we read twice through without stopping. The first winter our living was truly scanty and hard; but even this winter had its felicities. We had part of a barrel of flour which we had brought from Fredericktown. Besides this we had a part of a jar of hog's lard brought from old Carolina; not the tasteless stuff which how goes by that name, but pure leaf lard taken from hogs raised on pine roots and fattened on sweet potatoes, and into which, while trying, were immersed the boughs of the fragrant bay tree, that imparted to the lard a rich flavour. Of that flour, shortened with this lard, my sister every Sunday morning made short biscuit for breakfast.

"The winter was open, but windy. While the wind was of great use in driving the smoke and ashes out of our cabin, it shook terribly the timber standing almost over us. We were sometimes much and needlessly alarmed. We were surrounded by the tall giants of the forest, waving their boughs and knitting their brows over us, as if in defiance of our disturbing their repose, and usurping their long uncontested pre-emption rights. The beech on the left often shook his bushy head over us as if in absolute disapprobation of our settling there, threatening to crush us if we did not pack up and start. The walnut over the spring branch stood high and straight; no one could tell which way it inclined, but all concluded that if it had a preference it was in favor of quartering on our cabin. We got assistance to cut it down.

"The monotony of the time for several of the first years was enlivened by the howl of wild

beasts. The wolves howling around us seemed to moan their inability to drive us from long and undisputed domain. The bears, panthers and deer but seldom troubled us. When spring was fully come and our little patch of corn, three acres, put in among the beech roots, which at every step contended with the shovel-plough for the right of soil, and held it too, we enlarged our stock of conveniences. As soon as bark would peel off we could make ropes and bark boxes. These we stood in great need of, as such things as bureaus, stands, wardrobes, or even barrels, were not to be had. Sometimes boxes made of slippery elm bark, shaved smooth, and the inside out, were ornamented with drawings of birds, trees, etc.

"We settled on beech land, which took much labor to clear. We could do no better than clear out the smaller stuff and burn the brush, &c., around the beeches which, in spite of the girdling and burning we could do to them, would leaf out the first year, and often a little the second. The land, however, was very rich, and would bring better corn than might be expected. We had to tend it principally with the hoe, that is, to crop down the nettles, the water-weed, and the touch-me-not. Grass, lamb's quarter, and Spanish-needles, were reserved to pester the better prepared farmer. We cleared a small turnip patch, which we got in about the 10th of August. We sowed timothy seed, which took well, and next year we had a little hay besides. The tops and blades of the corn were also carefully saved for our horse, cow, and the two sheep. The turnips were sweet and good, and in the fall we took care to gather walnuts and hickory nuts, which were very abundant. These, with the turnips which we scraped, supplied the place of fruit. I have always been partial to scraped turnips, and could now beat any three dandies at scraping them. Johnny-cake, also, when we had meal to make it of, helped to make up our evening's repast. The Sunday morning biscuit had all evaporated, but the loss was partially supplied by the nuts and turnips. Our regular supper was mush and milk, and by the time we had shelled our corn, stemmed tobacco, and plaited straw to make hats, etc., our appetites were sharp again. To relieve this difficulty, my brother and I would take a thin johnny-cake, part of which we would eat, and leave the rest till morning. At daylight we would eat the rest as we walked from the house to work.

"The methods of eating mush and milk were various. Some would sit around the pot, every one taking therefrom for himself. Some would sit at table and have each his tin cup of milk, with a pewter spoon, taking just as much mush from the dish or the pot as he thought would fill his mouth, then lowering it into the milk and taking some to wash it down. This method kept the milk cool, and by frequent repetitions the pioneer would contract a faculty of correctly estimating the proper amount of each. Others would mix mush and milk together.

"To get grinding done was often a great difficulty, by reason of the scarcity of mills, the freezing in winter and the droughts in summer. We had often to manufacture meal in any way we could get the corn to pieces. We soaked and

pounded it, we shaved it, we planed it, and at the proper season, grated it. When one of our neighbors got a hand-mill, it was thought quite an acquisition to the neighborhood. In after years, when we could get grinding by waiting for our turn no more than one day and a night at a horse mill, we thought ourselves happy. To save meal we often made pumpkin bread, in which, when meal was scarce, the pumpkin would so predominate as to render it next to impossible to tell our bread from that article, either by taste, looks, or the amount of nutriment it contained. Salt was five dollars per bushel, and we used none in our corn bread, which we soon liked as well without it. What meat we had at first was fresh, and but little of that, for had we been hunters we had no time for the chase.

"We had no candles, and cared but little about them except for summer use. My business was to ramble the woods every evening for seasoned sticks, or the bark of the shelly hickory, for light. 'Tis true that our light was not as good as candles, but we get along without fretting, for we depended more upon the goodness of our eyes than we did upon the brilliancy of the light."

Howe relates an anecdote of one Henry Perry, who in the fall of 1803, after getting up his cabin near Delhi, left his two sons and returned to Philadelphia for the remainder of his family, but finding his wife ill, and afterwards being ill himself, could not get back till the next June. These two little boys, Levi and Reuben, only eleven and nine years old, remained there alone, eight months, fifteen miles from any white family, and surrounded by Indians, with no food but the rabbits they could catch in hollow logs, the remainder of one deer that the wolves killed near them, and a little corn meal that they occasionally obtained of Thomas Cellar, by following down the 'Indian trace.' The winter was a severe one, and their cabin was open, having neither daubing, fire-place, nor chimney; they had no gun, and were wholly unaccustomed to forest life, being fresh from Wales, and yet these little fellows not only struggled through, but actually made a considerable clearing! Jacob Forst, at an early day, when his wife was sick and could obtain nothing to eat that she relished, procured a bushel of wheat, and throwing it upon his shoulders, carried it to Zanesville to get it ground, a distance of more than seventy-five miles by the tortuous path he had to traverse, and then shouldering his flour retraced his steps home, fording the streams and camping out nights."

Dr. Hildreth says that for many years after the first settlement of Ohio, salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses. "Those immense fountains of brine that now are known to exist deep in the rocky beds below, were not then dreamed of; it was supposed that the West would always be dependent on the Atlantic coast for salt, and deeply deplored as a serious drawback on the prosperity of this beautiful region. Although springs of salt water were known in various places, they were of so poor and weak a quality as to require from four to six hundred gallons of the water to make a bushel of salt; and when made, it contained so much foreign matter as to render it a very inferior article. Yet as it could be used in place of the imported salt,

and saved the borderer's money, at that day not very plenty, it was occasionally resorted to by the settlers, who, assembling in gangs of six or eight persons, with their domestic kettles, pack-horses and provisions, camped out for a week at a time in the vicinity of the Saline. These springs were generally discovered by hunters, and were at remote points from the settlements."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

What home in after-life is beloved like the walls that girt round the innocent days of our childhood?

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected.

Every year of my life I grow more and more convinced that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman kind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn; drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

As every reflux of the tide leaves behind it a few shells to mark its course, so it is fitting that every violent excitement of the speculative spirit should bequeath to posterity some memorial of the errors it has caused and the mischief it has done.

When an opinion is violently attacked, it raises an attention in the persecuted party, and gives an alarm to their vanity, by making them think that worth defending and keeping at the hazard of their lives, which perhaps otherwise they would only have admired awhile for the sake of its novelty, and afterwards resigned of their own accord.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true: every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure: scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false: no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

The person who has not been a grandmother, knows nothing of the anxieties of this life. It is bad enough to have a drunken husband, but when you come to compare that affliction with two generations of croup, whooping-cough, and measles, you elevate a sprained ankle to the dignity of a broken leg, and class toothaches with apple-plexys.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

Why is a chemist like a wit? Because he is furnished with good retorts.

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

Punch, speaking of the influence of good dinners, says there is no diplomatic dispute in this world so large that "it cannot be covered with a table-cloth."

The wife of a sexton in a country village, was haranguing her neighbors on the hardness of the times, when a man came up and offered some ducks for sale. "Ducks!" said the wife, "how can you suppose I can purchase ducks, when my husband has not buried a living soul these last three months?"

An English lady, on arriving at Calais, on her way to make a grand tour, was surprised, and somewhat indignant, at being termed, for the first time in her life, "a foreigner." "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners—we are English."

During a recent fire, an old woman was very anxious to go through a street, which was considered at the time "dangerous," but all her efforts were unavailing. At length, she pushed one of the policemen aside, when that worthy preserver of the public peace said, "Now, marm, you can't pass; if you do, you'll be killed, and then you'll blame us afterwards."

Once on a time, a Frenchman and a Dutchman were travelling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped, and called out, "Is de smitty wittin?" "Shtand back," says Hans; "let me shepeak. Ish der blacksmith's shop en der house?"

A maiden lady, suspecting her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty, and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her, down stairs? "Oh, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm!" "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the maiden, "with psalms, but let's have no *hims*, Betty. I have a great objection to *hims*." Betty curtsied, withdrew, and took the hint.

B—, who has since made quite a noise in the world, while at college, was called upon to undergo an examination in astronomy. On emerging from the ordeal, one of his companions asked him how he got off. "First-rate," said B—; "they only asked me two questions, and I answered them both promptly and correctly." "What were the questions?" "The first was, 'What is a parallax?' and I told them I didn't know! and the second was, 'Can you calculate an eclipse?' to which I said no! I'd like to see anybody answer two questions more correctly than that."

DOGIANA.

Whenever I feel a fit of low spirits approaching, my invariable resource is to call my dog, and invite him to a social ramble. There are few companions more agreeable than a dog. Friends may go out with you when they would rather stay at home; their minds are perhaps occupied with their own affairs, and often the merest trifle will withdraw their attention from you at a moment when you most require their sympathy. This is not the case with the dog; his whole attention is given to his master; he tracks his steps, watches his looks, and obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness. Ingratitude cannot estrange him; even neglect fails to chill his constant love.

Whenever I meet any of my literary compatriots with a bilious-looking face, carrying into the field the same thoughts which had filled his mind in the study, I cannot help saying to myself: "What a pity he does not get a dog!" There is more in this than people at first sight may imagine; but when it is considered that the object of the student's walk is generally to rub away the cobwebs which intense study has engendered in the brain, to change the current of the thoughts, to unbend the overstretched mind, and to rest the wearied faculties, for all these purposes there is no companion like the dog; and, for a similar reason to that given by the witty Frenchman for frequenting the society of a lady who had not two ideas in her head—namely, "he went there to rest his mind." In like manner, I would recommend all who are suffering from petty cares and worrying trifles, to try the effect of a good brisk walk with their dog; it will do more to dispel the clouds of ill-humor and vexation that could be effected by the eloquence of a Cicero. The incessant scampering to and fro of the happy creature—happy that it has got its master for a companion and observer of its pranks—its heedless chase after sparrows, pigeons, or any other feathered and winged animal which has alighted on the ground—its wild baying and barking when full drive after the objects of pursuit—and anon its returning with panting tongue, sparkling eyes, and merry wagging tail, to look up in your face and receive its reward in a word of kindness—all, all is exhilarating, and helps wonderfully to enliven the dullness of a solitary stroll.

When my friends smile, as they occasionally do, at my partiality for this faithful friend of man, I defend myself by quoting the great men of antiquity who shared in the same sentiments. Alexander the Great was so grieved at the death of a favorite dog, that, as a relief to his sorrow, he raised a city in his honor. No one need be ashamed of writing in praise of dogs, when even Seson himself has not disdained to commemorate the following instance of affection in a dog called Hircanus, towards his master Lysimachus, king of Macedon. This prince being killed in a battle against Seleucus, king of Syria, his body was discovered in the field of battle by the plaintive cries of his dog, which was found lying beside it. On the obsequies of the king, Hircanus leaped on the funeral pile, and perished in the flames that

consumed the body of his beloved master. When such authorities fail, I put my adversaries to silence by presenting them with a few passages from Washington Irving's delightful description of a visit to Abbotsford.

"After my return from Melrose Abbey," says he, "Scott proposed a ramble, to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old and well-known staghound, Maida, a noble animal, and a great favorite of Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a mild, thoughtless youngster, which had not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finella, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendant ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, which came from the kitchen, wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them, as if rational companions; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time, with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him into the dust; then, giving a glance at us, as much as to say: "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. 'I make no doubt,' said he, 'when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: "Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"'

"While we were discussing the humors and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed bow-wow. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause. 'Ay, ay, old boy,' cried Scott, you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida,' continued he, 'is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready, that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first; but when it does go off, it does great mischief.'

"These simple anecdotes may serve to show the delightful play of Scott's humors and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance; the face of the humblest dependent brightened at his approach, as if he anticipated a cordial and cheering word. There was no guest at dinner but myself. Around the table were two or three dogs in attendance. Maida, the old staghound, took his seat at Scott's elbow, looking up wistfully in his master's eye; while Finella, the pet spaniel, placed herself near Mrs. Scott, by whom, I soon perceived, she was completely spoiled. The conversation happening to turn on the merits of his dogs, Scott spoke with great feeling and affection of his favorite terrier, Camp, which is depicted by his side in the earlier engravings of him. He talked of him as of a real friend whom he had lost; and Sophia Scott, looking up archly in his face, observed, that 'papa shed a few tears when Camp died.' I may here mention another testimonial of Scott's fondness for his dogs, and his humorous mode of showing it, which I subsequently met with. Rambling with him one morning about the grounds adjacent to the house, I observed a small antique monument, on which was inscribed: 'Here lies the brave Percy.' I paused, supposing it to be the tomb of some stark warrior of the olden time, but Scott drew near. 'Pooh!' cried he, 'it is nothing but one of the monuments of my nonsense, of which you will find enough hereabout.' I learned afterwards that it was the grave of a favorite greyhound."

The following incident, for the authenticity of which I can fully vouch, is one proof amongst many that our best feelings, if not put under the control of sense and reason, may lead us into a thousand absurdities:—A gentleman called one day on a lady, accompanied by his dog, a fine bluff old fellow, with nothing of the courtier about him. After a little conversation, the lady asked her visitor if he would allow his dog to dine with her dogs, which were about to go to dinner. The gentleman, of course, made no objection, and accordingly a footman was summoned to carry the newly-invited guest to be introduced to the lady's dogs. For a time all seemed to be peace and harmony, when suddenly a tremendous uproar was heard in the dogs' dining-hall, and, in the midst of a chorus of bow-wows, the voice of the gentleman's dog rose above the whole. In great alarm, the lady hastily rang the bell. "John, what is the matter there?" "Oh, nothing, my lady; only the stranger dog don't like to have his mouth wiped after dinner!"

Dogs are not epicures by nature, but many have this vice ingrafted on them by injudicious kindness. I knew a spaniel so completely spoiled in this respect, that he would not eat his strawberries unless they were dipped in cream and sugar, and he would turn up his nose at a plate of cold meat with the air of a disappointed epicure. It has often gone to my heart to see the choicest parts of a fine leg of mutton cut off for a dog, while famishing fellow-creatures were perishing with hunger in the streets. The mistress of this dog once received a rebuke, which I hoped would be attended with good effect. On remark-

ing one day to the footman that the baker's bill was very large, and that she thought it impossible that the family could use all the fancy biscuit that was charged, the man answered: "Why, ma'am, perhaps you forget that Carlos eats about a shilling's worth of biscuit every day!"

If anything can excuse an excessive fondness for dogs, it is their devoted attachment to their masters. In the course of my reading, I lately fell in with the following anecdotes, which illustrate in a remarkable manner the point in question:—

An officer, named St. Leger, who was imprisoned, at Vincennes, during the wars of St. Bartholomew, wished to keep with him a greyhound that he had brought up, and which was much attached to him; but they harshly refused him this innocent pleasure, and sent away the greyhound to his house, in the Rue des Lions St. Paul. The next day, the greyhound returned alone to Vincennes, and began to bark, under the windows of the tower, towards the place where the officer was confined. St. Leger approached, looked through the bars, and was delighted again to see his faithful hound, which began to jump and play a thousand gambols to show her joy. Her master threw a piece of bread to the animal, which ate it with great good-will. St. Leger did the same in his prison, and, in spite of the immense wall which separated them, they breakfasted together like two friends. This friendly visit was not the last. Abandoned by his relations, who believed him dead, the unfortunate prisoner received the visits of his greyhound, only, during four years' confinement. Whatever weather it might be, in spite of rain or snow, the faithful animal did not fail a single day to pay her accustomed visit. Six months after his release from prison, St. Leger died. The faithful greyhound would no longer remain in the house, but, on the day after the funeral, returned to the Castle of Vincennes, and it is supposed she was actuated by a motive of gratitude. A jailer of the outer court had always shown great kindness to this dog, which was as handsome as affectionate. Contrary to the custom of people of that class, this man had been touched by her attachment and beauty, so that he facilitated her approach to see her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. Penetrated with gratitude for this service, the greyhound remained the rest of her life near the benevolent jailer. It was remarked that even while testifying her zeal and gratitude for her second master, one could easily see that her heart was with the first. Like those who, having lost a parent, a brother, or a friend, come from afar to seek consolation by viewing the place which they inhabited, this affectionate animal repaired frequently to the tower where St. Leger had been imprisoned, and would contemplate, for hours together, the gloomy window from which her dear master had so often smiled to her, and where they had so frequently breakfasted together.

In January, 1799, the cold was so intense, that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths, who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in

spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hotel des Monnaies of Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps, when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had carried a small spaniel with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm, by barking with all his might, near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth, but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor spaniel sent forth the most frightful howls: he ran along the river as if he were mad; and, at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day, and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal, sorrowfully, at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but, absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier, who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at, and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog, being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he showed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practised, to console him for the loss of the young skater.

A young student, of Montpellier, called Renaudin, being run over by a horse, which a little vagabond rode full gallop to the watering-place, his skull was fractured, and he died on the spot. A wolf-dog which he had reared, and which he had retained near him from infancy, threw himself on the body of his master, and began to howl in a dreadful manner. But who can describe the despair of the affectionate animal when he saw the body of the unfortunate youth enclosed in the coffin? Nothing, however, could separate them, and he followed him even to the tomb. Stretching himself on the grave, he refused all nourishment for five days; at last, at the end of that time, some of the comrades of the youth succeeded in making him eat a little bread dipped in milk; but he never would abandon his post; and there, in sunshine or storm, heat or cold, he remained. Loving him for his affection for their companion, the young students made a small house for him near his master's grave, and contributed morsels for his support. The affectionate animal remained there for no less than five years, and during all this period he never

moved twenty steps from the spot. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that, from the moment the faithful animal confined himself to the cemetery, he would never allow any one of his own species to come near him: he would neither run about nor play with those which came from time to time to visit him in his solitude; and when they barked on purpose to provoke him, he hid himself in his house, and remained there plunged in grief. When this animal died, he was buried near the friend he had lamented with so much constancy. He is still quoted, in the province, as a model of friendship; his attachment has even passed into a proverb; and when the natives speak of those who are only friends of the purse, they say: "Oh, as for him, he is not worth the dog of Renaudin."

A little spaniel survived a whole family who were fondly attached to him. The father, the mother, two grandchildren, and three sons, were successively attacked by the plague, which raged at Marseilles, and they all died in the space of seven or eight days. As, one by one, these unfortunates were carried to the grave, the disconsolate animal followed their coffins, and returned to the house, sending forth the most lamentable howls. When the last of this family was entombed, the inconsolable spaniel would not remain in the house, which was now inhabited by strangers, who, charmed with his good disposition, lavished every kindness on him: he only came every two or three days to take a little food, immediately after which he returned to the cemetery, and, on this account, the affectionate animal received the name of the Dog of the Tombs. It is the custom in that country for every one to have a separate grave. During the seven years that this grateful animal lived, he remained constantly stretched on the tomb of his masters; and, as he had been caressed by all, he divided amongst them by turns his profound and sincere regrets. It was remarked, however, that he had a particular predilection for the grave of the youngest son, who was cut off at the age of seven years, and who had lavished on him a thousand infantile caresses. This faithful animal mourned over the grave, and tried to tear up the earth with his feet, as if seeking to rejoin his young friend. Touched with this instance of gratitude and affection, the neighboring villagers often conducted their children to the place of sepulture of this virtuous family, to show them a beautiful example of constancy and gratitude, as exhibited by the Dog of the Tombs.—*Chambers' Pocket Miscellany.*

A few evenings since, says the Boston Journal, a young sailor, passing up Washington in a somewhat inattentive manner, came very near running down a lady who was sailing along just below the Old South Church. Hastily stepping to one side in order to pass, he encountered the lady, who made a precisely similar movement at the same time. Another mutual dodge brought them again to a stand still, face to face; at which Jack posted himself firmly on the curb-stone, saying, "Look here, madam, I'm anchored. Now, see if you can pass; for shiver my timbers if I weigh anchor again until I have a clear sea."

GENIUS.

BY MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

There is a melancholy pleasure in turning over the records of genius, and familiarizing ourselves with the secret workings of those minds that have, from time to time, made memorable the ages in which they lived, and ennobled the several nations which gave them birth. But it is not the indulgence of this feeling which makes such a study peculiarly profitable to us: from these records we may learn much of the philosophy of the human mind in its most luxurious developments. Genius seems to be confined to no soil, no government, no age or nation, and no rank in society. When men lived in wandering tribes and could boast no literature, the bright flame burned among them, although wild and often deadly its ray; and the foot of oppression, which crushes all else, has failed to extinguish it. Hence it has rashly been inferred that this peculiar gift, possessed by the favored few, may be perfected without any exertion on their part, and is subject to none of the rules which in all other cases govern intellect: but that, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, it must burst forth when and where it will, and be burned up in the blaze of its own glory, leaving but the halo of its former brightness upon the historic page. This inference, however, is alike erroneous and dangerous. Though genius be an unsought gift, a peculiar emanation from the Divine Mind, it was not originally intended as a glorious curse to crush the spirit which it elevates. Perchance the pent-up stream within the soul *must* find an avenue; but he who bears the gift may choose that avenue: may direct, control and divert; he may scatter the living waters on a thousand objects, or pour their whole force upon one; he may calm and purify them, by this means rendering them none the less deep, or he may allow them to dash and foam until, however they sparkle, the dark sediments of vice and misery thus made to mingle, may be found in every gem.

Let us turn to the oft-quoted names of Byron and Burns—names that can scarcely be mentioned by the admirers of genius without a thrill of pain. To the poor ploughman on the banks of the Doon was sent the glorious talisman, and with it he unlocked the portals of nature, and read truths even in the flower overturned by his ploughshare unseen by common eyes. But mark his veering course, think of his (comparatively) wasted energies. He could love the wild flowers in the braes and the sunlight on the banks of his "bonny Doon;" he could, at least, at one time, smile at his lowly lot; and he ever contended against fortune with a strong and fearless hand. But while the polished society of Edinburgh owned his power, and he swayed the hearts of lads and lasses of his own degree at will, he could not control *himself*; and many of those light songs, which are now on gladsome lips, might, could we enter into the secrets of the poor bard, be but the sad way-marks of the aching heart as it grew each day heavier till it sank into the grave. Burns, the light-hearted lover of his "Highland Mary," and Burns, the care-worn ex-

ciseman, were very different persons; but neither outward circumstances nor the genius that characterized both alike was the cause. The world has been blamed in his case, but the world, after it first noticed, could have done nothing to save. The poet, had he known his moral strength, and cared to exert it, could have saved himself, as his superiority to many of the foibles and prejudices of human nature, and his manly independence on many occasions, evinced.

Byron, like his own archangel ruined guiding a fallen son of clay in his search after mysteries, has delved among hidden treasures, and spread before us the richest gems of Helicon; but scarce one of these but is dark in its glory, and, although burning with all the fire of heaven-born poesy, sends forth a mingled and dangerous ray. But had a mother whispered her pious counsels in his ear in boyhood, had a friendly finger pointed out a nobler revenge when that first cutting satire was penned, and had a better, a holier sentiment than the mean passion of revenge urged him on to action and governed his after aspirations, think you that the archangel of earth would have stood less glorious? No. Byron's spirit had a self-rectifying power, and he could have used it, but he did not; and, although he has well won the laurel, a poison more bitter than death is dropping from every leaf.

It was not an ungrateful public that spread the death-couch of Savage in a debtor's prison, or dug the suicidal grave of "Bristol's wondrous boy." They were themselves ungrateful; they guarded not well the gift they bore, and fell victims to their own misdirected powers.

The common mind, never tempted, may wonder at the waywardness of genius, and despise the weakness of its possessor; and the generous one that sees the struggle and mourns the wreck, may pity and apologize; and both are in some degree right. While we admire and pity, we must wonder at the weakness of the strength that, subduing all else, failed beneath its own weight. We know that the gifted ones of earth often have stronger passions, more irresistible wills, and quicker and more dangerous impulses than other men; and for this very reason should they cultivate more assiduously the noble powers by which these passions and impulses are governed. Each individual possesses them; but they *must be cultivated*.

It is our conception of the mysteries of this gift which leads us to look back with such peculiar interest upon the infancy of a man of genius, expecting there to discover, at least, some flashes of the divine ray which lighted up his after life. The dusty memoirs of nurses and village oracles are ransacked for anecdotes, which often-times neither the additions suggested by pride and partial affection, nor the transforming medium of the past through which they are viewed, can swell into anything like superiority to the sayings and doings of other children. He who will watch an intelligent child, through one day, will be astonished at the bright flashes of untaught intellect which, could they be abstracted from the childish notions in which they are almost entirely buried, would be thought by any but him

who found them in such amusing vicinity, the sure precursors of greatness.

True, real genius often shows itself in childhood; but that it always does, or that such a development is desirable, may be seriously questioned. The child who writes verses at six, or gives other indications of a genius surpassing his years, may be wondered at and admired as a prodigy, but the parent ought to tremble to observe the premature fruit bursting through the petals of the not yet-unfolded bud. There is an evidence of disease in this which, in one way or another, almost always proves fatal. This unnatural power wears out itself or the frame of its possessor; either the mind or the body must fail under such a rapid development.

The village pedagogue in his old age may look about him wonderingly, for it is not unlikely that the least promising of all his flock takes the highest stand, while his bright, ever-ready favorite, that he was sure would become a *great man*, does not rise above mediocrity. There is nothing strange or capricious in this. It is the sure result of natural causes, and has its counterpart in all the works of nature—even in the human frame. Rapid growth produces weakness in the bones and sinews; and, in some cases, this growth has been so rapid as to become an actual disease, and carry its victim to the grave. Many are the instances of intellectual growth so rapid as to weaken the mind and sink it even below mediocrity, or, on the other hand, to produce premature death. For examples of this last result, we must not go to the tombs of the early dead in the old world, nor is it necessary to visit the banks of Saranac, where drooped the fairest buds that ever shed the fragrance of heaven upon earth. We can find them in our own midst. Many are the gifted little beings who, after basking in the sunshine and rejoicing among the flowers for a few short summers, pass away, all unknown to the world—leaving only the frail memories of their early genius to soothe, yet sadden even in the moment of soothing, the hearts that cherished them.

It would be going too far to censure those who have the guidance of such minds; but it would save worlds of disappointment, did they know that such promises are deceitful and deserving of but little confidence. And, sometimes, doubtless, the poor victim might be saved years of pain and disease, and, perchance, be spared to the world through a long life, were not the powers of the mind forced by unnatural means to expand too soon—before either the mind or body had acquired the strength and hardness necessary to its own healthy existence. Many have seen this evil, and endeavored to remedy it by checking such unnatural growth; but this is, perhaps, the most fatal error that could be committed. The mind, when it first becomes conscious of its own capabilities, puts no limits to them, and will only be urged onward by each barrier thrown in its way; but a judicious hand may direct its course, calm its turbulence, soothe its sensitiveness, and teach it to be its own supporter, without endangering in the least degree its freshness and originality. The power of controlling its own impulses does not render a nature *tame*; but as it is necessary

to every person, how much more so to him who has a strong, high spirit that cannot be subdued by others; that, spurning the control of him who should be its master, overmasters him, and is left unprotected.

KIND WORDS.

We have more than once, in our rapidly written reflections, urged the policy and propriety of kindness, courtesy and good will between man and man. It is so easy for an individual to manifest amenity of spirit, to avoid harshness, and thus to cheer and gladden the paths of all over whom he may have influence or control, that it is really surprising to find any one pursuing the very opposite course. Strange as it may appear, there are among the children of men, hundreds who seem to take delight in making others unhappy. They rejoice at an opportunity of being the messengers of evil tidings. They are jealous or malignant; and in either case they exult in inflicting a wound. The ancients, in most nations, had a peculiar dislike to croakers, prophets of evil, and the bearers of evil tidings. It is recorded that the messenger from the banks of the Tigris, who first announced the defeat of the Roman army by the Persians, and the death of the Emperor Julian, in a Roman city of Asia Minor, was instantly buried under a heap of stones thrown upon him by an indignant populace. And yet this messenger was innocent, and reluctantly discharged a painful duty. But how different the spirit and the motive of volunteers in such cases—those who exult in an opportunity of communicating bad news, and in some degree revel over the very agony which it produces. The sensitive, the generous, the honorable, would ever be spared from such painful missions. A case of more recent occurrence may be referred to as in point. We allude to the murder of Mr. Roberts, a farmer of New Jersey, who was robbed and shot in his own wagon, near Camden. It became necessary that the sad intelligence should be broken to his wife and family with as much delicacy as possible. A neighbor was selected for the task, and at first consented. But on consideration, his heart failed him. He could not, he said, communicate the details of a tragedy so appalling, and he begged to be excused. Another, formed, it was thought, of sterner stuff, was then fixed upon; but he too, rough and bluff as he was in his ordinary manners, possessed the heart of a generous and sympathetic human being, and also respectfully declined. A third made a like objection, and at last a female friend of the family was with much difficulty persuaded, in company with another, to undertake the mournful task. And yet, we repeat, there are in society, individuals who delight in contributing to the misery of others,—who are eager to circulate a slander, to chronicle a ruin, to revive a forgotten error, to wound, sting and annoy, whenever they may do so with impunity. How much better the gentle, the generous, the magnanimous policy! Why not do every thing that may be done for the happiness of our fellow creatures, without seeking out their weak points, irritating their half-healed wounds, jarring their sensibilities, or embittering

their thoughts! The magic of kind words and a kind manner can scarcely be over-estimated. Our fellow creatures are more sensitive than is generally imagined. We have known cases in which a gentle courtesy has been remembered with pleasure for years. Who indeed cannot look back into "bygone time," and discover some smile, some look or other demonstration of regard or esteem, calculated to bless and brighten every hour of after existence! "Kind words," says an eminent writer, "do not cost much. It does not take long to utter them. They never blister the tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or occasion any other kind of bodily suffering; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. 1. They help one's own good nature and good will. One cannot be in a habit of this kind, without thereby pecking away something of the granite roughness of his own nature. Soft words will soften his own soul. Philosophers tell us that the angry words a man uses in his passion are fuel to the flame of his wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Why, then, should not words of the opposite character produce opposite results, and that most blessed of all passions of the soul, kindness, be augmented by kind words? People that are for ever speaking kindly, are for ever disinclining themselves to ill-temper. 2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. And kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings; and he has to become kind himself. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, idle words, hasty words, spiteful words, silly words, and empty words. Now kind words are better than the whole of them; and it is a pity that, among the improvements of the present age, birds of this feather might not have more of a chance than they have had to spread their wings."

It is indeed! Kind words should be brought into more general use. Those in authority should employ them more frequently, when addressing the less fortunate among mankind. Employers should use them in their intercourse with their workmen. Parents should utter them on every occasion to their children. The rich should never forget an opportunity of speaking kindly to the poor. Neighbors and friends should emulate each other in the employment of mild, gentle, frank, and kindly language. But this cannot be done unless each endeavors to control himself. Our passions and our prejudices must be kept in check. If we find that we have a neighbor on the other side of the way, who has been more fortunate in a worldly sense than we have been, and if we discover a little jealousy or envy creeping into our opinions and feelings, concerning said neighbor—let us be careful, endeavor to put a rein upon our tongues, and to avoid the indul-

gence of malevolence or ill-will. If we, on the other hand, have been fortunate, have enough and to spare, and there happens to be in our circle some who are dependent upon us, some who look up to us with love and respect—let us be generous, courteous, and kind—and thus we shall not only discharge a duty, but prove a source of happiness to others.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

THE TEXAS TARANTULA.

BY AUGUSTIN.

This Texas of ours is an astonishingly prolific country. Every field stands luxuriant, crowded, so that it can scarce wave under the breeze, with corn or sugar, or wheat or cotton. Every cabin is full and overflowing, through all its doors and windows, with white-haired children. Every prairie abounds in deer, prairie-hens and cattle. Every river and creek is alive with fish. The whole land is electric with lizards perpetually darting about among the grass like flashes of green lightning. We have too much prairie and too little forest for a great multitude or variety of birds. But in horned-frogs, scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes, we beat the universe. Everybody has seen horned-frogs. You see them in jars in the windows of apothecaries. You are entreated to purchase them by loafing boys on the levee, at New Orleans. They have been neatly soldered up in soda boxes, and mailed by young gentlemen in Texas, to fair ones in the old States. The fair ones receive the neat package from the post-office, are delighted at the prospect of a daguerreotype—perhaps jewelry—open the package eagerly and faint, as the frog within hops out, in excellent health, upon them. A horned-frog is, simply, a very harmless frog, with very portentous horns. It has horns because *everything* in its region—trees, shrubs, grass even, has thorns—and nature makes it in keeping with all around it. A menagerie of them would not be expensive. They are content to live upon air—and can, if desired, live, I am told, for several months without even *that*.

The scorpions are precisely like those of Arabia—in the shape of a lobster, exactly, only not more than some three inches long. You are very apt to put one upon your face in the towel which you apply thereto after washing. If you do, you will find the sting about equal to that of a wasp—nothing worse. They are far less poisonous than the scorpion of the East—in fact, none except new comers dread them at all.

But the tarantula! You remember the astonishing elasticity with which you sprang in the air that time you were just on the point of putting your raised foot down upon a snake coiled in your path. You were frightened—through every fibre of your body. Very probably the snake was as harmless as it was beautiful. Spring as high, be as utterly frightened as possible, when you just avoid stepping upon a tarantula, however. Filthy, loathsome, abominable and poisonous—crush it to atoms before you leave it! If you have never seen it—know henceforth that it is an enormous spider—concentrating in itself all the venom and spite and ugliness of all other

spiders living. Its body is some two inches long, black and bloated. It enjoys the possession of eight long, strong legs, a red mouth, and an abundance of stiff brown hair all over itself. When standing, it covers an area of a saucer. Attack it with a stick, and it rears on its hind legs, gnashes at the stick, and fights like a fiend. It even jumps forward a foot or two in its rage—and, if it bite into a vein, the bite is death! I have been told of the battle fought by one on board a steamboat. Discovered at the lower end of the saloon, it came hopping up the saloon; driving the whole body of passengers before it, it almost drove the whole company, crew and all, overboard.

The first I saw was at the house of a friend. I spied it crawling slowly over the wall, meditating murder upon the children playing in the room. Excessively prudent in regard to my fingers, I at last, however, had it safely imprisoned in a glass jar, unhurt. There was a flaw in the glass as well as a hole through the cork by which it could breathe; but in ten minutes it was dead from rage! Soon after I killed three upon my place, crawling about ground trodden every day by the bare feet of my little boy. A month after, I killed a whole nest of them. They had formed their family circle under a door-step, upon which the aforesaid little fellow played daily. Had he seen one of them, he would, of course, have picked it up as a remarkably promising toy; and I would have been childless.

I was sitting one day upon a log in the woods, when I saw one slowly crawl out to enjoy the evening air and the sunset scenery. He was the largest, most bloated one I ever saw. As I was about to kill him, I was struck with the conduct of a chance wasp. It, too, had seen the tarantula, and was flying slowly around it. The tarantula recognized it as a foe; and, throwing itself upon its hind legs, breathed defiance. For some time the wasp flew around it, and then, like a flash, flew right against it, and stung it under its bloated belly. The tarantula gnashed its red and venomous jaws, and threw its long hairy legs about in impotent rage, while the wasp flew round and round it, watching for another opportunity. Again and again did it dash its sting into the reptile, and escape. After the sixth stab, the tarantula actually fell over on its back, dead; and the wasp, after making itself sure of the fact, and inflicting a last sting to make matters sure, flew off happy, in having done a duty assigned it in creation. In an hour more, a colony of ants had carried it down piecemeal, and deposited it in their catacombs.

But, deadliest and most abhorrent of all our reptiles in Texas, is the centipede. This is a kind of worm, from three to six inches long, exactly like an enormous caterpillar. It is green, or brown, or yellow—some being found of each of these colors. As its name denotes, it has along each side a row of feet, horny claws rather. Imagine that you walk some night across your chamber floor with naked feet; you put your foot down upon a soft something, and instantly it coils around your foot in a ring, sticking every claw up to the body in your foot. The poison flows through each claw, and in two minutes you

will have fainted with agony; in a few more, and you will be dead. The deadly thing cannot be torn away. It has to be cut off, and claw by claw plucked out. Even if it crawls over the naked body of a sleeping person, without sticking in its claws, the place will pain the person for years after—at least, so I have been told.

I have seen these things—in which nature corks up her deadly poisons—often; yet I have heard of few cases in which they have bitten or killed any one. The kind Being who makes the butterflies to be abundant, in the same loving kindness which makes them so beautiful and so abundant, makes all deadly creatures to be scarce.

HAROLD'S DREAM.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

So I slept, and gentle dreamings
Led me in a fair green meadow,
Where the sunlight's yellow gleamings
Widely fell without a shadow.
There I heard from leafy eyries,
Little birds sing pleasant glees;
There I saw the white-robed fairies
Sitting 'neath the ancient trees.
There I saw an azure river,
And it swept that meadow fair,
With a murmur which seemed ever
Like a strain of music rare.
Seeking 'mongst the elf king's daughters,
Seeking vainly, love, for thee,
Long I wandered by those waters,
Till they led me to the sea.

Oh, that sea was wide and fearful—
Strong its billows, strong and dark,
And they bore thee, Lillian, tearful,
Onward in thy tiny bark;
Onward to the caverns doleful,
Where the gnomes were hoarsely chaunting
Weird-like measures, stern and woful,
Full of wrath and bitter taunting.

When the wind was rudely sweeping
From thy brow thy sunny hair,
And thy blue eyes, dim with weeping,
Gazed on me with wild despair,
Bound by fa'ry spell, entralling,
I stood fixed upon the shore,
Heard thy sweet voice on me calling,
But to save thee had no power.
Long I sought to stem the torrent,
Oft-times plunging in the sea,
But an elfish wight, abhorrent,
Held me ever back from thee;
And great waves, like angry demons,
Rose and swept thy bark away,
Leaving nothing but the gleamings
Of the storm sea's crested spray.

Then, when with a grief unspoken,
I sat down and wept for thee,
Lo! the feverish spell was broken,
And the dark dream fled from me.
Lo! dear love, 'twas but a vision—
A woful fancy of the night—
That morning fair, with touch elysian,
Hath put to sudden flight.

Why is a beggar like a baker? They both knead (need) bread.

DREAMS.

BY D. P. THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "LOCKE AMSDEN," &c.

[The following suggestive article, which has been published before, though not widely circulated, is furnished for our use by the author:]

The subject of dreams, whether we look upon them as natural or supernatural—whether we view them as the mere workings of the mind divested of part of its faculties, or as the medium of intimations received from spiritual beings, presents some of the most curious and interesting inquiries which come within the scope of intellectual philosophy. In regard to ordinary dreams, which few at the present day, except the people of the most untutored nations, would think of attributing to any supernatural agencies, various theories have been started by the different writers on the philosophy of the mind—some treating them as but the reflex of memory, or a recurrence of such thoughts and images as have, at some time or other, before occupied the mind, while others consider them as only the play of unrestrained imagination—the last of which theories may be found very happily embodied in a couplet of Dryden—

"Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When Reason sleeps her mimic monster wakes."

But neither of these theories, we imagine, when separately considered, are very well sustained by the experience of dreamers. We have had scores of dreams, in which neither the scenes nor the particular thoughts and images presented, we were confident, ever before passed through our mind; and others whom we have consulted on the subject, have assured us of a similar experience. Nor is it any more correct, probably, to attribute dreams only to the action of unrestricted fancy. This faculty never appeared to us to be very active in dreams; but, on the contrary, seemed to be nearly as much clogged and weakened as any other faculty of the mind. Indeed, both these theories put together would not account for all, nor perhaps half the mental operations which transpire in our slumbers; for experience will soon teach any one, who will be at the pains of taking note of the matter, that there are several other sources to which dreams may often be directly traced. One of these is the presence of some strong emotion, or harrowing anxiety, which continuing to press, or at least to linger upon the feelings, after we fall asleep, give a like character to all the figurings of the dreaming mind. Another prolific source of dreams may be found in the disturbing proximity of external objects, or of noises, which coming in contact with the sleeper, or striking upon his half-closed senses, but not forcibly enough to awaken him, give rise to a new dream, or become curiously incorporated with one already in progress. Sometimes when two persons are sleeping together in the same bed, the dreams of one of them, if attended by restlessness or mutterings, will set the other dreaming,—often, perhaps, on the same subject, but oftener, probably, on one which places them in antagonistic positions; and thus they will go on until the strange rivalry results in some ludicrous catastrophe. We once witnessed an amus-

ing instance of this kind, which we will relate by way of illustration:—

In the days of our young ambition, there came along a sort of professor, or teacher of great pretensions, who, advertising for a class of such as wished to become good instructors, whom he promised to accomplish in six weeks, soon collected around him about a dozen of us embryo lords of the birch and ferrule. Three of us, including a great, green moose of a fellow, who went among us by the appellation of *Big Moses*, were, by special favor, invited to board, and occupy the same sleeping apartment with the Professor. Two of us being middling-sized chaps, while the Professor was remarkably thin, and *Big Moses* as remarkably thick, it was arranged that the two former should occupy one of the couple of beds prepared for us, and the two latter the other, the beds being situated at opposite ends of a long hall. Sometime during the first night of this quadruple occupancy of our new sleeping quarters, we—that is, the writer of this article—were awakened by a loud thumping, which was repeated quite regularly at intervals of, perhaps, a minute each, and which our ears, well practiced in rustic sounds, soon told us proceeded from a loosened trough, that the restless grunter of the adjoining piggery was lifting up and letting fall from the end of his snout. The same sound which had awakened us was, in the meanwhile, it appeared, taking effect upon the harder sleepers of the other bed, but without awakening them, though the noise was almost directly under them. It set the Professor dreaming afresh, and of a thunder storm, which, from the frequency of the electric explosions, he thought, was approaching at an alarming rate directly towards him. But *Big Moses*, who was already dreaming, made, it seemed, quite a different application of these sounds by weaving them very skilfully into the dream he had in progress, which, naturally enough, was that of his first attempt at school-keeping. He thought he was getting on tolerably well with his school considering the number of his pupils, and the rather ominous size of several of them, of whom he felt a little distrustful. But all at once he was aroused by a loud thump on one of the back benches, and turning, he beheld a row of uprisen mutineers, preparing to leap out and seize him, as was sufficiently manifest from their menacing looks and brandished fists, which from time to time, they seemed to bring down with heavy, significant blows on the desk before them. Presently the words, *coming, strike, kill, &c.*, which were muttered by the Professor, reaching his ears, and being taken as the threats of what the mutineers were on the point of executing, he at once resolved to anticipate them by assailing the foremost. And accordingly, both in dream and reality, he brought round his clenched fist with a furious sweep directly into the face of the sleeping Professor, giving him a blow in the eye, which answered, as it appeared, for both the thunder and lightning of the storm his fancy had been manufacturing out of the thumpings of the hog's trough: for, in an instant, he leaped from his bed with a wild cry of pain and affright, and with one hand pressed tightly to the injured part, bounded, like a parched pea, through the hall towards the

door, exclaiming in the honesty of his heart, and at the top of his voice, "*Spring, Moses! spring for your life! The lightning has struck the house, and it's tumbling about our ears! one of the rafters has hit me on the head and nearly knocked my eye out!*"

Dreams of the class we have been enumerating though often singular enough, present, nevertheless, nothing very mysterious or difficult of solution: being sometimes produced by ill health, sometimes by a prevailing care, sometimes by accidental circumstances, as in the case above related, and sometimes by a combination of part or all the causes just enumerated. We will therefore pass to another class of these mental operations, which being more vivid and connected, and being also followed by the events which they appear to have foreshadowed, deserve more serious consideration. We allude to what are termed prophetic dreams. Of these a great proportion doubtless may be explained on natural principles; since they often become the direct cause of the event they seem to predict. For instance, a person dreams of his or her own death. The dream is taken as truly foreshowing such an event—the consequence is a deep despondency, which soon deranges all the functions of life, and ends in disease and death. Again the young man dreams of being married to a young lady whom he never before thought of addressing. The dream lingers, and produces, as all kindly dreams do, we imagine, a softening effect on the feelings; and these feelings soon lead him into a course which very naturally results in the event thus seemingly foretold. And such also may be the case with dreams that foretell the obtaining of wealth, or other desired objects. They may produce a faith of success which prompts to those exertions that were only necessary to secure the end thus prognosticated. And we have no doubt that many a death—many a marriage, and many another kind of event, may be traced back directly to what have been taken as prophetic dreams; yet, at the same time, be but the legitimate effect of such dreams, brought about by the operation of natural means.

But there is a class of dreams, which have ever confounded the wisest of those, who have attempted thus to account for them, since the world began. Such, to say nothing of those sacred prophecies which were avowedly made through the medium of dreams—such were the dreams of the wise men of the East, which warned them to avoid the murderous Herod, after their discovery of the new-born Messiah—such the dream of Pilate's wife, which caused him to refuse all sanction of the crucifixion—such the dream of the imperial consort of Cæsar, which, without previous suspicions, so distinctly foretold her husband's approaching assassination. Such, in more modern times, was the dream, which, in the case of the Rev. William Tenant, of New Jersey, (who from his resemblance to a certain felon was about to be convicted of horse theft) brought a man fifty miles to prove an alibi; and such, to cite no more of the numerous cases which might be adduced, was the dream of a lady in Massachusetts, who, being engaged for a boat ride, and dreaming she was to be drowned, persuaded her husband to take her to a ride into the country; when, by the fright of their horse, she was thrown from a

bridge, and met the fate she was seeking to avoid.

But what shall we say to cases like these? To deny the occasional occurrence and fulfilment of such dreams, is, as it appears to us, to set all human testimony at defiance;—to attribute that fulfilment to chance, is too much like attributing the machinery of the universe to the same source; and to account for them on natural principles, is a task which comes not, we confess, within the scope of our ingenuity. How, then, shall we account for them? To those who, like ourselves, think it probable that men are still occasionally permitted to receive from ministering spirits intimations of coming destinies, or aught else which the designs of Providence require to be communicated, the matter stands explained: to those who reject such belief, we can say no more; and must therefore leave to them the task of explaining in any other way, if they can, what to both learned and unlearned, has so long been a theme of awe and of mystery.

REGULATION OF THE TEMPER.

There is considerable ground for thinking that the opinion very generally prevails that the temper is something beyond the power of regulation, control or government. A good temper, too, if we may judge from the usual excuses for the want of it, is hardly regarded in the light of an attainable quality. To be slow in taking offence, and moderate in the expression of resentment, in which things good temper consists, seems to be generally reckoned rather among the gifts of nature, the privileges of a happy constitution, than among the possible results of careful self-discipline. When we have been fretted by some petty grievance, or hurried by some reasonable cause of offence into a degree of anger far beyond what the occasion required, our subsequent regret is seldom of a kind for which we are likely to be much better. We bewail ourselves for a misfortune, rather than condemn ourselves for a fault. We speak of our unhappy temper as if it were something that entirely removed the blame from us, and threw it all upon the peculiar and unavoidable sensitiveness of our frame. A peevish and irritable temper is, indeed, an *unhappy* one; a source of misery to ourselves and to others; but it is not, in *all* cases, so valid an excuse for being easily provoked, as it is usually supposed to be.

A good temper is too important a source of happiness, and an ill temper too important a source of misery, to be treated with indifference or hopelessness. The false excuses or modes of regarding this matter, to which we have referred, should be exposed; for until their invalidity and incorrectness are exposed, no efforts, or but feeble ones, will be put forth to regulate an ill temper, or to cultivate a good one.

We allow that there are great differences of natural constitution. One who is endowed with a poetical temperament, or a keen sense of beauty, or a great love of order, or very large ideality, will be pained by the want or the opposites of these qualities, where one less amply endowed would suffer no provocation whatever. What

would grate most harshly on the ear of an eminent musician, might not be noticed at all by one whose musical faculties were unusually small. The same holds true in regard to some other, besides musical deficiencies or discords. A delicate and sickly frame will feel annoyed by what would not at all disturb the same frame in a state of vigorous health. Particular circumstances, also, may expose some to greater trials and vexations than others. But, after all this is granted, the only *reasonable* conclusion seems to be, that the attempt to govern the temper is more difficult in some cases than in others; not that it is, in any case, impossible. It is, at least, certain that an opinion of its impossibility is an effectual bar against entering upon it. On the other hand, "believe that you will succeed, and you will succeed," is a maxim which has nowhere been more frequently verified than in the moral world. It should be among the first maxims admitted, and the last abandoned, by every earnest seeker of his own moral improvement.

Then, too, facts demonstrate that much has been done and can be done in regulating the worst of tempers. The most irritable or peevish temper has been restrained by company; has been subdued by interest; has been awed by fear; has been softened by grief; has been soothed by kindness. A bad temper has shown itself, in the same individuals, capable of increase, liable to change, accessible to motives. Such facts are enough to encourage, in every case, an attempt to govern the temper. All the miseries of a bad temper, and all the blessings of a good one, may be attained by an habitual tolerance, concern and kindness for others—by an habitual restraint of considerations and feelings entirely selfish.

To those of our readers who feel moved or resolved by the considerations we have named to attempt to regulate their temper, or to cultivate one of a higher order of excellence, we would submit a few suggestions which may assist them in their somewhat difficult undertaking.

See, first of all, that you set as high a value on the comfort of those with whom you have to do as you do on your own. If you regard your own comfort *exclusively*, you will not make the allowances which a *proper* regard to the happiness of others would lead you to do.

Avoid, particularly in your intercourse with those to whom it is of most consequence that your temper should be gentle and forbearing—avoid raising into undue importance the little failings which you may perceive in them, or the trifling disappointments which they may occasion you. If we make it a subject of vexation, that the beings among whom we are destined to live, are not perfect, we must give up all hope of attaining a temper not easily provoked. A habit of trying everything by the standard of perfection vitiates the temper more than it improves the understanding, and disposes the mind to discern faults with an unhappy penetration. I would not have you shut your eyes to the errors or follies, or thoughtlessnesses of your friends, but only not to magnify them or view them microscopically. Regard them in others as you would have them regard the same things in you, in an exchange of circumstances.

Do not forget to make due allowances for the original constitution and the manner of education or bringing up, which has been the lot of those with whom you have to do. Make such excuses for others as the circumstances of their constitution, rearing, and youthful associations, do fairly demand.

Always put the best construction on the motives of others, when their conduct admits of more than one way of understanding it. In many cases, where neglect or ill intention seems evident at first sight, it may prove true that "second thoughts are best." Indeed, this common saying is never more likely to prove true than in cases in which the *first* thoughts were the dictates of anger. And even when the first thoughts are confirmed by further evidence, yet the habit of always waiting for complete evidence before we condemn, must have a calming and moderating effect upon the temper, while it will take nothing from the authority of our just censures.

It will, further, be a great help to our efforts, as well as our desires, for the government of the temper, if we consider frequently and seriously the natural consequences of hasty resentments, angry replies, rebukes impatiently given or impatiently received, muttered discontents, sullen looks and harsh words. It may safely be asserted that the consequences of these and other ways in which ill-temper may show itself, are *entirely* evil. The feelings which accompany them in ourselves, and those which they excite in others, are unprofitable as well as painful. They lessen our own comfort, and tend often rather to prevent than to promote the improvement of those with whom we find fault. If we give even friendly and judicious counsels in a harsh and pettish tone, we excite against them the repugnance naturally felt to our *manner*. The consequence is, that the advice is slighted, and the peevish adviser pitied, despised or hated.

When we cannot succeed in putting a restraint on our *feelings* of anger or dissatisfaction, we can at least check the *expression* of those feelings. If our thoughts are not always in our power, our words and actions and looks may be brought under our command; and a command over these expressions of our thoughts and feelings will be found no mean help towards obtaining an increase of power over our thoughts and feelings themselves. At least, one great good will be effected: time will be gained; time for reflection, time for charitable allowances and excuses.

Lastly, seek the help of religion. Consider how you may most certainly secure the approbation of God. For a good temper, or a well-regulated temper, *may be* the constant homage of a truly religious man to that God, whose love and long-suffering forbearance surpass all human love and forbearance.

John's wife and John were *tete-a-tete*;

She witty was, industrious he;

Says John "I've earned the bread we've ate,"

"And I," says she, "have *urn'd* the tea."

When does a man devour a musical instrument? When he has a piano-forte (piano for tea.)

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

The history of one known in early life, and who gave promise of much excellence, was accidentally recalled to my mind this evening, and, perhaps, the recital of some circumstances connected with this history may not be uninteresting or unprofitable, as they serve to show what apparent trifles sometimes give a bias to character for good or evil, and often color the current of a whole existence.

Mrs. Lerin was early left a widow with an infant daughter and a son of nine years, dependent on her for support. She had a little cottage of her own, and with the rent of a small spot of ground adjoining, added to the produce of her garden, she managed, by the practice of the strictest economy, to live quite comfortably. Edgar, her son, showed early a great love of books, and though uncultivated himself, and incompetent to direct his choice, she encouraged him in this, because their minister praised his studiousness and lent him books, and would often come and converse with him about the subjects upon which they treated, and it pleased her to hear how well he could talk. Her pride was also gratified by the complimentary remarks of visitors upon his sober, studious habits, and at their predictions that he would be something some day; and she had an indefinite idea that his books were, somehow, going to make a great man of him. And well might the widow be proud of her son, for in addition to the promise he gave of a mind far above mediocrity, he possessed uncommon beauty and symmetry of person, and much amiability of disposition. Besides caring for her little family, and attending to her garden, she found time to render occasional assistance to a neighbor—thus managing to keep her son at the little school kept by the minister, he rendering her all the assistance in his power, apart from his hours of reading and study. Things went on thus till Edgar had reached his fourteenth year, when the burden of his mother was increased by the death of a widowed sister, who left to her care an infant daughter, having no other relative to whom she could entrust it. As the infant came without any addition in the way of means, except the household furniture of her sister, the widow was more straitened than before; besides, with her additional cares, her health grew more feeble, and it was sometimes with difficulty she could perform her accustomed labor. Now the consequence of all this was, that she became fretful and irritable—annoyed by trifles which before had no power to disturb her, and by the law of re-action, this rendered other difficulties greater. Though a good housewife and an affectionate mother, this good woman had one fault, which was excessive particularity about trifles; and this, as is often the case, required frequent sacrifices of the comfort of those around, and led to many more serious faults—among them irritability of temper.

The cottage of the widow consisted of only two rooms below stairs, the kitchen and a little room in front, which served for parlor. This she had fitted up with some of her sister's furniture, and it was her especial pride. A neat home-

made check carpet of bright colors covered the floor; there were white curtains at the windows, and at one side a little table, covered with a cloth so white and ironed so smoothly, it looked like polished marble. On this, in summer, there was always a flower-pot, kept full of fresh flowers from the garden, and over it hung a small looking-glass garlanded with asparagus and flowering vines. Another flower-pot graced the mantel opposite, and the fire-place was filled with green bushes. Then, there were some shelves of books, and a lounge and easy-chair covered with green calico. I have described this room thus particularly, for it seems before me now—such a temple of neatness did it seem to me, when I used to stop there on my way to school, and was sometimes permitted to take a flower from the gathered ones that decked it.

Edgar used to love to retire with his book into this little room, and sitting in the easy-chair, or reclining on the lounge, realize in part the paradise of the poet Gray. His mother did not actually prohibit this, for he protested he could study so well no where else; the noise of the children and the opening and shutting of the doors in the common room interrupted him—the chambers were bare and unfinished—and he did not enjoy it so well. She had made up her mind that he must study somehow; so, though she manifested some uneasiness and apprehension, when he was in possession of her sanctum, and made sure his shoes were perfectly clean—for he did not seem to have inherited his mother's extreme carefulness—he was allowed occasionally to occupy it.

He was several times in serious danger of being deposed from his possession, from leaving the books scattered about, or from disarranging the lounge-cushions—for his mother was not sufficiently versed in the peculiarities of genius to console herself with the idea that disregard of the common laws of order and rule, is claimed as one of its distinguishing characteristics. One day, in trying to lower the looking-glass, that he might see himself, and regulate his gestures, as he recited a heroic poem that he was going to speak at school, he threw down the flower-pot—a pitcher much prized by her, because it had been the property of her sister—and broke it; the discolored water running over the table-cover, and from thence to the carpet. Besides, in falling upon it, he cut his hand in such a manner as to be unable to use it for weeks.

This was an outrage too great to be easily overlooked. He expressed much contrition, and promised greater carefulness for the future. But his mother was resolute, and he was banished his favorite haunt. She justified herself by the thought that it was only a whim of his; he could study very well somewhere else, and it was no use indulging him. So she told him he might study in his chamber or in the room with the rest of them; she could not run the risk of having everything spoiled. Edgar made at first some effort to study in his altered circumstances, but did not succeed very well; the thought of what he regarded as unkindness on the part of his mother, tending, also, to depress his spirits and to magnify the difficulties in his way. The injustice, too, with which he fancied he had been

town to the ground selected for the exhibition. Edgar was with the train, and when they reached the ground, he remained, watching curiously the operations that were going forward, as the men proceeded to erect the tent, and make other preparations. In the course of these, it chanced that some article was wanted from the village to assist in their work; and one of the men, looking round, said—

"Here is a smart, active-looking lad. Perhaps he will run for us."

Edgar, who was the one designated, pleased with the compliment, signified his willingness, and, receiving his commission, set off with the speed of a deer to execute it. When he returned, which was very quickly, the proprietor was standing near, and remarked him as he came up.

The man thanked him, and told him he should have a free ticket to the performance. Edgar gave him some farther assistance, and, while he was doing so, asked a great many questions, and made many enquiries about their mode of life, that evinced the interest with which it had inspired him. After answering his queries, the man said, looking at him, and laughing, as he spoke—

"You would do for one of us, I think," for he thought he perceived his drift. "Don't you think so?" he said, appealing to the proprietor, who stood near.

"He seems a fine, likely lad," he answered, "whose activity might be made of some use. How old are you, my boy?" he said, addressing him.

"Fourteen, last month, sir."

"Do you live in the town?"

"No, sir; my mother lives two miles in the country."

"Then you have no father?"

"No, sir; my father died five years ago."

"Have you ever attended a circus?"

"Yes, sir; once."

"Well, what did you think of it? Did you think you would like to be able to perform such wonders as you saw?"

"I think I should, sir."

"Well, my lad," said he, "you would not require long drilling. You could soon do so with ease."

Seeing the boy's eyes sparkle, as he looked up towards him, enquiringly, the man explained to him farther their process of training, and the parts for which he thought him particularly fitted. Edgar looked thoughtful, and when the proprietor was soon after summoned away, he pursued the conversation with the man with whom he had been first conversing, who, perceiving what was passing in his mind, took good care to set everything in as favorable a light as possible.

The proprietor, observing how much Edgar was interested, did not lose sight of him. During the evening, he remarked the wonder and delight expressed in his countenance, and his enthusiastic applause. Just before the close, as he sat convenient, he stepped up to him, and said, in a low tone—

"My lad, I would like to speak with you a few moments. Can you call at the hotel?"

"Yes, sir," Edgar replied, scarcely knowing what he said, in the tumult of his feelings. Did the man wish to engage him? he thought. It chanced he did not get a seat near his companions, during the evening; so they were not aware of this request; and, when they joined him, after leaving the tent, he thought best not to apprise them of it, as he did not know what might happen; so he told them he had concluded not to go home that night, but to remain in town with Harry Wilkins, an acquaintance of his, which he really intended to do, if his conjectures were not right with regard to the business of the circus man with him. So they went on, and left him, and he proceeded to his interview, the result of which was an engagement to join the troupe, and he left the town with them, the next morning, at an early hour.

When his mother found, on the day that he had yielded to temptation, and accompanied the boys to the village, that he was absent, she suspected where he had gone, and her suspicions were confirmed by one of the neighbors, who had seen him on his way. She felt sorry and displeased, and resolved to take some means to prevent such flagrant acts of disobedience in future. She went to bed as usual, thinking it probable he would remain for the evening performances, and consequently would not be home till a late hour, but she left the door unfastened for him, that he might enter when he came. When she found, in the morning, that he had not come, she supposed he had stopped with one of the boys who had accompanied him, and when, at the usual breakfast hour, he was still absent, she felt little surprise, concluding they had been up late the night before, and had not risen so early as usual.

The forenoon passed, and still she looked for him in vain. Putting on her bonnet, she stepped over to the residence of one of the boys, where she thought he would be most likely to stop, to enquire for him. Here she learned that he had remained in town, all night, but with the intention, as the boys supposed, of returning in the morning. She went home, and felt no serious alarm till it began to grow dark. Then, she feared some accident had befallen him, and got one of the neighboring boys to go and see if he could learn the cause of his delay. The messenger returned before bed-time, with the intelligence that he had not been at the place spoken of, nor could he hear anything of him. Mrs. Lorin now became seriously alarmed. A consultation of the neighbors was held, and a couple of men volunteered to go to the town, but they returned as unsuccessful as the first.

All subsequent search and enquiry proving equally fruitless, it was thought best, by the neighbors, to impart to Mrs. Lorin, their suspicions relative to the course he had taken, for many circumstances, and some remarks which Edgar himself had made to the boys, led them to think he had gone off with the circus company. And it was not long before these conjectures were confirmed by a merchant of the town where Edgar had first visited the circus, who, during a short sojourn in a neighboring city, had seen Edgar, and witnessed some of his feats. He had stopped at the same hotel, and though Edgar tried

to avoid him, had found an opportunity of speaking a few words with him. He enquired after his mother, and sent her a few dollars in money, but expressed no contrition for the grief he had caused her, nor any desire to return. The gentleman said he would hardly have recognized him, had he not heard his name, so much was he changed—though he had scarcely been absent a year. Instead of the modest, thoughtful appearance which had formerly characterized him, he had a swaggering, defiant air, wore his hat on one side of his head, smoked cigars, joined them at cards, took a dram, and was loud and boisterous as the rest.

The widow continued to toil on, broken in spirit, the burden of her cares increasing, her strength declining, and her means growing more narrow. She had heard no tidings of Edgar for two or three years, and mourned him as one dead.

One evening, about six years after his departure, having finished her labor for the day, Mrs. Lorin was resting herself in the little room which was once Edgar's favorite retreat. She sat on the lounge where he used to sit, and taking up a book that lay on the table, she opened it, and his name in his own handwriting, and some verses he had inscribed on the margin, met her eye. Long she sat, sad and thoughtful, dwelling on the memory of her son, now, she feared, lost to her forever. She thought of the time when she had cheerfully borne toil for his sake, strengthened by the hope that she should one day see him distinguished, though in what way she had no definite idea. She called to mind the satisfaction he seemed to derive from pursuing his studies in this favorite nook, then she thought to herself—"I wish I had permitted him to continue them here even after his act of carelessness; possibly he might not then have been led away in the manner he was,"—though she did not look upon herself in any way culpable.

"Persons little know what is to befall them," she used to say, when speaking of the matter with her neighbors, "or for what end they are bringing up children;" and she thought, for such was her philosophy, that if he had not yielded to temptation at that time, he would have done so at some other, "if it was in him, and was so to be," "for whatever is to be will be," she said, "and we cannot avoid it."

While Mrs. Lorin sat there, musing sadly alone, she heard the sound of horses' feet approaching rapidly. Drawing aside the curtain that shaded the window to look out, for travellers did not often pass her secluded dwelling, she saw a man alighting from an open carriage at the gate; throwing the bridle of his horse over a post, he advanced hurriedly to the door. A sudden trembling seized the widow, she knew not why, as she proceeded to open it. A middle-aged, respectable looking man stood on the steps, who, bowing, inquired if that was the residence of the widow Lorin? Answering in the affirmative, she asked if he would not walk in? He was in much haste, he said, but would stand in a moment, and make known to her his errand. After he was seated, he inquired of the widow if she had a son named Edgar?

"I once had," she answered, "but whether he be still alive, I know not; it is long since I heard anything from him; if he is living, he has forgotten his poor old mother." And at thought of what might be his fate, she began to weep.

"He is alive," said the man, "and I have come to you with tidings from him."

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the widow, "for if so, he may yet repent of the wickedness of which, I fear, he has been guilty."

"I grieve to tell you, madam, though your son lives, he lies on a bed of illness, to which I have come to summon you."

After struggling with her emotions for a moment, rising from her seat, she exclaimed—

"Where is he? take me to him immediately."

"He is at the house of a gentleman by the name of Allen, about twenty miles distant, who told me he was a relative of yours."

"Oh, yes, I know him well—a cousin of my mother. How came he there? Is he very ill?" enquired the widow in a breath.

"I have not seen him," the man answered, "but Mr. Allen told me he did not consider him dangerously so. He employed me to come for you, and begged me to lose no time, as your son was very impatient to see you; so if you will prepare yourself, we will set off as soon as possible."

Mrs. Lorin hastened in to a neighbor's, and acquainting them with the tidings, she hardly knew whether of joy or sorrow, requested that a young woman, a member of the family, might be permitted to go and stay, during her absence, with her daughter—a feeble, sickly girl—who increased, rather than lightened the burden of her cares. In a few minutes the last charge "to be careful," including a variety of details, was given to Betsey—for nothing could divert the course of the widow's ruling passion,—and seated beside the messenger, she was proceeding rapidly towards the town where her cousin resided. After going a little way in silence, the man informed her of some further particulars concerning her son, with which he had become acquainted; the substance of which was—that he had arrived at the house of her relative, two days previous, in a very weak state, and on the next morning was unable to leave his room. They had supposed it was merely exhaustion, as he had been travelling on foot for several days, but as he continued to grow worse, a physician had been summoned, who said he would not be able to move for some time, and the young man had begged his mother might be sent for. Though the time seemed long to the widow, they soon stopped before the gate of her cousin's dwelling, and he came out to welcome her, and conduct her into the house. She was much agitated on seeing him—and scarcely able to answer his kind enquiries concerning her health. After seating her in the parlor, he went to bring his wife, who was busy about some household affairs, as the invalid was sleeping, and she had left him in charge of her daughter. The good woman came, and endeavored, as well as she was able, to comfort the widow, assuring her that she trusted her son, who seemed more like one worn and exhausted by fatigue and privation than really diseased, would soon recover by careful nursing and the joy of being again with his

mother, and she went to ascertain if he had waked, that his mother might go to his apartment. She returned in a few moments, saying that he still slept. His mother expressed a desire to go and look on him as he slept—so Mrs. Garner led the way to his room.

It was a small, neat chamber, only partially shaded; the bed of the invalid occupied a curtailed recess at one end. Silently the widow approached to look upon her son. One thin, emaciated hand lay on the cover, but the face was partly turned from her. She knelt by the side of the bed, and took that thin hand in hers. Her sobs awoke him, and when she raised her face from the bed clothes, where she had buried it, his was turned towards her, and his hollow, lustreless eye met hers. She could scarcely suppress a shriek—for in the wan spectre-like countenance before her, she recognized hardly a trace of her bright, beautiful boy, as she had seen him last.

"My mother!" he exclaimed, stretching out his arms towards her.

When she released him from her embrace, and laid him gently back on the pillow, she perceived, as the light from the window shone more fully upon his face, that it was disfigured by the small-pox.

"Oh, Edgar!" she exclaimed, sitting down by the side of the bed. "How much you must have suffered, to have changed so much. Oh! why did you leave me thus! No one has cared for you as I would have done."

"Yes, mother," he said, "I have indeed suffered much, and sinned more; but I have learned this, that suffering is ever the consequence of sin."

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated his mother. "I hope my son, you have not learned this too late."

In a few days, when it was thought he was sufficiently recruited, he was taken home, and he bore the journey very well. The joy of the thought that he was once more to behold scenes he had loved in early years, gave him strength.

One could hardly have recognized, in the emaciated being, with lustreless eye and haggard brow, who, supported by pillows, occupied the lounge in the little room where he had requested them to be placed for him, the bright and buoyant boy, who a few years before, full of health and hope, reclined there, weaving bright visions of happiness for the future. The room—everything about him, was the same. The fire-place was filled with green bushes, the looking-glass was garlanded as in days gone by: even the pitcher he had broken, nicely cemented, stood in its accustomed place on the little table, filled with flowers. All wore the same appearance as in former years—he alone was changed. His luxuriant curls, which had added so much to his beauty, were closely shorn; his once beautiful countenance was fearfully marked too by small-pox. The eyes, so full of eagerness and hope, were sunken and expressionless; his attenuated form had lost its grace, and his tones, once so full and musical, were harsh and hollow.

One evening, when his mother was sitting by him, alone, and he seemed better and more cheerful than usual, he related, at her request, the adventures that had befallen him during the years

of his absence. He spoke of his feelings when he left home. He was prompted by ambition and allured by the attractions the life he led seemed to present, but all this would have been insufficient to allure him from his home, which had hitherto seemed the brightest spot of earth to him, had not its light been dimmed. For the first few months he had enjoyed his new mode of life exceedingly, and scarcely thought of his home; then, for a time, he longed for the familiar faces of his friends, and felt sad and lonely. But his companions rallied him so much on this, and urged him so strongly to join them in their various modes of amusing themselves, and killing time, as they termed it, when they staid, as they sometimes did, for a considerable length of time, in a large town—which amusements consisted principally of drinking, gaming and kindred sports—that he grew ashamed of the quiet ways for which they ridiculed him, and was led to comply, believing, such is the influence of example and association, that not to do so, was mean and spiritless, and he could not be manly otherwise. After continuing in this way for several years, during which time he had contracted many pernicious habits, and become familiarized with many vices, his employer, partially intoxicated, quarrelled with him for some imagined offence, and made use of such abusive language towards him, and ill-used him so much, that he determined to leave him, and try his fortunes elsewhere—which he did the same evening without apprising his employer—as the bills were then posted up in which his name figured largely.

After roving about for awhile, engaging, for a short period at a time, in various employments, of each of which he soon tired, he obtained a situation as barkeeper in a city hotel. This suited him very well for awhile, though, when reflection came, he often wondered at himself that it did so. When he looked back on his past life, and thought how peaceful and bright it had been, he longed to taste again its quiet peacefulness—but the "creeping mind" of sin seemed every day hardening and strengthening, and encroaching more and more on his better nature: though he longed to shake it off, and sometimes made efforts to do so. At last weariness and despondency began to take possession of him. He saw himself shunned and contemned by all good people; no one aided with counsel and encouragement his endeavors to return to the right path, but rather "backward pulled his slow resolves;" so feeling himself an alien and an outcast on the earth, he plunged more deeply into vice. Falling in with a young man of pleasing manners, but of rowdy habits, he was persuaded to accompany him to the city of C—, where they took lodgings, and began to look about them for some means by which they could obtain money.

A few evenings after their arrival, his companion was out, as he said, to make some purchases. During his absence a sheriff called in search of him. A quantity of jewelry had been missed at their last stopping-place; and as it was known that his companion had before been guilty of similar offences, he was at once suspected, and they were traced to their present lodgings. Upon search, the articles were found in his trunk, and Edgar was

arrested as an accomplice; but his comrade, who had probably got notice of the affair, was not to be found. Edgar was committed to prison to await his trial, and there, in the solitude of his cell, black despair seized him. No one, he said, could describe the agony of mind he endured during that period of confinement. He reviewed his past life, and resolved, if he could once more be set free, to forsake his evil ways, and he prayed for opportunity and strength to fulfil his resolves. When his trial came on, he was acquitted, but was soon after seized with small-pox, then prevalent, from which he suffered severely, barely escaping with his life. As soon as he was able to leave the house, weak in body and penniless, he set out to reach the home, for which he now yearned, and after suffering a great many privations, had arrived at the house of his cousin, just as his last remaining strength was failing him.

He never left that room again, till he was carried to his last resting-place, a few months after. His mother still lives in her little cottage, supporting herself and her feeble daughter by the labor of her hands—her sister's son residing with a clergyman near. Her form is bowed with the weight of grief, more than years, and her hair is blanched to perfect whiteness. She follows mechanically the round of her accustomed duties; but no hope in the future cheers her on. Every day she visits the grave of her son, and this melancholy pleasure seems the only one of her existence.

BINDWEED.

They met—'twas not in Spring—oh no!

The air was thick and chill;

The ground was whit'ning o'er with snow,
And winter-sealed each rill.

They met—another on his arm

Confidingly did lean;

Yet Nellie felt—nor thought of harm—
Her martyr-fate between.

She would not, for earth's gems most rare,

Have filled that proud one's place—

And yet she knew her impress there,
No time could e'er efface.

Her impress—it was not of sense,

On outward vision made—

Else were it all a base pretence,
To cast the light in shade.

As if the modest mignonette

We twine gay dahlias round,

Should boast itself a coronet,
While trailing o'er the ground.

They parted—not with lips apart,

But voiceless, as the rills

Which flow, ice-locked, yet free at heart,
From God's eternal hills.

They parted—but each dreary cloud

Now grew a vestment bright;

Became an angel's dewy shroud,
To wrap their fancies bright.

They parted—full of holy trust

That minstrelsy thus given,

While they forget not "God is just,"
Must find its meed—a Heaven!

B. G. C. E.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

All philosophical investigations relate either to matter or mind; to investigate the former is the province of physics, the latter belongs to metaphysics or mental philosophy.

There is nothing about which we know so little, as about ourselves. We understand incomparably more about the nature of matter and the surrounding creation, than about our own minds to which matter was made to minister. The nature of the human mind, its connection with the material world, the purposes for which its several faculties are bestowed, these are things little understood.

We lately read an instructive and highly interesting article on "Memory and its Caprices," taken from Hogg's Instructor, from which we make the following extract:—

"There is no faculty so inexplicable as memory. It is not merely that its powers vary so much in different individuals, but that every one has found their own liable to the most unaccountable changes and chances. Why vivid impressions should appear to become utterly obliterated, and then suddenly spring to light, as if by the wand of a magician, without the slightest effort of our own, is a mystery which no metaphysician has ever been able to explain. We all have experience of this, when we have striven in vain to recollect a name, a quotation, or a tune, and find it present itself unbidden, it may be, at a considerable interval of time, when the thoughts are engaged on another subject. We all know the uneasy feeling with which we search for the missing article, and the relief when it suddenly flashes across the mind, and when, as if traced by invisible ink, it comes out unexpectedly, bright and clear."

We differ from the writer of this paragraph, and think either that he has never read the metaphysical writings of Locke, Hume, Brown, or Stewart, or else that his memory is capricious and not to be trusted, as well as the memories of those gentlemen cited by him as examples of its caprices. We think that the writings of these able men have very satisfactorily explained the cause of these mental phenomena, and for the information of our readers we shall give the substance of what they have written, in connection with some philosophical speculations of our own.

Sensation is the germ of intellect and the avenue of all human knowledge. This is a cardinal principle in the writings of these philosophers. Nothing at first appears more unbounded than the mind of man. Whilst his body is confined to one place, the thoughts of the exile can wander beyond oceans and mountains to the scenes of his native land; the historian can survey the past, the present, and the future; and the imagination of the mathematician, deeply engaged in astronomical speculations, can travel beyond the limits of the solar system to the most distant regions of the universe. We can soar into strains of the most exalted sentiment, and conjure up a succession of bright and glowing imagery; or if another humor take us, we can picture to ourselves a thousand strange, incongruous and whimsical objects, forming combinations which have no ex-

istence in nature. Indeed, there is no difficulty in imagining unnatural things; it is as easy to imagine a golden as a granite mountain. Men are too apt to take their fancies for realities.

But, though the mind of man apparently possesses this unbounded liberty, it is in reality confined within narrow limits. We are organized with obvious reference to the external world by which we are to be operated upon; the eye is adapted to receive the light; the ear is formed for the reception of sound; the body is in fact, an apparatus exquisitely contrived to render us sensible to the nature of external things, and the impressions made by external things on our senses in childhood, furnish us with the elements of all our knowledge and those ideas which afterwards form the material of our sublimest speculations. Nature is the great teacher. Look at that child. Instruction from without is now pouring in at every avenue of sense. There is a perpetual discovery of something new; a rapid succession of novelties in everything that is visible to his senses. What volatility of spirits! what feverish excitement do we observe in him when he sees anything new! We are perplexed by the multiplicity of questions which he asks on the vast variety of things which he is perpetually discovering. It may be truly said, that childhood is a state of sensation without reflection, and that the first stage of childhood is spent in a state of constant and curious excitement. Every child is a natural philosopher as soon as he begins to feel and perceive. Every father must have observed it, and is familiar with those ever recurring questions which children propose. "What is it?" "What is that?" It is thus that we pass through the happy period of unreflecting childhood, each hour bringing with it stores of facts and natural appearances, the rich materials of our future knowledge. A few years, thus spent in observation, are sufficient to familiarize every child with the common classes of phenomena, and they cease to excite him. His attention is now drawn from the discovery of what is new to the examination of what is familiar; the feverish excitement of childhood gives place to the calm of manly contemplation; from the materials of the past he draws the lessons of his future wisdom; the great work of comparison begins, and the first attempts at generalization are now made which mark the dawn of science in the mind. The conduct of the man is now influenced by the education of nature and by the thoughts and ideas that were acquired during a state of childhood.

Now what is it that produces this gradual development of reason and reflection in the child? We apprehend it is a more enlarged and enlightened experience which is the result of memory and the association of the ideas obtained. If we had the power of external sense only, and were without memory and association, as we have reason to believe is in reality the case with many of the inferior animals, then our knowledge of the existence of all external things would be limited to the moment of sensation, and would be extinguished forever with the fading of those sensations by which we were made acquainted with their existence. Life would thus be passed in a

state of perpetual childhood. The acquisition of such fugitive knowledge would avail us nothing, and we should never rise to the dignity of intelligent and rational beings.

But the all-provident Creator has so constituted the mind, that former impressions made on our organs of sense are secured to us. All such impressions are associated together as cause and effect, so that any single impression immediately calls up a corresponding train of very similar impressions, which were formerly made on our senses.

By this admirable and beautiful construction of our mental constitution, the knowledge that we acquire without, is made to live within us, and ideas or impressions, formerly produced on our organization, again recur to us without any renewed perception of the object which originally excited them. All present ideas, thoughts and feelings are thus associated together with those that are past, and we are perpetually living over again our past sensations. Now, memory is simply the mind relapsing into a former state, in consequence of the recurrence of former ideas through association; and by endowing the mind of man with this power of association or memory, nature has raised him to the dignity of rationality. The ideas thus revived succeed each other according to certain laws contrived with the most admirable adaptation to our wants, so as to bring again to our minds the knowledge previously acquired at the very time when it is of the greatest service to us.

The subject is important, and we may again bring it before the reader. From the few metaphysical hints which we have thrown out, it will be seen that the caprices of memory are not so inexplicable as the author of "Memory and its Caprices" would represent them to be; and that the "sudden" revival of "vivid impressions," "as if by the wand of a magician," is capable of a clear and satisfactory explanation by a reference to the phenomena and laws of association.

H. O.

THE DUKE AND HIS COOK.—The Duke of Wellington once requested the connoisseur whom the author of Tancred terms "the finest judge in Europe," to provide him a *chef*. Felix, whom the late Lord Seaford was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received. Some months afterwards his patron was dining with Lord Seaford, and before the first course was half over, he observed, "So I find you have got the duke's cook to dress your dinner?" "I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged me to take him back again, at reduced wages, or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh no, my lord; I would say if he had, he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I serve him a dinner dressed, and badly dressed by the cook-maid, and he says nothing. I cannot live with such a master, if he was a hundred times a hero.'"

ANIMALS IN JAPAN.

[From MacFarlane's "Japan," recently published by George P. Putnam & Co., we take an interesting chapter on the natural history of the country.]

Though abundantly stocked with pictures and carvings, with chimeræ and all other sorts of monsters, borrowed from the Chinese, the Japanese empire is but sparingly provided with four-footed beasts, wild or tame. The country is too much cultivated and peopled to afford cover to the wild quadrupeds, and the tame are bred only for carriage and agriculture. The use of animal food is interdicted by the national religion, and they have not left pasture enough to support many sheep and oxen. The horses are generally small, but there is a breed said to be not inferior to that imported into India from the Persian Gulf. But the horses of this kind now appear to be rare. In the time of old Captain Saris they were common enough. "Their horses are not tall, but of the size of our middling nags, short, and well trussed, small headed, and full of mettle, in my opinion far excelling the Spanish jennet in pride and stomach." The Japanese relate most marvellous stories of the performance of some of their steeds. There is also a breed of ponies, which, though small, has been much admired. Oxen and cows are kept only for ploughing and for carriage. Of milk and butter the Japanese know nothing. They have a large humped buffalo, sometimes of a monster size, which they train to draw carts or to carry heavy goods on their backs. The elephant, the camel, and the ass, are unknown animals. Sheep and goats were kept formerly at the Dutch settlements, in the neighborhood, of which some few may yet be found. They may be bred in the country to great advantage, if the natives were permitted to eat the flesh, or knew how to manage or manufacture the wool. They have a few swine, which were brought over from China, and which some of the country people near the coast still keep, not, indeed, for their own use, but to sell to certain Chinese junks which are allowed to come over to trade, most of the Chinese mariners being addicted to pork.

Dogs or common curs they have, and in superfluous numbers. These dogs are as much the pest of the towns of Japan as they are of Constantinople and the other foul cities and towns of the Ottoman empire. This vast increase of the canine species, and the encouragement and immunity accorded to it, arose (according to the popular account,) out of a curious superstition and an extravagant imperial decree. An emperor who reigned at the close of the eighteenth century chanced to be born under the Sign of the Dog, the Dog being one of the twelve celestial signs of the Japanese. For this reason, the emperor had as great an esteem for dogs as the Roman emperor Augustus is reported to have entertained for rams. When he ascended the throne, he willed and ordained that dogs should be held as sacred animals; and, from that time, more puppies saw the light and were permitted to live in Japan than in any other country on the face of the earth, Turkey, perhaps, excepted.

These dogs have no masters, but lie and prowl about the streets, to the exceeding great annoyance of passengers, especially if they happen to be foreign travellers, or Christians in Christian dresses. If they come round you in packs, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth,—nay, even if they fall upon you and bite you, you must on no account take the law into your own hands, and beat them off or shoot them. To kill one of them is a capital crime, whatever mischief the brute may have done you. In every town there are Guardians of the Dogs, and to these officers notice must be given in case of any canine misdemeanor, these guardians alone being empowered to punish the dogs. Every street must keep a certain number of these animals, or at least provide them with victuals; huts, or dog-hospitals, stand in all parts of the town, and to these the animals, in case of sickness, must be carefully conveyed by the inhabitants. The dogs that die must be carried up to the tops of mountains and hills, the usual burying places of men and women, and there be very decently interred. Old Kamper says:—"The natives tell a pleasant tale on this head. A Japanese, as he was carrying the carcass of a dead dog to the top of a steep mountain, grew impatient, grumbled, and cursed the emperor's birth-day and whimsical command. His companion bid him hold his tongue and be quiet, and, instead of swearing, return thanks to the gods that the emperor was not born under the Sign of the Horse, for, in that case, the load would have been heavier."

We give the pleasant tale as we find it, but we do not believe that it points to the real origin of the superstitious regard for dogs, which many of the Mongol race share with the Japanese and Turks. That superstition had its origin in the wilds of Tartary, or in whatever other part of the world it was that served as the cradle and great starting point of the wide-spread Mongol race. The dog must have been in a manner deified, when they first put him among their celestial signs.

Among some of the Mongolian tribes, the dog is the indicator of fate, the harbinger of death; and among others, the dog is an object either of dread or devotion.

But our learned German is not always so facetious about this monstrous annoyance of street dogs. On reaching Nagasaki, he says, "The street dogs also deserve to be noticed among the inhabitants of this city, they being full as well, nay, better maintained and taken care of than many of the people, and although the imperial orders on this head are not regarded and complied with at Nagasaki, with that strictness as they must be in other parts of the empire, which are not so remote from court, yet the streets be full of these animals, leading a most easy and independent life, giving way neither to men nor horses. The town is never without a great deal of noise from these animals."

The Japanese have no dogs of superior breed, but they have cats of a peculiarly beautiful kind. These are of a whitish color, with large yellow and black spots, and a very short tail: the ladies carry them about as lap-dogs.

In the islands are found deer, wild boars, and

hares, but apparently in no great numbers. There are also monkeys, wild dogs, foxes, some curious animals that look like a cross between the fox and the wolf, and a few small bears in the secluded parts of the northern provinces. The fox bears not the very best of characters among the Japanese; the peasantry believe him to be in league with all evil spirits or devils, and to be himself the very incarnation of craft, malice, and wickedness; "but," says old Kampfer, "the fox-hunters are expert in conjuring and stripping this animated devil, his hair and wool being much coveted for writing and painting pencils." The weasel and ferret are found. Rats and mice swarm throughout the country, for the beautiful cats, being pets, have no turn for mousing. The rats are tamed by the natives, and taught to perform several tricks, and form a common diversion for the poorer people. We find mention made of two small animals of a red color, that live under the roofs of the houses, and are very tame. They are called the *itutz* and the *tin*.

The destructive white ant, that great annoyance of most parts of the East Indies, is very common. The Japanese call them *do toos* or piercers, a name they well merit, for they perforate whatever they meet, stones and metals only excepted, and when once they get into a merchant's warehouse, they in a very short compass of time can destroy or ruin an amazing quantity of his best goods. Nothing has been yet found that will keep them off, except salt laid under the goods and spread about them. The common European ants are their mortal enemies, and wherever these have been introduced, the *do toos* have rapidly disappeared, like the original English rat before the invasion of the Norwegian.

The islands, however, may be said to be remarkably free from insects and obnoxious reptiles. There are but few snakes, and hardly any of them appear to be venomous. One of these is of a beautiful green color, with a very flat head. Japanese soldiers cook it and eat its flesh, in the belief that it imparts courage and audacity. The natives also calcine the flesh in an earthen pot hermetically sealed, and derive from it a powder, which they believe to possess the most extraordinary medicinal virtues. There is a water snake of monstrous size; and another very large snake, of black color, but quite inoffensive, is found in the mountains. Both are very scarce, and when taken are shown about for money.

Birds are rather numerous. Of tame poultry they keep only fowls and ducks. They sell them sometimes to foreigners, but never eat them. Cocks are highly prized by the religious orders, because they mark the time, and foretell changes of the weather. Indeed, they are chiefly kept up as *time-keepers*.

The crane is the chief of the wild birds of the country; but like the heron, and the stork, which also abound, they can scarcely be called wild, for they are held as sacred birds, and nobody must injure or molest them. They thus become quite familiar, and mix with the people, and throng the market-places, just as the storks do in all towns, villages, and bazaars in Turkey, where they are equally objects of affection and veneration. No doubt this feeling also had its rise in

the Tartarian regions. When the conquering Turks first came into Europe, they were accustomed to say that the stork had a singular affection for their race, and that whithersoever they might carry their victorious arms, the stork would follow them and live with them. In Japan the country people never call the crane by any other name than that of *O Tsurisama*, "My great lord crane." There are two sorts of them: one white as snow, and the other gray. They portend good fortune, and long life. For this reason the imperial apartments, the walls of temples, and other happy places, are commonly adorned with figures of them. Cranes are also painted on dishes and drinking cups, and reproduced on articles of domestic furniture. We have seen native paintings of these birds that are exquisitely beautiful, as true and correct in drawing as beautiful in finish and coloring. They are among the very best specimens of Japanese art.

The tortoise is another happy and sacred creature, and is represented on walls, and reproduced in the same manner.

Wild geese and wild ducks are very abundant, and very tame. There are several species of both. One kind of duck is of immense size and of wonderfully brilliant and beautiful plumage. Pheasants, wild pigeons, and woodcocks, are very common birds. Hawks also are common. Ravens are scarce. Our common European crows, as also parrots, and other Indian birds, are never to be met with.

Of singing birds, Kampfer mentions only larks and nightingales; but he says that both of these sing more sweetly than with us. The natives highly prize the nightingale, and large sums are paid for a caged one, with a good voice.

They have plenty of bees, and, consequently, honey and wax are produced.

The shrill cicada, or winged-grasshopper, peoples the pines, and fills the woods and mountains with its incessant song. Butterflies and beetles are numerous and diversified, some of both kinds being very beautiful. Among the night-moths there is one sort which the Japanese ladies keep in little cages, as pets and curiosities. This moth is about four inches long, slender, round-bodied, with four wings, two of which are transparent, and concealed under the other pair of wings, which shine like polished metal, and are most curiously and beautifully adorned with blue and gold lines and spots. The following graceful fable owes its origin to the matchless beauty of this moth: All other night-flies fall in love with it; and to get rid of their importunities it maliciously bids them, as a trial of their devotion and constancy, to go and fetch it fire. The blind lovers, obedient to command, fly to the nearest lamp or candle, and never fail to get burned to death.

The sea all about Japan is plentifully stocked with all sorts of fish, and the natives are very expert fishermen. In the time of Charlevoix and Kampfer, and earlier travellers, the whale fishery was carried on to a great extent, particularly in the sea which washes the southern coasts of the great island, Nippon. The common way of catching them was by harpooning, in the manner of our Greenland fishermen; but the Japanese

boats seemed to be fitter for the purpose than ours, being small, narrow, tapering at each end into a sharp point, and rowing with incredible swiftness. "About 1680, a rich fisherman, in the province of Omura, found out a new way of catching whales with nets made of strong ropes, about two inches thick. This method was afterwards followed with good success by another man of the country. They say that, as soon as the whale finds its head entangled in a net, he cannot, without great difficulty, swim away or dive, and may be very easily killed with the harpoon in the common manner. The reason why this new method hath not been universally received is, because it requires a greater and much more expensive set of tackle than common fishermen can afford."

They enumerate six kinds of whales, differing in name, form, and size. Of all these several kinds, nothing was thrown away by the Japanese as useless. They boiled the fat or blubber into train oil; they pickled, boiled, roasted, or fried the flesh, and ate it: they even reduced the cartilaginous bones into food; they made cords, ropes, and strings for their musical instruments out of the nerves and tendons; they made a great use of the fins; and out of the jaw-bones, and other solid bones, they manufactured numerous articles, particularly their fine steelyards for weighing their gold and silver.

The Japanese fishermen attribute to the flesh of the whale, their favorite food, their strength and hardihood, and their extraordinary capability of enduring exposure to cold and foul weather.

It was in pursuing the whale to the coasts of Japan that the American ships met with those disasters, and that inhospitable treatment, which first made the government of the United States turn its attention in this direction.

Turtles of enormous size are said to abound on the southern or eastern coasts. Salmon, soles, turbot, a sort of cod, smelts, and other delicious sea fish, together with all sorts of lobsters, crabs, shrimps, oysters, muscles, &c., are taken in surprising abundance; and there are other fish of species unknown to us, and of which, some are said to be delicious. It is fortunate for the natives that their prejudices and superstitions allow them to eat fish. In the larger islands every part of the coast is thickly strewed with build-ings, and at every second or third mile are populous villages, from which extensive fisheries are carried on. In fact, the Japanese are essentially *ichthyophagi*. Aided by a good growth of potatoes, or an adequate supply of rice, the sea alone would support a vast population.

When Sidney was told he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said—"When God hath brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

Anger is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man: it effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

PERSEVERANCE.

"Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect."—SHAKESPEARE.

A weak spirit will be crushed by the same misfortunes which would rouse a strong one to exertion. The same storm which fixes more firmly the giant oak, roots up the tender sapling.

Stroke after stroke falls that

"Unwedgeable and gnarled oak"—

effort after effort overcomes a gnarled, ungracious fortune.

Bonaparte once said: "I have no idea of a merchant's acquiring a fortune as a general wins a battle—at a single blow."

This slap-dash way of acquiring a fortune has been ruinous to very many young merchants. They covet Aladdin's lamp; with one smart rub they would summon the genii, and obtain countless treasures.

Disappointed in their sanguine expectations, and perhaps utterly ruined and bankrupt, instead of beginning again in a moderate way, with experience for their guide, they have either entirely forsaken mercantile affairs, or struck another "blow" so violent that the rebound has crushed them to the earth.

To know how to wait is the great means of success, says a modern French writer; to know how to persevere is the surest means of success in any undertaking, and this involves patient waiting.

Perseverance is like a taste for olives where they are not indigenous; it is not a natural gift like genius, it is an acquirement. True, some persons more easily continue steadfast in a career than others; but, after all, anybody can persevere if they only *will*.

When the boy takes his gun, and goes out in the morning to shoot birds, he resolves not to go home with his game-bag empty. Miles and "mileses," as Hood says, he tramps over field and ford, mud and mire, through the bushes, over hedges and stone walls, tearing his trousers and his shins, bruising his hands and blistering his feet—and all for what purpose? Success.

"All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd."

"Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is."

Ah! but there are more dragons in the way to mercantile success, and fiercer ones, than guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides.

"Fight them, and the cravens flee, thy boldness is their panic;
Fear them, and thy treacherous heart hath lent their ranks a legion."

Stephen Girard, at the age of forty, commanded his own sloop, engaged in the coasting-trade between New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. He had taken many steps on the ladder of Fortune since he was a cabin-boy not worth a shilling—but think of his perseverance in mounting that ladder, *step by step*, till he was worth seven or eight millions of dollars!

The following anecdote of an oriental sovereign is given by Malcolm, in his History of Persia:—

"There was no feature more remarkable in the character of Timour, than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede

from what he had undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts, under circumstances that led all around him to despair. He used, on such occasions, to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life.

"'Once,' said he, 'was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I shall never forget the lesson it conveyed.'"

This reminds us of Bruce's spider, whose efforts were nearly as numerous before the object was accomplished.

It is a common notion among young people, that everything must be struck out at a heat; that this in the way genius works. Genius is suggestive, but common sense active.

"Alas!" said a poor widow, the mother of a bright but reckless son, "alas! he has not the gift of *continuance*."

This is an attribute of the best order of minds. Every school-boy knows "*Perseverantia vincit omnia!*" at least, he has fixed it indelibly upon the pages of his copy-book. Despise perseverance! As well might one despise the act of breathing, because it has to be repeated and continued every moment. But this is an unconscious act. True; and so may perseverance become, when the habit of accomplishing what is undertaken, is once established. Perseverance is a linked chain which grapples to the goal of Success with hooks of steel.

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE.

A CAUTION TO ALL WHO HAVE "PET" BIRDS.—I have two canaries, Pickwick and David. Also, a goldfinch, Dombey. Of these, Pickwick is the favorite, and he has, through my carelessness, nearly lost his life. A few days since, I filled all their glasses with water. Some time afterwards, I observed that Pickwick was very fidgetty and restless. Every time I went near him, he would try to attract my notice, by coming to the corner of his cage and trying to get his head through the wires. But as I was often in the habit of giving him some tid-bits, I took no particular notice of this till the following Tuesday morning, when he tried so hard to attract my attention that, thinking he was more troublesome than he ought to be, I put him outside the room. About ten o'clock, my sister, thinking he was quieter than usual, peeped in his cage, and there was poor Pickwick lying all of a heap! his feathers rustled, and he was evidently at his last gasp. When called by his name, he tried hard to look up. But a film had come over his eyes, so that he could hardly see. However, he made a hard struggle, and managed to get to the hole where his water was, telling us plainly as possible, what was the matter with him. And there, sure enough, was the cause of poor Pickwick's illness!

You are aware, no doubt, that the water glasses are put in a wire attached to the cage, and that the hole in the glass fits, or ought to fit, to a corresponding hole in the cage; but, being in a hurry, on Saturday, I did not look to see whether I had put the glass in properly, and the consequence was, the glass only dropped in part of the way, and the poor fellow could not get at his water. Only think, poor, dear Pickwick without water from Saturday till Tuesday! How he must have suffered all that time! Of course, we gave him some water directly, but it was some time before he could swallow any; and when he did, it was with great difficulty. Finding that he wanted to go to sleep directly (for I suppose the poor little fellow had not been able to get any rest for three nights), I put him in a dark room till the next day. He had then quite recovered, and, I am happy to say, "Pickwick's himself again." Let this operate as a warning to others.

[Were all the cases published, in which birds perish by a similar act of thoughtlessness, their number would be incredible. We have written against the use of these water-glasses till we are weary; nor should they be used for seed. They ought to be discarded altogether. The agony endured by the bird, as described above, must have been intense, indeed!—*Kidd's Own Journal of Natural History.*]

CHINA.—The passage annexed, from Dr. Guzlaff, throws a new light upon Chinese affairs:—

"Foreigners, who know nothing about the internal state of the country, are apt to imagine that there reigns lasting peace. Nothing is, however, more erroneous; insurrections of villages, cities, and districts, are of frequent occurrence. The refractory spirit of the people, the oppression and embezzlement of the mandarins, and other causes—such as dearth and demagogues—frequently cause an unexpected revolt. In these cases the destruction of property and hostility against the rulers of the land (especially if these have been tyrants) is often carried to great excess. There are instances of the infuriated mob broiling their magistrates over a slow fire. On the other hand, the cruelty of government, when victorious, knows no bounds: the treatment of political prisoners is really so shocking as to be incredible, if one had not been an eye-witness of these inhuman deeds. * * * One of the most common evils in China is starvation. The population is very dense. The means of subsistence are, in ordinary times, frequently not above the demand; and it is, therefore, nothing extraordinary to witness, on the least failure of the crop, utter wretchedness and misery. To provide for all the hungry mouths is impossible; and the cruel policy of the mandarins carries their indifference so far as to affirm that hunger is requisite to thin the dense masses of the people. Whenever such a judgment has come upon the land, and the people are in want of the necessaries of life, dreadful disorders soon arise, and the most powerful government would not be able to put down the rising and robberies which are committed on the strength of the prevailing misery. There seems to be a total change in the peaceful nature of the inhabitants; and many a

patient laborer turns fiercely upon his rich neighbor, like a wolf or a tiger, to devour his substance. No one can have an idea of the anarchy which, on such occasions, ensues, and the utter demoralization of the people. Yet as soon as relief is afforded, and a rich harvest promises fair, the spirit of order again prevails, and outrages are put a stop to. The people then combine, arm themselves, and proceed in thousands to catch marauders, like wild beasts. No mercy is shown on such occasions, and the mandarins, on account of their weakness, cannot interfere. Scenes of this description very often occurred, without giving rise to severe reflection on the character of Taoukwang's administration."

HINTS ON PAPER-HANGING.—Many a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bed-rooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper, at any cost or inconvenience, for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other, at night, in the meantime, will do very well. It will not do very well; for health, and even life, may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness. Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a putrid dew. The paper was torn down, and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick, stuck together with their layers of size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not sicken our readers by describing.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

THE WAY THE NINEVEH REMAINS WERE PRESERVED.—Many of the smaller and most interesting pieces of these remains, all minutely characterized over with Ninevite literature, were so friable, that it seemed next to impossible to carry them away. They crumbled under the hand; and what was to be done? Professor Owen advised Mr. Layard to boil them in a solution of

common glue; he did so; and they came out as hard as marble, capable of being kept "forever!" The fact is, that bone is just an earthy lime compound, held together by gelatine or fine glue; and, but for the gelatinous matter diffused through its substance, would be brittle and frail. Steep a bone in muriatic acid, the lime is dissolved, and there remains a piece of good glue of the shape of the bone. Heat a bone in a strong fire, the glue is all burnt away, and the lime compound remains of the same form as before, but friable. Pure stucco is but a soft and loose substance: but if the stucco powder be mixed up with water, holding gelatine or even gum in solution, it gets very hard, indeed. This preparation is much in use, as a substitute for polished stone in internal architecture, under the name of *scagliola*. Mr. Layard's stone pages of antique literature, lying in the British Museum, are now a sort of durable gelatinised cement. Geology presents petrified bones to the notice of the comparative anatomist; but here chemistry offers ossified stones to the study of the historian, that geologist of the social world, and the balance of obligations is restored.

MOULDINESS.—We have long been aware that many animal and vegetable substances form, when sound, wholesome food, but in certain stages of decomposition are highly deleterious; this is the case particularly with pork, corn, and wheat flour; and cases have frequently occurred abroad, and in this country, in which persons, after eating such provisions, have been seized with the symptoms of poison; and cases are on record of persons having died in consequence of eating ham-pie, Italian cheese, and other articles of food, in which the presence of fungi has indicated the decomposition; and it may be considered worthy of notice, that by experiment it has been proved that the poisonous effect has not arisen from the fungi, as generally supposed, but from the substance on which they grew, and which was in a state of decomposition. Therefore, we may consider them as faithful messengers, warning us of a concealed and treacherous enemy, by providentially revealing to us the presence of decomposition, and at the same time rapidly removing it.

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c., namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists. This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially intended by Providence to contribute.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

THE EVENING BEFORE MARRIAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZACHOWKE.

"We shall certainly be very happy together!" said Louise to her aunt on the evening before her marriage, and her cheeks glowed with a deeper red, and her eyes shone with delight. When a bride says *we*, it may easily be guessed whom of all persons in the world she means thereby.

"I do not doubt it, dear Louise," replied her aunt, "see only that you *continue* happy together."

"Oh, who can doubt that we shall continue so! I know myself. I have faults, indeed, but my love for him will correct them. And so long as we love each other, we cannot be unhappy. Our love will never grow old."

"Alas!" sighed her aunt, "thou dost speak like a maiden of nineteen, on the day before her marriage, in the intoxication of wishes fulfilled, of fair hopes and happy omens. Dear child, remember this—*even the heart in time grows cold*. Days will come when the magic of the senses shall fade. And when this enchantment has fled, then it first becomes evident whether we are truly worthy of love. When custom has made familiar the charms that are most attractive, when youthful freshness has died away, and with the brightness of domestic life, more and more shadows have mingled, then, Louise, and not till then, can the wife say of the husband, 'He is worthy of love'; then, first, the husband say of the wife, 'She blooms in imperishable beauty.' But, truly, on the day before marriage, such assertions sound laughable to me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You would say that our mutual virtues alone can in later years give us worth for each other. But is not he to whom I am to belong—for of myself I can boast nothing but the best intentions—is he not the worthiest, noblest of all the young men of the city? Blooms not, in his soul, every virtue that tends to make life happy?"

"My child," replied her aunt, "I grant it. Virtues bloom in thee as well as in him; I can say this to thee without flattery. But, dear heart, they bloom only, and are not yet ripened beneath the sun's heat and the shower. No blossoms deceive the expectations more than these. We can never tell in what soil they have taken root. Who knows the concealed depths of the heart?"

"Ah, dear aunt, you really frighten me."

"So much the better, Louise. Such fear is right, such fear is as it should be on the evening before marriage. I love thee tenderly, and will, therefore, declare all my thoughts on this subject without disguise. I am not as yet an old aunt. At seven and twenty years, one still looks forward into life with pleasure, the world still presents a bright side to us. I have an excellent husband. I am happy. Therefore, I have the right to speak thus to thee, and to call thy attention to a secret which perhaps thou dost not yet know, one which is not often spoken of to a young and pretty maiden, one, indeed, which does not greatly occupy the thoughts of a young

man, and still is of the utmost importance in every household: a secret from which alone spring lasting love and unalterable happiness."

Louise seized the hand of her aunt in both of hers. "Dear aunt! you know I believe you in everything. You mean, that enduring happiness and lasting love are not insured to us by accidental qualities, by fleeting charms, but only by those virtues of the mind which we bring to each other. These are the best dowry which we can possess; these never become old."

"As it happens, Louise. The virtues also, like the beauties of the body, can grow old, and become repulsive and hateful with age."

"How, dearest aunt! what it is you say? Name to me a virtue which can become hateful with years."

"When they have become so, we no longer call them virtues, as a beautiful maiden can no longer be called beautiful, when time has changed her to an old and wrinkled woman."

"But, aunt, the virtues are nothing earthly."

"Perhaps."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever become hateful?"

"So soon as they degenerate into insipid indolence and listlessness."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes imperious rudeness."

"And modest diffidence?"

"Turns to fawning humility."

"And noble pride?"

"To vulgar haughtiness."

"And readiness to oblige?"

"Becomes a habit of too ready friendship and servility."

"Dear aunt, you make me almost angry. My future husband can never degenerate thus. He has one virtue which will preserve him as he is forever. A deep sense, an indestructible feeling for everything that is great and good and noble, dwells in his bosom. And this delicate susceptibility to all that is noble dwells in me also, I hope, as well as in him. This is the innate pledge and security for our happiness."

"But if it should grow old with you; if it should change to hateful excitability; and excitability is the worst enemy of matrimony. You both possess sensibility. That I do not deny; but beware lest this grace should degenerate into an irritable and quarrelsome mortal."

"Ah, dearest, if I might never become old! I could then be sure that my husband would never cease to love me."

"Thou art greatly in error, dear child! Wert thou always as fresh and beautiful as to-day, still thy husband's eye would by custom of years become indifferent to these advantages. Custom is the greatest enchantress in the world, and in the house one of the most benevolent of fairies. She renders that which is the most beautiful, as well as the ugliest, familiar. A wife is young, and becomes old; it is custom which hinders the husband from perceiving the change. On the contrary, did she remain young, while he became old, it might bring consequences, and render the man in years jealous. It is better as kind Providence has ordered it. Imagine that thou hadst grown to be an old woman, and thy husband

were a blooming youth; how wouldst thou then feel?"

Louise rubbed her chin, and said, "I cannot tell."

Her aunt continued: "But I will call thy attention to a secret which"—

"That is it," interrupted Louise, hastily, "that is it which I long so much to hear."

Her aunt said: "Listen to me attentively. What I now tell thee, I have proved. It consists of *two parts*. The *first part*, of the means to render a marriage happy, of itself prevents every possibility of dissension, and would even at last make the spider and the fly the best of friends with each other. The *second part* is the best and surest method of preserving feminine attractions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louise.

"The former half of the means, then: In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take thy bridegroom, and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a solemn vow in return. Promise one another *sacredly, never, not even in mere jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humor. Never!* I say; never. Wrangling, even in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, *never to have a secret from each other under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must, continually and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you, will form a party, and stand between you two! That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this simple secret, and straightway practised it, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!"*

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with ardor. "I feel that it must be so. Where this confidence is absent, the married, even after wedlock, are two strangers who do not know each other. It should be so; without this, there can be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best preservative of female beauty?"

Her aunt smiled, and said: "We may not conceal from ourselves that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times more than an ill-looking one, and the men are pleased with us when we are pretty. But what we call beautiful, what in the men pleases us, and in us pleases the men, is not skin and hair, and shape and color, as in a picture or a statue; but it is the character, it is the soul that is within these, which enchants us by looks and words, earnestness, and joy, and sorrow. The men admire us the more they suppose

those virtues of the mind to exist in us which the outside promises; and we think a malicious man disagreeable, however graceful and handsome he may be. Let a young maiden, then, who would preserve her beauty, preserve but that purity of soul, those sweet qualities of the mind, those virtues, in short, by which she first drew her lover to her feet. And the best preservative of virtue, to render it unchanging and keep it ever young, is *religion*, that inward union with the Deity and eternity and faith—is piety, that walking with God, so pure, so peaceful, so beneficent to mortals.

"See, dear heart," continued the aunt, "there are virtues which arise out of mere experience. These grow old with time, and alter, because, by change of circumstances and inclination, prudence alters her means of action, and because her growth does not always keep pace with that of our years and passions. But religious virtues can never change; these remain eternally the same, because our God is always the same, and that eternity the same, which we and those who love us are hastening to enter. Preserve, then, a mind innocent and pure, looking for everything from God; thus will that beauty of soul remain, for which thy bridegroom to-day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic: I am thy aunt of seven and twenty. I love all innocent and rational amusements. But for this very reason I say to thee—be a dear, good Christian, and thou wilt as a mother; yes, as a grandmother, be still beautiful."

Louise threw her arms about her neck, and wept in silence, and whispered, "I thank thee, angel!"

UNWHOLESOME LITERATURE.

"Why will they harrow up the feelings so?" exclaimed a friend, laying by a book, with a serious face.

It was a story told of passion, of unfaithfulness, of miserable crime, of gentle hearts all unconscious that those to whom they were wedded, loved them not back, but shined instead, some being to whom, having once been faithless, they seemed doomed to be united in spirit.—United by a harrowing passion that should not be called by a hallowed name.

Truly enough, thought we, why should authors so harrow up the feelings?

In our opinion, if such works do point a moral, and the actors therein are punished with remorse, they are no more fit for the innocent young girl to read, than books that are admitted to be of an out and out questionable character.—No work that paints infidelity between the married relations can, or at least ought to be considered wholesome moral food.

Why should thoughts and impulses, imaginings, and to say the least, doubtful actions, painted to the lying open of the heart fibres, and depicting those frail minds that have not the courage to resist the evil, when they know the consequences that must follow, why should all that, wrought up to an intense and fearful climax, be considered now as the standard to which genius must aspire? We have too many morbid authors.

literary dissectors, dealers with malefactors, painters of death-beds, extinguishers of the most darling hopes, blighters of the strongest affections, authors who love to trace a darling sin,—and that sin the most accursed,—through the channels of a professedly Christian mind. Who make ministers fallen angels in black livery; who cause them to yield to crime and go to destruction, while coldly praying,—“Lord deliver us.”

Beautiful writers they are, clothed in the most dazzling livery of intellect, if intellect wear one; each thought a gem, each sentence sparkling with the real splendor of genius, so that one would fain devour the story, though it tear the very heart in twain, and irreparably injure the finest feelings.

Should not sin be delineated? Truly should it be, but by a sunny, healthful author—and yet, we speak too fast; there are some crimes that should not be traced in “words that burn and thoughts that breathe;” sins that should be briefly told, and that with no labored elegance of diction. Among these is that crime of apostasy from the wedded heart. Marriage appears to us of so holy origin, of so sacred a character, that we tremble to see its sanctuary invaded by the chastest pen, and its vows defiled, even if only in fancy. We beseech our authors to turn a deaf ear to fame, if its attainment involves so great and terrible a responsibility as the planting of thorns in confiding hearts who may feel, “am not I then deceived? am not I walking in darkness?”

Fiction may be made the handmaiden of purity; no one will deny that; but if public taste has so far degenerated that it craves, greedily, such dangerously beautiful creations, whose is the fault?

We contend that genius, properly directed, has power to raise the masses from the deepest deep of iniquity to its own sublime standard of excellence; and it is baseness in any author to pander, for the sake of popularity, to over-fed and morbid desires.

A case in point occurs. Only yesterday we saw a young boy not nine years of age, evidently mentally precocious, engaged in perusing one of these works, and two others laid beside him, ready to be devoured in their turn.

On expostulating with him, his reply was,—“Why! they’re not true, they’re only fictions.”

“But,” said we, “you might be spending your time in reading better fictions.”

His reply was significant;—“Give me better fictions and I’ll read them.”

And so with the great public, with all its varied tastes—give it better fictions and it will read them; turn those brilliant thoughts into another channel—they will be *more* appreciated, and authors may take their profits, nor be troubled with rust upon the gold.

What we want now is strong-hearted, healthful, sunny genius, with no puerile wit, and above all, no disposition to unlock the fetid charnel houses of corrupt nature; who will not overdose us with poison to prove that poison will kill, nor wade us through a sewer in order that we may be sure there is filth there.

Who will allow the poor weak creatures, professing God’s name yet doing works of darkness, to sink into the insignificance they merit; for we

leave it to every enlightened mind, if such characters, doubly distilled in wickedness, are worthy of being perpetuated, when there are so many that would lead the bad heart back to virtue by the simple portrayal of their angelic excellencies?

We earnestly hope that a writer of this description may be raised up among us, and we think the public will have the good sense to appreciate him, and give him solid and substantial testimonials, as well as the foremost niche in the temple of fame.—*Olive Branch.*

LITTLE CHARLEY.

[“Fanny Fern” can be pathetic as well as humorous, as the following from the New York Musical World will show:]

It is hard to lie upon a bed of sickness, even though that bed be of down. Nauseous, too, is the healing-draught, though sipped from a silver cup, held by a loving hand. Wearisome are the days and nights, even with the speaking eye of love over your pillow. But what if the hand of disease lie heavily on the poor?—what if the “barrel of meal and cruise of oil” fail? What if emaciated limbs shiver under a tattered blanket? What if lips parched with fever mutely beg for a permitted, but unattainable luxury? What if the tones of the voice be never modulated to the delicately-sensitive ear? What if at every inlet of the soul come sighs and sounds, harsh and dissonant? Ah! who shall measure the sufferings of the sick poor?

Dear little Charley! you were as much out of place, in that low, dark, wretched room, as an angel could well be on earth. Meekly, in the footsteps of Him who loveth little children, were those tiny feet treading. Patiently, uncomplainingly, were those racking pains endured. A tear, a contraction of the brow, a slight, involuntary clasping of the attenuated fingers, were the only visible signs of agony. What a joy to sit beside him!—to take that little feverish hand in mine,—to smooth that rumpled pillow,—to part the tangled locks on that transparent forehead, to learn of one, of whom the Saviour says, “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” But never did I bless God so fully, so gratefully, for the gift of song, as when,—with that little sensitive heart held close to mine,—I made him forget his pain by some simple strain. I had sung for my own amusement: I had sung when dazzling lights, and fairy forms, and festal hours were inspiration; but never with such a zest, and with such a thrill of happiness, as when, in that wretched room, I soothed the sufferings of “little Charley.” The garland-crowned prima donna, with half the world at her feet, might have envied me the tightened clasp of that little hand, the suffused, earnest gaze of that speaking eye, and that half-whispered, plaintive —“one more! Charley is so happy now!”

Aye! Charley is happy now! Music, such as only the blessed hear, fills his soul with rapture. Never a discordant note comes from the harp, swept by that cherub hand, while forever that majestic anthem rolls on, in which his infant voice is joining—“Worthy the Lamb.”

FANNY FERN.

A DAY IN A FRENCH CRIMINAL COURT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

As I chanced, in the autumn of last year, to be residing in a town in the north of France during the assizes, I became a regular reader of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, in the hope of comprehending, thanks to this professional study, the daily and hourly reports which were made to me of the proceedings of the melancholy tribunal which had, by the influx of visitors that it occasioned, rendered the ordinarily quiet streets of our grey old city a scene of movement and bustle wholly foreign to their usual aspect. My purpose, however, singularly failed. With my thoroughly English notions of a court of justice, and the solemnity of a trial on whose result frequently hinged the whole future welfare, and even the life, of a fellow-creature, I was unable to recognize as feasible the piquant anecdotes and startling discrepancies which afforded subject of conversation at our tea-table; while the broad and bold columns of the official journal afforded me no efficient assistance; for, even these—although in point of fact I found the crime, the accusation, the defence, and the sentence, all duly recorded—to the more unprofessional reader formed by no means the most salient or engrossing portions of the report, wherein the compiler—like certain reviewers, who, in order to manufacture a “taking” article for their own pages, are accustomed to pass over unnoticed the more important and solid portions of a work, and to fasten upon its entertaining passages, in order to lighten at once their own labors and those of their subscribers—the compiler (as I was about to say, when I indulged in the above interminable parenthesis) had apparently occupied himself rather in weaving a species of legal romance, than in simply stating the broad facts composing the framework of the moral tragedy upon which he was engaged. To me it appeared strange, even with all the love of dramatic effect natural to our Gallican neighbors, that they should be enabled to deduce a social novel from every trial of any importance which came before their courts; and so greatly did this wonder increase upon me, that, after considerable hesitation, I resolved to judge for myself in how far these extraordinary reports were worthy of credence. To do this effectually, it was of course necessary to witness the passage of some great criminal through the awful ordeal of human justice—to brace my nerves, and to resolve to watch, with all the philosophy I could command, the fearful wrestling of foul guilt or outraged innocence with the stupendous power of legal talent and of legal ingenuity. No petty crime could enable me to do this; for in France, as I was well aware, trials for minor offences are conducted with a haste and brevity proportioned to their insignificance; and I accordingly awaited with considerable trepidation the announcement of one of those more fearful accusations which involve the penalty of death. Unhappily, this was not long in coming; and I was, ere the close of the session, informed that a young peasant woman, from an adjoining hamlet, was about to

take her trial for the two-fold crime of murder and arson; and at the same time assured that no doubt whatever, from the evidence of the *proc s-verbal*, (or preliminary examination,) existed of her guilt; while, at the same time, it was a great relief to me to ascertain that her intended victim still survived.

The approaches of the Palais de Justice were almost choked by the anxious multitude who were struggling to effect an entrance, as, led by a professional friend, I made my way by a private staircase to the seat which had been reserved for me. The aspect of the court was solemn and imposing. Immediately before me was a dais, raised two steps above the floor of hall, in the centre of which, behind a long table covered with black serge, stood the chairs of the President (or judge) and his two assistants, over whose heads extended, from the lofty roof to the summit of their seats, a colossal painting of our Saviour upon the cross. On the left hand, an enclosed space was appropriated to the Procureur-General de la Republique (or attorney-general,) beyond which stretched, to the extremity of the platform, the jury-box. On the right hand, a second enclosure (or *loge*) formed the place allotted for the greffier (or registrar,) while a tier of seats, corresponding with those occupied by the jury were destined to accommodate the counsel for the defence; and, in cases of political delinquency, the accused themselves, and their friends. These seats bear the name of Benches of the Accused; but behind them rises a third, beside which opens a small door, and which is distinguished by the frightful appellation of the Bench of Infamy. In minor trials, this elevated seat is occupied only by two gendarmes, who, after having escorted their prisoners to the entrance of the court, and delivered them into the keeping of the proper officers, afterwards introduce themselves by the small door already alluded to; but, in all cases involving life or the galleys, they seat themselves on either side the culprit, over whose every movement they keep a scrupulous watch.

To complete the picture, it is only necessary to add, that in the centre of the platform, facing the President, and consequently with its back to the audience, was placed a large arm-chair, raised one step from the floor, and appropriated to the witnesses; while four ranges of enclosed benches formed the reserved seats, and shut in the dais, being themselves separated from the main body of the court by a stout wooden partition, breast-high, behind which all ingress is free, and is accomplished through a separate door.

At the appointed hour, a bell rang, and the officers of the court entered and took their seats. The President wore a black cloak, lined and edged with scarlet, and a high cap of black cloth, with a scarlet sash about his waist. The Procureur de la Republique was also robed in black, edged with white fur, with a blue sash, and two rows of broad silver lace upon his cap; while the counsel for the prisoner—a young and eloquent man, who had volunteered to undertake her defence—wore a gown of black silk, and differed little in his appearance from a student at one of our own universities.

After some examination of papers, and an ex-

hibition of that by-play among the officials which appears to be the usual preliminary of all legal investigations, a second bell rang out. The twenty individuals composing the jury were called and sworn; and they had no sooner entered the box, than the President adjusted his spectacles, and fell back in his seat. The small door—that which has been the door of doom to so many trembling and justice-fearing criminals, and which is doubtlessly still fated to afford ingress to scores of others—opened as noiselessly as though it feared to drown the heart-throb of the wretched woman who stood upon its threshold, and, behind a stalwart gendarme, entered a female peasant with her head bowed upon her bosom, followed in her turn by a second armed guardian.

It is not my purpose to excite a false sympathy, by describing the prisoner as one of those fair beings whose personal beauty is adapted to disarm justice by captivating the pity of its ministers; but I may, nevertheless, be permitted to remark that her appearance was singularly prepossessing, and that it was easy to decide at the first glance, that, under other circumstances, she could not have failed to attract notice. She was young; and, although her features were now swollen from incessant weeping, and her complexion almost purple from emotion, the luxuriance of her pale brown hair, the long lashes by which her eyes were shaded, the extreme neatness of her dress, and the remarkable, although somewhat redundant, symmetry of her figure, could not be passed over without remark. As she dropped upon the bench, in obedience to the gesture of one of her guardians, her head fell heavily upon her bosom, and she covered her face with her handkerchief, which was already steeped with her tears.

There was a momentary hush throughout the crowded court, interrupted only by the rustling of papers, or the occasional heavy sob of the prisoner; and then the voice of the President broke coldly and harshly upon the silence.

"Accused, stand up."

He was obeyed; but still the burning cheeks were hidden by the friendly handkerchief.

"Remove your hand from your face—hold up your head—and answer me."

The hand was withdrawn—the head raised, but only for a moment—and then the interrogation was resumed.

"What is your name?"

"Rosalie Marie——"

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Your calling?"

"Wife of Baptiste ——, a farmer; I assisted him in his farm."

"An able assistant!" remarked the Procureur, sarcastically to the President, who replied by a quiet smile.

"Are you aware of the crime of which you are accused?"

The answer was a violent passion of tears.

"Sit down"—said the cold voice. "Greffier, read the accusation."

This formidable document, based on the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the spot by the mayor of the

village, amid the dying embers of the fire, set forth that Rosalie, having been hired as a general servant by the proprietors of a small farm, the joint property of an aged man and his sister, had engaged the affections of her master's son, who, finding that he could not induce her to return his passion upon easier terms, had ultimately married her, to the extreme annoyance of his family, and especially of his maiden aunt, whose pride was wounded by what she considered as a degrading union. At the period of the fire, Rosalie was the mother of a child of four years old, and was looking forward to the birth of a second; but discomfort and dissension had already supervened between the young couple. The father of Baptiste, indeed, had become reconciled to his daughter-in-law; but such was far from being the case with his sister, who lost no opportunity of exciting the anger of her nephew against his wife, whenever the latter failed to obey her behests; while, as it was proved by several witnesses, Rosalie became at length so much irritated by the ceaseless severity of which she was the object, and so indignant at the taunts uttered against her previous poverty, that she had been more than once heard to declare that she wished the farm burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common laborer; and that she would gladly fire it herself, in order to be delivered from the life of wretchedness to which she was then condemned. More than one witness, stated the accusation, would swear to this fact, which at once pointed suspicion towards the prisoner; when, several months previous to the present trial, on a calm evening, between seven and eight o'clock, long after the farm-servants had quitted the premises, a fire broke out in a barn adjacent to the dwelling-house occupied by the family, which, after consuming the out-buildings and several stacks of unthreshed grain and beans, had been with difficulty extinguished by the energetic labor of the villagers.

Among other evidence tendered to the mayor during this examination was that of the maiden aunt, who, to her unqualified accusation of the prisoner as the sole author of the catastrophe, superadded the information that Rosalie had, only a week or two previously, attempted to murder her husband, by mixing a quantity of white powder in some soup, which had been kept warm for his supper upon the ashes of the hearth, and which had produced violent vomitings, after he had partaken of it about half an hour.

As the monotonous accents of the greffier fell upon her ear, the unhappy woman sat with her hands forcibly clasped together, and her flushed face and eager eyes turned steadily towards him; but he no sooner ceased reading, than she started convulsively from her seat, and, leaning forward eagerly towards the bench, exclaimed, "I am innocent, M. le President; I am innocent!"

"Peace!" thundered out the frowning official; and then, as the wretched prisoner sank back between her guards, and once more endeavored to conceal herself, he extended his arm towards her, and, with outstretched finger, directed the attention of the court to the quailing form of the accused amid a silence so deep that it could almost be heard, and which he ultimately termi-

nated by these extraordinary words:—"You see that woman, gentlemen of the jury, who has just so vehemently declared her innocence; and now I, in my turn, tell you that I entertain no doubt of her guilt; and that I, moreover, believe her to be capable of anything."

Be it remembered that this declaration on the part of the presiding officer of the court—of the man who sat beneath the awful effigy of a crucified Saviour—and to whom had been delegated the supreme duty of administering even-handed justice alike to the accused and to society, did not even await the evidence of the witnesses whose revelations were to decide a question of life and death—but that *he volunteered this frightful assertion before any distinct proof of the guilt of the prisoner had been adduced*; nor should the fact be overlooked that the jury, which was composed of small farmers and petty tradesmen, regarded with awe and reverence the solemn and stately personage who had arrived from the capital expressly to preside over the tribunal of their remote province, and that they were consequently prepared to consider his opinion as infallible.

I watched the countenances of those who were nearest to me, and I at once perceived that the cruel words of the President had not failed in their effect; nor was it, indeed, possible that such a declaration, pronounced, moreover, with an emphasis which appeared to insure the perfect conviction of the speaker, could do otherwise than impress every one who heard it; and it was amid the sensation produced by this startling incident that the first witness was called and sworn.

This witness was the aunt; and, if my preconceived notions of a criminal trial had already been shaken, I became still more bewildered and surprised as the proceedings progressed. Instead, as it is the case in our own courts of law, of rejecting all merely hearsay evidence, the old woman was urged, alternately by the President and the Procureur, to detail all the reports consequent upon the fire; and to repeat what Jean-Marie So-and-so had said relatively to the prisoner to Dominique, or to Joseph or Jules; while the bitter volubility of the vindictive witness, whose occasional glances of hatred towards the accused sufficiently testified to the feeling by which she was actuated, ably seconded their efforts; and throughout a whole half-hour she poured forth, in the most guttural *patois*, a tide of village gossip and scandal, all of which tended to cast suspicion upon the prisoner. Two leading facts were, however, elicited from her evidence, which threw considerable doubt upon her statements. The farm at which the fire had occurred was the joint property of her brother and herself: and she had been careful to insure her own portion of the estate against the very calamity which had taken place; nor had she failed, within twenty-four hours of the event, to claim the amount due to her, after having solemnly sworn that she believed the fire to have been purely accidental. She, moreover, admitted, that she had not accused the prisoner of the crime of arson until the money had been paid over to her; while the cross-questioning of the prisoner's counsel soon enabled him to prove that, subsequently to her having done so, on being informed that should her step-niece be

found guilty of arson, she would be called upon to refund the insurance money, she had endeavored to recall her accusation, and to persuade her neighbors that they had misunderstood her meaning. It was, however, too late; her extreme loquacity had rung an alarm throughout the village—the ignorant are always greedy of the marvellous—and her disclaimers were universally disregarded. All the inhabitants of the hamlet at once decided that Rosalie was the incendiary; and, with a pertinacity which almost drove the aunt to desperation, quoted her own declarations as evidence of the fact. Thus taken in her own toils, the heartless old woman, instead of acknowledging that she had no authority for the rumors which she had spread, but had been instigated to this act of cruel injustice by her hatred and jealousy of her step-niece, vehemently declared that, since such was the case, if she were compelled to refund the money, she would at least have the life of the prisoner as some compensation for the loss.

When accused by the counsel of having made use of this threat, her denial was faint and sullen, and finally terminated by the fiendish remark, that, if she had ever said so, she was prepared to abide by it; that she maintained the guilt of the prisoner; and that they should do better, even if they lost the money, so that they were rid of her nephew's wife along with it.

As these malignant words passed her lips, a low murmur filled the court, and the President ordered her to stand down. Half-a-dozen other witnesses were then successively called on the same side, and in every case were asked whether they were relatives, friends, or lovers of the prisoner? to which question two sturdy young peasants answered bitterly, "No, thank God!" and in both instances it was elicited by her counsel that they were discarded suitors, who had, since her marriage, caused frequent misunderstandings between herself and her husband.

Still, hour after hour, the tide of words flowed on, and no one *proof* of guilt had been brought against the prisoner. At intervals some leading question, well calculated to cause her to criminate herself, was abruptly put by the President, and at each denial she was desired to remember that she had confessed as much during her previous examination; but, agitated as she was, she still retained sufficient self-possession to refute the assertion, declaring that she never could have accused herself of a crime of which she was innocent.

As the next name was called, and one of the ushers of the court was about to introduce a new witness, a faint scream burst from the lips of the prisoner, which was succeeded by a violent fit of weeping; and I grew sick at heart, lest she was at last to find herself in contact with an accuser whose charge she could not refute. A slight confusion at the extremity of the hall, a low murmur, and the dragging of heavy steps along the floor, at that moment diverted my attention from the wretched woman; and I saw, slowly approaching the witness chair, an infirm and aged man, supported by two of the subordinate officers of the court. As he was led forward, he looked helplessly from side to side, as if bewildered by

the novelty of the scene about him; and, after having been assisted up the steps of the dais, he dropped into the chair to which he was conducted, nor did he attempt to rise when told by the President to stand up while he took the customary oath.

"Stand up," repeated the usher; but the old man continued motionless.

"He can't hear," shouted the harsh voice of his sister from the extremity of the court; "he's been deaf this many a year; you must shout into his ear." The usher acted upon this suggestion; but the poor old man only shook his grey head, and laughed.

"Does he know why he is here?" asked the President, impatiently.

"Not he," replied the same involuntary spokeswoman; "we didn't tell him, or he wouldn't have come."

"Can he be made to understand the nature of an oath?"

"May-be yes, may-be no; he's childish-like; but you can try him."

"This is trifling with the court!" exclaimed the President, angrily; "and cruel to this poor old man. 'Who is he?'"

"Her husband's father, my brother; the father-in-law that she tried to burn out," responded the woman.

"Silence!" shouted the President. "Usher, remove this man from the court, and see that he is taken care of until he can be conveyed to his home."

He was obeyed; the old man was with difficulty induced to leave his seat, and many a tear followed him as he disappeared. It was a most painful spectacle, nor was it the only one which we were destined to witness; for, before the examination was resumed, an individual approached the bench, and whispered a few words to the President, who, with an irritated gesture, impatiently replied, "Well, if it must be so; but we are losing time."

The messenger made a sign, and he had no sooner done so than a woman appeared at a side door carrying an infant in her arms, with which she approached the prisoner, who eagerly leant forward to receive it. The child sprang, with a joyful cry of recognition, into the embrace of its wretched mother, who for a moment strained it convulsively to her bosom; but when she endeavored to give it the nourishment which it required, the infant flung itself violently back, terrified by the feverish contact, and could not be induced again to approach her. Never shall I forget the agony depicted upon the countenance of the unhappy prisoner: her tears seemed to have been suddenly dried up; and, rising from her seat, she gave back the struggling infant into the arms of its nurse, without a word. Had she been the veriest criminal on earth, she was an object of intense pity at that moment!

The proceedings were once more resumed. Other witnesses for the prosecution followed, but the evidence was still vague and inconclusive; and at length the Procureur rose to address the court. His speech was eloquent and emphatic: but, although he cleverly availed himself of every opportunity of bringing the guilt of both charges

home to the prisoner, he was rather startling than convincing in his arguments. He repeatedly called upon her to deny the truth of his conclusions, but he gave her no opportunity of doing so; he hurled at her the most bitter invectives, applied to her the most opprobrious epithets, and defied her to summon a single witness to prove her innocence, or to save her from an ignominious death; and, finally he reproached her with her ingratitude to a family by whose generosity she had been raised from poverty to comfort; reminded her of the disgrace which she had brought, not only upon the wretched old man of eighty-six years of age, who had been made through her means a public spectacle, but also upon the helpless children to whom she had given birth, and especially upon the innocent and ill-fated infant who had first seen the light through the iron bars of a prison.

It was a frightful piece of elocution; never for an instant did he appear to remember that the wretched prisoner might yet, despite appearances, have been wrongfully accused, and have been a victim rather than a criminal. There was no leaning to the side of mercy, no relenting, no gleam of light thrown upon the darkness of the picture; and it was evident that the miserable woman felt that she was lost long before his terrible words ceased to vibrate in her ears. For a time she had sat motionless, gazing upon him with a wild stare of affrighted wonder; but as he rapidly heaped circumstance upon circumstance, recapitulated the gossip of the villagers, and deduced from the most apparently unimportant facts the most condemnatory conclusions, she gradually sank lower and lower upon her seat, until she appeared no longer able to sustain herself; and, when a deep and thrilling silence succeeded to the speech of the public accuser, her choking sobs were distinctly audible.

The Procureur was right: the witnesses for the defence were unable to prove her innocence of the crime imputed to her; but they one and all bore evidence to the irreproachability of her character; to her piety, her industry, her neighborly helpfulness, and her charity, both of word and deed. They showed, moreover, that she had borne with patience and submission the tyranny of her husband's aunt, the violence of that husband himself, and that she had been to her father-in-law a devoted and affectionate daughter.

"But," said the Procureur to one of her panegyrists, "if the accused were indeed the admirable person whom you describe, how do you account for her having made so many enemies, and for the general belief in her guilt prevalent throughout the village?"

"Ha, Monsieur!" replied the brave young peasant, as he turned a hasty and sympathizing glance towards the prisoner; "hate grows faster than love, and lasts longer. Before the neighbors dreamt of Rosalie's good luck—or, rather, bad luck, as it has since turned out, poor woman!—there was many a lad in the village that hoped to make her his wife; but she listened to none of them, and they can't forgive her for having married above them."

"And you, not having been of the number, can afford to say a good word for her. Is that

what we are to understand?" asked the Procureur, sarcastically.

"No, Monsieur," was the sturdy reply; "but I loved her too well to bear malice."

A gleam of light at last! But, alas! too faint to penetrate the gloom of her prison cell.

"Stand down," said the President; and the heroic young man obeyed. And this was heroism; for he had boldly avowed his affection for one who had appeared to be abandoned by every other human being—her adopted father had abandoned her in the unconsciousness of second childhood—her infant, in the terror of helplessness—her friends from the dread of shame—she stood alone, until that humble but upright man braved the world's withering scorn, and dared the contemptuous laughter of his fellows to silence one throb of her bursting heart.

The last witness had been heard, and the counsel rose for the defence. He, no doubt, felt that he had undertaken not only a difficult, but an onerous task, for at the commencement of his speech he was visibly agitated: he perpetually repeated himself; and, instead of plunging boldly into the heart of his subject, and at once grappling with the charges brought against his client, he dwelt upon her youth, on the agony of mind and body which she had undergone for so many months, and on the misery which she must have endured when she gave birth to her last infant in disgrace and tears. Suddenly, however, he rallied; and declared, with an energy as startling as it was unexpected, that, although the sufferings which he had enumerated were of themselves almost a sufficient punishment for the crimes of which she was accused, he had no intention of asking an acquittal upon such grounds.

"No, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, vehemently, "we seek no such subterfuge—we desire no impunity which does not restore our honor. We have already endured enough, more than enough; we care not to remain a mark for the finger of scorn and of suspicion; we must leave this court not only free, but justified. I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that we have a right to demand this; and I have no fear but that you will feel as I do. What has been proved against the accused? I will tell you in a few words. It has been proved that she was pretty and good—so pretty and so good, that half the young peasants of the village sought to win her affections; that she was industrious, obliging, and modest; and *that* so pre-eminently, that, although poor and humble, the daughter of a daily laborer, and a menial in the family of a richer neighbor, she was chosen by the son of her master for a wife. I will even recall to your minds the fact that he would have won her more lightly, and that it was only when he became convinced of the uselessness of his illicit addresses, that he came forward loyally and generously to offer her his hand—for this circumstance tends to prove her worth—aye, and that hand was given despite the reproaches and opposition of his relatives, who, in their ignorance of the just value of qualities like hers, believed their kinsman, the heir of a few acres of land and a few thousands of hoarded francs, to be degrading himself by such an alliance. You have

heard that the marriage was an unhappy one, and it has been inferred that my client was the cause of this unhappiness; but I will merely ask you to reflect upon what you have seen and heard this day, ere you credit the assertion. The prisoner is accused of having attempted the life of her husband by poison. Where was the husband—the intended victim—when his would-be murderer was arraigned for the offence? Where was he? I will tell you, gentlemen: so securely hidden away, that even the emissaries of his vindictive aunt could not trace him out, and drag him hither to appear against a traduced and injured wife. What was the poison? You must allow me to fall back upon the evidence, and to add to it a most material fact. The accusation sets forth that Rosalie, assisted by her aunt, prepared a pan of cabbage-soup for the dinner and supper of the family, and that of this soup they all partook, at noon; it was then set aside till evening, when it was once more placed upon the fire; and at five o'clock, Baptiste being still absent at the wine-shop, the prisoner and her female relative again ate of the soup; and, the embers of the fire being still warm, the pan was carefully surrounded by hot ashes, to await his return. More than once the lid of the pan was raised to stir the contents, lest they should adhere to the bottom of the vessel; and this precaution was taken by the aunt herself, who never moved from the chimney-corner from the termination of her own supper to the return of her nephew, who, according to his usual habit, was far from sober, and who, after partaking of the soup, was attacked by violent sickness. On the following morning, the aunt—you have seen and heard her, gentlemen, and can consequently appreciate her character—showed the dregs of the soup, upon which there floated a species of white flaky film, with infinite mystery, to half-a-dozen chosen friends; after which, she herself flung out the residue of the soup beside the door of the house, where pigs and poultry could alike devour it, and where it doubtlessly *was* devoured, without any detriment to either from the ashes, which, in the action of stirring the contents, she had herself, beyond all doubt, introduced into the mixture. Why, if she indeed suspected poison, did she cleanse the vessel with her own hands? Why did she, whose god was mammon, incur the risk of poisoning the animals who might partake of it? Great stress was laid upon the fact of the vomiting by which her nephew was attacked after having eaten of this soup; but we have shown that he was a man of intemperate habits, who was subject to this malady; and our wonder should rather be excited by the fact, that he could, while full of wine, have swallowed a mess of this description, than that it should have produced, under the circumstances, the effect ascribed to it.

"Gentlemen of the jury, before God and society, is Rosalie — guilty of having attempted, in that soup, to poison her husband? We calmly await your decision. We now come to the second charge. On a certain evening, the farm of Baptiste's father and aunt is fired; the two women are seated in the common room, or house, as the witnesses have universally described it, meaning thereby the single apartment not used as a sleep-

ing-chamber; this room looks upon the farm-yard; the prisoner is near the window, occupied in repairing her husband's linen; the aunt, according to her habit, is dozing near the fire. Rosalie leaves the room for a few minutes, and shortly after her return remarks that she hears an extraordinary noise upon the premises; upon which she is told that she is a fool, and always full of absurd fancies; but, notwithstanding this rebuff, she again exclaims that she is sure something must be wrong, and that she smells an odor of burnt straw. The words are scarcely uttered, when a body of flame bursts from an adjacent barn; upon which the accused, uttering a loud scream, rushes to the bed-side of her sleeping child, hurriedly wraps it in a blanket, and leaves the house at all speed.

"Was this extraordinary? Was this unnatural? Was this a proof of guilt? M. le Procureur has decided in the affirmative; but I boldly demur to his conclusion. The first impulse of the mother was to save her infant; and in this instance it must have been doubly powerful, since, disappointed in all her other affections, the child of her bosom was all in all to her. You have been told that she lent no assistance in extinguishing the fire; and, personally, I admit that she did not do so. It has been asserted, upon oath, that no one knew where she was hidden until the flames were extinguished; and yet it has been proved that, on leaving her home, she made her way, with her precious burden, to the cottage of her aged and widowed father, who hurried, at her entreaty, to the farm, while she remained alone in his hovel to watch over her infant. We would have produced that father to swear to the fact, gentlemen of the jury, but he has been summoned to a higher tribunal than ours; he was poor, but he was not too poor to feel—humble, but not too humble to be beyond the reach of shame; and the birth of his last grandchild in a prison—I cannot, I dare not dwell upon this subject, gentlemen of the jury—I am warmed by the suffocating sobs behind me that my zeal is degenerating into cruelty; suffice it, then, that the unhappy old man is dead, and that thus one important witness has been lost to us.

"M. le Procureur expatiated largely also upon the expressions of bitter hopelessness, which were from time to time forced from the wrung heart of my unhappy client. She 'wished that the farm were burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common laborer;' and even declared, while smarting under the tyranny of her near relatives, that 'she would gladly fire it herself, to be relieved from the life of wretchedness to which she was condemned.' I am not about to justify these expressions; I am ready to admit that they were alike unguarded and unseemly; but, gentlemen of the jury, remember the provocation! Is there one of us who has never rashly uttered a word that he would gladly recall? Do we, men of education, of station, and eager for the applause of the world, do we always measure our sentences, and weigh our phrases in a moment of passion? Do not let us lie to our own souls.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have done. What

the prosecution could not prove we cannot disprove; but we can appeal to our God—we can appeal to the judgment of all honest men—and we can appeal to your decision. This we do boldly; this we do fearlessly; we are in your hands, and we are safe. You will restore a wife to her husband—a mother to her children—an outcast to her home. You will do this, for you have sworn to defend the right; and that right can only be maintained by our acquittal."

A low murmur of applause, which was, however, instantly checked, was heard throughout the court; and silence was no sooner restored, than the Procureur once more rose. He dissected with great forensic eloquence the address of the counsel, and alluded with keen and even indelicate sarcasm to the youth and good looks of the prisoner, which had, as he asserted, stood her instead of innocence. He commented upon the want of experience of her advocate, who had, as he declared, sacrificed his judgment to his enthusiasm; and where he should have convinced, had only dazzled his hearers. He even appealed to the prisoner herself whether, had an acquittal been possible, she could have desired it, when, as she must be well aware, it could but entail upon her an existence of obloquy and suspicion; and, finally, he called upon the jury to deliver society from a woman, whose after-career, should she leave that court absolved, might be readily prophesied from its antecedents.

I confess that, as I eagerly watched the countenances of the jury, I entertained little hope for the wretched woman, who sat with clasped hands and bent head utterly motionless, as though she also were counting the brief moments of her forfeited existence; until, as the jury were preparing to retire, one of her guards laid his hand upon her shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear, upon which she passively rose, and disappeared with the two gendarmes through the narrow door by which she had entered. Thence, as I was informed, she was conducted to a cell, where alone and in darkness, all prisoners await the verdict about to be pronounced upon them; a fearful ordeal to those upon whose guilt or innocence the arbiters of their fate were tardy in deciding.

And while she was thus abandoned to all the agonies of suspense, the court itself became a scene of bustle and excitement. The President, the Procureur, and half a dozen of their friends, had retired to the apartments of the former to partake of refreshments; and they had no sooner withdrawn, than a group of some twenty or thirty privileged individuals gathered together on the platform, some of whom were busied in devouring *bon-bons*, and exchanging jokes which elicited hearty, although suppressed laughter; while others drew the daily papers from their pockets, and were soon absorbed in politics, totally forgetful of the wretched woman whose fate was even then under discussion in the jury-room.

To myself, this appeared the most painful feature of the trial: the careless mirth and heartless indifference to the agonies of a fellow creature, so recklessly exhibited at such a moment, revolted me; but, happily, the suffering was brief. Ten minutes only had elapsed when the bell once

more sounded, every one resumed his seat, and the officials returned to their places, closely followed by the jury. When order had been restored, the President, in a tone of more solemnity than he had hitherto used, asked the supreme question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

The jury rose, and the foreman steadily replied, "NOT GUILTY, M. le President."

The effect of the verdict was electrical. It appeared as though, like myself, nine-tenths of the auditory had believed that there existed no hope for the accused; and while a joyous whisper arose on all sides, I remarked that the Procureur, who had so earnestly striven to secure the condemnation of the prisoner, turned a congratulatory smile upon her advocate, whose anxiety had rendered him as pale as marble; but this circumstance was soon forgotten in what followed.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the President, "it is my duty to compliment you upon your verdict; you have ably and honorably fulfilled the trust reposed in you. There can be no doubt, in any honest mind, that you have come to a true and just decision. At the commencement of my legal career, when I was yet a mere youth, the interests of my employer compelled me to reside, during several weeks, in the hamlet of which the accused was a native. I have never forgotten—I never *shall* forget—what I witnessed in that obscure village. It is enough for me to assure you that throughout the whole of my after-experience, I was never forced into contact with so utterly worthless a set of individuals; jealousy, slander, and falsehood, were the aliments upon which they appeared to exist; and it was more than sufficient that the accused, whose reputation you have restored by a most righteous verdict, was pure and modest; and that by the united charms of her person and her character, she had raised herself from a low station to one of comparative affluence, for every mouth to be opened against her. Gentlemen of the jury, once more I say, that I congratulate you; and that I believe the accused to be as innocent of the crimes imputed to her as either you or I."

I could scarcely trust my senses as I listened, and remembered that this very man, only a few hours previously, had branded the prisoner as a wretch so sunk in vice as to be "capable of anything;" but I could detect no similar surprise on any countenance about me. It did not appear to strike his listeners that he had, at the commencement of the trial, cruelly exceeded his privilege, and even foresworn his own conscience. There was no murmur of indignation, no evidence of disgust; but, on the contrary, an approving smile beamed on him from every side, as if in recompense of his tardy frankness.

I was still lost in wonder, when his voice again sounded through the hall—

"Bring in the prisoner."

In another moment, she once more occupied her frightful station; and then the greffier announced to her, in the same monotonous tone as that in which he had read her accusation, the verdict by which she stood acquitted.

In an instant, the purple flush faded from her

cheeks, and she became as white as a corpse. She swept her hands across her forehead, gave one long stare about her, and then, with a shriek which rang through the court rather like the cry of a wild animal than the utterance of human lips, she made a spring towards the door, nearly upsetting the gendarmes by whom it was guarded, and disappeared.

All was over. The officials collected their papers; the counsel threw off their gowns; the crowd dispersed; and I regained my home, fervently thanking God that it was not thus that justice was administered in my own happy country.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

NOW, AND LONG AGO.

BY FANNY FALES.

O sisters—sisters! I have been
Where we in childhood dwelt,
The old home by the mountain side,
Where morn and eve we knelt;
The shining poplars, now, as then,
Are waving by the door,
The maple wears its Autumn robe
Of crimson, as of yore;
The deep well, with its mossy pole,
Is standing, as of old,
And the grey bucket drips its wealth
Adown the stones so cold.

I walked along the garden paths,
Where once we used to run,
With footsteps like the startled doe's,
And hearts o'erfull of fun;
I linger'd 'neath the cherry tree
Our father prun'd with care,
And wept, for he—the loving group—
Ah! me! they were not there!
I wander'd to the chestnut grove,
The ripe nuts strew'd the ground,
The little squirrels scamper'd off,
At e'en the lightest sound.

And there, thro' the delicious morn
Of Indian Summer weather,
I filled my apron with the nuts,
As when we went together.
I dream'd I was a child again,
Beside my mother's knee,
Or bounding thro' the forest paths
With footsteps glad and free;
My heart rock'd gently on the waves
Of pleasant mem'ries, sung,
As when we went a nutting there
When you and I were young.

Ah, sisters, darlings, it is vain,
This yearning for the past!
I will be grateful for the good,
Along my pathway cast;
For gratitude, and cheerfulness,
Will change all things to gold:—
With Love, the angel, in my heart,
That never will grow old;
And tho' Time weave a silver thread
In every silken tress,
I'll try to find some gift of God's
To succor and to bless.
Then we'll not mourn the days long gone,
Our old home, and friends dear;
But cling the closer to the loved,
That Time has left us here.

CHOICE READINGS.

MEMORY OF MUSIC.—The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music, is another standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass that what the mind receives with the most passivity, it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity, laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its storehouses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required; a thought—ay, less than a thought?—the slightest breath of a hint—is sufficient to set the exquisitely sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating; and often we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, it has awakened in its passage. By what especial favor is it that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatred, loves, promises, of course, are all more fleeting than tunes! These we may let be buried for years; they never moulder in the grave; they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such a pitiless invoker of the ghost of the past as one bar of melody that has been connected with them; there is no such a sigh escapes from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.

FEMALE OCCUPATION.—Women in the middle rank are brought up with the idea that if they engage in some occupations, they shall lose "their position in society." Suppose it to be so; surely it is wiser to quit a position we cannot honestly maintain, than to live dependent upon the bounty and caprice of others; better to labor with our hands than eat the bread of idleness; or submit to feel that we must not give utterance to our real opinions, or express our honest indignation at being required to act a base or unworthy part. And in all cases, however situated, every female ought to learn how all household affairs are managed, were it only for the purpose of being able to direct others. There cannot be any disgrace in learning how to make the bread we eat, to cook our dinners, to mend our clothes, or even to clean the house. Better to be found busily engaged in removing the dust from the furniture, than to let it accumulate there until a visitor leaves palpable traces where his hat or his arm have been laid upon a table.

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far-east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nose-gays, while the Indian child of the far-west claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garland-

ed the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreath before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually-renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs. Child.*

GHOST STORIES.—There is a foolish and pernicious practice with some people, of relating stories to young children to excite alarm and terror. If it was only foolish or unreasonable, it might not justly call forth strong expressions of censure. Yet, even in such case, the practice had better be discontinued, and condemned, as quite improper. Stories to arouse curiosity and excite inquiry, if the subjects tend to utility, are certainly proper and commendable. But the common tales of Blue Beard and Giants, of spectres and ghosts, are extremely injurious in their influence and effects. Unfounded and absurd notions are received, that serve only to terrify, and which even by correct knowledge afterwards received, cannot be entirely subdued or eradicated. It is in vain to reason against them, or to oppose to them the knowledge derived from natural philosophy and the sciences. I have known men of great learning, who were unable to get rid of early but unreasonable fears, produced in childhood by the stories of nurses, or illiterate parents; and who are always occasionally under their unhappy influence, though their sober judgment told them they were fictitious. Let children be taught that the great Creator has impressed laws on all things, which operate uniformly; and that they are in safety, when they behave well and have a reverence for that great and good Being. They should be taught that ghosts and apparitions are wholly fanciful; that all the spectres they need guard against are guilty fears; and if they are virtuous, these will never haunt them, nor ever exist.

INFANCY.—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the Deity of infancy.

That is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another, and praising the speaker, but which makes them go away thoughtful, and serious, and hastening to be alone.

The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall from virtue must be to hear of the lost esteem of those we love.

THE END OF BEAUTY;

OR,

A SEQUEL TO "WHO WANTS A MONKEY?"

BY CHERICOT.

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR: As you have expressed an interest in the fate of Beauty, I had taken some pains to inform myself of his adventures after he had left me, which he did a few days subsequent to his tender parting with the fair Orianna. You may remember that I detailed, at length, my perplexities on his account, and appealed to your sympathy for relief, trusting that you might possibly have some dear, good-natured friend, who, more kind than wise, would ease me of my burden by assuming it himself; but, alas! disinterested benevolence is not a fashionable virtue in these modern times, and as days wore on without any demand for Beauty, I began to despair.

"Is it not incredible," soliloquised I, "that no one should fancy my monkey? Is he not, as the gentle Orianna confessed, the type of a class in which the fair sex delight? A monkey of parts and accomplishments, fond of the ladies (for with a fine, discriminating taste, Beauty adores them, while he will not suffer a man to touch him,) if he be not wise and witty, can he not cut capers like any beau, and in grace and agility excel them all? Is he not a monkey who has seen the world, and, unlike your travelled gentleman, who wearies you with long stories, never a 'tale unfolds;' but, when questioned of his adventures, modestly remains mute or playfully suspending himself to the bars of his cage, insinuates in deeds, if not in words, that 'thereby hangs a tail.'"

And thus my weary thoughts, day after day, were occupied with Beauty. Sometimes, I endeavored to divert my mind, by fancying his infancy and youth in the forests of South America, where, with troops of his fellow monkeys, he sported in the colossal trees covered with splendid flowering vines, now playfully hiding among the rose-colored foliage of the sapuyaca, and anon springing to the feathery summit of the towering palm, while gay butterflies, gorgeous in hue as the flowers on which they flattered, birds brilliant in plumage and shrill in notes, and myriads of insects, glittering like jewels around him, filled the air with beauty. I imagined the grief with which he was borne from these scenes a prisoner to the island—his surprise at the novelties there encountered, his delighted reception of the caresses of the fair Creoles, whose soft, dark eyes beamed tenderly; while with sweet voices and pearly smiles, they lavished on him those endearing epithets which drop so musically from their coral lips, that one would fain be a monkey to be so cherished. I beheld him, again, caged in his narrow box, and snatched from blooming groves and charming damsels, to be consigned to the deck of a trading schooner, where, amid piles of logwood and goat-skins, he passed the weary days, tormented by the sailors, and longing in vain for the endearments he had lost. I saw him as, leaving the tropics, he bade farewell to the glorious radiance of southern skies, and the con-

stellations under which he was born, and gradually emerged into the cold, northern clime, where he was destined to live among strangers, and finally die a broken-hearted exile.

"Pshaw!" I hear some one exclaim, "you forget you are talking about a monkey!"

Well, sir, or madam, if he *be* a monkey, I suppose he has feelings.

"Allow that he has; what do you know about them?"

Nothing, I confess, so I will trouble you no more with my waking surmises, but proceed to relate a dream which perhaps you will consider quite as unreasonable.

I fancied that, as usual, I was haunted with impossible devices for disposing of Beauty, when it suddenly occurred to me that in some parts of South America monkeys are considered edible, whereupon I immediately resolved that as I could do nothing else with the poor animal, I would eat him. I had no compunctious visitings of conscience about the cruelty of the act, nor did I stop to reflect that if Lord Monboddo's theory of men being originally monkeys, were true, I might, cannibal-like, devour one of my ancestors, but ruthlessly ordered his destruction, saw him scientifically cooked *a la mode*, and was preparing to dine on him, when there was a ring at the bell, and the servant ushered in a common-looking man, who said,

"I've come to buy your monkey."

I pointed despairingly to the table, endeavored to articulate—"There he is!" And awoke myself with sobbing to find it but a dream.

But you want to know what really became of Beauty.

I have a friend, and *such* a friend; but, Mr. Editor, I will not dilate on her virtues, lest you should envy me such a treasure. Suffice it is to say, that this charming person, attracted by the fame of Beauty, and his doings, came one night with her husband to see him; and, after listening to my disinterested eulogium on his docility and good qualities, (I had not the courage to confess his bad ones), acknowledged that she had been longing for a pet of some kind, and if she were not afraid of monkeys, would really like to own him. I assured her of his harmlessness, had his box brought in, and himself set free; and, indeed, sir, if he had been aware of the importance of conciliating her, he could not have displayed himself to more advantage. He received her advances with a gracious smile that disclosed his pearls, threw all the tenderness of his nature into his soft, dark eyes, and laid his black paw in her white hand with a grace which so favorably impressed her; that, though true to his instincts, he did snarl terribly when her husband approached him, she resolved to have him on trial for two weeks, and if he continued as docile as he appeared, to keep him altogether.

Accordingly, the next night, she sent a servant with a chain, to take him to his new home; and I am sure I shall never forget the disturbance that ensued. It was only after incredible efforts and a heroic resistance on his part, that he was captured and chained; and many honorable scars were received by the parties concerned in the conflict. I stood at the door, looking after him,

as he was carried, howling like an Indian, down the dark and rainy streets, expecting each moment to see the police start forward to his rescue; but, I suppose, those guardians of the public peace thought it was nothing but a firemen's riot, as they did not make their appearance, for I heard, subsequently, that he reached his new friends without interruption.

I am of a very sociable disposition, and particularly intimate with Beauty's new mistress, yet, for reasons not worth mentioning, I really could not for a long time make it convenient to visit her; but, at last, my evil genius, in the shape of curiosity, induced me to pass her residence, and I was accosted by her little son, who was amusing himself on the pavement with his velocipede, but suddenly checked his movements, when he saw me, to exclaim—

"Oh! what a wicked monkey you sent my mother. She's been out all day trying to get somebody to have him, and nobody won't."

"What has the poor little fellow done?" asked I, innocently.

"Just you go in and see my mother, and she'll tell you what he's been and done."

Now I really did not want to face either my friend or Beauty just then; but what could I do? The young gentleman insisted that his mother wished to see me; so, assuming as virtuous and unconscious an air as possible, I entered the house. But I need not have feared to meet dear Julia, who was just as friendly as if she had never seen my monkey, and began with much humor to detail his exploits.

"In the first place," said she, "while we kept him chained, he was perfectly furious and unmanageable, and as he will not let a man touch him, we were not a little puzzled how to set him free; but, at last the cook managed to do it, and then you should have seen him! He flew up stairs, amusing himself on the way with tearing the paper off the wall; but we hastily followed, and, as he entered the children's play-room, locked the door, and kept him a prisoner for the night, intending to put him in his house the next morning. This happened to be Sunday, and Beauty was forgotten until we had returned from church, when the cook and myself went to liberate him. We found him tranquilly perched on a sofa, doubtless reposing from his labors, of which there was plain evidence in the demolished toys and torn books which made the floor look like Giant Despair's castle courtyard; but this was nothing to the fancy he had taken to enact the part of an amateur artist. A box of paints had been unfortunately left in his way, and disclaiming, in his enthusiasm, the use of brushes, he had merely dipped the colors in water, and decorated the walls, the doors, the mantel-piece and the windows with parti-colored streaks, that had certainly a startling effect."

Here Julia paused to take breath, and after due exclamations of surprise and horror, I ventured to express a hope that Beauty had subsequently conducted himself with more propriety.

"Not at all, I am sorry to say," answered she, "and I must admit that after your representations of his docility, I was much astonished to find him such a torment."

"Perhaps," insinuated I, gently, "evil communications have corrupted his good manners; for, really, his behaviour was unexceptionable while he was with me."

"Why then were you so anxious to part with him?" asked my friend, coolly.

Really, Mr. Editor, I did not know what to say; and observing my confusion, Julia good-naturedly resumed—

"We do not, however, intend to send him back to you, but will endeavor to part with him, if possible, to advantage."

I thanked her eagerly, and then informing her that I intended going to the country the following day, to remain some weeks, I begged her to let me hear from her, which she readily promised, and with a tender embrace, we parted, and I went on my way, rejoicing that I was likely to be no more troubled with Beauty.

Some time had elapsed, when, one day on my return from a walk, a young cousin handed me a letter he had just received with several others that had been enclosed in the same packet. I transcribe it verbatim, ad literatim, for your benefit, and hope you may decypher it more easily than I did:

"DEAR JIM—My ant told my mother to tel me to tel you to tel Chericot what shines that munkys bin a cutin up my ants tuk to her bed kwite exorsted and my mother says if she dont get beter she wont nevur Believe but butys bin the deth of her wich is the Reson she cant rits herself tother Day wen it was rainin Kats and Dogs he got out of his box and skeeted over the wall into the next Hows ware mis prim lives you no her jim that cros old made that was so mad at us Last Sumer wen we was a shyin stix at her lap Dog and Broke her winder you remembur she sent wurd to ant that She wished wen she was a lernin her Yung Idees how to shute she woodent let em ame at thare naburs pains wel that wasent nuthin to the Fus this Time I tel you she sed if ant Dident cum and take the littel Betch away shed ring its neck wich unkil sed was no use as bein Ring taled was enuf for 1 munky unkil coodent go for it or me neether cause it wont Let anny of our Sect cum nere It and the Cook sed she woodent touch it with a Pare of Tongs and the Chame-burmade sed she caim To make Beds and not To mind munkys so the weytur and ant had to go out and se wat they cood do thare was a grate Skweeling and Skwurling and mis prim chaste it out of The windur with a Brumestic and it got on the arbur ware it stude 2 hours and a ½ stufin down Grapes Just as if it was me or you and ant stade out in the rane watchin it for fear chericot wood be mad if it got away wel the weytur she held out her arms and kept a skremin 'ar putty Buty cum to me wont you cum putty feller' but twasent no use he woodent even luke at her wich twixt me and you and the Post wasent no wonder for shees Ugly as mud then ant she baiged and koxed and dun all but evry thing But the more She cauled the more he woodent cum so all thare goings on Went for nuthin til ant sent and bawt some melases Kandy and put it on his Box and he flu at it and just tuk it as natral as me or you and wile his Pause ware all sticky the gurl caut him and put him in his Howse not without

2 or 3 duzen skars wich makes her more of a Skarcrow than ever and ant as I sed before Has tuk to her Bed with Shivrins and Shskins wich is part the munky and part the Rane but the wurst has got to cum yet 2 or 3 days after awl this the feller went off agane and got tother side of ant at mr crosscuts a talor that Unkil ses has a strange Bias tords Birds and other inex wich he gives the run of his Howse wel he had a putty wood-duck for a Pet and kept a grate Big Tub in the yard for it to swim in and as Luck wood have it it was just a splashin in the warter wen buty got thare and he tuk it by the Hed and held it under til he drowned it, as Ded as a Dorenale and then he went in the Howse and did all sorts of mischief and mr crosscut thought the munky mis primis and he had it ketcht and sent it to Her with a dredful letter wich she sent to ant with anuthur dredful one wich made her jump up in Bed as if she was a rose between 2 thorns so she sent ant wurd that shede turned the munky strate out of Dores and if she cared for it shede betur luke For it wich wuried ant aful, so off went me and the weytur and we goes up one ally and down anuthur and at last we found it at a Kulored pursions eatin tea with the famully it was sitin at the tabel in a high chare alongside the baby and i declare jim you coodent tell em apart speshully the munky wel we got it back agane and ant ses you musent mind for every thing is fixed now and the Porter at unkils store is to cum tomorrow and take him he ses he wil raffel him ant sends her luv and the Letters and i send my luv to anny-body that wants it so no more from your

"DEAR JOE.

"posekrip ive bin 5 dais and 6 nites ritin this letter and now My Mother ses its only fit to put in the fire wich is a burnin shame and my Farther ses it Shows the Skulemaster is abroad i only wish he was thats awl fine times wede have then woodent We jim.

"posekrip number 2 unkil ses I musent mind for wimen dont no every thing wich is true for him for i dont think My muther cood play marbles to save herself and ses she thinks ive made a good Story of it and she guesses butys the only Munky that ever adorned a Tail."

The next letter was Mr. Crosscuts' missive to Miss Prim:

"MADAM—One nuisance in a neighborhood is sufficient: it is bad enough to be troubled by an old maid, without being haunted by her monkey, and it is my duty plainly to tell you, that if you do not in future keep the animal within bounds, I shall lay my complaint before the Mayor. You may be thankful that you are not at present mulcted in heavy damages for the mischief that beast has done in my premises, and the irreparable injury he has inflicted on my feelings as an ornithologist, an entomologist and a man. Your monkey, madam, has drowned a favorite duck, knocked down a case of rare and valuable birds which I had stuffed with much care as a present to the Academy of Natural Sciences, denuded them of their feathers, and, in short, completely destroyed them; he then finished by devouring an immense collection of insects that I passed the greater part of last summer catching and impaling; but you are a woman, madam, and can-

not appreciate the mischief you have caused by your choice of a pet. I pity your infirmity, and, if being unable to get a husband you *must* have a monkey, why, madam, respect my warning, and keep him at home.

"CROSSMAN CROSSCUTS."

No. 3 was the letter from Miss Prim, elicited by this outrageous assault on her feelings and dignity.

"Miss Prim's compliments to Mrs. Thompson, and sends her a most insulting letter, just received from Mr. Crosscut, who took the liberty to infer that Mrs. T.'s monkey belonged to Miss P.; a gratuitous impertinence for which Miss P. expects satisfaction, not only from the male person referred to, but also from Mrs. T. As it is due to Miss P.'s self-respect to hold no immediate communication with the writer of the accompanying attack on her feminine sensibilities, she considers it Mrs. T.'s duty, as the origin of the obloquy, to be the medium of conveying her sentiments to that individual on his unmanly, cruel, vicious, contemptible, aggravated attack on Miss P.'s untainted fame. Miss P. begs Mrs. T. to inform Mr. C. that he had better mind his own affairs, as Miss P. is perfectly competent to take care of herself without his interference. Miss P. also entreats Mrs. T. to assure that low person, that she scorns his reflection on her years and infirmities, that all the world knows, and Miss P. could prove by the family Bible, if it were not mislaid, that she is not yet thirty years old; but Miss P. excuses Mr. C.'s loss of memory on account of his age. Miss P. further requests Mrs. T. to tell Mr. C., that her adherence to a single life and her steadfast refusal of numerous offers, has caused a larger addition to the bills of mortality than Miss P.'s tender heart can bear to reflect on, while, at the same time, Miss P. cannot attribute Mr. C.'s bachelorhood to any motive but one, Miss P. fears in *his* case 'the grapes were sour.' Miss P. would remind Mr. C. that there is such a thing as damages for a libel, and she would also ask him if he is in want of a character why it is necessary to take hers? In conclusion, Miss P. hopes Mrs. T. will reflect on her duties as a neighbor, and carefully guard against future annoyance to Miss P., either by the monkey or the man."

You may imagine, Mr. Editor, the remorse and horror I felt at the sufferings of my dear friend. Indeed, I had no peace of mind until I seized a pen, and contritely acknowledged my sorrow for having thrown her on a dilemma with so many horns to it; but, ever amiable, she hastened to soothe my anxieties by the following billet:

"DEAR CHERICOT—I regret you should have been so much distressed by the little contretemps occasioned by Beauty, and hope you will see in them, as I do, only food for mirth, especially as the poor fellow is not likely to trouble either of us again. Before telling you how this desirable consummation has been achieved, I must assure you that I only suffered Master Joe's version of affairs to reach you as matter of amusement. I know the hearty laugh caused by his handwriting, orthography, and grammar, was quite as effectual as homeopathy in curing me. But *revenous a nos moutons*, or rather to our monkey,

I've told you that we happily secured and despatched him to the office, where, I am sorry to say, he behaved no better than he should do; in fact, Mr. Thompson brought home sad accounts of him. It appears he got loose, jumped out of the window, and paid a visit to a china warehouse, among whose contents he performed a series of fancy dances with such dexterity, as to elude his pursuers, without damaging the crockery; from thence he fled to a druggist's, opposite the office, who was fortunately a friend of Mr. Thompson's, or I do not know what might have been the consequence. This gentleman assured him that Beauty made more chemical combinations in his shop than he quite approved, for, before he was caught, sudorifics and soporifics, emetics and demulcents, alkalies and acids, were mixed together in sad confusion; but with much trouble he was finally recovered, and the porter having, with infinite difficulty, got some of his friends to subscribe to a raffle, Beauty's destiny will be determined next Saturday night, by which time we hope to see you.

"Your affectionate JULIA."

And now, sir, I will only add, that the raffle took place at the appointed time, and my monkey was consigned to the barkeeper of a small tavern on the outskirts of the city, where, I am told, he lives in a wire cage five feet high, and, totally forgetting his good-breeding and the high estate from which he is fallen, has taken to drinking gin and smoking segars. Alas! I fear Beauty is not the only beau, who, beginning the world as a pet of the ladies, has ended his career in the bar-room.

I do not tell you what were the proceeds resulting from his disposal, lest some might think them too much, and others too little; but the satisfactory consequence for me is, that I have forever done with Beauty, while you and your readers will doubtless rejoice that here ends this long

TALE OF A MONKEY.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Reader—thou and I are gleaners,
In the harvest field of Time;
Day by day the grain is ripening,
For a sunnier clime.

Whether in the early morning,
Going forth with busy feet,
Or as weary laborers, resting
'Mid the noon day heat,—

Let us strive with cheerful spirit,
Each our duty to fulfil,
Till the time of harvest—subject
To the *Waster's* will.

Let us garner up sweet memories,
Bound with ties of love
Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
To our home above;

Trusting that these precious gleanings,
Bound with loving hand,
May in golden sheaves be gathered
To the spirit land.

A BRIEF HISTORY, IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.

PART I.—LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
It stings him to the core.

A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name—

He sits and thinks apart;

Time blows and blows it to a flame,
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,

And nurses it with care;

He feels the blissful pain by turns
With hope, and with despair.

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,

Sighs, glances, tears, and vows,

Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,

And courtesies and bows.

A purpose and a prayer;

The stars are in the sky—

He wonders how e'en hope should dare

To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,

And doubt just makes him bold;

And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blushes,

Soft looks, averted eyes,

Each heart into the other rushes,

Each yields, and wins a prize.

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,—

Brief, solemn words, and prayer,—

A trembling to the fingers' ends,

As hand in hand, they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine sweet kisses,

And so the deed is done;

Now for life's waves and blisses,

The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream,

They launch their buoyant skiff,

Bless'd, if they may but trust hope's dream,

But ah! Truth echoes—"If!"

THE SEQUEL—"IF."

If health be firm—if friends be true—

If self be well controlled,

If tastes be pure—if wants be few—

And not too often told—

If reason always rule the heart—

If passion own its sway—

If love—for aye—to life imparts

The zest it does to-day—

If Providence, with parent care,

Mete out the varying lot—

While meek contentment bows to share

The palace, or the cot.—

And oh! if Faith, sublime and clear,

The spirit upwards guide—

Then bless'd indeed, and bless'd forever,

The bridegroom and the bride!

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.—In his younger days, when the late Lord Panmure was only the Hon. William Maule, he often prided himself in bestowing charity on the poor cottars without his person being known, or in the guise of a gaber-lunzie. "One one occasion," says the Montrose Standard, "he entered the cot of a poor old woman at Muirdrum, with his wallet slung about him, well filled with oat-meal. On asking charity, he was at once supplied with a handful of Scotia's food, and was invited to rest himself. On entering into conversation with the old woman, he found that she was really poor, and soon persuaded her to buy his beggar's meal at half price. Shortly after he had gone, the old woman began to examine her bargain, when, to her great surprise, she found the meal to contain a godly mixture of sixpences, shillings, half-crowns, &c. Conceiving the poor beggar man to have made his 'meal-pock' his cash depository also, she made after him, bellowing, 'Hoy, boy, man, ye've left a' yer siller ama' the meal ye selt me;' but the more she shouted, the faster did the beggar walk on, when she gave up the chase and returned, telling her neighbors of the strange bargain she had made, and seemingly very much alarmed as to its having been honestly come by. At last, one more sagacious than the rest, gave it as her opinion, that the beggar man was none other than Willie Maule."

A MUSICAL OWL.—Mr. Jenyns relates a good owl story. He knew a tame owl which was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perching on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the piano-forte, holding his head first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. The pianist's name was Keerie; he was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of the Rev. Mr. Jenyns.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley narrowly escaped being a baker. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paws the destinies of nations. Henry VIII. is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and ere long "the Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes." Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland; and the inheritance which would have been his goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a school-boy (as Mr. Southey observes,) Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military, its civil, and political glory.

Dean Storr, when residing on a living in the country, once had occasion to unite a rustic couple in the bands of matrimony. The ceremony being over, the husband began to "sink in resolution," and falling (as some husbands might do), in a fit of repentance, he said, "Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but under favor, may I ask your reverence, if so be you could untie it again?" "Why, no," replied the Dean, "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground." "Where then?" cried the man, eagerly. "On that!" pointing to the burying ground.

Madame Grisi, like Sontag, still preserves a youthful appearance. Not long ago a gentleman said to Grisi, "It is astonishing how like you are to your mother?" "You know my mother?" inquiringly remarked the lady. "Certainly. I perfectly recollect hearing her in Paris in 1832, when she played in Norma." "But, sir, it was I whom you heard." "Oh, that is, indeed a joke!" This gentleman would never believe that the Grisi of our day was the Grisi of 1832.

Stammering, (says Coleridge,) is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning, in Lamb's presence, the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-ber-land*."

"Mary, where's the frying-pan?" "Jemmy's got it, carting mud and clam-shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow, what a genius he will make; but go and get it; we are going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?" "Whist, Biddy, I's trying an experi-ment?" "Murder! what is it?" "What is it, did you say? Why, it's giving hot wather to the chickens I am, so they'll be afther laying boiled eggs!"

"Father, are there any boys in Congress?" "No, my boy, why do you ask that question?" "Because the paper said the other day that one of the members kicked Mr. Corwin's Bill out of the house."

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of his house at one of his plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Martin, "I should judge it was owing to the piece."

"Is there any danger from the boa constrictor?" said a visitor to the Zoological Gardens, a few days since. "Not the least, sir; he never bites, he swallows his victims whole."

Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

MUSICAL FLAME.—Fit a good cork into a wine bottle; burn a hole through the cork with a round iron skewer, and into it fix a piece of tobacco-pipe about eight inches long. Put into the bottle about two or three ounces of zinc, in slips, such as the waste cuttings from a zinc-worker; now pour water on to the zinc until the bottle is rather more than half full: then add about three parts of a wine-glassful of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol;) this causes a rapid effervescence at first, but which subsides to a moderate and continuous boiling for a lengthened period; as soon as the boiling is regular the cork with the pipe through it may be inserted into the bottle. If a light be placed to the end of the pipe, a flame will be produced, which will continue to burn so long as there is any visible action in the bottle. This flame is the ignited hydrogen gas (water gas) resulting from the decomposition of water by the acid and zinc, and as such is an exceedingly interesting experiment. Now, to be musical, procure a glass or metal pipe about sixteen or eighteen inches long, and from half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter; place the tube over the flame, and allow the pipe to be about three to five inches up the tube, which will act as a kind of high chimney; it must be held perfectly steady and upright at a particular distance up the tube, which varies according to the size of the flame. A beautiful sound is thus produced similar to an organ pipe; this sound, or "musical flame," varies in note according to the diameter of the tube, being deeper or more bass as the tube is increased in size. By using various sized tubes, different sounds are thus readily produced. The true explanation of this singular experiment remains yet to be solved.

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE TRICK EXPLAINED.—Some of the illusions performed at the theatres are of a very complicated character, and more than one *ruse* has to be contrived to mislead, or rather to lead, the audience to think differently to what they intend. Tricks within tricks, "Veils within veils," as the shrewd Sam Weller says, are worked to render perfect one deception, and thus it is with the bottle trick. "Wherever does it all come from?" says Mrs. Partington. My dear madam, that's where it is; you are deceived in the least deceptive part of the trick. There is a good deal of deception, certainly, but not more than one-half of what you fancy. In the first place, there are the wine-glasses; supposing them to be filled, they will not contain more than one-quarter of the quantity of the usual glass; they are, in fact, what I heard Mrs. Thingamy (our charwoman) say they were, regular "eight-outs;" that is, a quarter, or gill, will fill eight of such glasses. Let me see, a wine bottle holds nearly eight quarters: eight times eight (for such are the glasses used at the theatre) are sixty-four. No wonder poor Mrs. P. should say, "Where does it all come from?" when she sees five dozen and four glasses filled from one bottle; no wonder that the bottle is christened "Inexhaustible." Secondly, suppose I have a bottle to hold a quarter more than an ordinary

bottle, by having it made a trifle larger in diameter, and doing away with the false bottom which exists in all common bottles, why then I could contrive it to hold no less than eighty of the wizzard's "bumpers!" Fancy a conjuror having what a wine-merchant has not—an honest bottle. You won't believe it: well, then, here you are deceived again, for it is an honest bottle that is used. Now for the trick. An empty bottle is brought forward (*the bottle*;) it is washed out before the company, and drained, to show that it is both clean and empty; but it wants wiping (of course,) after being wetted. So a napkin is handed to the magician, with which he wipes the bottle, as much after the fashion of a waiter as he can; but in this clumsy kind of napkin is concealed a weak preparation of spirits of wine, sugar, and water, in a bladder; and thus, in the face of the audience, he fills the bottle without their knowing it. Now, to account for the *different* liqueurs. This part of the illusion is thus managed. The glasses are arranged on the tray, in a definite manner, known to the operator; into each glass one drop of various flavoring essences are placed, such as essence of noyau, essence of brandy, essences of port or sherry wine, lemonade, peppermint, cloves, pine-apple, pears, &c.; these being filled up with the spirits of wine, according to what is called for by the audience, completes the illusion of the inexhaustible bottle. And if still more be required, the operator may have concealed in his sleeve a bladder of liquid, as easily as a bagpipe-player can stow away a bag of wind. This trick is also performed with a bottle having four interior divisions, each containing a different liquor.

TO PROVE THAT AIR CONTAINS WATER.—However dry the atmosphere may appear to be, it yet contains a considerable portion of moisture: this is rendered evident by the following simple experiment: Put an ounce of dry chloride of calcium, or of acetate of potash, into a wide-mouthed bottle; weigh it with the bottle when the experiment is begun; leave the cork out, and place it in any situation free from dust; in three days or a week again weigh the bottle and its contents—a very perceptible increase in weight will then be discovered, which is entirely owing to the water that the substance employed has absorbed from the atmosphere. A great many chemical substances have this property, such as sulphuric acid (strong oil of vitriol,) subcarbonate of potash, and even chloride of sodium (common table-salt,) but in different degrees. All materials having this quality are said to be "deliquescent," that is, water attractive.

"I compare the art of spreading rumors," says John Newton, "to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call wires; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point; others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed."

Real difficulties are the best cure of imaginary ones; because God helps us in the real ones, and so makes us ashamed of the others.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

It is about time the public demurred to the high prices which popular singers and grasping agents have of late been exacting; and in promoting and sustaining which the press has lent its efficient aid. Since the Jenny Lind furor, which was created through the exceedingly adroit management of that prince of all managers, Barnum, a similar excitement has been attempted with each succeeding star, and, in some cases, not without a good measure of success. That the public have submitted to the thing so long, is a little remarkable. Why must a popular singer claim a thousand dollars a night for singing four or five pieces, when a hundred would be a most liberal compensation? The thing is preposterous! When amusements and recreations are taxed in this way, they become burdensome—are evil rather than good. A man with his wife and two or three daughters, if he would hear Sontag or Alboni, must pay as much for good seats in the concert-room, during a single evening, as would provision his family for a week, or buy fuel enough to keep some poor widow's humble abode warm for a whole winter.

The thing is entirely wrong, and we hope right-thinking and sensible people will give it a little reflection. In all conscience, a dollar for a single admission to any concert is enough. From fourteen hundred to two thousand dollars in the house ought to compensate every one concerned, liberally, and leave a wide margin for the *prima donna*. Beyond this, whatever is paid is, in all probability, so much lost to justice and benevolence. The man who expends from five to twenty dollars on a single concert, will be apt to consider himself a little poor for a week afterwards; and feel, "in justice to his family," pledged to close dealing with the market-woman and day-laborer, and be utterly insensible to all appeals to a generous humanity. Those who are perfectly able to pay these high prices, do not make up the bulk of the large audiences that sit for weary hours in close and crowded concert-rooms, until all sense of enjoyment is blunted; the larger number, either from a passion for music, that will seek gratification at any cost, or from a weak devotion to the mere popular and fashionable, attend by a sort of constraint, but cannot really afford these exorbitant charges.

At one of the concerts of Madame Sontag, in this city, the agents of the lady had the hardihood, if we may so speak, to advertise a limited number of "standee" tickets at one dollar each! We were pleased to observe that few, if any, accepted the insulting offer.

There is one effectual way of reaching the evil of which we complain, and that is, for the leading concert-goers to refuse to attend any concert, no matter by whom given, when the price is fixed at more than one dollar. At that price, with well-filled houses, the "artists" will receive a most liberal return. Thin off the benches for a few nights, and silence the "cymbal and gong of American enthusiasm," and the most exacting foreign singers will come eagerly to terms with

the public. If they can't get three dollars a night, for a few songs, they will warble quite as sweetly for one, and think themselves well paid.

There is no reason or justice in throwing from fifty to two or three hundred thousand dollars into the lap of a public singer in the space of twelve months, when, for a fortune like that, she ought to sing for the public during ten or twenty years. It is downright extravagance! Why should three dollars be paid for a single musical entertainment, when the same money would procure three equally as good, and the singers receive ample remuneration? The public is exceedingly short-sighted in this matter.

Those who can afford to buy tickets at high prices, should remember that there are thousands, equally lovers of music, who cannot; and that, in encouraging the exorbitant demands of singers, they are unjust to the many who are denied the pleasure they are able to enjoy.

The editor of Graham's Magazine, in noticing the suspension of Sartain's Magazine, says of the latter,—"We understand that it spent in three years over \$15,000 for original contributions, and it is wrecked, hopelessly wrecked. Will there never be pride enough in the American people," he adds, "to stand by those who support a National Literature, or to urge upon Congress an international copy-right law?" Graham says that he has paid, during the last ten years, over \$80,000 to American writers alone. We know that he, with other Philadelphia magazine publishers, have paid out very large sums of money to authors, and that, at one time, but for these magazines, many of our best writers might have burned their manuscripts for all the pecuniary value attached to them. Scarcely a number of Graham's, Godey's or Sartain's Magazine was issued, that did not cost, for literary articles, more than is paid to most authors for the copy-right of a whole volume. The present taste for the mere cullings of English magazines, instead of the fresh, original productions of our own writers, cannot, we think, long be in the ascendant. It must give place to a healthier state of feeling. The American mind will naturally seek for some expression of its own peculiar modes of thought; for reflections in periodical literature of its own manners, habits and social customs. In the matter of books, the demand for those written by American authors is rapidly on the increase. Through our magazines, the public have come to know and appreciate these authors, and now eagerly purchase and read their books. This shows the inclinations of public taste. The eagerness with which we Americans seek to get the "most for our money," has led to the wide patronage of a publication that obtains without cost, from foreign sources, nearly all of its articles, and is able, therefore, to furnish a larger amount of reading matter, for the same money, than it is possible for magazines to give that pay high prices for what is original. We do not believe, however, that this state of things will long

continue. The public mind cannot be satisfied with such mental aliment, and will come back to the more genial home repasts.

But, in order to this, something must be done by the publishers of American magazines to create the revulsion in public taste so much desired. Instead of being drawn aside into an imitation of the work referred to, let them concentrate upon their magazines the best talent to be found in the country; diminish the number of useless engravings, and give, for the same cost, an increase of matter, *all original*, and of the highest and most interesting character. Let them do this, and our word for it, the public will seek their favorite authors in their pages. There is no lack of talent in this country, but it must be paid for its work. Make it a fair return, and it will produce a fresher, racier, and far more attractive periodical literature than England has ever seen!

In reading books of travel, one is struck with the different points of vision from which two persons have viewed the same scenes, the different conclusions at which each has arrived, as well as the prominence which each has given to things scarcely noted by the other. Four somewhat recent books on Europe, present quite a marked contrast of the kind to which we allude; Greely's "Glances at Europe," Ware's "European Capitals," "The Buckeye Abroad," and Calvert's "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe." Mr. Greely, a man of the people, and a utilitarian, looked directly at the condition of the masses, and regarded them in their social and political condition; Mr. Ware, a man of taste, and a lover of art, sought out the galleries of sculpture, and entertained his readers with descriptions of these, and criticisms upon the masters; or portrayed social customs, as he saw them at the point where his peculiar tastes brought him into contact with society. The third, his mind filled with classic associations, and familiar, from reading, with modern localities of interest, sketches, in a rapid, poetic, and finely descriptive vein, a series of pictures, embracing scenery, public buildings, and views of the people in masses, as vivid as they are captivating;—while the fourth, a modern progressive philosopher, and a worshipper of the genius of Fourier, lets you see little more of Europe than a few of its morbid excrescences, and spots of gangrene, over which he moralizes from page to page, giving out trueism and fine flashes of sentiment, yet keeping you ever in a narrow circle—the limit of his own vision, which *seems* to embrace a world-wide range.

A man, says a modern reviewer, can only describe what he sees, still, he adds: "the description of an actual fact or appearance varies chiefly as regards the power and spirit of the describer. The impression will differ according to the general character of the recipient, but suggestions must depend upon all the countless circumstances that have contributed to make up the individual life."

Therefore, in estimating truly the value of a traveller's opinions, something of his personal history, character and peculiar modes of thinking, require to be known; also the stand-point he

takes, and his power of vision. Unless something of this knowledge be possessed, we cannot read books of modern travel, without forming inadequate or exaggerated estimates of a people's social and political condition.

The tyranny of opinion, in this country, takes the place of physical despotism in Europe and Asia; showing human nature, in its love of dominion, to be the same in both countries. It is remarkable, to what extent, in free America, the spirit of intolerance, and proscription for opinion's sake, exist. No matter how upright your intentions, nor how pure your life may be, you have only to hold an honest difference of sentiment from certain men, and certain cliques, to be denounced in terms of unmitigated opprobrium. Men who do this, no matter to what broad and liberal views they subscribe—no matter how fairly they talk of human progress and the enlargement of human liberty—would be, if the physical power were in their hands, the veriest of tyrants.

Grace Greenwood found nothing of romance in the celebrated Vale of Avoca. "I looked in vain," she says, "in the little streams Avonmore and Avonbeg, in their wedding at Castle Howard, and in their subsequent two-in-oneness, their slow, sedate, matrimonial on-flow, as the Avoca, for that 'purest of crystal' which gleams in the song—the poet's words have a more silvery flowing than these waters, and this valley's 'brightest of green' is surpassed by the verdancy of the romantic tourist who comes hither hoping to behold a picture of entrancing loveliness, which was 'all in the eye' of the melodist. The current of the Avoca is evidently discolored by the copper mines, worked on its banks, most unpoetic and unlooked-for adjuncts to that 'scene of enchantment.' Yet, believe me, I felt a deeper pleasure in seeing the poor countrymen of the poet earning an honest livelihood by mining in those beautiful hills—rude avocation for the 'Sweet Vale of Avoca'—than I could have known in the perfect realization of his most exquisite dream."

We should give ourselves the habit of regarding the world of nature as a world of effects, only. This would lead us to be ever looking upwards and inwards for the causes which produce the visible by which we are surrounded. In the "visible things of creation," there is a likeness and an image of the invisible Creator; and we will, if we look with an earnest and purified vision, not only see God in nature, but recognize the beautiful and instructive relation that exists between the world of mind and the world of matter.

It is a little singular that, in almost all cases, the formation of church choirs is the beginning of trouble in worshipping congregations. Why is this? Harmony should not be the generator of discord; and, yet, it would be difficult, we believe, to find a church which, at some time or other, has not been disturbed in consequence of dissensions among its singing members.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1853.

THE ERRING.

BY ALICE CAREY.

"The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above his sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

If there be one prayer more than another that we need always in our hearts, it is the "Lead us not into temptation." How many, treading in as straight a path, and with as firm a step, perhaps, as ourselves, worn and weary, too, it may be, with the toils of the long and hard way, beckoned aside into what seemed some cool and sheltered nestling-place of rest, have turned from the narrow way, and been lost forever. Vain, henceforth, are all their struggles; darkly between them and the confidence of the world, between them and the friendships they have broken, and, most of all, between them and their own self-respect, lifts "the hand of an all-pitiless demon," evermore.

Is not this a retribution terrible enough—that men and women, too, should pause from their own avocations, and with haughty words and withering looks, coldly measure the distance between themselves and the fallen, even when themselves have kept the way with feeble and faltering steps, and when the very error they affect so to despise, has shone up like a light revealing the hideous darkness into which they else would have gone? For it is of the erring I speak, now, and not of the criminal. Darkened from its primal beauty the soul may be, yet still it is exceeding precious, else in Heaven would there not be such joy over one sinner that repenteth.

If we have kept our robes from the dust, and our hands and our hearts clean, surely we can afford to be charitable and merciful towards those who have not; but even if so, we are yet alike subject to vanity, and the best and worthiest man or woman has reason to cry out, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner," before the holy Searcher of hearts.

Mercifulest of all, when the wicked woman was brought before Him, was He, who Himself was without sin, saying, "Neither do I condemn thee."

To the dark hall of Pilate the multitude throng:
Who is it that follows so meekly a'long—
Unheeding the foreheads with diadems bound,
And the blaze of the jewels and girdles around,
And even the scoffer that mocks at her prayer?—
The Mary forgiven of Jesus is there.

Who sees the thorns plaited—the cross and the nails,
As the spirit that cried, "I will follow thee," fails?
The sun at the noon-tide his brightness refuse,
As they cry in derision, "Hail, King of the Jews!"
The spear of the Roman, the writhe and the prayer?—
The Mary whom Jesus forgave still is there.

The third morn is breaking—how lovely the forms
That are bearing sweet roses and spice in their arms!

But the white brow of beauty is saddened with woe,
The dark locks are down on her bosom of snow,
As she sits on the rock by the tomb in despair,—
'Tis Mary whom Jesus forgave that is there.

She folds her pale hands on her desolate heart,
And takes up her spices and myrrh to depart;
But, lo! at her feet there are shadows of gold,
The tidings that Jesus is risen are told—
And "glory and honor" are mixed with her prayer,
As she hastens to Galilee—Jesus is there.

One little act of kindness, which says to a degenerate brother, "I also am a man," and, consequently, alike subject to temptation with yourself, will do more for the building up of a ruinous humanity, than all the fiery-tipped arrows that ever went hissing from indignant hands.

I have little charity for that self-righteousness which mingles with its abhorrence of error no pity for the erring. Breathings of wrath and denunciation fill the world, chilling "that best warmth that radiates from the heart, where Love sits brooding over an honest purpose," and darkening the great light that is continually round

about us all. We leave the wretched to "uncomforted and friendless solitude," where within the fiery circle of evil thought, "The soul emmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed by sights of evermore deformity."

With other ministrations, thou, O Nature! Healest thy wandering and distempered child; Thou pourest on him thy soft influences, Thy sunny hues, fair forms and breathing sweets, Thy melodies of words and winds and waters! Till he relent and can no more endure To be a jarring and a dissonant thing Amid this general dance and minstrelsy; But, bursting into tears, wins back his way, His angry spirit healed and harmonized By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

There is less total depravity in the world than we are apt to imagine, and I doubt not but there is something good in almost every nature which the heaven of kindness might reach, and so the whole man be regenerated.

Who can read the beautiful text with which I have prefaced this brief plea, and not be in love with mercy?

MY FIRST CANADIAN LOAF.

FROM "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH," BY MRS. MOODIE.

After reducing the log cabin into some sort of order, we contrived, with the aid of a few boards, to make a bed-closet for poor Tom Wilson, who continued to shake every day with the pitiless ague. There was no way of admitting light and air into this domicile, which opened into the general apartment, but through a square hole cut in one of the planks, just wide enough to admit a man's head through the aperture. Here we made Tom a comfortable bed on the floor, and did the best we could to nurse him through his sickness. His long, thin face, emaciated with disease, and surrounded by huge black whiskers, and a beard of a week's growth, looked perfectly unearthly. He had only to stare at the baby to frighten her almost out of her wits.

"How fond that young one is of me," he would say; "she cries for joy at the sight of me."

As Tom slowly recovered, and began to regain his appetite, his soul sickened over the salt beef and pork, which, owing to our distance from —, formed our principal fare. He positively refused to touch the *sad* bread, as my Yankee neighbors very appropriately termed the unleavened cakes in the pan; and it was no easy matter to send a man on horseback eight miles to fetch a loaf of bread.

"De, my dear Mrs. Moodie, like a good Christian as you are, give me a morsel of the baby's biscuit, and try and make us some decent bread. The stuff your servant gives us is uneatable," said Wilson to me, in most imploring accents.

"Most willingly. But I have no yeast; and I never baked in one of those strange kettles in my life."

"I'll go to old Joe's wife and borrow some," said he; "they are always borrowing of you." Away he went across the field, but soon returned. I looked into his jug—it was empty. "No luck," said he; "those stingy wretches had just baked a

fine batch of bread, and they would neither lend nor sell a loaf; but they told me how to make their milk-emptyings."

"Well, discuss the same;" but I much doubted if he could remember the recipe.

"You are to take an old tin pan," said he, sitting down on the stool, and poking the fire with a stick.

"Must it be an old one?" said I, laughing.

"Of course; they said so."

"And what am I to put into it?"

"Patience; let me begin at the beginning. Some flour and some milk—but, by George! I've forgot all about it. I was wondering as I came across the field, why they called the yeast *milk-emptyings*, and that put the way to make it quite out of my head. But never mind; it is only ten o'clock by my watch. I have nothing to do; I will go again."

He went. Would I had been there to hear the colloquy between him and Mrs. Joe; he described it something to this effect:—

Mrs. Joe: "Well, stranger, what do you want now?"

Tom: "I have forgotten the way you told me how to make the bread."

Mrs. Joe: "I never told you how to make bread. I guess you are a fool. People have to raise bread before they can bake it. Pray who sent you to make game of me? I guess somebody as wise as yourself."

Tom: "The lady at whose house I am staying."

Mrs. Joe: "*Lady!* I can tell you that we have no *ladies* here. So the old woman who lives in the old log shanty in the hollow, don't know how to make bread. A clever wife that! Are you her husband?" (Tom shakes his head.) "Her brother?" (Another shake.) "Her son? Do you hear? or are you deaf?" (Going quite close up to him.)

Tom (moving back): "Mistress, I'm not deaf; and who or what I am is nothing to you. Will you oblige me by telling me how to make the *milk-emptyings*; and this time I'll put it down in my pocket-book."

Mrs. Joe (with a strong sneer): "*Mill-emptyings!* Milk, I told you. So you expect me to answer your questions, and give back nothing in return. Get you gone; I'll tell you no more about it."

Tom (bowing very low): "Thank you for your civility. Is the old woman who lives in the little shanty near the apple-trees more obliging?"

Mrs. Joe: "That's my husband's mother. You may try. I guess she'll give you an answer." (Exit, slamming the door in his face.)

"And what did you do then?" said I.

"Oh, went of course. The door was open, and I reconnoitred the premises before I ventured in. I liked the phiz of the old woman a deal better than that of her daughter-in-law, although it was cunning and inquisitive, and as sharp as a needle. She was busy shelling cobs of Indian corn into a barrel. I rapped at the door. She told me to come in, and in I stepped. She asked me if I wanted her. I told her my errand, at which she laughed heartily.

Old woman: "You are from the old country, I

guess, or you would know how to make *milk-emptyings*. Now, I always prefer *bran-emptyings*. They make the best bread. The milk, I opine, gives it a sourish taste, and the bran is the least trouble."

Tom: "Then let us have the bran, by all means. How do you make it?"

Old woman: "I put a double handful of bran into a small pot, or kettle, but a jug will do, and a tea-spoonful of salt; but mind you don't kill it with salt, for if you do, it won't rise. I then add as much warm water, at blood-heat, as will mix it into a stiff batter. I then put the jug into a pan of warm water, and set it on the hearth near the fire, and keep it at the same heat until it rises, which it generally will do, if you attend to it, in two or three hours' time. When the bran cracks at the top, and you see white bubbles rising through it, you may strain it into your flour, and lay your bread. It makes good bread."

Tom: "My good woman, I am greatly obliged to you. We have no bran; can you give me a small quantity?"

Old woman: "I never give any thing. You Englishers, who come out with stacks of money, can afford to buy."

Tom: "Sell me a small quantity."

Old woman: "I guess I will." (Edging quite close, and fixing her sharp eyes on him.) "You must be very rich to buy bran."

Tom (quizzically): "Oh, very rich."

Old woman: "How do you get your money?"

Tom (sarcastically): "I don't steal it."

Old woman: "Pr'aps not. I guess you'll soon let others do that for you if you don't take care. Are the people you live with related to you?"

Tom (hardly able to keep his gravity): "On Eve's side. They are my friends."

Old woman (in surprise): "And do they keep you for nothing, or do you work for your meat?"

Tom (impatiently): "Is that bran ready?" (The old woman goes to the bin, and measures out a quart of bran.) "What am I to pay you?"

Old woman: "A York shilling."

Tom (wishing to test her honesty): "Is there any difference between a York shilling and a shilling of British currency?"

Old woman (evasively): "I guess not. Is there not a place in England called York?" (Looking up and leering knowingly in his face.)

"Tom (laughing): "You are not going to come York over me in that way, or Yankee either. There is threepence for your pound of bran; you are enormously paid."

Old woman (calling after him): "But the recipe; do you allow nothing for the recipe?"

Tom: "It is included in the price of the bran."

"And so," said he, "I came laughing away, rejoicing in my sleeve that I had disappointed the avaricious old cheat."

The next thing to be done was to set the bran rising. By the help of Tom's recipe, it was duly mixed in the coffee-pot, and placed within a tin pan, full of hot water, by the side of the fire. I have often heard it said that a watched pot never boils; and there certainly was no lack of watchers in this case. Tom sat for hours regarding it with his large heavy eyes, the maid inspected it from time to time, and scarce ten

minutes were suffered to elapse without my testing the heat of the water, and the state of the emptyings; but the day slipped slowly away, and night drew on, and yet the watched pot gave no signs of vitality. Tom sighed deeply when he sat down to tea with the old fare.

"Never mind," said he, "we shall get some good bread in the morning; it must get up by that time, I will wait till then. I could almost starve before I could touch these leaden cakes."

The tea-things were removed. Tom took up his flute, and commenced a series of the wildest voluntary airs that ever were breathed forth by human lungs. Mad jigs, to which the gravest of mankind might have cut eccentric capers. We were all convulsed with laughter. In the midst of one of these droll movements, Tom suddenly hopped like a kangaroo (which feat he performed by raising himself upon tip-toes, then flinging himself forward with a stooping jerk), towards the hearth, and squinting down into the coffee-pot in the most quizzical manner, exclaimed, "Miserable chaff! If that does not make you rise, nothing will."

I left the bran all night by the fire. Early in the morning I had the satisfaction of finding that it had risen high above the rim of the pot, and was surrounded by a fine crown of bubbles.

"Better late than never," thought I, as I emptied the emptyings into my flour. "Tom is not up yet: I will make him so happy with a loaf of new bread, nice home-baked bread, for his breakfast." It was my first Canadian loaf. I felt quite proud of it, as I placed it in the odd machine in which it was to be baked. I did not understand the method of baking in these ovens; or that my bread should have remained in the kettle for half-an-hour, until it had risen the second time, before I applied the fire to it, in order that the bread should be light. It not only required experience to know when it was in a fit state for baking, but the oven should have been brought to a proper temperature to receive the bread. Ignorant of all this, I put my unrisen loaf into a cold kettle, and heaped a large quantity of hot ashes above and below it. The first intimation I had of the result of my experiment was the disagreeable odor of burning bread filling the house.

"What is this horrid smell?" cried Tom, issuing from his domicile, in his shirt-sleeves. "Do open the door, Bell (to the maid); I feel quite sick."

"It is the bread," said I, taking off the lid of the oven with the tongs. "Dear me, it is all burnt!"

"And smells as sour as vinegar," says he. "The black bread of Sparta!"

Alas! for my maiden loaf! With a rueful face I placed it on the breakfast-table. "I hoped to have given you a treat, but I fear you will find it worse than the cakes in the pan."

"You may be sure of that," said Tom, as he stuck his knife into the loaf, and drew it forth covered with raw dough. "Oh, Mrs. Moodie! I hope you make better books than bread."

We were all sadly disappointed. The others submitted to my failure good-naturedly, and made it the subject of many droll, but not unkindly, witticisms. For myself, I could have borne the severest infliction from the pen of the most formidable critic with more fortitude than I bore the

cutting up of my first loaf of bread. After breakfast, Moodie and Wilson rode into the town; and when they returned at night brought several long letters for me. Ah! those first kind letters from home! Never shall I forget the rapture with which I grasped them—the eager, trembling haste with which I tore them open, while the blinding tears which filled my eyes hindered me for some minutes from reading a word which they contained. Sixteen years have slowly passed away—it appears half a century—but never, never can home letters give me the intense joy those letters did. After seven years' exile, the hope of return grows feeble, the means are still less in our power, and our friends give up all hope of our return; their letters grow fewer and colder, their expressions of attachment are less vivid; the heart has formed new ties, and the poor emigrant is nearly forgotten. Double those years, and it is as if the grave had closed over you, and the hearts that once knew and loved you, know you no more.

Tom, too, had a large packet of letters, which he read with great glee. After re-perusing them, he declared his intention of setting off on his return home the next day. We tried to persuade him to stay until the following spring, and make a fair trial of the country. Arguments were thrown away upon him; the next morning our eccentric friend was ready to start.

"Good-bye!" quoth he, shaking me by the hand as if he meant to sever it from the wrist. "When next we meet it will be in New South Wales, and I hope by that time you will know how to make better bread." And thus ended Tom Wilson's emigration to Canada. He brought out three hundred pounds, British currency; he remained in the country just four months, and returned to England with barely enough to pay his passage home.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Dear M—: I left Belfast on the evening of the 23d of September, with my friends, Mr. and Miss N—, for a short tour in Scotland. We landed at Ardrossan, a port of no particular note, and from thence took the railway to Ayr. This last is a fine, flourishing town, but aside from the "*thua* brigs," containing no objects of peculiar interest as associated with Burns. Here we took a droskey, and drove over to the old parish of Alloway. I cannot tell you how sadly I missed you from my side, my dear M—, when approaching, with the true spirit of a pilgrim, the birth-place of that noble poet of Love and Nature, whose sweetest songs I had learned from your lips, almost with my cradle-hymns. As I gazed around on the scenes once dear and familiar to his eyes, my heart, if not all a-glow with its earliest poetic enthusiasm, acknowledged a deep sympathy for, and did honor to, him who, while his soul was lifted into the divine air of poesy, withdrew not his heart from his fellows—who shared humbly in their humble fortunes, and felt intensely their simple joys and bitter sorrows

—who, with all his faults, was honest and manly; with all his wants and poverty, proud and free, and nobly independent—who, amid all his follies and errors, acknowledged God and revered modest purity.

The cottage in which Burns was born, and which his father built, was originally what is here called a "clay bigging," consisting only of two small apartments on the ground floor—a kitchen and sitting-room. The kitchen has a recess for a bed, and here the poet first opened his bewildered baby eyes on a most ungenial world. This room, it is supposed, was the scene of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." I was somewhat disappointed to find this cottage standing on the road, and that it had been built on to, and white-washed out of all character and venerableness. It is now occupied as an ale-house, which besemeth it little as the scene of the beautiful religious poem above named. A few rods from the door stands the "auld haunted kirk," through one of whose windows luckless Tam O'Shanter took his daring observation of Old Nick and the witches, "as they appeared when enjoying themselves." This is a picturesque, roofless, rafterless edifice, in a good state of preservation. In the pleasant old church-yard rests the father of the poet, beneath the tombstone erected and inscribed by one whose days should have been "long in the land" according to the promise, for Burns truly honored his father and his mother.

From the kirk we went to the monument, which stands on the summit of the eastern bank of the Doon, and near to the "auld brig," on the "key-stone" of which poor Tam O'Shanter was delivered from his weird pursuers, and his gray mare "Meggie" met with a loss irreparable. This monument, of which the prints give you a very good idea, is of graceful proportions and a graceful style of architecture. The grounds about it, though small in extent, are admirably kept, shaded with fine shrubbery, and made more beautiful by hosts of rare and lovely flowers. There seemed to me something peculiarly and touchingly fitting in thus surrounding an edifice, sacred to the genius of Burns, with the leafy haunts of the birds he loved, in whose songs alone would his tuneful memory live, and with the sweetness and brightness of flowers, from whose glowing hearts he would have drawn deep meanings of love and pure breathings of passion, or on whose frail, fragrant leaves he would have read holy Sabbath truths, lessons of modesty and meekness, and teachings of the wondrous wisdom of Him who planted the daisy on the lonely hill-side, and the poet in a weary world—the one to delight the eyes, the other to charm and cheer the souls, of his creatures.

Within the monument, we saw that most touching relic of Burns, the Bible which he gave to "Highland Mary" at their solemn betrothal. It is in two volumes. On the fly-leaf of the first, in the handwriting of the poet, is the text, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord." In the second, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." In both volumes is the name of Burns, with his Mason's mark, and in one is a lock of Mary's own beautiful golden hair—a soft,

glossy curl, which in that last tender parting may have been smoothed down by the caressing hand, may have waved in the breath, or lain against the breast of the poet-lover.

The view from the summit of the monument is exceedingly beautiful and interesting, embracing, as it does, many of the scenes of the life and song of Burns. The scenery of air is not grand, surely, nor strikingly picturesque; but this view is lovely, quiet and pleasant, beyond description—truly, a *smiling landscape*. Perhaps something was owing to the rich sunshine and soft air of the day, and more to the wondrous charm of association; but I never remember to have felt a more exquisite sense of beauty, a delight more deep and delicious, though shadowed with sad and regretful memories, than while sitting or strolling on the lovely banks of the Doon, half cheated by excited fancy with the hope that I might see the rustic poet leaning over the picturesque "auld brig," following with his great, dark, dreamy eyes, the windings of the stream below, or, with glowing face upraised, revelling in the clear deep blue, and fair floating clouds above; or, perchance, walking slowly on the shore, coming down from the pleasant "Braes o' Ballochmyle," musing, with folded arms and drooping head, on "the bonnie lass" who had there unconsciously strayed across the path of a poet, and chanced upon immortality. The Doon seemed to roll by with the melodious flow of his song—now with the impetuous sweep of passion; now with the fine sparkle of pleasant wit; now, under the solemn shadows of sorrow; now out into the clear sunlight of exultant joy; now with the soft gurgle and silver trickling of love's light measures; now with the low, deep murmur of devotion. As I lingered there, countless snatches of the poet's songs, and stanza after stanza of long-forgotten poems, sprang to my lips; rare thoughts, the sweet, fresh flowers of his genius, seemed suddenly to blossom out from all the hidden nooks and still shaded places of memory, and the fair children of his fancy, who had sung themselves to sleep in my heart long ago, stirred, awoke, and smiled into my face again.

Happily for me, my companions fully understood and sympathized with my mood;—so little was said, that much might be felt. One sung—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon;"

and whether it was that his voice, in its deep, pathetic tones, was peculiarly suited to the mournful words and air, or that the scene itself mingled its melodious memory with the singing, I know not; but never before had I been so affected by the song.

On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the sister and nieces of Burns—Mrs. Beggs and her daughters—who we had been assured were most kindly accessible to visitors. This visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Beggs lives in a simple but charming little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birth-place, where all who seek her with respectful interest, receive a courteous and cordial welcome. Mrs. Beggs is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and shows more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly have

been sweeter, or her eyes finer, at twenty. Her sight, hearing, and memory, seem unimpaired; her manners are graceful, modest, and lady-like, and she converses with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, sweet Scottish accent. Her likeness to Naysmith's portrait of her brother is very marked—her eyes are peculiarly like the idea we have of his, both by pictures and description—large, dark, lustrous, and changing. Those eyes shone with new brightness as I told her of our love for the memory of her beloved brother, our sympathy in his sorrows, and our honor for his free and manly spirit—when I told her that the New World, as the Old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to smiles or tears by the wondrous witchery of his song. But when I spoke my admiration of the monument, and said, "What a joy it would have been to him, could he have foreseen such noble recognitions of his greatness," she smiled mournfully, and shook her head, saying, "Ah, madam, in his proudest moments, my poor brother never dreamed of such a thing;" then added that his death-chamber was darkened, and his death agony deepened by want and care, and torturing fears for the dear ones he was to leave. I was reminded by her words of the expression of an old Scotch dame, in our country, on hearing of the completion of this monument: "Puir Rob! he asked for bread, and now they gie him a stane."

Mrs. Beggs says that Naysmith's portrait of her brother is the best, but that no picture could have done full justice to the kindling and varying expression of his face. In her daughters, who are pleasant and interesting women, you can trace a strong family resemblance to the poet. The three sons of Burns are yet living—two in the army, and one has a situation under Government at Dumfries. All three are widowers. When I saw her, Mrs. Beggs was expecting daily the two youngest, the soldiers, who as often as possible visit Ayr, and cherish as tenderly, as proudly, the memory of their father.

It was with deep emotion that I parted from this gentle and large-hearted woman, in whose kindred and likeness to the glorious peasant I almost felt that I had seen *him*, heard his voice with all its searching sweetness, and had my soul sounded by the deep divinings of his eyes. It seems, indeed, a blessed thing, that after the sorrow which darkened her youth, the beholding the pride of her house sink into the grave in his prime, broken-hearted by the neglect of friends, the contempt and cruelty of foes, by care and poverty, and bitterest of all, by a weary weight of self-reproach—that she has lived to see his children happy and prosperous—his birth-place and his grave counted among the world's pilgrim shrines—to be herself honored and beloved for his sake, and to sun her chilled age in the noontide of his glory.—*National Era*.

"Whiskerets" is the name of the "little John cow-catchers" that the ladies wear on their cheeks in the place "where the whiskers ought to grow." They are formed by drawing down a little tuft of hair from the temple, and curling up in the shape of a ram's horn or a little pig's tail with an extra kink in it.

A WINDY NIGHT.

BY T. B. READ.

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
'T hough the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
*There are feet of air
On every stair!*
Through every hall—
Through each gusty door,
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain—
They heave at the steeple with might and main;
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell.

MARY.

BY D. ELLEN G. SHEPARD.

In the cottage by the brook,
Where the early day-beams look,
With a mild and radiant eye,
And the low breeze murmurs by,
Bearing perfume from the flowers,
Through the joyous summer hours,
And the bird's low music swells—
There my gentle Mary dwells.

I can see the window now,
With its curtain white as snow,
Trembling in the morning air
That is creeping softly there;
And its screen of clinging vines,
Where the honeysuckle twines,
With its buds of pink and white,
Bursting in the morning light.

I can see the little lane—
And I do not look in vain
For the path where we have trod,
Lined with rows of emerald sod,
Shaded by the maple boughs
That have often swept our brows,
As with tender verd and look
We have wandered to the brook.

Oh, that little brook was dear,
With its music low and clear,
Like a far-off tinkling bell,
Waking echoes through the dell;
With the stars so pure and fair,
And the moonlight smiling there—
And the shining flowers that grew
Close beside its waters blue!

Where the proud old elm tree stands,
There we joined our trembling hands,
And 'neath eyes in heaven above,
Plighted there our youthful love.
And I see her pale cheek yet,

With the pearly tear-drops wet,
Though a smile was gleaming through
Eyes of deepest, meekest blue.

Then I wandered far, oh far
From my heart's pure earthly star,
Though I felt her prayers were given,
Daily, nightly, unto Heaven,
For the exile—and I grew
Strong and hopeful, when I knew
That beneath our own elm tree,
She was breathing prayers for me.

Now my toil and care are past,
And my soul returns at last
To the haven of its rest—
To my gentle Mary's breast.
I can see her eyes of blue
The low window peeping through,
And I hear her music-strain,
Falling on my heart again!

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, 1852.

FORM AND FEATURE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

It was no feature's winning grace;—
For, as she leant, I failed to see
The hidden sweetness of her face;
But other charms were left for me—
The bending beauty of her head,
So fair, so delicately fine;
The raven ringlets, richly shed
In many a soft and shadowy line!—
I saw no face—but oh, instead
A form, a grace, that seem'd divine!
The hand, like something shaped of snow,
Just touch'd an ear, so small and thin,
That whisper'd love ne'er found below
So sweet a bower to enter in:
I envied e'en the very lace,
Each wavy fold that circled free;
The silken belt that dared embrace
All that on earth must matchless be;
Oh, long before I saw her face
My heart was won—and gone—from me.

TWO CHARACTERS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task;
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

TRENCH.

When the Rev. Jesse Lee, the father of Methodism in New England, was asked why there were no doctors of divinity in his denomination, he promptly replied, "Because our divinity is not sick."

THE THIMBLE-RIGGER.

[An English correspondent of the Christian Ambassador gives the following as one of his experiences.]

Around the base of the great rock on which Stirling Castle is erected, but still at a dizzy elevation above the plain, there is a wide, conveniently graded walk. It is a favorite promenade of citizens and visitors—and deservedly so, for finer scenery, embracing fruitful field, precipitous crag, winding river, and lofty mountains in the distance, was never beheld than that which is viewed from the westerly and northerly section of the walk.

After passing a rapid curve in that pedestrian gallery, we saw a group of five gentlemen a few rods in advance of us, ministering, we thought, to an invalid who was seated on the ground, with his back against the wall. We had not the Levite's choice of "passing by on the other side," even had we been disposed to avoid participation in the work of humanity,

On closer approach, we perceived that the seated mortal was not an invalid, but a Thimble-Rigger, who was adroitly inveigling the gentlemen into the "loss and gain" (especially the loss,) of gambling, by means of the three hazel-nut cups about the diameter of a thimble, and a ball about the size of a small pea. Under which of the cups is the ball? was the question.

We had frequently heard of this game as one of the many vagabond ways by which certain men swindle a living out of "green-horns," but never before had we seen it in operation. Partly curiosity and partly sympathy with a young man who was sadly in the losing line, induced us to stop and witness the procedure. The young man was speedily minus five pounds, being all his funds except a half crown, and this the Rigger refused to accept as a stake. He was one of the big-bug hum-bugs, and would not play for less than a pound.

The friend of the loser came indignantly to the rescue, determined to win back the spoils. I begged him to desist, and interposed my person to restrain him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, and appreciate your motive," said he, "but I must and *will* win back my friend's five pounds."

"It is throwing good money after bad," I replied. "Even granting no slight-of-hand cheatery in the case, the Rigger evidently has two chances out of three."

"There, there!" whispered the gentleman, and I turned about. The Rigger's attention was so rivetted upon us that he did not see a gentleman on the opposite edge of the semi-circle, slyly lift a cup, reveal the ball, and immediately re-cover it. In briefer space than this paragraph can be read, the friend of the loser wagered two pounds on that cup, and gained a like sum. This so assured him that he tried it again with a single pound, losing—and again, winning—his funds in the end being exhausted.

Meanwhile the sly trick of lifting the cup was successfully repeated on the right and left of the Rigger, according as his attention was attracted by a growing and absorbing interest in the game.

I am fearful that this fraud against fraud was not unreservedly condemned in my consideration of the case.

"I will stake this lever watch against a pound," said the loser, with all the earnestness of desperation.

"I will play for nothing but money," coolly answered the Rigger.

"I have a bill of exchange for thirty pounds: I will stake it against ten," said the loser, vehemently—for he had seen the little ball on the board, after a sly lifting of the cup as before.

"I will play for nothing but ready money," replied the Rigger.

"Will any gentleman loan me ten pounds on this bill of exchange?" said the agitated loser. No one responded. "Please, sir, loan me five pounds,—three pounds,—two pounds," he continued, addressing himself to me—the sum diminishing as I slowly but decidedly shook my head.

"You shall have this watch as security," he persisted, pressing it on my hand, as I stood with folded arms surveying him sorrowfully.

"Indeed, sir, I *must* win back my friend's money and my own. Do loan me two pounds: *this* time I am *sure* to win." He had seen the little ball, and so had I.

"No, sir," was my reply, "I never gamble, even for the value of a pin, and I will not connive at gambling in any way. I would not wager a pound on that board against a thousand, although certain of winning."

"Do you know which cup the ball is under?" said the Rigger.

"Yes, I do," I replied.

"Then why don't you stake a pound or two, and win?" said he.

"Because, sir, I am opposed to gambling, on principle."

"Perhaps the gentleman has no money, and therefore has no means of winning a pound or two," rejoined the Rigger, sarcastically.

"I am opposed to gambling, sir, on principle," said I, "and I would not bet a penny on your beard, were Stirling Castle to balance it in the result."

"Perhaps the gentleman is poor. I was once poor myself. It is no sin to be poor," resumed the Rigger; "or perhaps the money he has isn't his own."

This speech and its insulting tone greatly excited the two losers, and they broke out upon the gamester in terms of stern and terrible invective. It seemed as if they needed little additional aggravation to pitch him headlong over the precipice.

"Take it coolly, gentlemen," said I. "Do not speak after that fashion. Gambling,—swindling, is the man's business. Let him speak of *me* as he lists. He has no conception of what acting from principle means. I beseech you, do not bet any more." I continued, as the Rigger re-arranged his cups.

"Do you know which cup the little ball is under?" said he, looking towards me with his basilisk eyes.

"Yes, I do," I replied, for at that moment the sly trick of lifting one of the cups was repeated

by the gentleman on the extreme left of the semi-circle.

"Then why don't you put down a pound—ten pounds—fifty pounds—any sum you please—if, indeed, you have any cash about you," resumed the Rigger in his bantering tone.

"I should certainly win it," I replied, "but it would be the devil's money, and I would not touch it, if it were multiplied a thousand fold."

"The gentleman is excusable because he has no money," persisted the Rigger. "If any other gentleman is more fortunate, he has a chance to win a pound or two,"—again shifting the cups, one of which was immediately lifted slyly by the first loser, who stood on the extreme right.

"O do, sir, do loan me two pounds on this watch; it is an excellent lever for which I paid six guineas," entreated loser No. 2, addressing me. I shook my head, whereupon he addressed my wife. "Please, madam, entreat your husband to lend me two pounds!"

"Even if desirous of success, I should not succeed," she replied. "He has said No, and in vain you ask him. Please, sir, desist from this terrible thing," she continued, greatly excited by both alarm and sympathy.

Nevertheless, he persisted in his entreaty. "I am sure of success this time, and I pledge you my honor that I will stop so soon as I win back what we have lost."

"I will wager a pound," simultaneously exclaimed Nos. 3 and 4 of the group, as they saw No. 5 reveal the little ball by lifting the cup that covered it.

They won their wager. The trial was several times repeated with an adverse result, the losers being mostly blind, (as I thought,) in making choice of the cup. Within half an hour from the commencement, every pound in possession of such as were disposed to engage in the game, passed to the purse of the Rigger. I was positive that the result would have been directly the reverse, had I taken the matter in hand.

"If there be no more funds among you," said the gamester, "we may as well adjourn." Whereupon he arose from the ground, and put the little board, cups and ball, into his pocket, with an air befitting his cold, satirical demeanor throughout, and the floored ones looked so chaffed, as the group slowly separated, that I sincerely pitied them.

At this instant, two policemen suddenly appeared in view around the corner of the rock. Stepping smartly up to them, "Is gambling allowed on these premises?" said I.

"It is not," was their reply. "Have you lost any money?"

"No, sir; I never gamble in any way," was my response; "that man has swindled several of these gentlemen out of considerable sums, by his three shells and a little ball."

The offender was immediately taken into custody, and marched off on the back track, in company with the party from No. 1 to No. 5 inclusive, (as witnesses against him, I presumed,) myself and family being left to pursue our walk alone. Meeting a citizen, from whom we had received some attention the day previously, I narrated the foregoing incidents. He laughed

heartily, and assured us that the five swindled gentlemen (whom I described) were well-known confederates of the Thimble-Rigger!

We were certainly "green-horns"—exceedingly "green!"—for we had not the slightest suspicion of complicity—yet the whole arrangement was designed to defraud me! It was all plain enough, afterwards, and I am willing to be laughed at—nevertheless, I must insist that the acting of these confederates was among the most natural exhibitions I have ever witnessed. Nothing but steadfast adherence to principle, saved me from sin, loss and shame—for I was certain, repeatedly, that I knew where the little ball was. I saw it, without possibility of mistake—yet any sum I might have wagered in the game, would inevitably have been lost; for the Rigger knew what he was about, and could remove the ball at pleasure, by sleight-of-hand, the dupe being not a whit the wiser.

The lesson of this recital will, I trust, be of service. Let no one yield to gambling of any sort. Even when fairly conducted, the chances are with the professional gamester; to which may be added that cheating is not peculiar to the Thimble-Rigger.

THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

[From the London Athenæum we take the following notice of Capt. Stansbury's "Expedition to the Great Salt Lake," recently published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. of this city. The article is made up mainly of extracts from the work, judiciously taken, and is exceedingly interesting:]

The existence of a vast lake of salt water somewhere amid the wilds west of the Rocky Mountains has been known since 1689; when Baron La Houtan wrote an account—which, however, seems to have been as much indebted to imagination as to observation—of his discoveries in that region. Some attempts have since that time been made to explore its shores; but Capt. Stansbury's party are the first white men that have made the circuit of its waters. The results of the Captain's observations, which were carried on with much skill and immense labor, make the circumference of the lake, exclusive of off-sets, to be 291 miles. The neighborhood around is on the same gigantic scale—consisting of deserts 60 and 70 miles across, separated from each other by precipitous rocky eminences of great elevation. Many of these deserts Capt. Stansbury says would furnish extended plains, absolutely level, upon which a degree of the meridian could be measured to great advantage.

This inland sea is believed by Capt. Stansbury to have been in a past age of infinitely greater extent. He says:—

"Upon the slope of a ridge connected with this plain, thirteen distinct successive benches, or water-marks, were counted, which had evidently, at one time, been washed by the lake, and must have been the result of its action continued for some time at each level. The highest of these is now about two hundred feet above the valley, which has itself been left by the lake, owing pro-

bably to gradual elevation occasioned by subterranean causes. If this supposition be correct—and all appearances conspire to support it—there must have been here at some former period a vast inland sea, extending for hundreds of miles; and the isolated mountains which now tower from the flats, forming its western and south-western shores, were doubtless huge islands similar to those which now rise from the diminished waters of the lake."

The first view that the party obtained of this extraordinary lake is as well described in the following words:—

"At our feet and on each side lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose from 800 to 1,000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreamy haze hovering over this still and solitary sea, threw its dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild-duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound, unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltiest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme."

This intense repose is broken at times by the presence of myriads of wild fowl:—

"The Salt Lake, which lay about half a mile to the eastward, was covered by immense flocks of wild geese and ducks, among which many swans were seen, being distinguishable by their size and the whiteness of their plumage. I had seen large flocks of these birds before, in various parts of our country, and especially upon the Potomac, but never did I behold anything like the immense numbers here congregated together. Thousands of acres, as far as the eye could reach, seemed literally covered with them, presenting a scene of busy, animated cheerfulness, in most graceful contrast with the dreary, silent solitude by which we were immediately surrounded."

The water is described as one of the purest and most concentrated brines known in the world,—clear and transparent as the diamond; and on analysis it was found to contain twenty per cent. of pure chloride of sodium, with about two per cent. of other salts. Of course such a compound must possess an extraordinary buoyant property; and Capt. Stanbury thus relates his bathing experiences:—

"No one, without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with the arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is nevertheless extremely difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong, that the least particle of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain; and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. I doubt whether the most expert swimmer could long preserve himself from drowning, if exposed to the action of a rough sea."

In many places in the vicinity of this singular lake, the ground is thickly covered with salt, presenting a most curious and deceptive appearance:—

"The first part of the plain consisted simply of dried mud, with small crystals of salt scattered thickly over the surface. Crossing this, we came upon another portion of it, three miles in width, where the ground was entirely covered with a thin layer of salt in a state of deliquescence, and of so soft a consistence that the feet of our mules sank at every step into the mud beneath. But we soon came upon a portion of the plain where the salt lay in a solid state, in one unbroken sheet, extending apparently to its western border. So firm and strong was this unique and snowy floor, that it sustained the weight of our entire train, without in the least giving way or cracking beneath the pressure. Our mules walked upon it as upon a sheet of solid ice. The whole field was crossed by a net-work of little ridges, projecting about half an inch, as if the salt had expanded in the process of crystallization. I estimated this field to be at least seven miles wide and ten miles in length. How much farther it extended northward I could not tell; but if it covered the plain in that direction as it did where we crossed, its extent must have been very much greater. The salt, which was very pure and white, averaged from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and was equal in all respects to our finest specimens for table use. Assuming these data, the quantity that here lay upon the ground in one body, exclusive of that in a deliquescent state, amounted to over four and a half millions of cubic yards, or about one hundred millions of bushels."

Amongst the other peculiarities of this region, we are informed that the excessive dryness of the air caused the wood-work of the wagon wheels to shrink so much that there was great danger of their falling asunder, and it was only by sinking them in a stream during the night that the Expedition was enabled to proceed with them. From the same cause, the wood-work of the mathematical instruments was rent and split, in some cases breaking the tubes, and otherwise causing serious damage. The mirage on the shore of the Lake where the ground was moist and oozy was very great, and gave rise to optical illusions the most grotesque and fantastic.

The difficulties which the party had to encounter were very great—so that the journey from Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, a distance of less than 1200 miles, occupied the Expedition about twelve weeks. But the obstacles in the road to the Salt Lake dwindled into insignificance when compared with the difficulties in its immediate vicinity. In one place, Capt. Stansbury says:—

“At two o'clock, in the afternoon, we reached the western edge of the plain, when to our infinite joy we beheld a small prairie or meadow, covered with a profusion of good, green grass, through which meandered a small stream of pure, fresh, running water, among clumps of willows and wild roses, artemisia and rushes. It was a most timely and welcome relief to our poor, famished animals, who had now been deprived of almost all sustenance for more than sixty hours, during the greater part of which time they had been in constant motion. It was, indeed, nearly as great a relief to me as to them, for I had been doubtful whether even the best mule we had could have gone more than half a dozen miles further. Several of them had given out in crossing the last plain, and we had to leave them and the baggage behind, and to return for it afterward. Another day without water, and the whole train must have inevitably perished. Both man and beast being completely exhausted. I remained here three days for refreshment and rest. Moreover, we were now to prepare for crossing another desert of seventy miles, which, as my guide informed me, still lay between us and the southern end of the lake. He had passed over it in 1845, with Fremont, who had lost ten mules and several horses in effecting the passage, having afterward encamped on the same ground now occupied by our little party.”

The importance of the exploration so gallantly conducted by Capt. Stansbury is indicated by the fact, that the Valley of the Great Salt Lake is the only point between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean whence supplies of provisions can be procured,—and it is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that it should be considered in any scheme for a road across this vast continent to California.

The number of emigrants to the “Diggings” had been so great, that Capt. Stansbury described the road as being as broad and well beaten as any turnpike road in the country; but the dangers and difficulties which the emigrants have to encounter from the want of bridges or ferries,—and more especially from the terrible scarcity of water, which causes hundreds of cattle to die on the road, thus forcing the emigrants to abandon nearly all that they possess, glad to escape with their own lives,—are numerous and terrible in the extreme.

The evidences of these sufferings meet the traveller's eye all along the route,—but especially as he approaches the district of the Great Salt Lake. The road is strewn with the carcasses of horses and cattle which have fallen exhausted from fatigue and thirst or poisoned by the saline springs,—dozens of wagons lie on the road in heaps, burnt, disabled, or abandoned,—hundreds of pounds of bacon and other provisions, thrown

away from the failure of the means of transport,—and with these lie in confused abandonment almost every article of household furniture and every sort of cooking utensil that can be imagined. For hundreds of miles the prairie is covered with excellent clothing, harness, ploughs, miners', blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools of every possible variety,—together with bar iron, steel, and other materials of industry, excellent scientific instruments and books of every description, collected doubtless with much labor and great sacrifice, and carried with infinite trouble and anxiety a distance of perhaps 2,000 miles, to be at last left to rot on the road through this terrible and extraordinary country. No wonder, then, that a vast number of those who set out full of health and vigor either terminate their hopes and fears in these dreary solitudes, or retrace their steps with sad hearts and shattered frames.

Capt. Stansbury's party frequently passed from four to six graves of emigrants in a day,—many of them recently made,—nameless but sad mementoes of disappointed hopes and sanguine enterprise. Scarcely a day passed in which they did not meet some party of emigrants returning in wretched plight,—all that they possessed sold, given away, or abandoned. Some of the men attached to this Expedition disgraced themselves by abandoning it for the land of promised gold. One party of these, as the Captain afterwards heard, were stripped by the Indians of every article they possessed, and were left to find their way to California in the most miserable plight.

An amusing instance is here recorded of the way in which an ingenious emigrant met a difficulty. Having a number of kegs of brandy, which he was compelled to leave in the prairie, he buried his cherished cordial in the earth, covered it like a grave, and placed at the head a full and particular, if not true, account of the deceased,—his name, age, where he was “raised,” and when he fell, being set forth in remarkably distinct characters. Further on, he sold the brandy to some traders, who easily found the affecting memorial, and drew the spirit from its repose.

We have often heard curious anecdotes of the prairie dog; but none more strange than those related by Capt. Stansbury, which from the evidently cautious character of the narrator demand attention. He says that the holes in the ground in which these little creatures live are shared by the rattlesnake—several instances of which came under the observation of the party. But what is still more extraordinary, we are told, that a little, white, burrowing owl (*Stryx cucularia*) is also frequently found taking up its abode in the same domicile; and this strange association of reptile, bird and beast seem to live together in perfect harmony and peace. The Captain does not give this latter fact on his personal voucher;—but says that he has been assured of it from so many, so various, and such credible sources, that he could not doubt it.

On its way home the Expedition succeeded in striking out a shorter route through the chain of the Rocky Mountains; making a saving of 61 miles in the road from the Great Salt Lake to

Fort Bridger, on the Green River,—a distance of about 400 miles. The newly-discovered road has also the great advantage of being very nearly in a perfectly straight line.

INVENTION OF THE SPINNING JENNY.

A late number of Hogg's *Instructor*, in giving the history of the Peel family, introduces an episode relative to the invention of the "spinning jenny" by a Lancashire weaver, named James Hargreaves, a neighbor and associate of the grandfather of the late Sir Robert Peel, which is exceedingly interesting. Hargreaves was a hard-working and industrious man. His wife Jenny was at the time confined to her bed by illness, though, when well, she materially assisted him in his labors, and was reckoned such an extraordinary spinner for diligence and speed that people called her "Spinning Jenny." At about the same period, the elder Peel had obtained through one Harry Garland, a wild young "chapman," information upon which he commenced his first essays in calico printing; and late on the evening the occurrence detailed below took place. One of his sons—the father of the late baronet—went out to the moor in the moonlight to gather a handful of bilberry leaves, or other foliage, which might be copied as a design for printing. Passing near the house of Hargreaves, he saw a light in the window, and a shadow moving. He halted a moment, and that moment revealed enough to detain him half an hour. What he saw will be comprehended by a perusal of the following extract, the opening scene of which is located at a public house in the neighborhood, whither Hargreaves had accompanied Harry Garland, the young chapman before referred to:

They joined the chapman from Blackburn, and were soon in a merry mood. Joe Pilkington was ready with a song at any time. Perhaps they would have sat later than the usually sober hours of James Hargreaves, had not an incident occurred which disconcerted Garland, and suggested to Hargreaves to go home. Harry seated himself beside Charlotte Marsden, where she was spinning at the farther end of the spacious kitchen. In this apartment the company were assembled. Some who knew the lofty spirit of the beautiful Charlotte, offered to wager with Garland that he could not kiss her. The forward youth attempted the rash act without hesitation, upon which she called him an impudent moth, and, rising indignantly, over-turned her spinning wheel. It fell backward. The spindle, which before had been horizontal, the point towards the maiden's left hand, stood upright. The wheel, which had been upright, and turned by her right hand, (its band turning the spindle,) was now horizontal. It continued to revolve in that position, and to turn the spindle. In a moment, a thought—an inspiration of thought—fixed the eyes of Hargreaves upon it. Garland pursued the indignant Charlotte out of the apartment. The company followed, urging him to the renewal of his rudeness, which, the more he tried to succeed in, the more he seemed to be baffled and humiliated. In

their absence, James Hargreaves turned the wheel with his right hand, it still lying as it fell, and, drawing the roving of cotton with his left, saw that the spindle made as good a thread standing vertically as it had done horizontally. "Then why," this inspiration of thought suggested, "should not many spindles, all standing upright, all moved by a band crossing them from the wheel, like this single spindle, each with a bobbin on it, and a roving of cotton attached, and something like the finger and thumb, which now take hold of the one roving, to lay hold of them all, and draw them backwards from the spindles into attenuated threads? Why should not many spindles be moved, and threads be spun, by the same wheel and band which now spin only one!"

Hearing the company return, some saying the young chapman had succeeded in snatching a kiss from Charlotte, others denying it, James Hargreaves lifted the wheel to its feet, placed the roving in its right place, and said—"Sit thee down, Charlotte. Let him see thee spin. Who can tell what may come of this?" Then, after a pause, and a reflection that he should retain his new ideas as secrets of his own, at present, he continued—"Thou may be his wife: more unlikely things have happened. It will be a fine thing to be lady of all that owed Billy Garland may leave some day."

"Wife, indeed!" interjected the vexed maiden, "the moth! Wife, indeed! Who would be wife to *it*?"

"Weel," said James, "be that as it may; but I mun go whoam. My wife thinks whoam the best place for me, and I think so mysen."

Remarks were made as to why he was going so soon. But Harry Garland had lost spirit after the conflict, and felt the scorn of the maiden more keenly than any reproach which had ever fallen upon his impudence before. He was not in a humor to solicit James Hargreaves to remain; so they parted.

James had reached home two or three hours before young Robert Peel observed the light in his window. On the lad approaching the window, the weaver was standing motionless. Suddenly, he dropped upon his knees, and rolled on the stone floor, at full length. He lay with his face towards the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burned stick. He rose, and went to the fire to burn his stick. He took hold of his bristly hair with one hand, and rubbed his forehead and nose with the other and the blackened stick. Then he sat upon a chair, and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife (who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger), by a loud assurance that he had it; and, taking her in his sturdy arms, in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out, and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh with his high-toned assurance, that she should never again toil at the spinning-wheel!—that he would never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her

in the arm-chair, by laying her spinning-wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle standing vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. Then he took her in his arms, and returned her and the baby to bed, and kissed her affectionately, and once more took the baby out, and made it cry with his hard beard. "Our fortune is made when that is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? What an we call it after thyself, Jenny! They called thee 'Spinning Jenny,' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'"

It was all a mystery to Robert Peel. He went home with his bilberry leaves, and went to bed, wondering if Hargreaves were out of his mind, or if he, too, were inventing some thing, or about to make experiments in some new process of working.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. ALICE ATKINSON.

"My wife feels as though she were laboring very hard for the benefit of others."

This was spoken by a man who considered himself a good husband; but if he had been one in reality, would his wife have been troubled with such feelings?

Let us consider the subject, and take an occurrence from every-day life, to illustrate it.

Mr. B— arises in the morning with the intention of going to the city, a distance of twenty miles, and back the same day. In his haste to be gone, he does not observe that his wife is paler than usual. Her health has been poor for a long time, and her altered appearance now, is not even noticed. Although they are in comfortable circumstances, yet neither feel able to keep hired help. As the husband loves neatness and order, for which the wife is remarkable, the latter determines that her washing shall be done in his absence. But many things arise to hinder—the wood is poor and will not burn—the babe requires more care than usual. The sun has passed the meridian and is hastening on his daily course; but her work is not half done. She toils on with an energy beyond her strength, hoping all will yet be well. She pictures to herself the children quietly sleeping in their snug little bed, the floor mopped, the fire bright and cheerful, the table spread with its snowy cloth, and her husband's favorite dish prepared, ere his return.

But, alas! bright anticipations vanish; the day is past, and "evening shades appear;" the babe becomes more troublesome and now takes all the mother's time. She has nearly succeeded in quieting it, when she hears the well-known step on the threshold; her husband enters; he sees the unfinished washing with all its accompaniments of tubs and pails; the fire is nearly gone out, and his little boy, two years old, is splashing water from one thing to another, in great glee. Mr. B— seizes the child, and places him in a chair in the corner, with so much violence that

the room quickly resounds with his screams. He then whips him to still his cries, that his own voice may be heard. Every blow pierces the mother's heart, but she knows remonstrance is vain, and lets things take their course, in silence.

Her turn comes next, and he can hardly find words strong enough to express his indignation; among many other things, he tells her she never has any thing in order; he never knew her to have a fire, or a meal of victuals in season.

By this time, the babe was fairly aroused, and it needed considerable exertion to hush its plaintive cries, but by carrying it about in her arms, the mother was at last triumphant.

She next prepared their evening meal with as much alacrity as exhausted nature would allow; and, as her husband sipped his tea, and enjoyed the genial warmth of the fire, the irritability of his temper passed off, and with it all thoughts of the late unhappy occurrence. He soon retired to rest, and, in refreshing sleep, forgot the toils of the day. His wife had now her washing to finish, and every thing to put in its place, even to her husband's bootjack; for, with all his love of order, he frequently forget to put up his own things. When she had accomplished all, she too retired to rest, but not to sleep—no; every nerve was unstrung; and, as she laid her throbbing head on its pillow, and vainly attempted to sleep, the events of the day would crowd themselves into her mind. Yet she would not allow herself to think unkindly of her husband. She tried to reason thus—"Have I not a good husband? Does he not provide for my actual wants, according to the best of his ability?"

But, notwithstanding all her endeavors, the cruel words which had been uttered by him in wrath, would rush into her mind, like unbidden guests, until tears began to flow in profusion, and memory became busy. Then she thought of the happy home of her girlhood, of the mother that watched over her, of the days when the rose of health bloomed on her cheek, and her brow was unclouded by care. But, most of all, her memory reverted to the bridal day, when her lover promised, in presence of God and man, to love, cherish and protect, until death should them part. She asked herself if she had ever been unfaithful to the marriage vow; conscience answered no; had she not studied her husband's happiness with untiring zeal, until self was all forgotten, health gone, constitution enfeebled? And, now, as she felt herself less able to perform the duties required of her, she felt that her love had been illy repaid. Thus, after a day of overtasked labor, and nearly a night spent in tears, the wife sunk into an uneasy slumber, to be disturbed at intervals by her babe, until the dawn of another day, when the well-rested husband called upon his wife to arise, not doubting but she was as much refreshed as himself.

Now, what had that husband gained by all this? Had not his wife done her best, and what could she do more? It is true, he knew not of her grief and tears; he knew not that such treatment was hastening her to the grave; as she daily sunk under the accumulated weight of care, he knew not that the cause was in any way attributable to himself.

Yet, it would have required but little forbearance on his part to have spoken a kind word, or sympathized with her a little. She would then have performed the same duties with cheerfulness, and considered herself happy in the possession of such a husband. And when her head rested on its pillow, and she strove to hush its throbbings, no images but such as affection brings would have haunted her imagination; and her slumbers would soon have been as calm as those of the loved ones beside her.

If any man, who has a care-worn wife, chance to read this article, let him look well to the subject; and, if he wishes to be met with a smile or look of happiness, let him strive by his own example, to sow the good seeds of affection, and he will be sure to reap an abundant harvest, for "virtue is its own reward."

THE ENDS OF LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I am going to leave school at the expiration of this term," remarked Edward Mayo, a youth between seventeen and eighteen, to his friend and companion, Charles Carpenter, as the two were wending their way homeward, after having finished their studies for the day.

"And I expect to do the same very soon," said Charles, with evident pleasure at the idea.

"What business or profession do you intend learning?" asked Edward.

"I have determined to go into a store. I want to be a merchant. But what have you chosen, Edward? Not one of the learned professions, I hope? But I suppose you have. You will be a lawyer, I have not the least doubt."

"Yes, Charles, I have determined to go into Mr. Barker's office, and read law."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear it, Edward."

"You are you sorry, Charles?"

"Because you've got a hard, dull way before you, and your final success is uncertain. Few, Edward, I have heard my old uncle say, can gain eminence in legal pursuits; and without distinction, it is but a poor business. The field for merchandizing is broader, and promises to industry and carefulness more certain returns."

"That may be true, Charles; and merchandizing is as honorable and useful a calling as any other; but I have been taught by my father to believe that our success and usefulness in any business will depend very much upon the motives with which we enter into it, and our happiness in that business much more. If we have only a regard to ourselves—if the only motive we have for choosing a profession be the selfish one of getting wealth or honor—then, we may indeed be successful, but cannot be happy in our success. But if, in choosing among those to which our inclinations lead us, we choose that in which we think we can, at the same time that we benefit ourselves, render most important services to others, then we are in the road to honorable success, united to calm contentment."

"Then I would advise you to be a minister," said Charles, half ironically—"you can certainly do more good as a minister than as a lawyer."

"I do not think so," Edward replied. "There are callings many and various that are all useful, as my father has frequently impressed upon my mind, while talking to me about choosing a profession; and there are as great varieties of capacities for filling these. The man whose peculiarity of mind fits him to be a successful lawyer, would not, in all probability, make a good minister; nor would the individual who has a preference for medical science make a good merchant; and so through all the varied callings in life. Each of them is useful and honorable, as I have before said, if they are made useful and honorable."

"Well, maybe you are right," said Charles, "but I am no philosopher, and cannot pretend to look so deeply in matters and things. My old uncle, whose opinions I am bound to respect, because he is kind to me, and has been quite successful in the world, says that he would rather see me a sailor or a soldier than a doctor, lawyer, or preacher. He don't seem to have much opinion, you see, of the learned professions; and I am pretty much like him in that respect. But he thinks I am the very one for trade, in which, he says, I will be sure to be successful, if I am only prudent at first. He prophesies that I will be rich; and all I can say is, that I hope he is a true prophet."

"Father says to me," Edward remarked to this, "that it would be wrong in me to set riches before me as an end. That if I do so, I will look to riches as the one thing in life desirable—that I will be restless until I have gained my end, and then discover that wealth has no power to make me happy. But, that if I will endeavor to give the idea of riches its true subordinate place, and make usefulness to others, as far as I can, the end which I have in view, then I will be happy as well as successful, just so far as I can elevate usefulness as an end above riches."

"You have a strange way of talking, sometimes," said Charles, "but I don't pretend to see things with your eyes, and I am sure I don't wish to. I am going to learn my business, with the same motives that others do, that I may get the ability to make money. Money, you know, is power. Our teacher says knowledge, and so does the proverb: but my old uncle says money, and I believe him."

The two boys parted. In due time each left school, and Charles Carpenter went into a wholesale store to learn the business of merchandizing, while Edward Mayo entered the office of Mr. Barker to read law. Charles found it much easier to keep his end of life in view, than did Edward. But whenever the latter's perceptions of right were obscured, or his ardor in his studies diminished, he went to the one competent and judicious friend, his father, who always helped him to clear and satisfactory views of his duty. It must not be supposed, that the desire to be useful was the only one that influenced Edward in persevering in his studies. That would have been too feeble a principle in his mind, to have carried him through successfully. The desire for wealth and fame, also, contributed its share of incitement to perseverance. Still, the great good was, that he could acknowledge the end of use to

be a higher and better one than the end of riches or honor, and, also, that he could remain in the desire to have that end the principal one. He was thus preparing the way to have it, in after-life, gradually, even if it were very slowly, elevated above all the others.

A few years passed away, and the two youths became of age, and each entered upon the responsible duties of life. Charles had his mind well stored with mercantile knowledge, and the principles of trade; and Edward was as well-furnished for action in his peculiar calling. Years passed on, and the name of one was a familiar sound on 'Change, and that of the other as familiar to the public as an eminent lawyer. But each had been governed in action, by the end at first proposed as the true one. Charles Carpenter had grown more and more selfish and unregardful of others, as wealth accumulated on his hands; and had likewise grown morose, irritable, and discontented. Edward Mayo, on the contrary, as his power and sphere of usefulness enlarged, endeavored to bring into quicker activity the desire to be of service to others with which he had, as matter of principle, set out in life; and a real delight ever flowed from bringing this desire into action. While the one was known as a wealthy, but narrow-minded, selfish man, the other was esteemed as a lover of mankind, with the power, as well as the will, to benefit society. Let us look in upon each, successively, at the age of fifty, and then decide which set before him the best end in life.

We will introduce Mr. Carpenter, at his own house, on a stormy evening in December. Tea is ready, and his wife and only daughter, a young lady of twenty, with himself, have drawn up to the table. The meal is nearly half through, and yet not a word has been spoken. He is all absorbed in some business matter that perplexes him, and the idea of a trifling loss has soured his mind, and added to his habitual petulance.

"It's a dreadful night, out," Alice, the daughter says; the oppressive and moody silence becoming so irksome, that she prefers to hear the sound of her own voice, even at the risk of its being unwelcome to others.

The father responds to this by a look which says, almost as plain as words—

"What's the matter with you, ha?" And the mother mutters out a reluctant—"Yes."

A few minutes more elapse, with only the clatter of cups and saucers, when Alice again breaks in upon the funeral silence with—

"I wish you would take us to the theatre, on Thursday evening, to see Celeste, pa."

"Indeed, I shall not, then," is the crusty response. "Get your brother to go with you."

"But, he won't go. I've asked him, already."

"Then you'll have to stay home, for I'm not going."

"I wish you were like Kate Mayo's father," Alice rejoins—"He always goes with her to the concerts, and every place."

"Well, I'm not like him, Miss, and don't want to be! He's one of your philanthropists—hum!—pretending to do a great deal for other people, and not doing anything worth talking about, after all."

"I believe he's an excellent man, pa. Everybody likes him, and everybody speaks well of him; and I'm sure Kate's one of the happiest creatures in the world."

"And you are one of the most miserable, I suppose?"

"I don't pretend to be very happy," Alice answers moodily, and then follows the same cheerless silence.

After the tea-things were removed, the father sat down to his newspapers, and between reading these and meditating on plans for adding to his large stores of unenjoyed wealth, spent the remainder of the evening. Not the slightest intercourse did he pretend to hold with his family. The social delights of the domestic circle had no charms for him. Here, as in the busy world, he was the selfish centre from which went out no radiations. Alice tried to get interested in the pages of a new novel, but in vain. Her heart yearned for living companionship. And as she thought of Kate Mayo, and the bright, happy fireside circle of which she made one, she closed the book with a sigh, and retired to her chamber, hoping to find relief and quiet in the sweet oblivion of sleep.

On the same evening, a very different scene was presented in the family of Mr. Mayo, who, like the merchant, had one son and daughter, now verging upon maturity. The supper hour had passed in cheerful conversation, and after the family returned to the parlor, Mr. Mayo said, smiling—

"I must ask leave of absence for an hour, my children. I suppose my request will be granted?"

"I don't know, pa," Kate responded, laughing in happy, girlish tones, as she hung upon his arm, and looked affectionately into his face. "It will depend very much upon the nature of your excuse."

"That will have to be given, then, before my request can be granted?"

"O, of course! Let us have the reason," Kate said.

"Well, you know that the winter has set in very severely?"

"Indeed, it has, pa," Kate replied, her face at once growing serious. "And I do pity poor, destitute people, this dreadful night."

"A few gentlemen," continued Mr. Mayo, "had a meeting, to-day, for the purpose of putting in operation some measure of provision for the poor and sick during the inclement season. It is well known that every winter great suffering is experienced by many who do all they can to help themselves, and who would rather live poorly and bear many hardships, than become an entire burden upon the community; who would suffer almost everything, rather than become acknowledged paupers. A little assistance to such, in winter, would enable them to bear up in their praiseworthy spirit of independence, without the extreme suffering that many now endure. I have been chosen to draft an address to the public, and I want an hour to-night for the purpose. Am I now excused?" added the father, smiling.

"We were worse than heathens to say no," Kate replied. "But how much time you do give to measures of public benevolence, pa!"

"Not more than I can readily spare from my

family and professional engagements, Kate; and I am sure that the pleasure I experience from these acts, is to me a source of pure delight."

"I do not doubt it, pa, and I love my father better, when I think how good and kind he is to every one. Alice Carpenter said to me, yesterday—'O, Kate, if my father was like yours, how happy I should be!'"

Mr. Mayo kissed affectionately the cheek of his daughter, and then left the room to perform the work of benevolence he had assigned himself.

"Poor Alice!" remarked Mrs. Mayo, as her husband closed the door after him. "She always seems so glad to get here, and so reluctant to go away."

"I am sure I never like to go there," said Kate. "There is an atmosphere of constraint and selfishness about the house; and as to spending an evening with Alice when her father is at home, I would almost as lief be at a funeral. He sits moodily reading his newspapers, and we must steal away into a corner, and talk in whispers. If Alice happens to laugh a little loud, her father will rattle his newspaper and look up so cross at her. I would not live in that way for the world!"

"I don't wonder that John has no inclination to stay at home in the evening," remarked Edward, Kate's brother. "He told me, last week, that he wasn't home at night once in a month."

"Why, where does he go?" asked Kate.

"Indeed, that's more than I can tell," Edward replied. "But I fear, from his appearance and manners, that his company is not the best."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated Mrs. Mayo. "Almost driven from home, and then left to himself, he will, I fear, go to ruin."

"You may well say driven, ma," remarked Kate. "For no young man, who had the liberty to go, could remain in Mr. Carpenter's presence, if he is always as silent and cross as he has been when I have visited there."

"He is in every way unlike our own father," said Edward. "One seems to think about and care about nothing but himself. The other's consideration is, apparently, all for others."

"That is the true secret of their great difference of disposition. The selfish man repulses all, while the benevolent man attracts all. Which would you rather be, my son?"

"The benevolent man, a thousand and a thousand times," Edward replied, fervently.

"Then, like your father, Edward, choose now your ends of life. Resolve that you will seek to be useful to others; that you will put away from yourself every merely selfish motive, as an evil thing. I have heard him often relate, how Mr. Carpenter and he were boys at school, and how they conversed about, and settled their ends of life. Mr. Carpenter, he said, openly avowed, that, in entering upon the task of learning a business, he had no other motive, and wished no other, but the desire to be wealthy, that he might be happy in the possession of wealth; while your father, guided by the excellent counsel of your grandfather, long since passed away, chose a profession, such as suited his taste and talents, fixing in his mind, as far as possible, the desire to be useful. This desire, feeble, he said, at first,

he nourished and fostered, until it gradually gained strength, and, in the end, became with him a ruling motive. Now, he is not only happy himself, but makes every one with whom he associates cheerful and happy."

"I am sure you will try to be like father, Edward," said Kate, looking her brother affectionately in the face.

"That I will, sister; and if at any time I find my resolutions, and the power within me failing, I will think of Mr. Carpenter, with his ends of life, and of my father with his."

HOW THE ARKANSAS MAN FOUGHT THE PANTHER.

Samuel Hutson, one of the first settlers on Hutson's Fork, of Buffalo, in Newton county, Ark., a worthy and industrious farmer, with his son Carroll, a lad of ten years, inured to all the hardships which his father underwent, was making his way up the pathless sides of Judah, whose broad shadow darkened the dense forest on its northern slope; and although it was near ten o'clock, A. M., (1845) the labyrinthine vines were yet dripping with the dew, in its dark defiles. The piles of rugged rocks torn loose from the cliffs above by the force of their own gravitation, or the trembling of the earth in ages past, were not obstacles worthy of note to Sam or his son; now wending their way around a bluff of grey limestone—the face of which is swept by the branches of the towering sycamore and the hardy white oak—till they came to an open spur or point, where Hutson showed his son the location of a bee-hive which they had come to note. Carroll deposited the pails, pans, &c., at a little distance, while his father's axe had already begun to make deep incisions in the noble pine.

Hutson is neither large nor very stout; yet, if you will look attentively into his somewhat swarthy face, you will perceive that he is a man for all emergencies.

He had settled at his present homestead, ten years previous—poor, very poor. But by energy and industry he has placed his family in independent circumstances;—it is said now that he is the wealthiest man in Newton county. He loves his early habits, and at each returning autumn, for several consecutive nights, builds his camp-fires on the mountains, and, after an absence of perhaps a week, returns loaded with the triumph of the chase.

But see! the tall pine totters to and fro—the trembling tree is breaking from the stump—a deafening crash, and the ancient forest monarch plunges on the rocks below!

Hutson had dropped his axe, and run a short distance to get clear of the falling limbs, when he saw a large animal a little way off bounding towards him, which he at first supposed to be a deer; but in a moment more, to his dismay, he saw it to be a large panther, and knew from its actions that it was hungry as a hyena, for it made directly at him, with its hair all projecting forward; its glaring eyes and fearful jaws extended, revealing a row of teeth that makes one shudder to think of. What was to be done? Sam

did not want that monster to make a breakfast of him. Retreat was in vain. What would you have done?

With the nerve of a Jackson, Sam met his antagonist in the unequal contest.

He seized the beast by the skin of the neck with his left hand, and plied him heavily in the ribs with his right. Round and round they went in the struggle for life and death—life to the victor, but death to the vanquished. At length the panther made a spring to escape. But, no! Sam's ire was up now.

"Oh, ho! your wh-wh-whipped, are you!" he stammered, and he plied him with renewed vigor. Mr. Panther had never been in such a *scrape* before, (neither had Sam) for the skin of his neck was drawn so tight that he only got his breath with a whiz, and every stroke in the side was answered by a grunt of pain from the panther, and a grunt of exertion from Sam. The animal sunk on his side, and Sam shouted, "Carroll!" The boy sprang to him with the butcher knife, which was plunged into the heart of the beast. Sam was badly scratched; yet he was glad he had got off so well, and never complained at the loss of his shirt.

MR. PANTHERSON, 1852.

POWER MACHINES A BENEFIT TO OPERATIVES.

When spinning jennies and power looms were first introduced into England, nothing would do with the outraged and insulted spinners and weavers, but pulling down the factories and the breaking the machines. This was a very foolish operation, but the machine-destructives thought it was a very wise one; they, no doubt, imagined they had slain their greatest enemy. Poor short-sighted mortals! how much they resembled Don Quixotte battling with the wind-mill! We do not say but the hand-spinners and hand-loom weavers of old enjoyed more of the comforts of life than they do now, and perhaps enjoyed the world with a more hearty relish, but this we do know, that those power machines which have superseded severe human toil, have greatly benefitted the very operatives who were ruthlessly opposed to their introduction. Gilbert Burns, the brother of the great poet, though not a poet himself, was a shrewd man, possessed of a sound head, and who had labored severely as a farmer, declared that the invention of the threshing machine was one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon mankind. The terrible drudgery of the flail was as the life of a helot to him; he became a free man when the threshing machine was invented. There is the machine for planing wood, too; its introduction was violently opposed by carpenters,—their occupation, like Othello's, was gone, and nothing would suit many of them but smashing up the planers. But are there any carpenters in our country, now, who do not look upon this machine as a blessing? It was their emancipation; it relieved them from a toil which, at best, is gross drudgery. The trip-hammer, too, although a very simple innovation, was also

looked upon with exceedingly jealous eyes, by the performers of heavy tragedy at the anvil; but what would we have done for the heavy shafting of our steamboats, had those tragedians still monopolized the stage of the stithy? We might go on and enumerate a great number of machines, and recount the benefits which they have conferred upon the operative classes; but we have said enough to direct attention to the point which we wish to elucidate, and the doctrine which we wish to enforce. We are the advocates of all new and useful improvements in machinery, and we are the disseminators of information respecting new inventions and discoveries—this is our business; if we did not believe that machinery conferred blessings and benefits upon mankind, we could not conscientiously follow after such a profession. We believe that machinery has done wonders for the elevation of our race, and we also believe that it has but began to fulfil its mission; our heart and soul, therefore, is with this work of improvements in machinery.

Some people have extolled the blessings of machinery, for allowing more time for mental development; this is one benefit it has conferred upon mankind, but far be it from us to speak favorably of machinery on this account merely. Laziness is a vice, and a lazy, idle man, should not eat; every man and woman should *do* something for themselves. There are too many men and women who kill themselves with idleness. There are thousands in our cities who are not under the necessity of working to procure daily bread, who, nevertheless, for their own health and pleasure, should labor, or take active exercise in the open air every day. On the other hand, there are thousands who drudge away at unhealthy occupations, wearing out soul and body to win their daily bread. Improvements in machinery will benefit this latter class, and improve their condition. Improvements in machinery for the rapid and cheap construction, manufacture, and execution of domestic utensils, goods, and labor, are the very things on which the attention of philanthropic inventors should be fixed. "They were good old days," say the old folks at home, "when all things were made for the family on the plantation and farm. Our clothes were not so fine, but nobody wanted; there was less pride and more contentment." There is much truth in this, and we are far from believing that large factories, and congregated hundreds laboring together in pent up workshops, is a higher development of humanity; we believe that, in the majority of cases, it is the very reverse,—men and women have become the servants of machinery, instead of machinery having become their servants. Can we not look to a future of better things? We can at least point to the road which will lead to it; this is our present object. Sewing machines, simple and cheap machines for making boots and shoes, great improvements in small carding and spinning machines, and weaving looms, together with other machines for doing different kinds of domestic labor, would conduce to a greater elevation of our race; this is the climax of our remarks—improvements in machinery for the benefit of the toilers.

—Scientific American.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"I am glad to see that you have succeeded in finding a new cook," said Mr. Campbell to his wife, as he caught a glimpse of a pleasant, active-looking woman moving about the kitchen. "Does she come well recommended?"

"You will laugh at me, Henry, when I tell you that she does not come recommended at all. She is a stranger in this part of the country, and has never lived out before. Therefore, there is no one to recommend her. But her appearance is so much in her favor that I concluded to take her a month on trial."

"Appearances are very deceitful," replied the husband, gravely. "You should never allow your judgment to be influenced by them."

"I know that we are not to judge from appearances, Henry; but does not this rule admit of some qualification? It is surely impossible to prevent our minds from being somewhat influenced by the external circumstances which are presented to our view. In this case, for instance. A neat, modest-looking girl presents herself at the very moment when we are extremely in want of help. Her story is a simple and plausible one, and as far as I can judge, she is just such a person as we need. Am I not justified in engaging her?"

"I think not, Mary, for you have really nothing to judge from. As far as her neatness and modesty are concerned, they are easily put on for the occasion; and her story is one readily invented."

"But why suppose evil, when we can as readily suppose good?" argued the unconvinced wife. "My rule is always to think well of a person until I am furnished with unquestionable proofs of their deficiencies."

"And mine is, to hold my judgment suspended, and neither to think well or ill of any person from appearances," replied Mr. Campbell.

His wife shook her head incredulously.

"It is impossible, Henry; you cannot do it. I am sure you have often told me that you surrendered your heart the first time you ever saw me. On what could you rest your judgment, save appearances?"

"That is not a case in point, Mary; and, besides, I was young and foolish then. I am growing wiser as I advance in years. But look, the dinner waits our pleasure, and I am anxious to see if the new cook can furnish substantial proofs of her fitness for her duties."

There was certainly nothing to complain of in the well-cooked and neatly-served dinner. And, as weeks passed on, and the new domestic proved perfectly faithful and competent, Mr. Campbell allowed that in this instance, his wife's judgment had proved correct, or rather as he maintained, she had made a "lucky hit," for true to his theory, he still asserted that appearances were no guide to the judgment.

It must be confessed that this was sometimes a most convenient doctrine, for it enabled him to turn a deaf ear to the piteous tales from pitiable looking objects, by whom he was often besieged in his daily walks through the city, while his

more sympathizing and credulous wife would have found it impossible to refuse relief.

But experience proved that, although credulity is a great evil, constant distrust of our fellow-beings is a still greater, as it leads us to withhold aid from the really needy and deserving, or to delay our assistance until it is too late.

One evening as the merchant was returning home at a somewhat later hour than usual, his steps were suddenly arrested by a young lad, who threw himself before him, exclaiming in a voice of earnest entreaty—

"For the love of Heaven, give me the means to procure food for my poor mother and little sisters, or they will perish with hunger."

"They always have a mother and sisters," muttered Mr. Campbell to himself, for, though by no means an uncharitable man, he was too well accustomed to this species of imposition so commonly practised in our streets, to be easily induced to bestow relief.

Shaking off the hand which the lad had laid upon his arm, he quietly said—"I have nothing for you;" and passed on. As he did so, he was forcibly struck with the expression of despair, visible in the countenance of the petitioner, and for a moment felt tempted to draw his purse from his pocket; but the good judgment upon which he prided himself prevailed; and, resolved not to be deceived by appearances of distress, which were easily assumed, he kept on his way.

Several times during the evening, the remembrance of the boy seemed to haunt him, and as he again passed the same spot on the following morning, and recalled the earnest despairing entreaty of that last look, he could not but regret the course he had taken.

"I wish I had given him a trifle," he said to himself. "It is quite probable that he was an impostor; but there is a possibility that he was not, and I would rather bestow the money upon one who was unworthy, than refuse it to a really needy person."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he was overtaken by a friend who lived in his immediate neighborhood, and was often his companion in his daily walks to the city.

"You have the start of me this morning," he exclaimed, as quite out of breath he overtook Mr. Campbell, "but I have been employed in a good work, so I must not regret the delay."

"Did your benevolent duties detain you?" asked his friend, who knew that the gentleman had been appointed by the society for the relief of the poor, visitor for the vicinity in which they resided.

"They did indeed," was the reply. "As touching a case as I have ever met with. The family in question consists of a widow and four children—the eldest, a pale, sickly-looking boy of ten years, and the other three, pretty little girls, of different ages. They have not long been in our neighborhood, and have no acquaintances or friends. They have formerly been in better circumstances, and, though reduced by misfortune to the very extreme of poverty, are reluctant to ask assistance. Last evening, for the first time, as I am told, the boy after unsuccessfully endeavoring to obtain some trifling job by which he

could earn a few pennies, applied to two or three of the passers-by for aid, but was ranked with the common class of beggars, and coldly repulsed."

"About ten years old, say you?" interrupted Mr. Campbell. "What is his appearance?"

"Rather tall for his age, and very slender; dark eyes and hair. But let me tell you the rest of my story. I found the poor mother in an absolute state of starvation, having deprived herself almost entirely of food for many days, in order to feed her hungry little ones. Exhausted nature could at length endure no more, and a long and death-like swoon so alarmed her children, that they ran to the nearest house for assistance; and in this way I became aware of their situation. The physician whom I called in tells me that there is yet a chance for the mother's life, but that, had relief been withheld a few hours longer, nothing could have saved her. A kind neighbor has offered to remain with her through the day, and administer the proper restoratives and food in small quantities."

"And you think she will live?" asked Mr. Campbell, with an expression of anxiety which surprised his friend.

"I think so," he replied; "but why does my story affect you so peculiarly? Surely you are not acquainted with the family?"

"Not at all," was the reply; "but, to confess the truth, I suspect I am one of the persons who refused to aid the boy, last evening. I have regretted it several times, but you know the streets swarm with these young beggars."

"I know they do; and it needs great discrimination to distinguish the deserving from the impostor. We must be careful not to condemn them from appearances."

"No, I never judge from appearances," said Mr. Campbell, hastily, "but in this case it seems it would have been better if I had done so."

"You *did* do so, I should say," returned his friend, smiling, "and there lay your error. You judged from the appearance of the boy, that he was a common beggar, and therefore you refused assistance. In fact, appearances are all we have to rest our judgment upon, in many instances. My rule, therefore, is, not that I will not form an opinion—for this it would often be impossible to avoid—but that I will not rashly condemn. I generally suppose good until I am compelled to a limit evil."

"That is my wife's theory; but I maintain that the judgment must not be swayed by appearances, but hold itself suspended and wait for proof."

"What man never has done and never will do, in my opinion," was the laughing reply. "You are attempting an impossibility, as your experience of last evening may convince you. You refused to aid the boy because you would not be deceived by the appearance of necessity, and of truthfulness which I am sure must have been apparent; but you must confess that you allowed yourself to be influenced by another set of appearances which decided you against him."

"Perhaps so, but this is only a solitary instance. There are always exceptions to general rules. But it is of no use to argue the point, as

neither of us will be likely to convince the other of his error."

"Experience will be your teacher, friend Campbell, and I do not despair of hearing you acknowledge your mistake. But, in the meantime, I must wish you good morning, as I have reached the door of my office."

Immersed in the cares and perplexities of the day, Mr. Campbell had not bestowed a second thought upon the conversation of the morning, and was busily engaged with his usual duties, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a somewhat shabbily-dressed, but intelligent-looking young man, who asked in a timid voice if he was in want of a clerk. There was certainly a vacancy which Mr. Campbell much desired to fill, but a slight survey of the applicant convinced him that he would not suit.

"He is one of those poor, inefficient beings who are always unfortunate," he said to himself. "He would not suit me at all. Give me a man who looks as if he knew how to take care of his own interests, and then I shall feel more confidence that he can take care of mine."

A negative shake of the head was the only answer to the question of the disappointed youth, who turned sadly away.

"Poor fellow!" whispered one of the clerks to another. "He will go to ruin, simply because he looks as if he had been unfortunate. This is a hard world to live in. There are few who will extend their hand to a suffering fellow-being, while the prosperous find plenty of friends to push them on their way. And, after all, the unfortunate are often the more deserving. But people in this world will judge from appearances."

But the remarks of the clerk were unheard by the merchant, and quite unconscious that he had again committed the error which he so much reprehended, the little incident soon passed from his mind. Engrossed with business, the hour for dinner arrived ere he was aware, and unwilling to disappoint his ever-punctual wife, he seized his hat, and walked hastily towards home.

"Rather behind your time," was the smiling remark, as he entered the dining-room.

"Yes, it is a busy day, and I must beg that Jenny will be as expeditious as possible in placing dinner upon the table, for I must return without delay."

"It is quite ready," was the reply, and at the words Jenny entered, bearing the dinner-tray.

"I like punctuality," said Mr. Campbell, as he seated himself at the table. "But what is this?" he continued, surveying a pudding of somewhat doubtful appearance.

"Your favorite pudding, Henry, but owing to your being late, it has remained in the oven rather too long. The 'proof of the pudding is in the eating,' however, and I have no doubt you will find this excellent. We must not judge by appearances, you know."

A slight shade passed over Mr. Campbell's countenance, for this remark brought to his mind the occurrence of the previous evening; and his wife, perceiving that in some way she had disturbed him, hastened to add—

"I am becoming quite a convert to your opinion, at least as a general rule, Henry. I

have met with a case in point to-day. I dare say you recollect Mrs. Boardman, whom I have mentioned to you several times, lately, as a new acquaintance, in whom I am much interested. She is, as you know, in very straitened circumstances. Some weeks ago, her son, a very promising young man, who has been in business in New Orleans, returned home in exceedingly poor health. He was obliged to relinquish an excellent situation which he had filled with perfect satisfaction to his employers, and for some time before his return was so ill that he feared he should never see his mother again. The hot, unhealthy climate has severely shaken his somewhat delicate constitution, but he is now gaining rapidly. For the last two or three weeks he has been endeavoring to procure some employment, but in vain. I saw his mother this morning, and she seemed quite discouraged. 'Eugene,' she said, 'had gone out with the intention of making personal application to all the principal mercantile establishments in the city, but she feared it would be useless. His sickly, forlorn appearance is against him, and there are few who are charitable enough not to judge by appearances.'

"It seems that every cent which he could save from his salary has been devoted to the payment of debts which his father left at his death, some two or three years ago, and the young man has hardly supplied himself with necessary clothing, so great was his anxiety to save his father's memory from reproach."

"He must be a noble-hearted fellow," remarked Mr. Campbell. "What kind of a situation does he want? I need a good book-keeper, and should really like to employ him."

"That is just the thing that I desired," joyfully exclaimed his wife. "I did not dare hint it to his mother for fear of exciting false hopes; but I had some recollection of hearing you say that your book-keeper had left you, and it occurred to me that his place might not have been supplied. Young Boardman has high testimonials from his employers in New Orleans, but he is timid, and easily repulsed by unkindness or indifference."

"In that case you had better give him a line of introduction to me," returned her husband. "That will make all easy for him. See him, if you can, this afternoon, and if he has not succeeded in obtaining a situation, direct him to my place of business. If I find him capable, I will pay a handsome salary."

Elated at her success, Mrs. Campbell hastened to discharge her commission. Gratefully the young man took the proffered note of introduction from her hand, but as his eye rested upon the number, he said, hesitatingly, "I think I have already called there, Mrs. Campbell, and indeed, I now recollect the name, but it did not occur to me that it was your husband's place of business."

"Probably he was out when you called," suggested the lady.

"Or judged from my appearance that I would not suit him," was the somewhat mournful reply. "I do not recollect the circumstance, for I have called at many different places to-day."

"My husband never judges from appearances," said Mrs. Campbell, confidently. "It is entirely against his principles. Hasten, therefore, and

deliver the note, and I will ensure your success."

With warm thanks for her interest and kindness, young Boardman departed.

As he entered the office his heart sunk within him, for the scene of the morning came vividly to his recollection,—that cold shake of the head, without even a word to soothe his disappointment.

"It is useless," he murmured to himself. "I was sure I had been here before. No doubt, Mr. Campbell will regret the encouragement he has given me, when he finds who I am."

His first impulse was to retreat, but at this moment the merchant raised his eyes, and instantly recognizing the visitor of the morning, the truth flashed upon his mind.

"What would my wife say if she knew that I was one of those who condemned her young friend from appearances?" was his not very agreeable reflection, as the young man advanced, and delivered the note of introduction.

Overcoming the momentary feeling of irritation caused by this discovery, Mr. Campbell addressed the applicant with kind frankness.

"I was to blame in repulsing you so unceremoniously this morning, my young friend," he said. "My thoughts were much occupied, and I gave you but a momentary glance. From what my wife has told me I am inclined to think that you will supply the vacancy in my office perfectly well. But a little conversation will enable me to judge better of your qualifications."

Encouraged by his kindness, the sensitive young clerk forgot his diffidence, and by his intelligent answers, soon convinced the merchant that his abilities had not been over-rated. A satisfactory arrangement was made, and young Boardman returned to his mother with the joyful tidings that his duties would commence on the following day.

"I have a little confession to make to you," said Mr. Campbell to his wife, as they seated themselves in their quiet parlor, to enjoy their evening chat.

"A confession! What can it be?" was the surprised reply.

"I am convinced, that like the rest of the world, I am in the habit of judging from appearances, and indeed I have become of your opinion, that it is impossible to help it. The great error which we must avoid, is that of hastily condemning."

"Yes, that is exactly what I have always believed," replied his wife; "but what can have wrought so sudden a change in your sentiments?"

"Experience, that stern teacher, Mary. Listen, and I will relate the two little incidents which have opened my eyes to my own frailty, and given me a truer insight into human nature."

Mrs. Campbell listened with much interest, and cordially responded to her husband's closing remark, that in future, although they might judge, they would never condemn from mere appearances.

An Irish advertisement reads as follows:—
"Lost, on Saturday last, but the loser does not know where, an empty sack, with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters P. G., are marked, but so completely worn out as not to be legible."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY H. COUTLAS.

At this season of the year, when the leaves are falling around us, and the public squares and sidewalks are covered with the decaying foliage, an explanation of those natural causes which produce the fall of leaves will probably be both appropriate and interesting.

There is no subject on which botanists have entertained a greater variety of opinion than on the fall of leaves. The causes which produce their excision from the stems and branches of plants are so exceedingly complicated, that a much more advanced condition of botanical science seems to be necessary before they will be clearly and accurately understood. It is obvious that leaves are thrown off by plants because they are no longer of any service to them, and the means by which nature effects their separation are truly wonderful, and at the same time instructive.

The causes which produce the decay and fall of leaves are partly chemical and mechanical. The water which enters the roots of plants as it percolates the soil, dissolves a small portion of earthy matter. This is partly deposited in the woody and fibrous tissues of the stem, but principally in the cellular tissue of the leaves, by the evaporation which is continually taking place at their surface. In this manner the interior walls of the leaf cells become incrustated or thickened by deposits of mineral matter, just as earthy matter accumulates at the bottom of a pot used for culinary purposes, and the leaf is thus rendered finally unfit for the performance of its functions. The mineral matter deposited in the cells is sometimes beautifully crystalized, the earths or bases taken up by the roots uniting with the acids formed in the vegetable organs. The most common kinds of crystals are those of the carbonate and oxalate of lime, which are of different sizes and forms, rhomboidal, cubical and prismatic, but the most prevalent form is the acicular or needle-shaped. It is to this form that the term *raphides* (*raphis* a needle) was originally applied by Decandolle, although it is now used indiscriminately in reference to all cellular crystals.

In the autumnal months, the light becomes less powerful, the leaves lose their green color, and their cells becoming gradually and entirely choked up with mineral matter, the sap no longer circulates through them. They absorb oxygen from the air, and the result of their different degrees of oxidation is seen in all that variety of autumnal tint, which casts such a charm over the dying landscape.

Whilst these chemical changes are taking place, nature is at the same time preparing to effect the mechanical excision of the leaf from the plant. It is necessary here to remark, that a leaf is simply an expansion of the green cellular bark of the young shoot, which is thus spread out by the divergence of the woody fibre ramified through its substance. This woody fibre issues from the side of the shoot in separate bundles, which, when the leaf is perfectly formed, unite together, constituting its footstalk. The points

of issue of these woody bundles may be seen in the form of little round dots on the leaf scar, after the leaves have fallen.

Now, at first, all leaves are contiguous with the stem. As they grow, an interruption of their tissue takes place at the base of their footstalk, by means of which a more or less complete articulation is formed. The cause of this articulation is owing to the continuation of the growth of the stem after the leaf has attained its full growth, which it generally does in a few weeks. The growth of the leaf being completed, all its functions languish, in consequence of the increased deposition of mineral matter within its cells, the base of the petiole or footstalk being unable to adapt itself to the increasing diameter of the stem; the excision advances from without inwards, until it finally reaches the bundles of woody fibre, which are the main support of the leaf.

Whilst, however, nature is forming a wound, she is at the same time making provision to heal the same; for the cuticle or epidermis of the stem is seen to grow over the surface of the scar, so that when the leaf is detached, the tree does not suffer from the effects of an open wound. The provision for separation being thus completed, the leaf is detached by the growth of the bud at its base, by the force of the winds, or even by its own weight. Such is the philosophy of the fall of leaves, and we cannot help admiring the interesting and wonderful provision by which nature heals the wounds even before they are absolutely made, and affords a safe covering from atmospheric changes, before the parts can be subject to them.

The decay and fall of leaves is, therefore, not the result of frost, as is commonly supposed, for leaves begin to languish and change color (as happens with the red maple, especially,) and even fall, often before the autumnal frosts make their appearance; and when vegetation is destroyed by frost, the leaves blacken and wither, but remain attached to the stem; but the death and fall of the leaf is produced by a regular vital process, which commences with the first formation of this organ, and is completed only when it is no longer useful. There is no denying, however, that the frosts of autumn, by suddenly contracting the tissues at the base of the petiole, accelerate the fall of leaves. All must have noticed, on a frosty morning, in autumn, that the slightest breath of air moving amongst the decayed and dying leaves, will bring them in complete showers from the trees to the ground.

In general, we may say, that the duration of life in leaves is inversely as the force of the evaporation which takes place from their surface. For we find that the leaves of herbaceous plants, or of trees which evaporate a great deal, fall before the end of the year, whilst the leaves of succulent plants, or of evergreens, which latter are of a hard and leather texture, and evaporate but little, often last for several years. In pines, firs, and evergreen trees and shrubs, there is an annual fall of leaves in the spring of the year, whilst the growth of the season is taking place, but as this leaf-fall is only partial, consisting of one-half or one-third at a time, there is always a sufficient number left on such trees to keep them

clothed with perpetual verdure. Hence is it, that the entire foliage of such trees consists of leaves which have been attached to the stem from one to three or five successive years.

In the beech and hornbeam, the leaves wither in autumn, and hang on the branches in a dead state through the winter. Such leaves, when examined, will be found to be contiguous with the stem at the base of their petiole, and, therefore, without that articulation, or joint, which so materially aids in the disruption of the leaf from the stem. These dead leaves fall off when the new leaves expand in the spring.

Most of the trees of this country have deciduous leaves, and in winter our woods are bare, and no longer cast their shadows on the earth; but the forests of tropical climates are evergreen, and usually retain the same appearance throughout the year. A perpetual shade is thus afforded by nature, which, in some measure, gives relief against the continuous heat of these regions. In tropical countries, however, many trees lose their leaves during the dry season. This is seen in the forests of Brazil, called *Catingas*.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE MINNIE.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Art thou weary, little Minnie?
Lay thy head upon my knee;
It makes the old man's heart rejoice,
Thy sunny face to see;
Well may the aged falter,
Who tread life's rugged way;
When even little Minnie
Grows weary of her play.

Tell thee a story, Minnie?—
Nay, I am growing old;
And all the stories of my youth,
Long since to thee were told.
But, if thou'lt listen, darling,
There's something I would say,
That you may oft remember,
When I have passed away.

Minnie! my holiest thought for years,
That's cheered me many a day,
Is the memory of the mother,
Who taught me first to pray;
Minnie! do you remember
Your gentle mother too,
Whose only grief in dying
Was the thought of leaving you?

Ah, child, I mind me of the time,
A tiny babe wert thou—
When the baptismal dew of Heaven
Was sprinkled on thy brow;
Thy mother gave her one pet lamb,
One of Christ's flock to be;
Now, in the fields of Paradise,
She waiteth there for thee.

Ah, Minnie! little Minnie!
When at the close of day,
You kneel beside your little bed,
Your evening prayer to say;
Then pray to God to aid thee,
To keep thy mother's vow;
That sin's dark shadow ne'er may rest
Upon thy fair young brow.

Remember thy Creator!

'These words were kindly given,
Even as a Father's hand, that leads
His little ones to Heaven;
Ah! Minnie, closely hold His hand—
As through life's path you roam,
Though rough and thorny be the way,
'Twill *safely* lead you home.

And when they lay me by her side,
In the peaceful churchyard there,
And you sometimes gaze with tearful eyes,
Upon this vacant chair,
These words, perchance, your lonely heart
With soothing thoughts may fill;
Think, darling, we who loved you
Are watching o'er you still.

Good night, my little Minnie!
You're weary now, I know;
Yes, twine your arms around me,
And kiss me ere you go;
Then hie thee to thy chamber—
Another day has gone—
Good night, my precious Minnie:
God bless thee, little one!

A HOME PICTURE.

One autumn night, when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
A popping corn in the ashes;
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on just close by his knee.

The blast went howling round the house,
As if to get in 'twas trying;
It rattled the latch of the outer door,
Then seemed it a baby crying;
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,
And sputtered and hissed in the bright red flame.

Pop, pop—and the kernels one by one,
Came out of the embers flying;
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

A part of the kernels hopped out one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother;
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,
And into the fire kept gazing;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
For he looked where the wood was blazing.
He looked, and fancied that he could see
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still steadily gazed the boy at these,
And pussy's grey back kept stroking,
Till his little sister cried out, "why, Bub,
Only see how the corn is smoking!"
And sure enough, when the boy looked back,
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.

"Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough,
So now, let's sit back and eat it;
I'll carry the stools and you the corn;
'Tis nice—nobody can beat it."
She took up the corn in her pinafore,
And they ate it all, nor wished for more.

CHAPTER ABOUT INDOLENCE.

BY MISS C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

"Mother, here is a paragraph I must read to you," said Susan Miller, as she raised her eyes from the newspaper which had engrossed her attention for the last fifteen minutes, and fixed them upon her mother who was sitting near by engaged in sewing.

"I should like to hear it, my dear," replied her mother.

Susan read—"Success in life can only come from, and is the legitimate result of, a firm resolution to work—to work honestly and industriously; and these habits must be formed in childhood or they will never be formed."

"Now, mother, that is just what I think," said Susan, when she had finished reading the paragraph. If there is one thing which disturbs me more than any other, it is to see one of these lazy people spending more than half their time in doing nothing at all. For my own part, I never can rest easy to be idle hardly a moment. I always wish to be doing something, and I am thankful I am not one of the indolent sort."

"You are?" said her mother, with a quiet smile, and an expression of countenance which it puzzled Susan to interpret.

"Yes; I am sure I am. I know that I have many faults, but I can hardly think that indolence is one of them," said Susan, thoughtfully, and with much less of assurance in her manner and tone of voice than was at first manifested.

The truth was, the expression of her mother's countenance had led her to ask herself if she had not been a little too hasty in assuming that she was never indolent. She was not sure that this was the case, but the fact now occurred to her mind that she had more than once discovered in herself faults from which she had supposed that she was quite free, and the self-confidence with which she had at first congratulated herself upon being free from the sin of indolence, was considerably diminished.

"I shall agree with you in part, my dear," said her mother, "but only in part. From that passive form of indolence which manifests itself in a disinclination for all employment, I think you are quite free. It is true that you are almost always busy; but you know there is such a thing as busy idleness."

"I am not quite sure that I understand you, mother."

"If you do not understand me, I suppose you will not object to my using some practical illustrations to make my meaning plain. You are always willing to be employed, but are you equally sure that you are always willing to be employed about the very thing which duty requires of you to do?"

"Don't you remember when you were at work upon your lamp-mat, yesterday morning, your brother James came in and asked you to sew some buttons on to his vest, and you replied, 'Oh no, I can't, James. Go and ask aunt Lucy to do it.'"

"But I was very busy at work upon my mat, then, and I did not like to put it aside."

"Are you quite sure that indolence had nothing to do with your refusing to sew on the buttons?"

"How could I be called indolent then, mother, when I was working busily all the morning upon my mat?"

"If you refused to sew on the buttons because you thought the work you were doing was more useful and important, and that it would be wrong to leave it, then indolence had nothing to do with your refusal."

"I cannot say that this was my reason for refusing," said Susan, blushing.

"I do not think you can, my dear. You refused because you loved the employment you were engaged in, and was not willing to leave it for work which you considered much less agreeable, though it might be more useful. Was it not so?"

"Yes, mother, I suppose it was. But do you consider all the time I spend in such employments as spent idly?"

"By no means. But if you refuse to lay aside such employments when duty calls, and things more important require your attention, I think you can hardly plead not guilty to the charge of indolence."

"But why was it not just as well to send James to aunt Lucy?"

"It was not, for several reasons. In the first place, aunt Lucy was engaged as well as you. Was it right to require her to lay aside what she was doing, to perform your duties, that you might have nothing to consult but your own inclination in choosing your work?"

"Again, if you had complied with your brother's request, he would have seen that you were willing to deny yourself to perform a service for him. In this way, you would have bound him to you with one more cord of affection, and by so much have strengthened the gentle influence a sister should ever exert over a brother. All this you lost by sending him away to aunt Lucy."

"I see that I was wrong, mother: but I do not as clearly see that the wrong was the result of an indolent spirit."

"Supposing James had taken his vest to Mary, and found her lounging idly upon the sofa, if she had sent him to aunt Lucy, because she did not wish to do it, should you not have called her indolent?"

"Yes, mother, I certainly should; that would have been a very clear case."

"But what is the real difference? We have supposed that Mary sent him away because it was too much trouble to do it. It was easier to sit still, and she much preferred it. You send him away because it is much less trouble, and more agreeable for you to do what you are doing. Now, what is the difference?"

"Not quite as much difference, I confess, as I at first supposed; but it is rather discouraging to be convicted of indolence, when I thought I was such a pattern of industry."

"Very many have made the same mistake before you; more fail of success in life from an indulgence in this kind of indolence than from a disinclination for all kinds of labor. They do not wish to sit down and fold their hands, but they take good care not to choose a rugged path. Others may climb the mountains, and scale the

rocks, and make the rough places smooth, but the path they choose must be strewn with flowers: their work must suit their inclinations exactly."

"Now, if you wish to work earnestly and successfully, you must not only ask the question—Am I busy? But am I busy about the very thing I ought to be doing? or am I leaving others to perform my duties for no better reason than that it is not agreeable to me to perform them?"

"I never thought of this before. I supposed if I were busy about something, no one could accuse me of indolence. I know I have always liked to choose my own work, and leave the hard and disagreeable things for others to do. But may we never consult our own inclination, and do the things we like to do best?"

"Certainly, we may, but we should never allow such employments to interfere with more important duties. It has, no doubt, given you some pain, my dear, to find yourself guilty of a fault from which you supposed yourself quite free; but the lesson may be of great service. You are now much better prepared to understand the paragraph which led to this conversation than you were when you read it. You see that those who turn aside from the work they ought to do, to choose that which better suits their inclination, are truly guilty of indolence, though in another form, as those who idly fold their hands."

CROMWELL: A HISTORICAL PORTRAIT.

Cromwell is an impersonation, on a grand scale, of the spirit of Puritanism. The root of his whole character was deep, enthusiastic, religious conviction; the mainspring of his actions—at least in the early part of his career—a firm persuasion, that public and private well-being was to be found in strict conformity to the law of God. Other motives of a more worldly character afterwards grew upon and deformed this primitive stock of principle; and the peculiar embarrassments of his position, combined with the impetuosity of his temperament, often involved him in tortuous, unjustifiable and violent courses. Unquestionably he loved power, and sought it at times with a desperate vehemence, yet a careful perusal of his Letters and Speeches has left on our minds a strong impression of a general rectitude of purpose and singleness of aim—to be estimated of course from his Puritan view of life—pursued through his whole career, and never abandoned even amidst the perplexities and distractions of his closing years. His moral and intellectual endowments appear to have been finely balanced, and in admirable harmony. His domestic affections, warm, pure, and tender, were proportionate to the ardor and nobleness of his patriotic zeal; and the sanctity of his home gave a pledge for his incorrupt fidelity in every public charge. To a clear and comprehensive understanding, which discerned, as by intuition, the opportunities of the most complicated affairs—he added a will of unequalled energy and decision. The boldness of his conceptions was only surpassed by his sagacity in the selection of the

fittest instruments for their execution. His fiery courage was kept in check by his cool vigilance and shrewd caution. With a stern sense of justice, and indomitable determination to carry his own ends, he was from temperament habitually merciful and compassionate. Gifted with a wonderful talent for affairs, and capable of intense application, he gathered round him, by the elective affinity of a commanding mind, the most diversified aptitudes and resources, and through the force of will made them work together to his own ends. Thus richly dowered by nature, he was called out into action by the necessities of the age, in the full ripeness of all his powers. Events revealed the man. He did not seek out circumstances; but they sought out him. On his first entering the field, overflowing with religious enthusiasm and burning with patriotism—he exhibits the most complete union of the saint and the warrior that the world ever saw. Puritanism—like Feudalism—has a chivalry of its own. Her Oliver of Marston Moor and Naseby, was a true Knight, without fear and without reproach—devoted to the holiest of causes, that of justice and God's truth—not as drawn by the idle poets, roaming through visionary forests in quest of profitless adventures, but sternly grappling on the bloody battle-field of reality, with the palpable monsters of tyranny and falsehood, worthy to be honored and celebrated through all ages by the brave and the good.

The charge which has been put forth against Cromwell with most plausibility, and by nearly all parties, is that of dissimulation—of his having constantly pursued personal ends under the cover of religion and the public interest. To do him justice, we must recollect, that he who has a work to accomplish amidst the strife and violence and uncertainty of a revolutionary time, cannot fairly be tried by the same rules as would be applicable on the clear and level stage of a tranquil civilization. Two facts come out prominently on a survey of his career:—first, his acquisition of sovereign power and a vast external influence and dignity by methods utterly at variance with every idea of constitutional government and recognized law, and often in bold defiance of the national will; secondly, his constant asseveration in all his letters and speeches, confirmed, it cannot be denied, by the overt tendency of his most conspicuous acts, that he took this course to secure the great object of the war, and to settle the nation on a basis of equal recognition for all Christian parties.

Now, in which of these facts do we find the final end and aim of the man's endeavor? and in which, merely the instruments for realizing it? Did he profess religious designs only to acquire power? or did he seize, improve and augment the power which circumstances threw into his hands, to lay a broad and enduring foundation for religious truth and liberty? On the resolution of this question, must depend our general estimate of his character. We do not think it possible to doubt, that Cromwell embarked in the war, with the honest, fervent purpose of reforming his country according to the Puritan idea of right. In action, he was governed by circumstances, and his views opened upon him as he ad-

vanced; but there is evidence in the latest expressions of his mind, that his first purpose was never relinquished—that, however, obscured for a moment in the stormy turbulence of the times, it never went out. Like all the religious spirits of the age, he had a strong sense of immediate dependence on Providence, and waited much on the issue of events to decide his course:—and this circumstance, with the reserve and vigilant caution, which a constant dealing with duplicity and headstrong passion in all parties, compelled him to use, has undoubtedly thrown an air of dissimulation over some parts of his conduct. We fully believe that he uttered his own sincere conviction, when he declared, in one of his speeches, supposing his uniform successes and victories marks of the approval of Heaven, that he had had, as he conceived, a clear call to the stations he had acted in, through all these affairs. All these feelings were vehemently at work within him—the feelings that many things were wrong, and needed to be put to rights in the State, and Providence designated him as the man to head this work—all these were vehemently at work within him; but they became, perhaps, more turbid, more commixed with grosser elements, as he was drawn deeper into the vortex of adventurous usurpation, and mingled, at last, into a very strong, but, perhaps, almost unconscious, tide of self-willfulness and ambition. On the whole, however, there appear to us proofs so conclusive of Cromwell's essential fidelity to his original principles and purpose, through his many and rapid changes of fortune, that we cannot withhold from him the admiration that is ever due to earnest and prevailing enthusiasm in a noble cause, nor hesitate to rank him among the few truly heroic characters of human history.

REVERENCE THE BEGINNING OF TRUE RELIGION.

The affections of Awe, Wonder, Admiration, are the first developments, in rude nations, of the religious sentiment in human nature. They do not denote any necessary or fixed belief in a personal Deity. The perceptions of Order, Design, Goodness and Wisdom, which are the next stages of development of the sentiment of Religion, do bring in a personal Deity, but they belong to the intellect more than to the soul, by which we intend that side of human nature upon which we are in contact with the Infinite, and with God, the Infinite Personality. All this is rather preparation for religion, than religion itself. But after that preparation, the legitimate result is the formation of a totally new affection, the foundation of which is *Reverence* towards the mighty, inscrutable Being whom we have discerned in the universe. The Soul now begins to be affected, and not passively: it is taking its first step into self-conscious, moral action: thus Reverence is the beginning of true religion. He who reverences God is a religious man, and whatever his ignorances or defects, is an accepted worshipper.

It is impossible, at least, for a moderately cultivated mind, to adore and revere God without a consciousness that His eye is simultaneously upon

us. And the most decisive moral effects produced by the devotional posture of the soul depend on this consciousness that it has met the eye of God—that the inmost heart is open before Him. Nevertheless, for a long time (perhaps), the worshipper has still no vivid idea that morality concerns itself with the state of the heart. A man who commits murder, who gives false judgment for bribes, perjures himself, defrauds his ward, or violates the rights of friendship and hospitality, is believed to incur the anger of God; but those whose ordinary moral conduct is correct have no consciousness of guilt, and are able to yield to the Object of their Worship decorous and sincere reverence on every stated occasion. Where the Will is strong, and Passions or Temptation moderate; where the person is engaged in outward action, and little disposed to self-inspection, a man is generally satisfied with his own attainments, and feels no inward pressure after a higher and higher perfection. This is often reproved as self-righteousness by spiritual people, unduly, I think, for the mind of the worshipper is not engaged in a reflex act of self-admiration. Moreover, in that stage of low development of the soul, a certain self-complacency is probably desirable; for, without it, the worshipper would be frightened away, and become wholly irreligious. Many estimable people spend the best part of their lives in this stage, without any growth of soul, perhaps exemplary in social morals, and every way amiable, with the intellectual wish to be truly religious, but with no hungering and thirsting after righteousness. In this stage of religious development, God is regarded as an Avenger, and not a spiritual Father and Friend: He is revered, but not loved. In this stage, natural affection and other good feelings move men more than the pure Conscience or the Soul; spiritually, they are in a puerile stage. Religion is to them, according to its received etymology, (from Lat. *religo*, to bind,) a bond or band; recognized, indeed, by their conscience, and in so far internal, yet not a living inward force. It rather restrains externally than inwardly animates them: still, when we see what human nature is and has been, we must count this a great step forward. They are a respectable and worthy class, and in the way to something better. To drive away from our sympathies by haughty airs of superiority those who are only in an earlier stage of advancement than ourselves, is so harsh and so unwise as to be a spot of Pharisaism upon us.

With the improvement of moral doctrine or ideas, Reverential worship will become more elevated: or, conversely, improved religious doctrine may elevate morality. In the stage of which we treat, neither of the two has living power: yet the link between the Conscience and the Soul is already formed, and the two are now likely to thrive or to pine together.

The child of a tender and wise parent exercises towards that parent, in some degree, the principal actings of the religious soul—reverence, love, trust, hope, belief. This is our Providential preparation for true devotion towards God. For we can but adore, at any age, our own highest Ideal—that which appears Highest and Best.

A MODERN WONDER.

SUCCESSFUL ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

[A Paris correspondent of the Ohio State Journal gives the following interesting account of an atmospheric railway.]

One of the greatest curiosities, in a mechanical way, which I have met in my travels, is that of the atmospheric railway, at St. Germain, about fifteen miles from Paris. Atmospheric pressure has here been adopted to propel trains of cars for a distance of five miles and nearly a half—the last half of which has an ascent of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The object in adopting this system was to bring the terminus of the road up into the city of St. Germain, which is located on a hill forming the south bank of the Seine. The ascent was too great to be overcome in all weathers by a locomotive, and, indeed, only one locomotive has been found sufficiently powerful to draw a train up at any time.

The system in use in the United States on inclined planes, of drawing trains up and letting them down by means of a rope, has been found here, as elsewhere, too troublesome, too slow, and attended with too many accidents, to be found available on suburban roads where the travel is so great. It is so rare to meet with anything in these old countries in advance of America in real practical utility—in the inventive genius which has an utilitarian end—that we have deemed a short description of this most admirable and really interesting invention might prove acceptable to our readers; most of whom are by this time, no doubt, either directors, stockholders, or employees of railroads.

Being fortunate enough to have for a cicerone, on this occasion, an American lady, long resident in France, we were enabled to obtain from the gentlemanly superintendent, through the medium of our interpreter, a full knowledge of the mechanism and the operation of this admirable machine. An iron tube is laid down in the centre of the track, which is sunk about one-third of its diameter in the bed of the road. For a distance of about 5500 yards the tube has a diameter of only $1\frac{1}{4}$ feet, the ascent there being so slight as not to require the same amount of force as is required on the steep grade ascending to St. Germain, where the pipe for a distance of 3800 yards is 2 feet 1 inch in diameter.

The manner of applying the atmospheric pressure to the propulsion of the train is exceedingly simple. The air is exhausted from the entire length of the tube, so as to produce a perfect vacuum, just before the arrival of each train, which is every half hour, by means of powerful and beautiful engines, somewhat resembling those at Fairmount. These engines are placed, two of two hundred horse power at St. Germain, and one each at the towns of Nauterree and Chaton, in the valley towards Paris.

To each engine is adapted two large cylinders, which exhaust fourteen cubic feet of air per second. The pressure in the large air caldron (chaudieres) attached to the exhausting machines is equal to six absolute atmospheres. It will be readily understood that when this long tube is

completely exhausted of air, if a piston, so nicely adjusted to the size of the tube as to render it air-tight, is allowed to go loose at one end, it will rush through to the other end to fill up the vacuum. To apply the motive power, therefore, to the propulsion of the train, it is only necessary that this piston be attached to the train of cars in such a way as to drag them along after it.

This was the great difficulty to encounter; but so admirably and so simply was this overcome, that the engineer assured us that an accident of any kind seldom ever occurred. Throughout the entire length of the tube, a section is made in the top, leaving an open space of about five inches. In each cut edge of the section there is an offset, to catch the edges of a valve which fits down upon it.

This valve is made of a piece of sole leather, half an inch thick, having plates of iron attached to it, on both the upper and corresponding under side, to give it strength to resist the suction of the vacuum, which are perhaps one-fourth of an inch in thickness. They are not quite as wide as the leather, but wide enough to touch the offset in the section.

The plates are about nine inches long, and their ends, above and below, are placed three-quarters of an inch apart, forming joints, so as to give the leather valve pliability, and at the same time firmness to resist the powerful atmospheric pressure which is brought to bear on it when the air is exhausted. The entire length of the valve, from one end of the tube to the other, is attached to one side, like a cellar-door, for example.

From the back side of the piston, a strong iron rod passes up through the aperture, which is made by raising up the edge of the valve, and is attached to the bottom of the foremost car. As fast as the piston passes along, the valve is released from pressure behind it, the loose edge is liberated, and the bar of iron which is attached to the car a foot or more behind the piston meets with no obstruction to its passage.

The pressure of the atmosphere on the valve in front of the piston, where the vacuum still exists, is so great that there is no danger of the bar of iron exerting pressure so far forward as to loosen the pliable valve: but to render the matter more certain, and to obviate all doubt, a slide on the bottom of the car slips along on the iron plate of the valve over and in advance of the piston, and presses firmly down. Every part of the tube is kept well oiled. The rate at which trains ascend varies from fifteen to twenty miles the hour, according to the load.

When we went up, there were six cars very well filled with passengers. After the ascent commences, two bridges across the Seine, and one viaduct of twenty feet high, and wide arches, are crossed, and one long tunnel through the brow of the hill and under the King's Terrace is passed, where the road is parabolically curved.

The road has now been in operation five years, and so safely and so well has it worked, that the experiment is regarded as entirely successful. The cost of the entire machinery was eleven millions of francs. The cost of working it, or the dividends which the road pays, I did not ascertain.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

ORIGIN OF THE LYRICAL DRAMA.—The Italian journals give the following account of the origin of the Lyrical Drama in Italy. During the year 1494 three young Florentine nobles, united by similarity of taste and customs and by a love of poetry and music, formed the idea of reviving the musical declamation of Greek tragedy. They employed the poet Rinuccini to write a drama founded on the fable of Daphne; and that drama was set to music by Peri, the most celebrated composer of that time. The composition was privately represented in the Palazzo Borsi. The singers were, the author and his friends; and the orchestra of this first opera was composed of only four instruments,—a piano-forte, a harp, a violin, and a flute. No one thought of airs or recitative, if so it could be called; it was a species of measured intonation, which by us would be considered insufferably languid and monotonous. It is a pleasure to observe this embryo of the Opera, and to compare it with the "*capitaveri*" of Mozart, of Cimarosa, of Rossini, and of others, executed by such voices and orchestras as we hear in the present day:—but even so suffocating a harmony as that of the former nevertheless produced at that time an extraordinary sensation. Four years after, was represented on the Theatre of Florence the first musical opera, entitled "*Euridice*,"—on the occasion of the marriage of Maria de Medici. The introduction at that time of the anacreontic "*cantate*," and of a chorus at the end of every act, produced the first imperfect outlines of the airs and choruses of modern opera. Monteverde, a musician of Cremona, brought the recitative to perfection. He brought out the Arianna, music of Rinuccini, for the court of Mantua; and in the opera of "*Jason*," by Cavalli and Ciccognini, at Venice, 1549, are found the first airs corresponding in sense and spirit with the dialogue. The first regular serious opera executed at Naples was in 1646, under the title of "*Amor non ha legge*;"—and the music was composed by several masters whose names are now unknown. During half of the last century the opera not only did not improve—it even degenerated. It became in Italy what it was in France a century earlier,—a grand spectacle offered to the eyes; in which Poetry and Music were the last things considered,—whilst the scenery, the mechanism, and the pantomime were in the greatest request. Then, the money now lavished on the singers was thrown away upon the painter and the machinist; and hence the reason that Goldoni, a long time after, says of opera at Paris—"It was the paradise of the eyes, and the hell of the ears."

DISCOVERY OF A PRESSED SKULL.—The following communication from Professor Retzius of Stockholm, intended for the Ethnological Section of the British Association, having reached Belfast too late, has been sent to us for publication:—

Monsieur Frederic Troyon, proprietor of an estate at Belair, one of the most zealous, industrious, and good archaeologists on the Continent, has found an artificially pressed skull of a man in a tumulus on his own ground; and his friend, Dr. Goué, at Geneva, has also got a similar one from

Savoie, in the vicinity of the village of St. Romain. M. T. adds also that many similar skulls were found in this place. This is valuable as a proof that people have lived in Europe, among whom the custom existed of pressing the skull (from the front) nearly in the same manner as the Caribs, and the Huancas, &c., in Peru. Professor Rathke first found similar skulls in Krim, and fixed our attention on the description on the *Skythi Macrocephali*, by Hippocrates, in the first chapter of his book '*De Aere, aquis et locis*.' A similar skull was found in Austria (Grafcneegg,) and is copied in plaster for most of the museums, regarded as an *Avorian skull*. But Dr. Tschudi persuaded many learned men that all similar skulls were brought from Peru to European museums. As I have seen from a paper from Kertzh, in Krim (Muller's '*Archiv. of Anat. and Phys.*'), a great number of similarly pressed skulls are found there, and preserved in the museum at Kertzh. It cannot now be doubted that the same custom of pressing the skulls has existed in the ancient world as well as in America. The next question will be, whether these customs have any connection. I think they have.—*London Literary Gazette*.

INTERESTING RELICS.—Some excavations, conducted by the Abbe Cochet at Fecamp, in Normandy, has led to very interesting discoveries of the Roman period. A cemetery situated on the Rue Arquisse, the *Vicus Archensis* of the middle ages, has been ransacked of its contents, comprising two hundred and sixty-seven urns in glass and clay, some of the latter bearing the potters' marks, as *MACRINVS—O. SEVERI (officina Severi) VERONISSA—OSBIMAI—BYRDIVI*. The glass was chiefly white, but one vessel was of a fine blue tint. One of the urns was of red clay, with a coating of black paint or varnish, in imitation of the Etruscan pottery, having the representations of scenic masks on the sides. Nearly all the urns contained calcined human bones, and were covered with a patera, a tile or a stone, and many of them had been defended by little coffers of wood; of these, however, nothing but the debris and the iron nails remained. There was also found the skeleton of a child, interred in a seated posture, with a patera and two little cups. This body had been deposited entire, and not committed to the flames, the Roman law interdicting the rite of cremation to the bodies of infants under the age of seven years. Lastly, there were discovered three coins of the Higher Empire, one of which bore the head of the Empress Faustina, and the other two human heads, and the prow of a galley on the reverse, a type found on the ancient coins of Marseilles when that celebrated city bore the name of Copia. All these objects seem to point to the second and third century as the period when the cemetery of the *Vicus Archensis* was used by the Roman occupants of Gaul.

Miss W. had the misfortune to tear her bonnet, the other day, when she was playing at "tag." Mr. C. (a very facetious young gentleman,) immediately stepped forward and said: "Really, miss, that is a very large rent for so small a cottage."

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The day had nearly closed, and Mrs. Bullfinch was alone, brooding over the dark prospect that opened to view in the future, and striving to find strength for what was before her, in considerations of duty, when she was informed that two gentlemen had called and wish to see her. Their names were sent up, and she remembered them as merchants and friends of her husband. After a few hurried changes in her dress, and a strong effort to compose her exterior, she descended to the parlors. She was met by the two gentlemen—both of whom were struck with her womanly dignity and repose of manner—with a deferential courtesy, that, under the circumstances, was grateful to her feelings.

"Our visit, Mrs. Bullfinch," said one of them, "is painful, and yet pleasant. In your husband's misfortunes we sympathize, and we sympathize with you in particular, as being necessarily a sharer in any evil that affects him. Of the extent of his losses, you are, of course, aware."

Mrs. Bullfinch bowed.

"You know that his estate will not pay the claims against it?"

She bowed again.

"Creditors," he resumed, "are never over considerate of debtors. The first impression of a loss sours the feelings and creates hardness. Therefore, in dealing summarily with a debtor, they are apt to be uninfluenced by any considerations of humanity. But I am pleased to say, that, in the present case, some better feelings have prevailed. Your husband's creditors, called back to right considerations, by one of their number, have instructed us to present you, as your own property, one of the houses included in his estate. This pleasant duty we have now called to perform,—here are the title deeds duly authenticated."

And he handed the papers to Mrs. Bullfinch, who took them in silence. She was too much affected to reply.

"And we are further instructed to say, that all your household furniture, plate, jewelry, &c., are likewise presented to you."

"Say to them in return," replied Mrs. Bullfinch, as soon as she could command her voice, "that one who has a second time in life felt the iron hand of misfortune, thanks them with a grateful heart."

She spoke with feeling, and yet with a degree of self-possession, and evidence of fortitude, that filled them with admiration. As they arose to depart, one of them said—

"A creditor of your husband's was alluded to as having instigated the others to this act. I don't know why I should mention his name; but it seems as if he should get the credit of his generous impulse. I am not aware that you ever met him personally; or that he is a particular friend of Mr. Bullfinch. His name is Wellford—one of the firm of Lane, Latta & Co."

The sudden flush that came into the face of Helen, was not unmarked by her visitors. But its meaning they did not comprehend.

From their elegant home, the broken merchant and his family in due time retired. The small house, remote from their old place of abode, which the generous consideration of the creditors of Mr. Bullfinch had reserved for his wife, received them, and there they began their new life; rather be it said—there Helen began her new life. As for Mr. Bullfinch, he lived little more than the life of a beast; and Mrs. Lee, the mother of Helen, when reverse of fortune came, found good reasons for deserting her daughter, and seeking another home, in a distant city, with a wealthy relative.

A year sufficed to exhaust nearly all the resources of Mr. and Mrs. Bullfinch. Surplus furniture and plate had been sold, and on the money this yielded, they had lived. No employment had been sought by Mr. Bullfinch; and, for a portion of nearly every day during the year, he was unfit for intelligent activity.

At last, articles of necessity had to be parted with in order to procure the daily supply of meat and drink—the drink costing, usually, more than the meat. And so it went on, until extremity came. Before this was reached, Mrs. Bullfinch had anxiously debated the question of personal effort on her part for the support of herself and husband. She had the same ability to earn money as before her marriage; but, pride and womanly delicacy both took alarm the moment the thought came into her mind, and both argued strongly against the suggestion. But, necessity toys not with inclination. Sternly she bends all to her will.

"Let me have a dollar," said Mr. Bullfinch, one morning, to his wife, as he was preparing, soon after breakfast, to go out.

Helen opened her purse, with a kind of half involuntary movement—showed him the inside, and answered, gloomily—

"I have nothing."

"Nothing!" He looked surprised.

"Not a single cent," was answered.

"I gave you twenty dollars of the money for which the clock, sofa and ottomans sold."

"I know; but half of it was owed at the store; and the remainder has been expended to keep the table."

"What are we to do?" said the old man, as he took off his hat, laid aside his cane, and sat down with an air of despondency.

"I do not know," Helen sighed as she spoke.

"We can't starve," said Mr. Bullfinch, fretfully.

Helen did not answer.

"I've tried hard to get into some employment," continued the old man, still in a fretful voice. "But it's all been of no use. Oh, dear! What is to become of us? We must live."

Still his wife remained silent. She knew the thought was in his mind; and momentarily expected what came next—

"The fact is, Helen," said he, firmly and positively, "we shall have to sell this house. It will bring three thousand dollars. It's no use to keep it, if we must starve."

Mrs. Bullfinch shook her head.

"What are we to do? Have you any money with which to buy bread?"

"Not now." It was plain from her manner, as well as from the altered tone of her voice, that her mind had come to a sudden conclusion. "But I will get what we want, at least for the present."

"Where?" enquired her husband.

"I can't answer your question now. Enough, that I will procure money for the supply of immediate wants. As to parting with our home, there must be greater extremity than now exists before I consent to the sale. While we have that in possession, there is a place where we can, at least, hide ourselves from the world."

"And starve," said the old man, impatiently.

"I will take care that we do not starve."

"You? Where are your resources? Have you money hid away? I thought you said, just now, that you had not a penny."

"Nor have I. But I will, as I said, procure enough to supply present needs."

As to how and where she expected to get money, Mrs. Bullfinch would give her husband no satisfaction. Soon after, the old man went out, and took his way to the business quarters of the city. He had tasted no stimulating drink since the night before, and was now burning with an intense desire for a glass of brandy. But he had no money with which to procure the wished for indulgence. All at once a suggestion came to his mind. At first he pushed it aside with a feeling of shame. It returned, and was now dwelt upon. The expedient proposed was simple and almost certain of success: yet the old manliness and independence of feeling fought against its adoption. But, resistance grew feeble and feeble, as thirst became stronger. At last appetite gained the advantage. Then, with a quickened pace, he moved forward, and kept on until he reached Front street, near Chestnut. There were few merchants in that neighborhood with whom he was not well acquainted. Into one of the stores he entered.

"How are you, Mr. Bullfinch?" The salutation was cordial, as the person addressing him held out his hand.

"Pretty well, thank you," said the old man, in no very cheerful voice.

"What are you doing now? I haven't seen you in this neighborhood for months."

"Not a great deal. When men at my age are pushed aside, it is pretty much all over with them. The sooner they are out of the world the better, perhaps, for them and the world too."

"Don't talk in that way, Mr. Bullfinch."

"How can I help it? But, I won't worry you with my grumbling. I've called to ask a small favor?"

"Well, what is it? Let me hear?"

"Will you lend me five dollars?"

"Certainly," replied the merchant. And he took from his pocket book a bill and handed it to Mr. Bullfinch. The act was prompt and cheerful.

"Thank you! Thank you!" said the old man, his partly averted countenance flushing with both pleasure and shame. "You are very kind. I will return it to-morrow."

"Don't trouble yourself. It will do at any time," was kindly answered.

Mr. Bullfinch went quickly from the store.

Soon after, he was sitting in a neighboring tavern with a bottle of wine before him.

As soon as her husband left the house, Mrs. Bullfinch went to her chamber, and, unlocking a private drawer, took therefrom a small ebony box, richly inlaid with gold. Within, were a few articles of jewelry and a gold watch. The intrinsic value of these was not great; but, to Mrs. Bullfinch, they had a value not estimated by common standards. The watch had belonged to her father. There was a plain gold ring in the box, a gift from Henry Wellford, which she never could find it in her heart to return, though, after her breach of faith, she no longer considered herself privileged to wear it. A cameo breast-pin, from the same source, had also been preserved; and, likewise, a pair of neat agate ear drops. These were the last lingerers in her jewel-box. All else had gone to meet the common wants of nature.

With what a fixed, sad look, did Mrs. Bullfinch sit and gaze on these memorials! And must she part with them now? The thought was more than she could bear. Suddenly shutting the box, and restoring it to the drawer, she commenced moving about the room, in a quick manner, her countenance showing earnest thought. Was there no other temporary resource but this? How earnestly was her mind searching about for a way to escape the sacrifice! After awhile, she paused, and bent her head, as if debating some new thought. A light came into her face.

"That may do," was breathed audibly. She then dressed herself to go out, and, after removing from her jewel-box the ring, breast-pin, and ear-drops, and restoring them to the drawer, she took the elegant box and the gold watch, and left the house. To the store of a well-known jeweler, in Chestnut street, where she had, not a very long time previously, made liberal purchases, she went, direct. Something in the manner of Mr. C——, the owner of this store, had left on her a favorable impression as to his kindness of heart, and this had determined her to ask of him the particular favor she wished granted. He was engaged with some ladies, when she entered, and she, therefore, retired towards the back part of the store, to wait until he was at leisure. One of the ladies she immediately recognized as an acquaintance, with whom a few formal visits had been reciprocated. Drawing her veil closer, she avoided a recognition, had the lady been disposed to remember her. From a momentary abstraction of mind, the words, "Bridal presents," uttered by one of the ladies, drew her attention.

"Oh, do let me see them, Mr. C——," was eagerly asked.

The jeweler took from the case a few costly and elegant articles, and exhibited them to his customers.

"Beautiful exquisite! charming!" and similar words of admiration reached the ears of Mrs. Bullfinch.

"Who is the bride?" was next inquired.

The tones of the jeweler were low, but the name—"Miss Morgan," was distinctly heard by Mrs. Bullfinch.

"Indeed! Oh! I had heard of her intended marriage," said one of the ladies.

"I wonder how her family are pleased with the match? Not wonderfully well, I should think," gossiped the other.

"Why not? He bears an excellent character, and is connected with one of the wealthiest houses in the city."

"And yet," was replied, with a half contemptuous toss of the head, "his family is nothing. He was a poor young man of whom nobody had heard, when taken into his present business. For my part, I wonder at Sally Morgan. She has had better offers; and could, at any time, get a husband in the first social rank. But there is no accounting for tastes."

"In my opinion," said the other lady, "he is quite good enough for her, and, if I dared say it, too good. Hers is an old family, it is true, but not without its blemishes. There's some blood in it I shouldn't like to have in my veins. Her uncle, as everybody knows, made a wonderfully narrow escape. Most people don't hesitate to say, that if he had his deserts, he would be well acquainted with the walls of a state prison. But people will talk."

"Yes, people will talk; but it doesn't do to pay much attention to what they say. With me, such things usually go in at one ear and out at the other. As for Sally Morgan, if she likes him, why, I suppose, it's nobody's business. She's got to live with him."

"He'll make her a good husband, without doubt," was replied.

"There's no question of that," now remarked the jeweler. "I've known Henry Wellford for some years, and know him to be a true man. As for Miss Morgan, I think she's made a wise choice."

Every word of this conversation was heard distinctly by Mrs. Bullfinch. Its effect was marked by the fact that she arose up, and, with a hand grasping tightly her veil, went quickly from the store.

"What lady was that?" enquired one of the gossiping customers, following with her eyes the retiring form of Helen. "There's something familiar in her style and manner."

"I don't know," replied Mr. C—. "Who was it, James?" addressing a clerk.

"A lady who wishes to speak with you," was answered.

"What did she want?"

"She wished to see you, personally, about something."

"You don't know her?"

"I'm not positive, sir; but I think it was Mrs. Bullfinch."

"Mrs. Bullfinch?" ejaculated both of the ladies at once. "I wonder if it was her!"

"Most probably," said Mr. C—. "I now recognize the manner and appearance, although I did not see her face. Poor woman! Fortune has played her falsely."

"She's served right, and I'm glad of it," remarked one of the ladies. "I've no respect nor pity for a young girl who marries an old man for his money."

"It's a little strange that she did not wait until I was disengaged," said the jeweler.

"I rather think I can explain this," said the last speaker. "We mentioned the approaching marriage of Miss Morgan and Mr. Wellford. It is said that Wellford was an old lover, and that she jilted him because he was poor, and wedded old Bullfinch. It must have cut her to the very core when she heard that he was about to marry into one of the best families in the State."

"And she in poverty and neglect," remarked the other. "So it goes. The wheel of fortune keeps turning. No one who is at the top to-day, can tell how soon he will be at the bottom."

But enough of their remarks. When Mr. Bullfinch came home at dinner-time, he found his wife lying on the bed, in a state of mental and bodily prostration so alarming, that he deemed it best to send immediately for a physician. Of little use, however, were medical prescriptions. Days went by ere she rallied from the state in which her husband had found her, and weeks ere she was able once more to get sufficient command of her feelings to enter the path of duty, and move, with a firm step, along the rugged way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Why the intelligence of Mr. Wellford's approaching marriage, should have told so disastrously on the mind of Mrs. Bullfinch, we will not attempt to inform the reader. That such an event was one, of all others, among the likeliest to occur, she must have known. If the hope, scarcely acknowledged to herself, of freedom, by the death of her husband, from her present bonds, and an ultimate union with the only being ever truly loved as woman can love, really existed in her heart, it had received a total extinguishment.

When, at length, she awoke, once more, to a partial interest in external things, and to a dim sense of duty, she found that an extremity existed which made immediate action, on her part, necessary. During the time in which her mental paralysis continued, Mr. Bullfinch had procured temporary supplies of money, by borrowing small sums from old mercantile friends, after the manner indicated in the preceding chapter. But, a failure to return the little obligations, as promised, soon exhausted that resource, and absolute want of food made his proposal to raise a sum of money, by mortgage on their house, one that Mrs. Bullfinch could not disregard. But for the intelligence received by her at the jeweler's, or rather the effect of that intelligence, she would have made an effort to get a few music scholars, and thus removed the necessity for selling or mortgaging their home. To do this, was still her purpose; but she had not yet sufficient strength, either of body or mind, to undertake the work, and so, after a few feeble objections, consented to the execution of a mortgage on the house for the sum of five hundred dollars. Her husband proposed a thousand, and, for some time, contended for that amount. But, in this, Mrs. Bullfinch was decided; so, finding further parley useless, the old man contented himself with the smaller amount, on receipt of which, he placed half the money in the hands of his wife, retaining the rest to pay off, as he al-

leged, sums borrowed during the preceding three months, to meet the cost of living. It was quite true that he had borrowed, and to the extent declared; but, as to the repayment, that was neither designed nor accomplished.

Scarcely a month elapsed, during which time Mr. Bullfinch was in a more besotted state than usual, ere the whole of his share of the five hundred dollars had disappeared; and he applied to his wife for money. She had only one hundred dollars left; servant's wages, sundry little amounts due to baker, milkman, and grocer, with actual cost of living during the time, having drawn heavily upon her resources. On hesitating to comply with his wishes, he became very angry, and used such threatening and abusive language, that, under the excitement of indignation and alarm, Mrs. Bullfinch took from a drawer the purse containing all the money she possessed, and tossing it to her husband, said—

"There! Take the whole of what remains. But don't expect me to keep the table any longer. If you come home at any time, and find no dinner prepared, don't ask me for a reason."

"I said," growled the old man, as he thrust the purse into his pocket, "that five hundred dollars was too small a sum. The mortgage should have been for a thousand."

Scarcely had the money passed from the hands of Mrs. Bullfinch, ere she saw and repented of the hasty act, which left her without so much as a single dollar. In a little while after, her husband left the house. During the afternoon, he sent home a barrel of flour, half a dozen hams, a basket of wine, a gallon of brandy, and sundry articles of groceries. On the next morning he went to market, and made some liberal purchases in the provision line. But, beyond this, no further account was made of the hundred dollars. How he was using the remainder, his daily condition too plainly made manifest.

Again Mrs. Bullfinch aroused herself from the state of mental inactivity into which she had fallen. Not since the day of her visit to Mr. C——'s store, had she been abroad. Whether the marriage of Mr. Wellford had taken place or not, she had never heard. It was the same to her, however, for she regarded the event as past. Once more she took her jewel-box, and the gold watch that had been her father's, and again visited the store of Mr. C——. She found the jeweler disengaged. He recognized her, and spoke with such real kindness of manner, that she was encouraged to utter freely her request, which was, that he would purchase of her the jewel-box at as fair a price as he could afford to pay; and, also, lend her the sum of twenty-five dollars on the gold watch, he having the privilege of selling it in order to repay himself, if she did not return the money in six months. To this Mr. C——, whose feelings were touched by the great change he saw in the young and still beautiful face of Mrs. Bullfinch, consented without an instant's hesitation. For the jewel box, he paid her twenty-five dollars.

As, with a lighter heart, Mrs. Bullfinch turned to leave the store, she found herself face to face with Henry Wellford and his happy young bride, who were just entering the jeweler's. For a mo-

ment the eyes of Wellford and Helen rested on each other. Heart-secrets, that volumes could not have expressed, were read by both in that instant of time. Their paths crossed not again for many years!

Other purposes were to have been accomplished by Mrs. Bullfinch on this the first occasion of her venturing abroad for many weeks; but, the sudden meeting with Wellford, and visible confirmation of his marriage, so deeply disturbed her, that she hurried home, and once more, in solitude, let the rising floods of emotion sweep over her spirit. When, in a measure, their force was spent, she gathered anew her mental energies, and proceeded to put in execution a purpose for some time entertained, which was to endeavor to procure music scholars; or, if need be, give lessons in French and Spanish. She had some pride left, but not a great deal; the little that remained, kept her from going among any of those with whom, during the prosperous days of her husband, she was brought in social contact. To whom, then, should she make known her purposes? From whom seek the aid and encouragement she needed? Towards one lady her thoughts turned, when first this expedient was thought of, and towards her they still turned.

That lady was Mrs. Barker. Helen had never met her since her unhappy union with Mr. Bullfinch; and now the thought of calling upon her produced a painful shrinking. To expose, personally, and to Mrs. Barker in particular, the utter failure of all her marriage hopes—based upon the sand as they were—was a trial from which all her womanly instincts drew back. Yet, as she revolved the subject, and considered all other resources and expedients, the trial of calling on Mrs. Barker, and soliciting her interest, seemed the least of all that were presented. And so, a few days after her visit to the jeweler's, she went to see that lady.

"Mrs. Bullfinch?" said Mrs. Barker, speaking to herself, as the servant retired, after announcing a visitor. "Mrs. Bullfinch? Can it be Helen Lee?"

She arose instantly and went down to the parlors. The countenance of the pale, slightly-formed lady who came forward to meet her, as she entered, was that of a stranger in which is seen something familiar. A hand was hesitatingly extended, which was taken by Mrs. Barker.

"You do not remember me?" said the lady.

"Why, Helen!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker. "Is it possible? Your voice is unchanged, but I would have passed you in the street a dozen times without recognition."

"I am a good deal changed, I believe," Mrs. Bullfinch replied, striving to speak calmly, yet betraying the disturbed state of her feelings.

"Your father is——"

"In a better land," was answered, in a failing voice.

A few moments of silence on both sides gave Mrs. Bullfinch time to regain her self-control. As soon as she had done so, she said:

"I have always believed, Mrs. Barker, that you felt an interest in my welfare."

"You have believed right, Helen," replied Mrs. Barker, with much kindness of manner,—"And

if there is anything in which I can now serve you, speak of it freely."

"You are, no doubt, aware that Mr. Bullfinch has failed in business."

"I heard as much; but never learned any particulars."

"The loss of property was total; and with the exception of a small house, which the creditors generously presented to me, everything passed from our possession."

"How unfortunate!" was the lady's simple remark.

"The misfortune," continued Helen, "took from Mr. Bullfinch all mental energy. Since then, he has not attempted to do business. Already we have mortgaged our house, and spent the money obtained therefor. Another mortgage, or a sale of the house, will produce temporary aid; but, unless I make some effort to obtain a regular income, the end can easily be seen—hopeless destitution."

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Barker, in a voice so full of real sympathy, that Helen's constrained feelings gave way, and bursting into tears, she sobbed and wept for several minutes.

How vividly, in that brief time, came the past before the eyes of Mrs. Barker! The progress of events had left her in no ignorance of Helen's purpose on a former visit, made a few years before. How distinctly she saw her now, as she turned from her in that very room, with such a hopeless air, and almost fled from the house. A kind reception of the poor girl then, and a patient hearkening to her petition—what years of almost unimaginable suffering would it not have saved!

"And you wish me to aid you in this purpose?" said Mrs. Barker, after Helen had grown calm.

"That is the object of my present visit, Mrs. Barker."

"Speak to me freely then, and with the assurance that all in my power to do shall be done."

"Simply, then, I wish to resume my former vocation. You know my abilities as a teacher. May I hope, through your aid, to obtain a few scholars?"

"You may, Helen. My own daughters, as you may suppose, no longer take lessons either in music or French. But, in my large circle of friends, are many, I do not doubt, who would be glad to avail of your services. I will call on two or three, during to-day; and to-morrow see others. On day after to-morrow, I hope to be able to make a good report. Will you call?"

"O yes. How kind you are! I will never forget you, Mrs. Barker. In our extremity, how rarely do we meet with a friend!"

Mrs. Bullfinch did not know how sharply these words smote upon the ears of her auditor. Never forget her! How could the memory of the one who, with scarcely an effort, might have saved her from a life of misery, ever retire a moment from conscious thought?

In a week from that time, Mrs. Bullfinch resumed her old vocation of teacher, under the efficient patronage of Mrs. Barker. It was not long before she had scholars enough to occupy all the hours she could give to instruction. How earnestly and patiently she applied herself; and how

insensibly but surely did she win her way into the regard of all with whom she became associated. Her unhappy marriage relation, while it repelled those who did not know her personally, as evidencing something wrong in her character, excited in those who did know her, a kindly sympathy.

Ah! With what different feelings from those of old experience did she now prosecute her daily tasks! Filial love and duty then inspired her efforts, and sweet was her daily reward. Now, she toiled to support an old, ill-natured, besotted husband, the very sight of whom was an offence to her. Urged by a stern sense of duty, she went forth, each morning, and resumed her uncheered tasks, and nightly returned to shiver beside the domestic altar, on which an unhallowed sacrifice had long since been burned to ashes.

And thus the days, weeks, months and years moved on. *Years!* Who would not shrink from turning the leaves in Helen's book of memory during this long time, and reading the record? Our hand, at least, shall not essay the painful task.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Nearly fifteen years have passed. Few beyond ordinary changes have taken place during this period. Mr. Bullfinch still cumbers the ground. More and more daily does his life become that of a beast, which merely seeks sensual gratification. To eat and drink to excess is his only enjoyment. Mrs. Bullfinch goes forth daily, in patience, and from a deeply-grounded sense of duty, earning the food and raiment that both consume. So close was the relation between income and expenses for some years, that she was not able to redeem the gold watch which had belonged to her father. It had been pledged for a certain time. When that time passed, she considered the dear relic forfeited; and, with many secret tears, resigned it, as among her heart's lost treasures.

One day about this time, Mrs. Barker, who had remained the fast friend of Mrs. Bullfinch, said to her—

"Mrs. Wellford was asking me about you to-day. She has two dear little girls, whose musical education it is now time to commence. She has heard you spoken of so frequently, and has formed so high an opinion of your ability and character, that she is particularly desirous to have them under your care. Of course, I had nothing to say but what was in your favor. The only question is, as to your engaging any more scholars at present. You are doing too much, for health now."

No change was visible in the countenance or manner of Mrs. Bullfinch, when this communication was made. She merely bent her eyes to the floor, in thought, for some moments. Then looking up, she replied—

"I hardly know what to say, Mrs. Barker. Nearly all my available time is now occupied, and it scarcely seems right to crowd in any more engagements."

"Very true. But think it over for a day or two. If you can undertake to give lessons to

Mrs. Wellford's children, I think you will find the task an easy one, for, from what I have seen of them, they appear to be bright and teachable. As I said, their mother is particularly desirous to have you instruct them. She remarked to me while speaking of the matter, that if she could get them in your care, she should feel entirely satisfied."

"I will see what can be done, and let you know in a few days," replied Mrs. Bullfinch. Her manner was more abstracted than at first; yet no signs of emotion were visible;—none, in fact, was felt. Years since, her heart had acquired an even pulsation not to be easily disturbed by memories of the past.

The first inclinations of Mrs. Bullfinch were against accepting the office of teacher to Mr. Wellford's children. But, as she dwelt on the subject, her mind favored the proposition; and, in the end, she engaged to give them musical instruction. In arranging the hours, unacknowledging to herself the reason, yet acting from an instinct of delicacy, she fixed upon those during which the father of the children would be occupied in business, and, therefore, away from home.

"Don't you think I'm fortunate?" said Mrs. Wellford to her husband, after she had made an arrangement with Mrs. Bullfinch.

"In what respect?" he inquired.

"In regard to Maggy and Ella. Mrs. Bullfinch was here this morning, and has agreed to undertake their musical education."

"She has!"

Mr. Wellford spoke with a degree of surprise that caused his wife to say—

"Why, what has possessed you to believe that she wouldn't teach our children?"

"I understood that she already had more scholars than she was able to attend to," replied Mr. Wellford, smiling. "Even you were in doubt as to whether her services could be procured."

"True enough. And yet, there seemed to be, in your mind, some reason beyond this. However, we won't quarrel about that," Mrs. Wellford added, in a pleased tone of voice. "She has promised to come, and, from all I have heard of her, I think, as I said at first, we're fortunate. There's something very interesting about her; and I don't wonder that she attaches almost every one. I was drawn towards her at first sight. So gentle, so retiring, yet so self-possessed and lady-like. I wonder what could have induced her to marry that old man?"

"His money, it is said," remarked Mr. Wellford.

"It doesn't seem possible that she could have been so mercenary. If that were her reason, how sadly she has been disappointed!"

"Sadly enough, without doubt," replied Mr. Wellford, speaking partly to himself.

"I am sure she never could have loved him."

"Loved him! No: She must have loathed him in her heart!"

"I can scarcely believe that of her," said Mrs. Wellford. "If she had loathed him, she never would have married him."

"I don't know. The pressure upon her may have been very great. Her father was poor and

in ill-health. From her slender income as a teacher, came the entire support of the family. Filial love alone, I am sure, prompted the act. For the sake of her parents, she sacrificed herself."

"That was an error," remarked Mrs. Wellford.

"An error!" said her husband, warmly. "Nay, it was more than an error—it was a crime."

"You speak strongly."

"Not too strongly, as I view these matters. To wed thus—where there was neither sympathy nor respect on her part, to say nothing of love, was an act so directly in violation of every law of nature, that I can designate it by no word of softer import than crime."

"If you were to look into her face," said Mrs. Wellford, smiling, "you would hardly find it in your heart to call her a criminal."

"Perhaps not. Doubtless, she has long since repented in dust and ashes. Poor thing! If all that is said of her husband's habits and conduct be true, she has led a sad life of it. But, when is she to commence giving Maggy and Ella lessons?"

"She will begin day after to-morrow."

"At what hour?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Does that suit you best?"

"It will suit Mrs. Bullfinch, best."

"Your expectations are high," said Mr. Wellford. "I hope all will come out to your satisfaction."

"I have no fears on that score. Wherever, among my acquaintances, she has given lessons, every one is pleased. That I shall be so likewise, I do not, in the least, doubt."

"Nor do I," remarked her husband. "She is spoken of in the highest terms by persons in whose judgment we ought to have every confidence. With you, I think, we are fortunate in securing her services for our children."

A few days afterwards, Mr. Wellford said to his wife—

"What about Mrs. Bullfinch? Did she come according to engagement?"

"No."

"Did not come?"

"I've seen nothing of her since she was here to make arrangements about the lessons."

"A little singular, is it not?"

"I think so."

"She may be sick."

Mrs. Wellford did not reply, and her husband, after musing for some time, opened the morning paper, which a servant had just handed in, and commenced running his eyes over the columns. Suddenly, he made an ejaculation of surprise. Then, looking up, he said—

"I can explain this absence of Mrs. Bullfinch."

"In what way?" asked his wife.

"Her husband is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, here it is. 'Died, suddenly, Adam Bullfinch, late merchant of Philadelphia.'"

"Not many tears will fall over his grave," said Mrs. Wellford. "Even if his wife stood, with dry eyes, beside it, no one would feel surprised."

Mr. Wellford made no answer. A short time

his mind seemed lost in reverie. Then he resumed the reading of his newspaper.

CHAPTER XXX.

And so the bond was severed at last—the chain, whose heavy links had galled and fretted for over twenty years, broken. Twenty years—and every cycle an age of misery! Twenty years! Begun in paralyzing fear, continued in disgust, and ending in horror. What a history! Yes, ending in horror—for Adam Bullfinch died the most terrible of all deaths. We will not take you, reader, to his bedside, as he wrestled in the last agony, nor pain your ears with his cries of terror as he vainly strove to escape the haunting demons created in that wild delirium—the drunkard's madness. No—no. Over that we must throw a veil. Enough, that, to the very dregs, Mrs. Bullfinch drank the bitter cup her own hands had placed to her lips. Faithful even to the end did she remain, as few could have remained faithful. It would be idle to say that the death of her husband caused an emotion of grief. She wept not when the earth went rattling down upon his coffin-lid—she sighed not as she turned from his half-filled grave. But, oh! how sad—how unutterably sad was her heart! Compared with her frozen, desolate state of feeling, grief for the loss of an intensely loved object were a luxury of the mind!

Duty had sustained her. In patient obedience to what she saw to be right, she had found strength to bear the almost crushing weight that was laid upon her. And now that her husband was dead—now that there existed no longer a necessity for unremitting effort on her part, the first impulse was to fold her arms, and sink into inactivity. This, however, was but the weakness of an hour. She had not been so long in the school of obedience, without learning some lessons of duty that went beyond the narrow circle of home. Valued as a wise and judicious teacher, and aware of the important use she was performing, she was quick to see that, neither in justice to herself nor society, could she now retire from her position. And so, after the few days' seclusion that a decent respect for the memory of her husband prompted her to observe, she went forth again, and resumed her duties. But little change beyond another shadow on her quiet, sober face, was visible. No one made allusion to the death of her husband, and to none she spoke of it. Not even in the case of Mrs. Wellford, was a reason asked or given as to why the first engagement was not kept.

Until now, Mrs. Bullfinch had not seen the two little girls of Mr. Wellford, the oldest in her thirteenth year, who were to come under her immediate instruction. When presented to her, she was struck with the peculiar sweetness and innocence of their faces. They had the large, dark eyes, broad forehead and slightly receding under lip and chin of their father, with the fair complexion of the mother. As she took their hands, and gazed into their faces, she felt her heart leap towards them, and a gentle glow of love pass with its delightful warmth throughout her entire being.

"They are good children, Mrs. Bullfinch,"

said the mother, speaking aside, and in a voice low enough not to reach their ears. Then she added, aloud—"I'm sure they will be obedient and attentive. And I shall expect them to learn very fast. You will give them a lesson this morning?"

"I have come for that purpose," replied Mrs. Bullfinch.

"As your time is valuable, I will leave you to begin at once," said Mrs. Wellford, rising. "Now, try your best, dears," she added, in a voice blending affection and pride. A little while the mother stood looking at her children, and then left the room. Upon her retreating form the eyes of Mrs. Bullfinch lingered, with a look of interest; and even after she had withdrawn, her gaze remained fixed, for some moments, upon the door through which she had passed. A deeper inspiration than usual marked the return of thoughts to a more direct perception of the present and its duties.

Never, perhaps, had she felt a deeper interest in pupils committed to her care; never, perhaps, imparted instruction with a purer sense of pleasure. And the children seemed conscious of something that made her more to them than a stranger. Their manner of fixing their large, soft, loving eyes, with an intent, inquiring gaze, upon her face, embarrassed her at times, while it stirred her heart more deeply.

Once or twice, during the hour devoted to the first lessons, Mrs. Wellford came in to observe their progress. She, too, as well as the children, felt drawn towards Mrs. Bullfinch by an internal and irresistible attraction.

"How do you like your new teacher?" asked Mr. Wellford, when, on coming home, at dinner-time, his children crowded around him.

"Oh, she's elegant!" exclaimed little Ella, gaily. "I do like her so."

"Elegant? What do you mean by that, sis?" said her father.

"She's good and nice; and I like her," replied the child, warmly.

"And what do you say, Maggy?"

"I like her very much," replied the elder of the two children. "She is so kind and patient. I'm sure we shall learn very fast."

"I'm sure I hope you will," said Mr. Wellford.

"There's something very interesting about her," remarked Mrs. Wellford. "I never met a stranger who, at first, attracted me so strongly. I think her a very superior woman."

Mr. Wellford did not reply, but he gazed in his wife's face with a look of tenderness, and laying his open hand on her forehead, smoothed, with a caressing motion, the glossy hair that covered her snowy temples.

In a little while, the topic of conversation was changed.

And, now, in the common course of events, Mrs. Bullfinch came to the house of Mr. Wellford as often as twice in each week; and, at each renewed visit, the children grew more and more into her affection, while her coming was ever hailed by them with pleasure. And so it went on for months—even years; yet not once, during the time, had the father of Maggy and Ella met their teacher, of whom they always had so much

to say. Frequently had Mrs. Wellford sought to draw her within the social sphere of the family; but she would only come professionally, and lingered scarcely a moment after her duties were done. In her manner, Mrs. Wellford often thought there was something strange—something that indicated a motive for not wishing to remain an instant longer than was necessary to give her lessons. Several times she had observed her start, and listen, as if off of her guard, when the street-door opened. And once, in particular, she remarked that a sudden flush come into her face, as the voice of Mr. Wellford was heard in the passage. But, happily, she was in total ignorance of the fact that her husband and Mrs. Bullfinch had ever met, except casually, and as strangers.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Forty-five years old. Oh, life! life! How smoothly, for some, the stream glides—how roughly for others!"

It was early in an autumnal day; a thin, golden haze was in the atmosphere; no breeze stirred in the maple branches that spread themselves before the window, near which Mrs. Bullfinch was sitting, yet leaf after leaf, yellow from the first touch of frost, was dropping away, and fluttering to the ground.

"Forty-five years old to-day," she repeated. "At sixty, my heart should not have been so withered and sapless. Oh! what a desecration of a whole life."

She struck her hand hard upon her bosom, adding—

"Such a trampling down, and tearing up by the roots of luxuriant affection! Long ere this, the vine would have spread itself over the very topmost branches of its sustaining tree!"

"But, peace, peace!" she murmured, her whole manner growing calmer under a strong effort of the still potent will. "Poor heart! Have done with thy bootless throbbings."

And, saying this, she arose, and commenced making preparations to go out, and enter upon her daily round of duties as a teacher. After giving lessons at two places, she went to Mr. Wellford's. She had three scholars there now. A well-known physician's carriage stood at the door. On entering, she noticed that the servant who admitted her looked unusually sober.

"Is any one sick?" inquired Mrs. Bullfinch.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," was replied. "Mrs. Wellford is very ill."

"Not dangerously, I hope."

"I'm afraid so, ma'am," answered the servant. "The doctor has been here for two hours; and Mrs. Wellford looks dreadfully."

"What ails her?" asked Mrs. Bullfinch.

"She's been poorly, and drooping about, you know, for some time, Mrs. Bullfinch. Poor thing! She's lost flesh amazingly of late, as you've no doubt seen. Well, yesterday was Ella's birth-day, and the children had a little party last night. They were all very happy; and I never saw Mrs. Wellford enjoy herself more in my life. The party broke up about ten o'clock, and soon after the company went away, all the children were in bed. It was near eleven o'clock

when Mr. and Mrs. Wellford left the parlors. In a little while after they were in their room, I heard a noise up stairs, as if a chair had been knocked over, and then Mr. Wellford called for the waiter in such a quick, loud voice, that we were all frightened, and ran to see what was the matter. On going into their chamber, I saw Mrs. Wellford lying on the bed, her face as white as a sheet, and the blood running out of her mouth. I was so frightened that I screamed and ran down stairs. 'Run for the doctor!' I heard Mr. Wellford say. And, in a minute, the waiter came flying down stairs, and out at the front door as fast as he could run."

"She had broken a blood vessel!" said Mrs. Bullfinch.

"Yes, ma'am. That is what ailed her. The doctor staid with her all night; and came again early this morning. They say he hasn't much hope of her."

"No one is allowed to see her, of course?"

"O, no, ma'am. She's too sick for that. We all go about on tip-toe, as it were; and nurse keeps the children as still as little mice."

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Bullfinch, who was startled and deeply pained by this alarming intelligence. The longer and more intimately she had known Mrs. Wellford, the higher had been her estimation of her character. Almost as a sister she loved her; though never with the freedom of a sister had she felt privileged to give voice to her affections.

"I am very sorry," she repeated.

Then adding—"Of course, no lessons can be given here to-day; so I will return home. But, if I could be of any use!"

This last sentence was spoken in an earnest voice, so earnest, that, unconsciously, the tones were slightly elevated, and reached the ears of Mr. Wellford, who, at the moment, was passing one of the landings on the stairway, but a little distance from the place where she stood, in the hall. He came down immediately, calling her name as he did so. His countenance was pale and haggard, his eyes humid, and everything about him showed anxiety and alarm.

"Of use, Mrs. Bullfinch?" he said—"O yes; you can be of great use. Will you not come up and stay with my poor wife, if it is only for a little while? She has whispered your name once or twice."

"Will not my presence disturb her?" asked Mrs. Bullfinch.

"O no: it will prevent disturbance from others. Oh, if you could only remain with her, how thankful I would be!"

There was no resisting this appeal of the distressed husband. Mrs. Bullfinch removed her shawl and bonnet, and with light steps passed up to the sick chamber. As she entered the door, the white face of Mrs. Wellford, white almost as the snowy pillow on which she lay, startled her with its deathliness, even prepared, as she was, for the change. A faint smile was instantly visible, and the lips of the invalid moved; but Mrs. Bullfinch placed a finger on her own lips to enjoin silence. Coming softly to the bedside, she stooped down, and kissed her. The tender impulse that prompted this act, was too

sudden and too strong to be resisted. It was the token of a deeper love than she had ever been free to express. The hand that lay in hers—taken as she bent to her lips—gave back a quick pressure; and in a faint whisper, Mrs. Wellford said—

"Don't leave me."

"I will *not* leave you," was the low, but earnest reply, which was answered by a grateful look. And Mr. Wellford said—

"We shall ever remember your kindness, Mrs. Bullfinch."

In a little while the appearance of the room, the bed, and the person of the invalid underwent a change; and this, without apparent effort or obtrusiveness on the part of Mrs. Bullfinch. As she moved about, in her quiet way, the eyes of the physician were on her. A slight forward motion of his head, showed that he was satisfied with the observation.

"Mr. Wellford," said he, on leaving the room, "a good nurse is more to the doctor, often, than his medicine. It will be more in this case. As you hope for the recovery of your wife, retain this lady with her; at least for a few days."

"She will not leave her, I am sure," replied Mr. Wellford. "But, at your next visit, will you not, yourself, say how much depends on her remaining with my wife?"

"I shall not fail in that," said the doctor, as, after promising to return in a couple of hours, he went away.

But, it was neither in the power of medicine nor good nursing to save the failing wife and mother. The vital forces, already running low, had been too much exhausted by this effusion from the lungs. Instead of rallying, it was soon too evident, that the time of her departure was near at hand—that a few days, at most, must close her earthly pilgrimage. Five children, the youngest but a year old, made up the number of bright jewels in the mother's crown. To leave these, even with a father who tenderly loved and wisely cared for them—Oh, what a trial! When first the painful truth was communicated, it seemed, for a time, more than she could bear.

"My dear, dear husband!" she sobbed, as, with her arms clasped tightly around his neck, she drew his face down to hers, and wet it with her tears. "I cannot leave you. And my children—my babe!—Oh, Henry!"

How weak are words of consolation offered at such an hour, and in view of a separation like this! After the first gush of feeling was over, Mr. Wellford whispered—

"We must look upwards. God will give us strength for the trial."

As he spoke, the tremor in his voice, if it betrayed not his want of confidence in the Divine aid to which he referred, showed the weakness of nature.

The certainty of approaching dissolution, usually brings calmness of feeling, and clearness of thought. It is a wise and merciful provision, that death, which we view at a distance with so much dread, loses its terrors in drawing near. It is no longer a grim monster, but an angel of mercy, to take us lovingly by the hand and lead us safely along the dark passage that opens into

the brighter world of spirits. How rarely, in the closing hour, dwells the mind on dissolution—how insensibly it rises into thoughts of eternal life! Words of consolation come with higher meanings; and there is given a trust in Him who doeth all things well, profound enough to still the tempest of emotion even in a mother's bosom.

And it was so in the present case.

True to her promise, Mrs. Bullfinch did not leave the wasting invalid, during the two weeks that she lingered among the beloved ones who, even while they clung to her, felt their hold gradually giving way. Other friends, and near and dear relatives, were with her; but, to the dying one, no hand was laid upon her with such a gentle, loving pressure, no voice was so soothing, no ministration so satisfying as that of Mrs. Bullfinch. And yet, how unobtrusively all was done!

One day, it was near the closing hour, Mrs. Wellford found herself, for a short time, alone with her gentle attendant. A few minutes before, the nurse had taken little Henry, her youngest born, from the room. She had kissed him, and then shut her eyes tightly to keep tears from flowing over her cheeks. Opening her eyes at length, she said, her tones slightly tremulous, "It is a hard, hard trial, my kind, good friend! How can I leave these dear ones? Who can fill my place to them?"

"I can give but this answer," replied Mrs. Bullfinch, in her low, even tones. "There is One who loves them with a love exceeding even that of a mother."

"I know, I know. Yet, is not my love to be an instrument for their good? While life remains, should not my thoughts regard their future?"

"It should."

"My friend"—Mrs. Wellford took the hand of Mrs. Bullfinch, pressing it tightly in her own, while her eyes were fixed intently upon her face. "If I could know that they were in your care! At Maggy's age, the wisdom of a mother's love is needed, quite as much as its tenderness at the age of dear little Henry. They love you, they confide in you; and love and confidence would make them obedient to your every word. Oh! Mrs. Bullfinch, if I knew they would henceforth be in your wise and loving guardianship, I could pass away without a sigh."

Mrs. Wellford felt the low thrill that came instantly into the hand she clasped so tightly. But, she did not know its meaning, nor comprehend the change of expression that passed over the face of her companion.

What a request to make, and that, too, of one who had, for more than twenty years, loved, with a hopeless, yet undying love, the father of the children she now wished to leave in her keeping! Mrs. Bullfinch were more than mortal not to have experienced a profound agitation. But, what could she reply?

The disturbance of feeling bewildered her thought. Moreover, as the disturbance went deeper, she clearly saw its origin in a yet unextinguished interest in Henry Wellford; and a wave, burdened with anguish from a sense of guilt, swept across her mind. Closing her eyes, she

looked up, and, in silence, prayed for strength and guidance.

"You do not answer me," said Mrs. Wellford, in a voice of suspense.

"How can I answer you?" replied Mrs. Bullfinch. Then she added, with less feeling—

"You leave them in a safer and wiser guardianship—that of their own father."

"I know—I know!" was quickly answered. "But—you understand all I can and would say. A father cannot supply the mother's place to his children. They ever need a woman's care, a woman's love. I know my husband will confide in you entirely—that he will trust to your judgment,—and the children—they all love you. Sometimes I have been almost jealous of their attachment; and half jestingly, half in earnest, said, that they loved you better than they loved their mother. So far as your worldly interests are concerned, be sure they will not suffer. I have property in my own right—say that you will become the personal guardian of my children, and I will endow you with a liberal income."

"Speak not of that!" said Mrs. Bullfinch, putting up a hand, and averting her face, that the pleading mother might not see its expression. "With me, these selfish and worldly considerations have long since, I trust, ceased to have influence."

"Then why not give your promise?"

"Because," replied she, in a voice that was very low,—only in the diminished tone was steadiness acquired—"another will than ours must give consent."

"Another! whose? O, yes. I see! My husband!"

"Yes."

"If," said Mrs. Wellford, slowly and solemnly, "when I am no more among these household treasures, he asks you to take my place with them, as far as that may be, will you answer yes?"

Many minutes passed before there was any answer. The dying mother saw not her countenance—dreamed not of what was passing in her heart. At last Mrs. Bullfinch said, feebly, and as if the answer had cost a powerful struggle—

"It shall be as you wish."

"Thank God! I can die in peace!" came exultingly from the mother's lips. "Thank God!" she repeated. "Thank God!"

Motionless, almost as a statue, Mrs. Bullfinch remained. A way was opening before her, the very thought of treading which half suspended her respiration. When, at length, she turned to meet the grateful, confiding looks of Mrs. Wellford, her eyes sunk beneath the earnest gaze that was fixed upon her; while she felt the warm blood mounting to her face. The entrance of Mr. Wellford, at the moment, gave her a fitting opportunity to retire. Alone, in earnest self-communion she remained for some time. When she entered the sick chamber again, her heart was beating with even pulses.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The night that followed this solemn interview, broke not again for the wife and mother—not again in this world. To her, there came a better

and a brighter morning than dawned for the sorrowing ones she left behind.

The last act of Mrs. Wellford made the way plain for Mrs. Bullfinch. She dictated a will, by the provisions of which a generous income for life was secured to her, and in which she solemnly committed her children to her care. Mrs. Bullfinch had already given her promise that, if desired by Mr. Wellford to do so, she would meet the mother's dying wishes. That desire was expressed in language not to be misunderstood.

In a little more than a month after the death of Mrs. Wellford, Mr. Latta came home from England, with his health so much impaired that his physician said he must, for the present, give up all earnest application to business. It being necessary for the house to be represented abroad, it was determined that Mr. Wellford should take his place for a few months.

Short as the time had been since Mrs. Bullfinch assumed her new position in his family,—short as the time had been, it was yet long enough to give birth in the mind of Mr. Wellford to certain emotions that disturbed and pained him. Tenderly as he had loved his wife, and faithful to her in every thought as he had been—he discovered, already, a newly awakening interest in her for whom his heart had first poured out the gushing waters of affection. Not that, in any respect, Mrs. Bullfinch sought to bend a single thought to herself. Faithful to her trust, as the guardian and friend of his children, she was devoting her life to them with a tenderness and assiduity that never for a moment grew weary. Towards him, she was reserved, though not cold; deferential, but not constrained. None knew better than she, the virtues, the sweet attractions, the loving qualities of her who had been taken from him; and had she thought, that, in so brief a time after her removal, his heart was turning to her with a single pulse beating with old emotions, instantly her high respect for his character would have been dimmed.

"Mrs. Bullfinch," said he, one day, about six weeks after the death of his wife, "I shall be obliged to leave, almost immediately, for England. Mr. Latta has come home, in very bad health, and the doctor enjoins positive relaxation from business. The interests of the house require a resident partner abroad; I must, therefore, take his place for a short time. It will leave on you additional care and responsibility, which I regret; but I hope to be home again in two or three months. I have concluded to take Maggy with me. She is not only old enough to enjoy a trip across the water, but to receive benefit therefrom."

An expression of regret came to the lips of Mrs. Bullfinch, but she checked its utterance, and remained silent.

"My only trouble about Maggy is, the want of a suitable companion to accompany her. I shall, for the greater part of almost every day, be necessarily absent from her—business being the object of my visit."

"She is just at that age," said Mrs. Bullfinch, "when she ought not to be thrown among strangers without a judicious companion of her own sex."

"You are right there," replied Mr. Wellford, in a voice that showed a sudden conviction of the truth involved in her remark. "Right—right"—he added. Then he sighed, and remained lost in thought for some time.

"I wish I could take all with me," he said, in some animation, as if he were really serious in the suggestion. And, for the moment, he was.

"Had not all better remain?" said Mrs. Bullfinch. "You will not be gone a very long time. Maggy is still at school; and, though past seventeen, but a school girl, and ignorant of the world and its wiles. Will it be wise to interrupt her studies now—in fact, to end them, for she will not be able to study again—or safe to trust her alone, as she must so much of her time be, and among strangers, of whose characters you can never be sure?"

"No, Mrs. Bullfinch, it will not," was the father's emphatic answer. "You are right—right. I thought more of myself than of my child, when I proposed to take her with me. Well"—and he sighed—"I must go alone. The separation from my children will be painful. Yet I shall have one comfort; she, with whom I leave them, will be faithful to her trust."

"If tempted to unfaithfulness," said Mrs. Bullfinch, solemnly, "I will think of their mother, as present, and remember the hour when her treasures were committed, in tears, to my keeping."

"I thank you, in her name, for your earnest love, and untiring faithfulness," said Mr. Wellford, with emotion. "It will take away much of the pain of separation to know, that even a mother's love could not more wisely guard my household treasures."

Fortunately, Mr. Wellford had not spoken to his oldest daughter of his wish to have her accompany him to England. The more he reflected on the matter, the more clearly he saw that Mrs. Bullfinch was right; and the more thankful did he feel that his children had come under the immediate guardianship of one whose love made her so jealous over them for good.

In the short period that elapsed ere Mr. Wellford bade adieu to his family, it became necessary for him to have frequent, earnest, and familiar conference with Mrs. Bullfinch. Many directions had to be given, and on many subjects information was sought. Necessarily their minds came into closer contact, and each saw, without the effort to see, more deeply into the other's thoughts.

"There is one thing that I must require of you," said Mr. Wellford, on the day he was to leave, "and that is a weekly letter, telling me all about my children. It will be some compensation for the weary absence I shall suffer."

"Maggy will write you," replied Mrs. Bullfinch.

"True; but, she can only write her own thoughts and feelings. She can only speak of home from the point of view at which she sees it. You can tell me a hundred things of interest that she would never notice. I will write to you my views and wishes in regard to my children, and you must give me pictures of home."

Mrs. Bullfinch hesitated still, but he extorted

the promise. When the hour of parting at length came, and the father, melted into unwonted tenderness as he kissed and embraced his children for the last time, took finally, the hand of Mrs. Bullfinch, he said, as he grasped it tightly—

"I leave all with you—I trust all to your keeping—I do not say be faithful. The word would wrong you. Farewell!"

The close pressure of his hand was but slightly returned. She did not lift her eyes to his face, nor trust her voice in response.

"Farewell; and God bless you all!" added Mr. Wellford, with deep emotion, as he turned away, and hurried from the presence of his family.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

Month after month went by, and still Mr. Wellford remained abroad. The health of Mr. Latta continuing feeble, his physician still enjoined relaxation from business, or, at most, a very moderate devotion of thought and effort in that direction. He could not, therefore, relieve Mr. Wellford. More than a year had elapsed, and yet the father was absent from his family, though yearning in heart to be with his beloved ones again. From loneliness and home-sickness he had suffered greatly—this separation adding to the pain of his sad bereavement.

Mrs. Bullfinch had been true to her promise, in writing once a week. Every steamer brought him a letter, in which were faithful pen-pictures of what was passing at home. The progress of each child in its education, and most of its sayings and doings that were at all likely to interest the absent father, were recorded. Little faults and defects of character were, likewise, at times, set forth to view, and his advice sought as to the best modes of correction. She gave him, too, an account of household matters, and a monthly statement of expenses. Of the latter, he more than once said, in his letters, that it was needless, as he had every confidence in her, and knew that she was faithful and conscientious in all things. Still, the statements were never omitted.

In regard to the tone of her letters, Mr. Wellford was, in some respect, not altogether so well pleased. They had always struck him as cold; but this coldness seemed, as time wore on, to increase. Her letters, too, became briefer, and more formal, while, in writing to her, his own had, almost unconsciously to himself, acquired a greater freedom and a warmer familiarity.

As the time of his absence was still prolonged, Mr. Wellford wrote to have a daguerreotype of each of his children taken and sent to him. This was accordingly done. With what eager and trembling hands did the father open the welcome package when it came. There were five separate pictures, one of each of his children, from Maggy, the oldest, a beautiful young woman, down to dear, dear, little Harry, the youngest born, and, if that were possible, best beloved. If tears dimmed the father's eyes, as he gazed upon the faces of his children, thus pictured for him to the very life, it was no unmanly weakness. Most of all, the youngest seemed changed. A year in a baby's life is a long period. He looked a great deal older, yet, oh, how much more beautiful!

His large, heavenly eyes, his wealth of soft curls, clustering about his neck, and falling over his shoulders, his arching lips that seemed just about to speak to him—all came upon him like a living reality.

But there was another small package, carefully tied and sealed, and Mr. Wellford knew the direction thereon to be in the hands of his oldest daughter. Opening this, he found, within, a letter from Maggy, and what startled and thrilled him with a strange, yet exquisitely pleased, emotion, another daguerreotype, containing two figures, those of Mrs. Bullfinch and little Harry!

The child was sitting in her lap, with his head partly turned, so that he could look into her face, and the look was one slightly anxious, yet full of confiding love. But it was the face of Mrs. Bullfinch that more particularly attracted and chained the eyes of Mr. Wellford. So calm, so pure, so elevated, so spiritual in its beauty! It reminded him of one of Raphael's Madonnas. Instantly, there flowed back upon his heart, in a strong flood, the waters which, for so many years, had been pent up. He kissed, fervently, the pictured face, and, as he did so, murmured—

"Helen! Helen! There has been a great gulf. But it is bridged over at last!"

Opening now the letter of Maggy, he read—

"MY DEAR, DEAR FATHER:—If dear, good Mrs. Bullfinch knew what I was doing, she would scold me dreadfully—no, not scold, for she never spoke a cross word in her life, I'm sure. But if she knew what I was doing, she would be displeased and hurt. I send you her daguerreotype, with our sweet little Harry sitting on her lap. I asked her to let me send it, but she looked half frightened, and said, 'No, indeed, Maggy; not for the world!' But I was bent on your seeing it, so I went out, one day, and had a duplicate made—and here it is! Doesn't she look well? How we all do love her!"

"And now let me tell you how it came that her picture was taken. We all went to sit for our daguerreotypes, to be sent to you. When it came to Harry's turn, he was so frightened that we couldn't get him to sit in the chair. We tried for some time. At last, without thinking what would be the result, Mrs. Bullfinch sat down, and took him on her lap. The picture was taken, and, of course, we had Mrs. Bullfinch as well as Harry. We all said that was just as it should be; but she—and I never saw her face in such a beautiful glow as it was then—said no. After a good many trials, we induced Harry to sit just long enough to get the image fixed.

"Do you know, dear father, that Harry always calls her 'Mamma?' She tried a long time to make him say 'Aunt,' but it was no use. He would call her 'Mamma'—his 'own, sweet Mamma,' he says, sometimes. We all encourage him. I'm sure our own dear mother, of whom she often talks to us, never could have loved him more or taken better care of him.

"The other day, and I've thought strange of it ever since, I handed Mrs. Bullfinch the key of your private secretary, and asked her if she wouldn't get me a seal out of one of the little drawers. Thinking, soon after she left me, of something else that I wanted, I went over to your

chamber. I had on light slippers, which made no sound on the carpet. Her back was towards me, but I saw that she had that beautiful ebony jewel-box in her hand, and had taken from it the old-fashioned gold watch it contained, on which she was gazing. A side glance at her face, reflected in a mirror, showed me that she was weeping. I retired without being observed. She stayed a good while. When she brought me the seal, her eyes were red and her face very sober. She has looked more thoughtful than usual ever since. What does it mean? On opening the box, afterwards, I found in it a note, in your handwriting—the address was not given—but the note said, briefly—'A friend restores them to you.' On the watch is engraved the word 'Lee.' Wasn't that her maiden name? There's something about this that I don't understand. Can you tell me what it means, father?"

"Yesterday, a lady called to see Mrs. Bullfinch. She came in a handsome carriage, and was very richly dressed. She called Mrs. Bullfinch 'aunt,' and kissed her. Both shed tears at meeting. The lady remained a long time. When she went away, the face of Mrs. Bullfinch looked brighter than it had been for a long time. I asked her who the lady was, and she said that she was a niece of her husband's, who had, some years before, married a wealthy Southern merchant, and now resided at New Orleans. That it was twenty years since they had met.

"I have a good deal more to write about, but must put it off until the next steamer. Good by, dear father. When are you coming home? Oh, how we long to see you once more. MAGGY."

Three months later. Word had come that Mr. Wellford would be home in the next steamer. What joy there was in his household! Even little Harry caught the infection, and would clap his hands, and cry "Papa coming! Papa coming!" although his infantile memory held but a faint picture of his absent parent.

A close observer would have remarked a very decided change in the countenance and manner of Mrs. Bullfinch, after this intelligence came. Her eyes had in them a different light, her cheeks flushed with a warmer hue, her voice was lower, and her air, at times, that of one whose thoughts dwelt not in the present. Far, very far was she from being at ease in her mind—far from thinking of the return of Mr. Wellford, unaffected by a personal interest. Earnestly had she striven to keep down every heart-throb born of old affections—to turn her thoughts away from the absent one, when his image came before her, as it would often come, with eyes that seemed gazing into her very soul. But all was in vain. He was her first and her only love. The polar star of her woman's life; and, now, when to think of him and to love him were no longer a sin, there was no power in earth or heaven strong enough to subdue her leaping pulses—to say to her heart—that trembled at the lowest whisper of his name, peace, be still!

It was full time for the steamer to arrive, by which Mr. Wellford was to come home. Hourly his family were in expectation of intelligence from New York, by telegraph, that he had

reached that city, and would be with them in a few hours. All were on the tip-toe of expectation.

It was late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Bullfinch was alone with little Harry, who was in one of his playful and affectionate humors.

"Dear mamma!" he would say, as he twined his arms tightly about her neck, and pressed his lips to hers. "Dear mamma! Aint I your little dove? Aint I your sweet darling? Papa coming home?"

"Dear papa!" said Mrs. Bullfinch, in a tender, affectionate tone.

"Yes; dear papa!" responded the child.

"You'll love him very much, won't you?"

"O yes; and I love you—sweet, good mamma!"

And again the fond creature clasped her neck.

How little dreamed the waiting one—waiting with a heart so burdened with feeling, it had scarcely power to perform its office—that Henry Wellford had entered the room where she was sitting, and was a witness of this scene.

"Helen! Helen! Dear Helen!" he exclaimed, utterly unable to control himself, and springing to her side, he drew his arms about her and his child, and clasped them together to his heart. Trembling and sobbing from excess of joy, she lay there, not making a motion to withdraw herself—she had no power for that—but shrinking closer and closer into his bosom.

"The long night is over—the trial past—dear Helen!" whispered Mr. Wellford, as he began to acquire some command over his feelings. "To my children, you have been faithful even as a mother. They love you as a mother. Be to me, as well as to them, the sunshine of life—the joy of our dwelling."

Slowly Helen raised her head, looked him, for a moment, with glad eyes, in the face, and then buried it again in his bosom.

He was answered.

A few weeks later, and undying love found its long delayed consummation.

DOMESTIC LIFE AND MANNERS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

The Pyramids, temples and palaces of Egypt have been secured by their massive strength against entire destruction; but the houses were built of perishable materials, and no such fortunate accident as that which preserved Pompeii has enabled us to look into the interior of an ancient Egyptian town. We search in vain even for foundations in many places, where the former existence of a considerable population is clearly proved by extensive cemeteries. The houses were built in general of crude brick, and they have either fallen to decay or been destroyed, that their materials might be applied to other purposes. At Thebes, the blackened remains of the foundations bear traces of the conflagrations to which from the time of Cambyzes downward the city was exposed. But from these, though we may discover the strength of the walls and the size of the lowest apartments, we could gain no information respecting the interior disposition of the inhabited part, or the height to which the house was raised; and little respecting the

arrangement of the streets. Fortunately the paintings of the sepulchres, which so generally relate to domestic life, have preserved some views of the houses in which the scenes represented are carried on. Sir Gardner Wilkinson has explored the remains of an ancient town near Tel-Amarna, which he believes to be Alabastron; and though they may not belong to very remote times, they serve to enlarge the scanty information which we derive from other sources.

Diodorus, speaking of the second Busiris, whom he represents as the founder of Thebes, says that he built the houses of private persons some with four, some with five stories. In the historian's age, great part of Thebes had been long in ruin, and certainly no houses existed there to prove what had been the style of architecture in the mythic reign of Busiris. His statement is probably one of those exaggerations by which the glory of this ancient capital was magnified. That the houses should have been of that height, would be inconsistent with what Diodorus himself tells us, of the indifference of the Egyptians to the magnitude and splendor of their dwellings; it is contrary to the practice of the East in all ages, and to the evidence of the paintings. From these we may conclude that the ordinary plan of an Egyptian house comprehended only a single story besides the basement, with a terrace on the roof, open or covered, surrounded by a balustrade or battlement. In hot climates, two great objects in the arrangement of houses are, to admit air and exclude heat. To attain the latter, the Egyptians made their windows small and their apartments lofty; and for ventilation it is probable that they had a contrivance in the roof, similar to that which is now used in Egypt. Houses which stood detached and enclosed within a wall of their own, had an ornamented garden around them, such as we have already described. Their villas were still more spacious, comprehending a variety of apartments, and had frequently the appendage of a farmyard. The walls of the principal rooms were covered with stucco and ornamented with paintings. These have generally perished; but from the tombs it is evident that the Egyptians in very early times had made great advances in house decoration. Their walls and ceilings are painted in a variety of patterns, combining elegance of form with richness of coloring. Many of them, even of very early kings, exhibit a remarkable resemblance to those which we see in the Mosaics of the Romans, and which have been imitated in our carpets and floor-cloths. What is called the Meander, or Greek border, appears in a tomb of the eighteenth dynasty. The resemblances are so numerous and so striking as to leave no doubt that the Greeks and Romans derived from Egypt these combinations, the artistic excellence of which is attested by the circumstance, that they please as much at the present day, as in the remote age when they made their first appearance.

The tombs contain a considerable number of specimens of Egyptian furniture, but they are usually of an uncouth kind; the luxury which prevailed is, however, sufficiently attested by the paintings. Compared with modern houses, those

of Egypt indeed would seem scantily furnished: they had neither curtains, nor carpets, nor mirrors, nor the elegant apparatus of book-shelves, chiffoniers and writing-desks, which literary habits have introduced among us. Musical instruments too were not with them part of the furniture. Stands for flowers, vases of perfume, and even altars for the reception of offerings which were not to be consumed by fire, appear frequently in representations of the interior scenes of Egyptian life. Besides these, tables, chairs and couches were the principal articles which their rooms contained, and these in wealthy houses were made of costly materials, elaborately wrought and polished. Their forms display freedom and elegance; some of them, as the imitation of the legs and feet of animals, have been perpetuated to the present day in the workmanship of the corresponding pieces of furniture. The thrones or chairs of state, which are pictured in the tombs of the kings, were richly gilt and painted, and luxuriously cushioned; the back bends with an easy and graceful curve; the head of a lion, or the entire figure, forms the arm; the sides are occupied with emblematical devices, or the representation of captives bound beneath the throne of the sovereign. The footstools and seats are also richly carved and covered, and exhibit the enemies of Egypt in the same humiliating posture. When the Egyptians reclined on couches which had no back or scroll at the end for the support of the head, its place was supplied by a semi-circle of polished wood upon a stand, on which the head was rested. In that climate the contact of the head during the day with a soft pillow would have been intolerable, and this substitute continues to be used among the Nubian tribes. Whatever may be said of the stiffness and uniformity of Egyptian style when employed on sacred subjects, the artists displayed a sense of beauty and grace, where they were not fettered by religious or conventional restrictions, which places them above all ancient nations except the Greeks.

The Egyptians, like the Greeks in Homer's time and the Israelites till a late period of the monarchy, sat at meat instead of reclining. The Greeks sat in chairs, but the Egyptians on the ground, with the legs bent beneath them, or on a very low stool, sometimes only a mat or a carpet. The dishes therefore would be placed on a table slightly raised above the floor, as now practised in the East, or served round to each guest. Neither knives nor forks were in use, but spoons for eating and ladles for helping have been found. At entertainments, the guests, who were of both sexes, were anointed by the attendants before the feast began, and flowers were placed on their heads, around their necks and in their hands. From the history of Joseph we learn that at Pharaoh's court, it was the business of a chief of the culinary department to prepare pastry for the monarch's table; and the monuments prove that it was made with great care and fashioned into a variety of elegant forms. Except in this respect the Egyptian cookery appears to have been simple—fish, beef, and goose being the chief articles of food. Gazelles and kids are also seen in the hands of the cooks, pre-

paring for the table. The wine and water were placed in porous jars, and the process of evaporation by which they were cooled was promoted by their being fanned. The water of the Nile was purified probably by mixing paste of almonds with it, according to the present practice. Music accompanied the feast; and the Egyptians, like the Greeks, appear to have amused themselves with gymnastic performers and jugglers, and the antics of dwarfs and deformed persons. With what religious rites their more solemn feasts were inaugurated we do not know; in the Ptolemaic times royal banquets appear to have been introduced by prayers for the welfare of the king and the prosperity of the kingdom. At the close of feasts among the wealthier classes, according to Herodotus, a figure of a mummy elaborately painted and gilded, a cubit in length, was carried round by an attendant, who thus addressed the guests: "Looking on this, drink and enjoy thyself; for such shalt thou be when thou art dead." This sounds like an Epicurean exhortation to the enjoyment of life; the same exhibition, however, was susceptible of a moral turn, such as Plutarch gives it. "The skeleton," says he, "which the Egyptians appropriately introduce at their banquets, exhorting the guests to remember that they shall soon be like him, though he comes as an unwelcome and unreasonable boon-companion, is nevertheless in a certain sense seasonable, if he exhorts them not to drink and indulge in pleasure, but to cultivate mutual friendship and affection, and not to render life, which is short in duration, long by evil deeds." This by no means implies that the Egyptians applied it to such a purpose, and he elsewhere speaks of the custom, like Herodotus, as designed to exhort the guests to the enjoyment of life.

An Egyptian custom, which appeared to Herodotus very remarkable, was that of singing a song in honor of Maneros. As he introduces the mention of it immediately after the carrying round of the image, and as Plutarch expressly says that it was used at their banquets, it is probable that it was one of their festive customs. Who Maneros was is variously explained. According to Herodotus, he was the only son of the first king of Egypt (by whom perhaps Osiris, not Menes, was originally intended,) and had died an untimely death. As the same strain, under the name of Linus, was sung by the Greeks, and under some other name by the Phœnicians in their own country and in Cyprus, it is evident that the custom of singing it cannot have originated in the death of the only son of Menes. A mythic origin, from some circumstance which was equally interesting to the feelings of all those nations, is much more probable. Plutarch says Maneros was the son of the king of Byblos, involuntarily killed by Isis; and Linus was reputed to have been either the son of Apollo killed by Hercules, or of Urania killed by Apollo. Sappho conjoined Adonis and Linus in one lamentation, whence it is probable that both were personages of the same mythic character. The mourning rites which made a part of all the ancient religions have a primary reference to autumn and winter, when the sun appears to decline in vigor and be preparing for extinction, and vegetative

power to be buried in the earth. As the song of Maneros was the most ancient and universal among the Egyptians, it was natural that its origin should be referred to the history of their first king. As the Maneros was a mournful strain, its use at banquets harmonized well with the exhibition of the skeleton or mummy—one reminding the guests of the transitory life of man, and the other of the short-lived beauty of the external world.

It has been generally thought that common life had a very grave and melancholy aspect among the Egyptians, who were oppressed and impoverished by the predominance of the priesthood. The insight which we have gained into their interior life, by means of the monuments, has shown that this was by no means the case. It is true that they had no theatre like the Greeks, no circus like the Romans: and that their public religious ceremonies were not diversified by exhibitions of strength and skill, of musical taste and literary ability like the great panegyries of Greece. But the life of the people was not so monotonous as it has been supposed to be. We find in the grottoes of Benihasan not only representations of bodily contests, which were probably a part of the military training, but games carried on both by men and women, which are evidently the amusement of the people. In these paintings we see women, generally distinguished by a cap, from the back part of which two or three strings of twisted ribbon depend, playing with balls, sometimes as many as six at once, and engaged in trials of strength, which exhibit flexibility of the limbs in the most extraordinary degree. They make an arch of their inverted bodies, touching the ground with the feet and the back of the head, or stand on the head with the heels in the air. One couple are performing an evolution which is still common with children, locking their arms together behind and lifting each other, or rising from the ground, by bringing the feet and hands to meet. In these feats the women are dressed in tight pantaloons. Among other exercises and contests two men are seen playing at single-stick, their left arms being guarded by shields of wood fastened with straps similar to those which are worn in Italy at the present day, by the players at *pallone*. Another game is exhibited which is still in use; a man is stretched with his face on the ground, and two others, kneeling over him, strike him with their fists; he is required to guess which strikes him, and if he names the right person, the striker takes his place upon the ground. Others appear to be trying which can fling a pointed knife, so as to enter the most deeply into a block of wood, or raise a bag of sand and sustain it the longest with the uplifted arm. We know that in later times it was a common recreation of the Egyptians to go in boats upon the branches of the Nile in the Delta, or the lakes which it forms as it approaches the sea, and spend the day in festivity under the shade of the Egyptian bean, which grew to the height of many feet. Another amusement which they practised on the river was to man boats, and rowing them rapidly, to hurl or thrust javelins without points against each other as they passed. Such a scene is represent-

ed in one of the oldest monuments of Egypt, the tomb of Imai at Gizeh, and one of the parties has been thrown into the river by the shock. In another tomb at Kum-el-Ahmar, we see tables with refreshments spread upon them for the use of the parties engaged in the mimic contest. The young men of London in former times amused themselves with similar encounters on the Thames.

Dice have been found at Thebes, marked in the modern manner, but their age is uncertain. Their use must have been common in the time of Herodotus, since the priests represented Rhampsinitus as playing at dice with Ceres; and we may presume that they would not have given their mythe this form, had they known that the game was of very recent introduction. We do not, however, find any representation of it among the monuments. The account which Plutarch gives, of Mercury playing at dice with the moon and winning from her the five odd days of the year, is evidently a fiction of later times, and therefore furnishes no evidence of an ancient usage. But it appears from the monuments that a game answering to our draughts was in use in very remote ages. Plato attributes the invention both of dice and playing-tables to the Egyptians. In one of the grottoes of Benihasan two men appear seated on the ground with a low table between them, on which are arranged six green and six yellow pieces, all of the same form, with which they are evidently playing; in one instance the greens and yellows are arranged in lines before the respective players, in the other they are intermixed alternately through the whole length of the board. How the board was divided is not shown either here or in the palace of Rameses IV. at Medinet Aboo, where the king appears seated, and playing at this game with a female, probably a royal concubine, who stands before him. The game of *mora* played by the ancient Romans, and with such passionate eagerness by the modern Italians, was practised in Egypt. The tricks of the juggler also afforded them amusement; we see two men seated, with four inverted cups placed between them, and it is evident that the game consisted in guessing beneath which of the cups some object was concealed.

The vast difference between ancient and modern times, produced by language, religion, the art of war, the improvements in mechanics, cause them at first sight to seem separated by a gulf, in which all transmission of manners and customs is lost. This is especially the case in regard to ancient Egypt, whose peculiarities made it, even to the Greeks and Romans, a world apart from their own. The middle ages produced a similar apparent disruption between the Greek and Roman world and ours. The discovery of so much in Egyptian life, as revealed by the monuments, which closely resembles our own, restores the continuity of ages, and shows that the great revolutions which change the opinions and institutions of mankind and transfer power and civilization to distant regions, leave untouched and unchanged a great mass of the human race, among whom the customs of daily life are perpetuated, and by whose mediation the most distant times and countries are united.—*Kenrick's Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs.*

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

[From Redfield's "Comparative Physiognomy, or Resemblance between Men and Animals," a curious volume, by the way, we take the following remarks on the Aztec children, which show, at least, the author's very close observation of those remarkable specimens of humanity:]

Whoever has seen the "Aztec children," whatever may have been his speculations respecting them, will jump at the idea of their resemblance to mice. The feeling they awaken is a compound of repugnance, playfulness, curiosity, and fondness. But, however much, gentle reader, you may feel a disinclination to touch them, you will be ready to spring upon them as the embodiments of a truth, and clasp them to your hearts. Besides, if you are capable of seeing beauty in a mouse, with his peculiar habits, his confidence, his distrust, his audacity, his silken hair, his delicate structure, his active temperament, his tiny limbs, his round chest, his little big head, his sparkling black eyes, his disproportioned chops, in which mischief is concealed under gravity—if you are capable of sympathizing in his misfortunes, of desiring to protect him, or of a temptation to enlarge him when he has unluckily fallen into a trap—then you are capable of seeing beauty in the Aztec children, and of feeling an affection for them. You will have no disposition to call them fools: *they are noodles.*

Their resemblance to mice is in everything they do, and in every part from top to toe, but most in the countenance, and in those things which it is impossible for the artist to portray. The only correct impression that can be made upon them is upon the retina: a second-hand solar impression, like the daguerreotype, will never do. In the proportions of the jaws, in the peculiar form and expression of the mouth, in that nose, so full of fire, energy, and comicality, and in a certain something diffused over all so like what we discover in the mouse, we cannot fail to see a wonderful relation between the two. From such lips as those you argue a pair of incisors similar to those of a mouse: and the truth is, the boy, who has his second set, has but one pair of cutting-teeth in each jaw. To the exercise of gnawing we should imagine that nothing could be better suited than the cracker which constitutes their principal food. They are wonderfully mischievous, but not wilfully or maliciously so. The boy is fond of teasing his sister, of intermeddling, of having "a finger in the pie," but it is all for the sake of fun and frolic, the gratification of curiosity, the largest liberty, and the indulgence of the senses.

You must not look in their countenances for the expression of delight, so much as in their feet: their nether extremities are curiosities equal to those of the mouse, and the appearance and feeling of their hands confirm the resemblance. There is no warmth in them—they are like dead things; and though there is a certain glow in the countenance of the girl, it is too literally ruby to answer the expectation arising from the association of "ruby lips." If you would understand the strange sensation that is produced by contact, you can experience it by kissing the lips of a

marble statue. Of this we are assured on good authority, for it is no unusual thing for matronly ladies to manifest the common fondness for children towards the girl Bartola. But the countenance of Maximo is absolutely dead, except a faint attempt at roguishness which may occasionally be discovered in the corners of his mouth. The greater amount of love which falls naturally to the female, gives a life-like appearance to the face of his sister, and thus an interest, which his has not.

There is no accounting for tastes except on principles of Physiognomy. People who resemble owls are attracted to the Aztecs, and find in them a gratification of their tastes and an ample field for the exercise of affection and fondness. The same is true of those who resemble cats. In the cat the qualities of the mouse are assimilated, and she can but love that which gratifies her, and which corresponds to the playfulness, the refinement, the cunning, and so many other things, in her own nature. The part of her nature that is not mouse is made up of a bird and fish, both of which she is exceedingly fond. That a cat is fond of mice in a higher sense than is usually understood, is manifest from the delighted expression of her eyes when she sees one, and from her playing with it before she appropriates its little flesh and bones to the gratification of appetite. You can see that the mouse "fills her eye," as something both good for food and fair to look upon. Thus it is that the eye expresses taste and appetite in relation to beauty and quality, which are in most cases inseparable. The little mouse appeals to the cat through her love of infants, which is wonderful; and it is affection, not hatred, in connection with her appetite, that makes her devour it. Females who resemble cats threaten to devour their little ones, play with them as a cat with a mouse, bite harder than they intend, and really feel as if it would be a pleasure to swallow them alive if there was not a higher law of nature, the "sovereignty of the individual" to oppose it. We saw one man in whom the Aztec children excited extraordinary affection and delight. He kissed the girl, was enthusiastic in his admiration of their beauty, and went into an ecstasy at the grace and liveliness of their manners. He had a very parental expression of countenance, and resembled a cat almost as much as the children resembled mice.

These children never walk; they always run. Explaining the constant flexure of their legs by the idea that they may have had the rheumatism some time or other, is ridiculous. Except when they jump, they run with a gliding motion, which requires a peculiar step, like that of the mouse. There is no elevation upon the toes, or from straightening of the limb, so that (as in the absence of locomotion, or of steps and paces) the attention is directed principally to the head, that glides mysteriously along, like a mouse, or like a ball that is kicked from one end of a room to the other; the force seems to be not in itself, but behind it, or out and around. The whole expression of the countenance is external, as if in the gratification of the senses it would spend its existence. In this, too, the Aztec children resemble mice. The first time we saw the boy Maximo,

there was so little expression of internal consciousness, that we questioned whether he was alive. In our imagination he was the first man, made of red clay, with the life breathed into his nostrils, where it seemed to reside, but that he had not yet become a living soul. As for Bartola, she should be called "Undine," but how she crept into the soul of the author of that delightful story, it is impossible to conceive. We should not be more surprised to see her in a little chariot drawn by mice, than we were at the first sight of her. Poets may cease dreaming of fairies, for their dreams are realized. If spirits should claim that these were the first fruits of their endeavor to clothe themselves with material forms, we should be inclined to believe them.

But, seriously, these children do not seem like beings of flesh and blood. They may be taken for souls without bodies, or bodies without souls, whichever we please:—

"All eye, all ear, the disembodied soul!"—

and that is what these Aztec children are, though it is pretty evident that their spirits are on the outside, and that their senses are external. Their spirits may be said to have "stepped out," and this gives the impression that they are dead. This, and the instant association of their features with the Aztec images, and with the sculptured heads on the Central-American ruins, to which they bear so striking a resemblance, impressed our minds with the idea that they were the work of some modern Prometheus who had discovered the art of creating human beings artificially. That grave countenance, like that of a graven image; those lively extremities, which might owe their activity to galvanism rather than to a head so motionless as theirs; those animated dead eyes; that stifled voice, extorted as it were by screws and pinching; that unearthly attempt to speak; those threads and hinges on which the motive power, whatever it is, is intended to operate—these, and other things too numerous to mention, constitute a resemblance to the mouse. On the whole, they are pretty little contrivances for the diversion of ladies and gentlemen, old and young.

A CHAPTER ON HORSES.

BY H. MILNOR CLAPP.

Of all four-footed brutes, over whom God has given man dominion, the condition of none is so superlatively wretched as that of the horse. A slave from the hour of his birth, in Christian climes, he is early taught to tremble at his master's voice, and as soon as his form begins to develop itself, his toils, his stripes, his privations begin. In the country, indeed, where policy teaches the man to take care of the brute, the situation of the latter is comparatively comfortable to that of his co-laborer in town. Just imagine, for a moment, that the numerous droves which are annually brought to the cities, could, upon the way, by miraculous agency, be made to comprehend the fate that awaits them in our streets, what a general stampede would instantly take place! The race of the Last of the Mammoths would be nothing in comparison; and if

there should still exist, in the farthest limits of our late conquests, any fertile pastures yet unvisited by man, be sure that these elysiums of rest would be the fugitives' first abiding-place. Here and there, a pair of sleek nags, intended for some philanthropic gentleman's carriage—perhaps the President or Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals—might be content to stand still on the road, weighing the prospect of ample feed and comfortable stabling, against long family-drives on a warm day, the abuse of deceitful grooms, or the hard hands into which their old age is to be consigned. But hacks of every order, from the omnibus and the livery stable, to the poor cart-drudge, would desperately fly the vision. If anything could add wings to the doctor's horse, it must be the odor of those horrid compounds which are to be forced down the poor creature's throat, upon the least symptom of a cough, or sign of flagging, since it is notorious that gentlemen of a profession, perhaps the best-informed in the community, are the very worst judges of horse-flesh, whether in condition, or out of it. The lawyer would, I think, fare better; inasmuch, as it is fair to infer, that some of the easy pickings of clients would, doubtless, fall on the ribs of his nag. The soldier would, of course, be compelled to fight solely on foot, for the dragoon would be dismounted, and the artillery drawn to battle by the legitimate objects of the instrument of death. The reverend clergy—despite the old fling at them, which is rank scandal—would be horsed and mounted like Mamelukes. Charcoal-men—offences of old date not being brought into the question—might, here and there, obtain a coley, but the fellows who hunt hickory-ashes, and the wretches who go about for slops, would be deservedly left in the lurch. The very scent of the villainous receptacles would turn the stomachs and tails of a thousand horses.

But it is, after all, the poor cart-horse, in all the varieties of his labors, which is worst treated in every particular. Why, even the sailor, who has little time to note abuses on shore, hardly used as he is on the rolling billow, has added his testimony to this fact, while humorously complaining, in doggerel verse, of his tough fare on shipboard.

"Old horse!" says the rhyme, apostrophizing a remarkably suspicious-looking piece of salt junk:

"Old horse! old horse! what brought you here?"

The miserable remains of poor Dobbin, thus conjured, is supposed to answer pathetically:

"From Sacarap to Portland pier,
I've carted stones for many a year,
'Till killed by blows and sore abuse,
They salted me down for sailors' use."

Mark the last two lines. Surely this is the most subtle of all evil treatment—this is, indeed, being pursued beyond the grave; to be killed by blows and sore abuse, and then salted down to feed sailors, as it were, if we are to believe the plain statements of Mr. Dana and others, that the sufferings of the old horse on dry land should be perpetuated on the seas, in the person of poor Jack. The Turks, or the Chinese, themselves, never dreamed of so ingenious a piece of barbarism. If the

reader supposes that an attempt to create a smile is intended here, I entreat him to believe that he is mistaken. I take this opportunity, also, to assure the meek and patient witness of man's barbarity, that I am not

"An ignis fatuus, rose
To make me merry with his woes."

No! no! the animal's bucket is too full already, and not mine be the drop to cause it to run over.

It is some comfort to think that, degraded and abused as he is, the condition of the cart-horse has certainly, in some degree, improved within the past ten years. The eye is not as often offended with beholding in our streets, those deplorable specimens of attenuation, vulgarly known as "perambulating skeletons"—"bags of bones," "ribs of death," or "livery stable signs"—expressions of ridicule, under cover of which, unfortunately, the rascally driver too often escapes from the populace, with unbroken bones. Indeed, it is somewhat curious, that, although the lower orders are sufficiently ready to interfere with a brute for over-loading or otherwise ill-using, in public, a poor beast, they never meddle, save by a sneer, or a humorous sarcasm, with the *right* of the former to starve the latter by slow degrees, the direst of all deaths. I would respectfully call the attention of the Marshal's police to these public exhibitions of comparative anatomy, which are not only abominations in themselves, but may be said, in some sense, to clash with the regular schools. The drivers are, invariably, well fed, lazy rascals, always to be found adding their gross weight to that under which the poor creature is staggering. They often cunningly cover the animal with a ragged blanket, or a ruined coverlet, or some apparent defensible of that kind; but a single glance directed to the beast will discover the trick, and upon lifting the deceitful veil, the appealing ribs and pointed hip-bones will invariably be found beneath.

It is pleasant to turn from this "starved subject" to an anecdote or two, illustrative of the sagacity of the horse, when he, himself, having fallen into the hands of an easy, merciful owner, sets his equine wits to work to impose upon him.

My father once possessed two excellent horses which he used daily in his business—sometimes in single, and sometimes in double harness. One of these, called Black Jack, was a most knowing nag. He was a stout, round-flanked, compactly-built fellow, a good traveller, but sorely against his will. Unluckily for his love of ease, he was matched with a swift, free-going beast. Often I have seen him put back his ears, and reach over the shaft-pole to bite the near horse, when the latter was disposed to mend his gait on a frosty day. It was his custom never to forget a house where a visit had once been paid, and when he was travelling that street, long after attendance had ceased, it was necessary to watch him closely, to prevent his sheering suddenly into the curbstone. On an easy road, where the voice at its usual pitch could reach his ears, he apparently listened to every word of the conversation, in which he would become so much interested, that, if permitted, he would gradually come to a full stop. In winter,

when the horses were chiefly used singly, on alternate days, he knew his day of rest better than the groom; and many a scuffle have I witnessed in his stall when he felt himself imposed upon in this important particular. In fact, as soon as he finished feeding in the morning, it was curious to see him watching the motions of the groom. He had a mild, intelligent eye—possessed of more expression that I remember ever to have remarked in a horse before. In this organ of his, I have certainly seen manifested at different moments of the same half-hour, expectation, satisfaction, fear, disappointment, and even fury. For instance, the man busies himself in cleaning up the stable, the eye of the horse follows his every movement; here was expectation plainly depicted in his sagacious looks and his erected ears. Next, the former approaches a horse in another manger, and lays his hand on his halter; Black Jack's ears droop at their tips, and, with a complacent roll of his clear, gray eye, he thrusts his nose down for a grain or two of corn, which had previously escaped his lips in the angles of the trough; here was satisfaction also clearly shown in his demeanor, and, in the loose, lazy way in which he held himself up in the stall. Presently the groom appears to be in doubt, and coming in front of the nags, rubs his head as he cogitates which of the three must go; Black Jack looks sideways at him in so droll a way, that the fellow laughs to himself: here was fear. At last the man makes up his mind, and taking down Jack's collar, approaches him warily, assured from his sulky look that the brute will make him feel his teeth, if he loses sight of his eye for a moment; here was disappointment which often ended in a fight, during which the animal sometimes became outrageous. At last he is subdued, harnessed, and brought out into the yard, where he stands sulkily enough, watching an opportunity to run back into his stall. However, the stable-door is now closed, and the groom is shifting himself in the carriage-house, a window of which looks on the yard. At this moment, perhaps, the kitchen-door opens, and a female servant comes out. The horse instantly shows his teeth, stamps on the bricks, and makes a great show of attacking her. She screams and retreats; he chases her the length of the yard, and out comes the groom, sending his voice before him. After this heroic explosion of spleen, Black Jack stands quiet and disconsolate enough, or else he walks to the window of the carriage-house, and looks in to see, perhaps, if the man's heart will not relent, after all. Receiving another rebuff, he returns to his former position, and hearing now the carriage-house doors open, listens intently. Catching the rumble of the vehicle descending into the alley, he puts back his ears, shakes his head viciously, and charges the dog-house to the great dissatisfaction of Carlo, who, though ready for *fun* in any shape, has no idea of having his domicile demolished. At length the groom throws open the gate, and Jack turns short round facing the upper end of the yard, as if determined not to see him.

"Come out here," cries the man, who is, perhaps, a few moments behind his time.

The horse tacitly refuses to stir.

"Do you hear there, you rascal?" says the man, equally resolute not to go after him, "come out."

But the horse is looking intently at the kitchen windows, and pays not the least regard to the invitation. The cook grins with her head out of the door; Carlo, by his drooping crest and fearful look, shows that he has doubts whether he is not, somehow, involved in the difficulty; and in the end, another race ensues up the yard, when Jack is captured and led off; the groom, grumbling out his belief, that such a horse is not to be found without the precincts of a circus wall. He was certainly made to go through the world easily, since the person in whose possession he passed in the course of time, informed me that now, at the age of twenty, he is as lazy and as full of finesse as ever.

Occasionally, the horse, though descended from a respectable stock, evinces, from the days of his colthood, a ferocious and unconquerable spirit. An acquaintance of mine, a farmer, in Montgomery county, of this State, once reared a colt, whose intractable disposition proved too much for the whole township. He passed into numerous hands, and was finally sold, for a song, to a Dutch drover. It was a peculiarity of this horse, that he never would allow a man to enter his stall, without attacking him with the utmost ferocity. Several times he put the farmer's life in imminent danger, and once, when by some artifice his neck was secured in a cow-chain, I saw him, by main force, tear the chain from its fastening, and make the whole strength of the farm flee. This horse showed a curious degree of affection to a ram, who came on the farm in company with a cow, purchased from a drove. The ram afterwards attached himself on the pastures to the colt, moved, perhaps, by certain points of resemblance in their character, for the former himself was a very Ajax, easily incited to combat, and in his rage as blind as a wall. He would assault, on provocation, or from sheer caprice, any object on the premises, from the great lord of the pastures, himself, down to a turkey-gobbler. So long as this ram was at the side of the horse, you might safely put the latter in gears, and work him, but if Brimstone—as he was called from his color, to say nothing of his character—once missed his trusty friend, in the words of the farmer, who spoke English indifferently, he was almost certain "to make pieces." The ram, on this account, as well as for his own formidable aspect, was a creature of consequence in the vicinity, and well he knew it. If the horse was to be caught in the field, Brom was to be consulted; if he was to be placed in gears, Brom must stand by the traces; if he was to be mounted, and the rider retain his seat, Brom must lend his countenance to the scene. Often have I suppressed a smile to encounter the worthy old gentleman, attired in his broad-rimmed hat and round gray coat, mounted on Brimstone's back, en route for church—the ram, who had been coaxed to the creek, and washed snow-white, the evening before, trotting alongside, with the gravity of Dean Swift, himself. But the most farcical scene of all, was to see Brimstone, with the other horses,

hitched to the threshing-machine, when a stack of rye was to be cleaned. On these occasions, Brom was first to be bribed into the ring, with a handful of corn: he was then to be seized, and hoisted upon a platform, to which he was securely strapped. Here, after a few useless interjections, he sat munching his corn, and look sagely on, while the horses passed under him in a continuous circle, until the day's operations were completed. It was remarked that he added his voice to the cries by which the horses were stopped and set in motion again, from the threshing-floor, and, when released from his post of observation, it was necessary to watch him, as he always directly offered battle to a patient little pony, running back to obtain the vantage-ground for a tilt, shaking his hard head, and bleating out his wacry, in a most ridiculous way. The farmer supposed, with reason, that Brom had, somehow, got a notion into his crooked pate, that the little Canadian, who took his part in the labor of the day, was the instigator of his elevation. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that he singled him out because, as Sam Weller says "somebody was to be whopped," and the pony, from his diminutive size, was the fairest mark. However, upon other occasions, Brom showed no such prudent preferences, having, as I have already hinted, a heart like a lion, and a head like the anvil of Cyclops. I have more to say of Brimstone and Brom, which, however, I must defer to another chapter.

PARISIAN DWELLINGS.

The different manner in which the Anglo-American and the Gaul build their family nests, is pointedly brought home to the former the night of his arrival at Paris. We live in perpendicular strata; they in horizontal. Our houses stand side by side, each like a tub on its own bottom. Theirs, so far as relate to families, are spread one upon the other, like a pile of gingerbread. With the exception of the principal hotels, and a few recently constructed in the English mode, Parisian houses are arranged after the following fashion: In general, they form a hollow square, allowing a court-yard of sufficient size for a carriage to turn. This shape admits of two ranges of apartments, equivalent in accommodations to houses with us; the one facing the street, the other the court-yard, the kitchen and other conveniences being the two connecting arms. Houses thus constructed accommodate two families on each floor, and are from five to nine stories high. The ground floor is devoted to shops, stables, and the porter's quarters. It is entered by a huge "porte cochere," which is always guarded by the family of the conceierge, who act as agents for the proprietors in letting their apartments, and watch all the outgoings and incomings of the mansion. Each range has its wide circular staircase for the gentry, leading as high up as what was once considered the only abode of genius, and another—small, dark, and narrow, like the worm of a ram-rod—for the use of domestics.

The porter must be on the "qui vive" at all hours of the twenty-four, to slip back the bolt of the outer door, by means of a string connected

with his office, upon the warning ring or cry "Le corden, s'il vous plait." Those who enter after midnight, bestow trifling gratuity upon this Argus, to compensate him for disturbed slumbers. He replies to all questions relating to his charge, pays postages, receives and distributes all letters and parcels that have owners within his domain, uses your fuel as if it were his own, and is always ready to do the amiable—for a consideration.

The floor above the entrance is called the "entresol," being, as its name indicates, between sun and earth, and it is generally inaccessible to the former, at any season of the year, except in the widest streets or avenues. Being low, it rents low, compared with the floor above, which forms the apartment Number 1, in height, finish and decoration, and is, consequently, much the dearest. They then progressively decline in price each story, and also in quality, until they terminate under the roof in a series of little chambers, for the servants of the mansion, two or more of these rooms belonging to each apartment.

The apartments themselves are of every variety and size, to meet the wants of the diversified positions of the inhabitants of this metropolis. Some are of sufficient grandeur and sumptuousness to rival the interior of the more pretending hotels, while others dwindle to the means of the most economical bachelor or money-saving grisette.

This mode of building has some prominent advantages over ours. Externally the houses are more uniform, of greater size, are being built of a soft, grey sandstone, and admit of more architectural ornament. They economize also in ground-room and material, consequently in rent. All the rooms of a family being on one floor, much of the stair work, of which our ladies complain, is saved. In enumerating these advantages, I have enumerated all, unless it may be considered one to be able to bring together the different branches of a family under one roof.

The disadvantages are more palpable. Each floor having its separate kitchen and drains, contributes its quota to an assemblage of odors, based upon the fragrance of shops or stables beneath, which, in spite of locks and bolts, penetrate with an impartial distribution into every room. This nuisance is not always perceptible, but it is a daily liability; and the plain truth is, that there are few of these gregarious habitations that do not give offence to sensitive nostrils more than once during every twenty-four hours. This fact has doubtless some relation to the enormous consumption of perfumery, which, not unfrequently in the street, overpowers all other smells, as the scented individual goes by.

Again, no amount of cleanliness in one story can always be proof against a want of neatness in the next. If one family cooks onions, the neighbors above and below are brought into unmistakable cognizance of the fact. If there be a frolic overhead, the family beneath participate in the noise, without the fun. There lived in the apartment below me a young lady who, for five months, with scarcely the intermission of a day, practiced on the piano, from four o'clock until midnight, and often until two o'clock in the morning. She played and sang delightfully, or otherwise I should have wished myself deaf. In

a city where revolutions have become as periodical and necessary as measles, chicken-pox, and hooping-cough to childhood, this species of family roosting has inconveniences sometimes of a graver nature. A few shots fired on the 4th of December last, upon the soldiers, from the upper stories of some houses on the Boulevards, caused a return of ball, grape and musket shot, which lasted an hour, broke in their fronts, riddled them in every part, the inmates escaping how they could. One individual has it in his power to compromise a hundred lives.

Although this multiplying of families under one roof may be considered as a species of architectural communism, it is very far from being a social one. No one knows his neighbor. There is no door-plate on the several landings, to satisfy curiosity as to who is to be found within. Somehow or other, the occupants never seem to meet on the common stairway. Of the seven families beside my own that occupied No. — of Rue de —, for six months, I knew nothing except that one was English, and another Russian. I could not have distinguished a single member of them all from a casual visitor. It is said that two friends lived for a year in the same house without being aware of the fact, until they accidentally met in the street, and inquired each other's address.

A French kitchen is more like a ship's caboose in size, than the domains of an American cook. What room there is, is mainly occupied by numerous little grates, raised upon a brick platform, and adapted in size to the various copper, "casserolles" or saucepans, so necessary for the preparation of the indispensable "entremets," of French cooking. A Yankee cook would be as much at a loss in one of these kitchens as she would be over a locomotive. One half of the ingenuities of our American furnishing warehouses, would be equally as inexplicable to a French housekeeper. A good broom is not to be found in Paris. Carpets have been introduced into the apartments rented to English and Americans, but the French make but comparatively little use of them, preferring the waxed oak floors, which are cooler and cleaner, but require no little care, at first, for a stranger to preserve his equilibrium. The French use much less fuel than we, warming themselves more by extra clothing and foot-muffs, than by fires.—*Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles.*

HOME.—The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the utter sense of desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.

When a man readily gives ear to a calumny, he betrays fellow-feeling with the malignity whence it sprang.

THE SEER GIFT.

I proceed to mention a physical phenomenon, which from time to time occurred to the late historian and novelist, Heinrich Zschokke. It is described by him in a sort of autobiography, entitled *Selbstschau*, which he published a few years ago. It was only last year that Zschokke died, having attained a good old age. Early brought into public life in the troubles of Switzerland, and afterwards maintaining his place in public consideration by his numerous writings, he was personally widely known: he was universally esteemed a man of strict veracity and integrity. He writes thus of himself:—

“If the reception of so many visitors was sometimes troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon this subject: not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess.

“It is acknowledged that the judgment which we form of strangers, on first meeting them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression which, through an instinct of the soul, attracts one towards, or repels one from, another, becomes, after a time, more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our becoming accustomed to him. People speak, too, in reference to such cases of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others, again, are incredulous, and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself.

“It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that his past life, up to the present moment, with many minute circumstances belonging to one or other particular scene in it, has come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely, involuntarily, and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period I am usually so plunged into the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor to hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary to the text of his physiognomy. For a long time I was disposed to consider these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture, and other accidents of the scene, till, on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a sempstress who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, inasmuch as

what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and, often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, and not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

“Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me when the listener replied, ‘It happened as you say;’ or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one which, at the time, made a strong impression upon me.

“On a fair day, I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the Vine. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connexion with the belief in Mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their railery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him? That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events with which my dream-vision had furnished me, and the table learnt the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and, finally, of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-chest, &c. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasionally asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

“Now I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance-fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would conduct himself under given circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respected people who for the most

part were utterly indifferent to me, with whom I never had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet, I have, in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that my dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift, which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of any violation, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolean who travelled about, selling lemons and oranges, at the inn at Unterhauerstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds, to the no little amusement of the peasants and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon-merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself nor to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom. Zschokke told a friend of mine at Frankfort, in 1847, shortly before his death, which took place at an advanced age, that in the latter years of his life his seer-gift had never manifested itself."—*Mayo's Popular Superstitions*.

A MAN CHAINED TO A BALL.

I was a boy once. I would be happy, indeed, could I say that, as I became a man, I put away boyish things, and that I have now now entered upon my duties and my responsibilities as only a man may. But I have one boyish thing about me yet, and it is in this wise:—I was once passing the barrack-yard in the city of Quebec, and hearing the sound as of soldiers, marching, I climbed up the wall and peeped over. There were a company of soldiers, and, a short distance in advance of them, a single private with a large cannon-ball chained to his foot. He had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and was condemned to the task of parading a certain number of hours each day, with this irksome companion. And as I have grown older and learned to think for myself, I have applied its moral in some cases which have come under my observation.

When I see a young man, just on the threshold of life, loitering away his time in unprofitable amusements and unworthy associations, which consume his precious seed-time, and burden him with evil influences which will probably go with him, and form a thorny pillow when he lies in the silent grave, I think that *he is chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man cuts off the restraints of early impressions, and enters the bar-room, there

to spend his evenings, and perhaps his nights, in dissipation and companionship with sinners, whose god is Bacchus, and whose oblations are profane jests and godless sneers and licentious songs, I turn aside and weep, that he will madly forge and weld the links with which *he is chaining himself to a ball*.

When I see a young man elastic with hope, whose path points to certain success, or to undying fame, seeking relaxation from the fatigues of business or the application of a student's life, at the gaming-table, or the theatre, or on the bosom of unhallowed delights, I do verily feel assured that *that man is chaining himself to a ball* which will roll with its victim into a premature grave.

When I see a man suffering important engagements to slip by without fulfilment, from a habit of carelessness or a want of energy, I feel assured that experience will ere long prove to him that *he has been chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man runs into debt, and is negligent of paying his obligations when due, or lets his business take care of itself while he is attending to trifling employments, he will find to his sorrow, that *he has been chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man forms a habit of extravagance and of living beyond his means, and thus squanders the bounties put into his hand for a virtuous and faithful stewardship, he will find that he is wasting the uncreated capital of a future which is not his, and is, moreover, *chaining himself to a ball* which will grow more rusty and burdensome every day.

And I have seen young women, too, who have bound themselves by a gilded chain to a ponderous ball.

When I see a young woman, bright in all the loveliness of virgin prime, spending her time and consuming her intellect in chasing the fictions of the novel or the follies of the romance, oh! how gladly would I break the chain which binds her to such a ball!

When I see a young woman neglecting the duties of the fireside, which should be a little paradise of bliss, and threading the mazy walks of the gossip and the tale-bearer, or walking through the highway, "that she may be seen of men," I say to myself, "*She is chaining herself to a ball*."

When that fair maiden looks into her mirror and admires the beauty pictured there, and sets her heart on its outward adornment, I think *she, too, is chaining herself to a ball*.

When, in short, I see a young woman spending her time in that which profiteth not, under the teachings and allurements of vanity or fashion, I cannot avoid saying to myself, "*She is chaining herself to a ball*."

Reader! old or young—man or woman—take those chains off your aching limbs, and be free! —From "*Little Silverstring and other Stories*."

When you build selfishly, you build frailly. When your acts are hostile to the broad interests of your fellow-men, they are seed which will one day come up weeds, to choke your own harvest-field.

THE TWO HOMES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Oh! if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too?"

See'st thou my home?—'tis where yon woods are
wa'ing,
In their dark richness, to the summer air,
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks
laving,
Leads down the hills a vein of light—'tis there'
'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies
gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, color'd with the skies!
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer
dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.
My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.
There am I loved—there pray'd for—there my
mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;
There my young sisters watch to greet their
brother—
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.
There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—
There laughs my home—sad stranger! where is
thine?
Ask'st thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;
'Tis where I, too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step—But where are
they?
Ask where the earth's departed have their dwell-
ing;
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.
And what is home, and where, but with the
loving?
Happy thou art, that so canst gaze on thine!
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.
Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

A FACT.

In his studio, at Florence,
Sat an artist, young and fair,
Writing, by the waxen taper,
Words to lighten lonely care.
Suddenly he fell to weeping,
Rose, and hurried to and fro;
Then, returning to his table,
Thus he wrote, with soul aglow:

"Lady, would that I, a spirit,
In the twinkling of an eye,
O'er the wide and weary ocean,
Unto you alone could fly.
Be you waking, be you sleeping,
Lonely, or in social cheer,

I would breathe to you a wonder
You would smile and weep to hear.

"Five the weeks, this fitting moment,
Since we sat together last,
And your eyes, in love and pity,
On my longing face were cast;
In your warm and soothing fingers
Chilly hands were purely pressed,
And I felt, in such compassion,
Wretchedness itself were blessed.

"Long I gazed on you in silence,
Printing deeply in my heart
Every look and line of feature,
With a lover's truest art;
Much I wished to pour my feeling
Forth in tears of sweet relief;
But my soul was dark and stifled,
Sealed the bitter fount of grief.

"Vainly, until now, my fancy
Strove to see that look again;
Still the misty, changing image
Came and went to me in vain;
Still a hundred other faces
Intervened to vex mine eye,
And my soul, with sorrow sinking,
Would not weep, I knew not why.

"But, to-night, my pen had wandered
From the duty of the day,
And unconsciously was sketching
Random faces, in its play;
Suddenly of you I pondered—
Ah! some angel present then
Breathed on me an inspiration,
Guided my unwitting pen.

"There you were! the half-shut eyelids,
Head inclined and turned aside,
Rounded cheek and hair so silken,
Rounded forehead, high and wide;
There the smile serene, eternal;
There the glance that ne'er was cast
Save by you—so melting, earnest—
Ah! I wept and wept, at last."

Here he dropped his pen in wonder,
While a feeling, sweet and new,
Like a sudden light and music,
Thrilled his lonely being through.
Afterward, a message told him,
She, the loved one, died that night,
And he knew that then her spirit
Flew to him with love and light.

WASHINGTON'S WATCH.—The Christian Watch-
man relates the following striking anecdote of
Washington, in illustration of the practical good
sense which he manifested in everything. The
incident speaks volumes upon the character of
the Father of his Country: "His personal friend,
Gouverneur Morris, was about going to Europe,
and Washington, along with several letters of in-
troduction, gave him this charge, 'to buy him at
Paris, a flat gold watch; not the watch of a fool,
or of a man who desires to make a show, but of
which the interior construction shall be extremely
well cared for, and the exterior air very simple.'
What a mine of wisdom do these words suggest
about men as well as watches, 'the interior well
cared for, and the exterior air very simple!' Boys
and girls, remember Washington's watch, and be
just like it yourselves!"

THE FAIRY WIFE.

AN APOLOGUE.

A merchant married a Fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained toward him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of woman.

They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream.

Before the year was over he had returned to his affairs; they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. But every evening as he hastened back to her side she felt the weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet, and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast, and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his sales of merchandise, she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising airy gaieties with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of care. Life was abounding in her. She knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh—to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover-days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water-lily—to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand coquetries—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join her in these childlike gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in a baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh, because he said it.

She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was Love, and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was Love, and something more: and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of Care, raised by busy hands, was gradually shutting him out from her. If she visited him during the day, she found herself a hindrance, and retired. When he came to her at sunset he was pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripple of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft, beseeching eyes, but there was a something in his eyes, a remote look, as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he was absorbed in calculations, and throwing her arms round his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depths, would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him, she could not win his life; she could charm, she could not

occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny Day, until at last it is Night: Night with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of Day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there grieving and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of Care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him."

Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of *incomplete* life! Not good enough, because her whole life was scattered!

And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of Care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life. The night was starless, and he alone.—*London Leader.*

HEALTHY AND WARM.

A leading concern of that portion of mankind living on the two sides of the tropics, is to keep themselves comfortably warm. Our forefathers, in this country, cut down the stately forests, and gave us warmth, without destroying the healthfulness of the air. The immortal Franklin economised in fuel without contaminating the nectar of life. After his departure the air was no longer considered sacred. Box and air-tight stoves committed all manner of sacrileges—polluted and poisoned the precious arial fluid, and thereby carried disease and death into thousands of families. The upper part of ceiled rooms became a reservoir of deleterious fumes and gases. The heads of those six feet high moved in an atmosphere much more heated than those on less elevated shoulders, and the babies frosted their toes. Headaches and other aches and ills were increasingly common without the cause being known. Thousands of citizens have thus been yearly making inroads on their health simply by not attending to the proper mode of warming and ventilating their apartments.

Not until the introduction of heated air by furnaces placed in the lower part of the building, was any considerable attention paid to ventilation. The cast iron furnace, well lined to prevent excess of heat, is inclosed in a chamber of masonry-work, into which a stream of pure air, from without the building, is constantly rushing, and keeping up a lively intermixture with the heated portions and the evaporations from water. At the same time pipes from the upper parts of the chamber are conveying the warm June air into the apartments by beautifully designed registers, placed at the mouth or end of the pipes near the floor, to regulate the quantity of heated air. A tight room soon becomes heated. We must now have two ventilators connected by the same flue or chimney, one near the floor and the other at the highest part of the room. If we open the upper one, the warm air at the top will flow out, and thus

we shall breathe a constantly changing air of the same temperature. If we wish to retain heat and keep up circulation, open the lower register. The theory is a beautiful one, and should form the text of a familiar lecture in every family. If parents and teachers would make use of more household texts, the taste for science and art would be more general, and health would become more a subject of enlightened regard and study. Young people should be taken to our Industrial Exhibitions, to obtain useful knowledge as well as to see the pretty and wondrous. It is injurious to bring up youth amidst the wonders of art without teaching them to investigate. Take, for instance, Mr. Culver's large and splendid exhibition at the recent Fair, consisting of Hot Air Furnaces, 37 ornamental Patent Registers, an artistic Pedestal Register, a beautiful Fire Place Register, and four Cooking Ranges, with their various appurtenances. In this single exhibition of Mr. Culver was a subject for familiar lectures for a week. Let the learners be taken to the extensive wholesale and retail warehouse, 52 Cliff street. Let the principles of the furnaces be explained to them. Let them inquire whether the iron of which they are made is American or foreign, the weight of iron in each furnace, the number sold yearly, the comparative cheapness and advantages of this mode of warming apartments, the improvements that have been made, and the number of men employed in the establishment. Let them be required to copy the numerous and handsome engravings of the various furnaces and registers, and to thoroughly understand the principles of their operation. Such a lesson, well learned, would be of more service throughout life, than six months of mere book education. The statistics of this one establishment would greatly enlarge their ideas of the magnitude of American manufacturing interests.

It is to be hoped that those who attend to the wants of the poor during the present winter, will keep a kindly eye to this subject. A single ventilator may be a most invaluable gift. A single hint may bring in a flood of light, and be health, meat and drink to a whole family.—*N. Y. Farmer and Mechanic.*

LANGUAGE OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

I have often heard the remark, that it is a great pity some man of science and perseverance does not devote some years to acquiring the different Indian languages, and trying to form some general hypothesis of their origin, from the different customs and traditions extant amongst them. This is very true, and is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but the extraordinary number and complexity of the languages of the Aborigines of America, north and south, completely put it out of the power of one, or even of a dozen philologists, to perform properly. There are as many languages spoken amongst the two or three millions of American savages scattered over the two continents of America, as amongst the six hundred millions of human beings composing the population of the rest of the globe. There are no

less than 211 languages spoken in the northern continent and Mexico; 44 in central, and 168 in the southern continent of America. There are thus, according to Vatel, nearly 500 distinct dialects spoken in the New World, without enumerating any which do not differ from each other as widely as the Spanish from the Italian, or the German from the Dutch. After a laborious comparison of the 500 known languages of America with those of the Old World, only some hundred or so words have been found having any distinct, or rather indistinct resemblance. Those few words have been selected from nearly 100 American languages, and are said to bear a kind of resemblance to words at present used in the Mongol, Tonguse, and other northern Asiatic nations; some few also bear a slight resemblance to words in the Celtic and Biscayan languages. These trifling and most probably fortuitous resemblances, although affording a slight foundation on which any number of theoretical superstructures may be raised, are quite insufficient to be of any use in solving the problem, as to how the American continent was peopled. The more an unprejudiced person examines the numerous theories on the subject, the more completely must he be convinced that the data and facts upon which the different theories are founded are insufficient for conclusive argument.—*Sullivan's Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America.*

IDLENESS A SIN AGAINST OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

[A fair correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* writes thus, in the *Lady's Department* of that paper:—]

DEAR COUSINS OF THE CULTIVATOR:—Not long since, I heard a lady express a sentiment which suggested a train of thought, which I hope has not proved altogether unprofitable to me; therefore, I will give it you.

A young girl, who had a few months previously returned from school, casually remarked that she had thought of teaching. She said that by working a little harder she might have time—that she did not think it was right for any one to neglect the opportunity where good, in however small a degree, might be the result of their labors, merely because it was "pleasant to be idle," and that teaching was, when entered into with the right spirit, profitable alike to teacher and pupil.

"Indeed, I would do no such thing," said the lady. "I would advise you not. Your father is able to support you without, as long as you will want to stay with him. It is folly for those in your circumstances to think of making such slaves of themselves, when they might live in ease and comfort without."

Do not the principles expressed by this "lady" too often make a nonentity, I might almost say, of those sufficiently endowed, *naturally*, to become ornaments to society and their sex? Ask history, ask your own consciences whether it were more desirable to become an intelligent, self-relying woman, than a "nice lady," with all her dainty privileges. Would Mrs. Martha

Washington now occupy the place she does in the respect of the nation, had she been afraid of the sight of a cannon, or too "sensitive" to meet, with ready and willing heart and hands, the trying realities and vicissitudes of the times, as well as assume with all honor the courtly graces befitting her station?

An intelligent woman, of our own times, very pertinently remarks:—"We seem to be merging, in every branch of reform, to a '*crisis*,' which, I apprehend, is to induce an entire change, to usher in a new era in the world's history; and there never was a time when woman was called upon so peremptorily to act well *her* part, as now in the great moral revolution which is upheaving every old fabric, and laying in its stead the foundations of a building which will stand firm and enduring as the everlasting hills; for its base is Truth, and its frame-work good deeds, which are the legitimate fruits of a hearty embrace of that which appeals to an enlightened reason; and this must be our '*pole star*,' our guide, fearless of consequences."

How exceedingly necessary, then, that those just coming into the field be prepared to meet intelligently any contingency of the times in which they may live. My cousins of the Cultivator circle, let us be ready to do whatever comes within our capacities, for thereby will we be cultivating and enlarging those properties of mind and heart which will make us susceptible of higher, more elevated perceptions of the great, the true and beautiful.

WHAT HAVE THE AMERICANS DONE.

In one of the "Latter Day Pamphlets," Mr. Carlyle asks tauntingly, what have the Americans done?—We have abolished Monarchy, we have abolished Aristocracy; we have sundered Church and State; we have so wrought with our English inheritance, that most Englishmen better their condition by quitting the old home and coming to the new. We have consolidated a State, under whose disinterested guardianship the cabin and straitened of the old world find enlargement and prosperity. We have suppressed standing armies; we have decentralized government to an extent that before our experiment was deemed hopeless; we have grown with such a dream-like rapidity, as to stand, after little more than a half century of national existence, prominent on the earth among the nations; and this, through the wisdom of political organization, whereby such scope is given to industry and invention, that not only are our native means profitably developed, but the great influx of Europeans is healthfully absorbed. We have in fifty years put between the Atlantic and the Pacific an Empire of twenty-five millions, who work more than any twenty-five millions on earth, and read more than any other fifty millions. We have built a State at once so solid and flexible, that it protects all without oppressing any. Our land is a hope and a refuge to the king-crushed laborers of Europe, and from the eminence above all other lands to which it has ascended, by our forecast, vigor, and

freedom, it is to the thinker a demonstration of the upward movement of Christendom, and a justification of hopes that look to still higher elevations.

Mr. Carlyle's sneers at our lack of heroism would be unworthy of him, from their very silliness, were they not more so from their sour injustice. Let any people recite its heroic deeds, on flood or field, since we were a nation, and we will match every one of them. And in the private sphere, where self-sacrifice, devotion, courage, find such scope for heroic virtues, our social life is warm with them. But this is no theme for words. For his unworthy ones, we deem well enough of Mr. Carlyle to believe, that, when disengaged from the morbidly subjective, and, therefore, blinding and demoralizing moods, to which he is liable, he is ashamed of having printed them. It looks somewhat as though this passage had been written just to give us an opportunity of victorious retort, or to tempt us into an exhibition of our national propensity to brag,—a propensity, be it said, which is national in every nation we know anything of, whether English, French, German, or Italian. We only beat them in bragging, just as we beat them in ploughs and statues, in clippers and steamboats, in whalemens and electric telegraphs, in cheap newspapers and cheap government. They all do their best at bragging, and so do we,—and we beat them.—*Calvert.*

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following sketch of a domestic scene that cannot fail to touch a chord in every heart:

"One market day we saw a wagon loaded with wheat coming into town—nothing strange in that certainly. And a man driving the team, and a woman perched on the load beside, and a child throned in the woman's lap—nothing strange in that either. And it required no particular shrewdness to determine that the woman was the property—*personal* of course—of the man, and that the black-eyed, round-faced child was the property of both of them. So much we saw—so much we suppose everybody saw, who looked. It is a fair inference that the wife came in to help her husband "trade out" a portion of the proceeds of the wheat, the product of so much labor, and so many sunshines and rains. The pair were somewhere this side—a fine point of observation, isn't it?—this side of forty, and it is presumptive, if blessed like their neighbors, they left two or three children at home, 'to keep house,' while they came to town—perhaps two girls and a boy, or, as it is immaterial to us, two boys and one girl. Well, we followed the pair, in and through, until the wheat was sold, the money paid, and then for the trade. The baby was shifted from shoulder to shoulder, or sat down upon the floor, to run off into mischief, like a sparkling globule of quicksilver on a marble table, while calicoes were priced, sugar and tea tested, and plates 'rung.' The good wife looks askance at a large mirror that would be just the thing for the best room, and the roll of carpeting, of a most becoming pattern—but it won't do, they must wait till next

year. Ah! there is music in those next years, that orchestras cannot make. And so they look, and price, and purchase the summer supplies, the husband the while eyeing the little roll of bank notes growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Then comes an 'aside' conference, particularly confidential. She takes him affectionately by the button, and looks up in his face—she has fine eyes by-the-bye—with an expression eloquent of 'do now—it will please them so?' And what do you suppose they talk off? Toys for the children; John wants a drum, and Jane a doll, and Jenny a book, all pictures, 'just like Susan so-and-so's.' The father looks 'nonsense,' but feels in his pocket for the required silver; and the mother having gained the point, hastens away, baby and all, for the toys. There acts the mother—she had half promised—not all—that she would bring them something, and she is happy all the way home—not for the bargains she made, but for the pleasant surprise in those three brown parcels. And you ought to have been there when she got home, when the drum and the doll and book were produced—and thumbed and cradled and thumped—wasn't it a great house! Happiness is so cheap, what a wonder there is no more of it in the world!"

THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.

[The annexed picture of the rise and fall of a small dealer in literary wares, is from the Westminster Review. It is not altogether without its counterpart in this country.]

We do not hazard much risk of exceeding the truth in saying, that of a hundred men who fail in literature, ninety-nine of them had no business to meddle with it. Literature is a fascination very much like the stage; and of the multitude who fancy they have "a soul above buttons," who throw up "Coke upon Littleton" to strut their hour in print, who despise the honest trade of their fathers, and believe themselves destined to make a figure in the world, the number is incredibly small that are endowed with the attainments indispensable to success. There is no profession so crowded with men so deficient in the qualifications required for their work. In other professions, men rapidly find their level; but in literature, sustained by a vanity which eternally whispers in their ears that they are ill-treated, and fed by a restless ambition which grows by what it does not feed upon, they are a long time before they find out their own incapacity, if they ever find it out. How many such men are there clinging to the skirts of newspapers and periodicals, bitterly complaining of the rejection of articles, the neglect of the public, the caprice and want of judgment of editors, and of everything above the earth and under the earth except their own unfitness for the sphere they have chosen, who might have earned a decent competence in obscurity if they had been brought up to some useful occupation instead of being cast upon that occupation which, of all others, exacts the severest toil, the most varied powers, the greatest self denial, the most earnest labor and vigilance,

uprightness and perseverance! Every youth who has perpetrated doggerel in a weekly paper, or obtained, in an unlucky moment, admission for a fantastical article in a magazine, considers himself ill-used, and a martyr of genius, if he does not command a position for which neither nature nor education has qualified him. The question is, whether such instances should be cited as examples of anything but an egregious misdirection of human energies, and whether they should not be held out to admonish others from falling into the same mistake, instead of being quoted as evidences of the inadequate rewards of literature.

What result other than disappointment can be anticipated from the inveterate folly of a man who persists in a pursuit which he has taken up without the least previous training of his faculties, without study or preparation of any kind? The meanest calling requires some qualifications, and literature most of all. Can a man instruct others who is ignorant himself? or guide the taste of the public if his own be uneducated? Looking rationally at means and ends, what can he expect from persevering in so hopeless a course, but to be baffled in the long run? He hunts a phantom which eludes his grasp at every turn. He is like a child crying for the moon, or a boy chasing a butterfly. Trace the course of a literary adventurer of this numerous class, and wonder on more at the sequel.

A youth comes up to London to "seek his fortune." He has been brought up to no business or profession, and his head is, consequently, full of dreams and indefinite desires. Casting about for occupation, the floating work connected with the newspapers in the way of paragraphing and reporting, presents an easy opening to him, which suits the desultory turn of his mind. The agreements attached to this skirmishing employment captivate his senses, and flatter his vanity. He has access to a newspaper office, where he picks up the jargon of politics, and acquires an off-hand familiarity with the labels of public questions, the names of public men, and the doings of authorship: he has the run of the theatres, and speedily becomes an adept in the vocabulary, or slang, of criticism; he enjoys the free and easy intercourse of the loose *convives* of the press, and, emerging boldly from his chrysalis state, he begins to set up pretensions in the newspaper world as a night-man about town. Living, as the French say, *au jour le jour*, every day supplies its own expedients and excitements; facility in scribbling grows upon irresponsibility in publication, and thus, having dropped into the stream of vagrant journalism, he is swept on by the force of the current, and may be said to be only learning to swim when he finds himself buffeting the waters. Whatever chance he might originally have had of obtaining a safe and respectable livelihood is gone by. He is no longer capable of applying himself to any of the inglorious, plodding tasks in which diligence and system are compulsory. His habits are broken up; his views are scattered; he has tasted just enough of the pleasures of this gipsying and tramping life to be unfitted to settle down in quiet drudgery. He extends his connection with the papers; he writes in half-a-dozen at a time; he ascends from para-

graphs to leading articles; nothing comes amiss to him; he is ready to undertake any variety of subjects, from the highest problem in political science to the lowest conundrum in the column of scraps; the range of his miscellaneous and comprehensive powers includes every conceivable topic that can be compassed by the scissors and pen. But it is as a critic that he displays his versatile agility by the most marvellous feats; the art of reviewing comes to him by intuition; books of history and philosophy, travels and biography, poetry, fiction, and science, fly like chaff before him; and the whole field of literature is mowed down with the indiscriminate celerity of a reaping machine. The Jack of all trades, who is master of none, is not a flourishing man after all. He sows his multifarious labors on the winds, and they scarcely escape from his hands when they are blown away for ever. His receipts are irregular and precarious, but his mode of living is prodigal. His incomings are slow, but his outgoings are fast. He hears on all sides that literary men are not expected to be provident, and he thinks he is licensed to be a spendthrift. With a little care over his exchequer, and regularity in his expenditure, he might manage to maintain a satisfactory position; but he wastes his resources in ways for which there is nothing to show, and spends one half of his life in fighting against embarrassments which the other half is actively engaged in multiplying. After years of universal production and promiscuous dissipation, the utmost he can do is to live from hand to mouth; even that fails him sometimes, and is sure to fail him altogether in the end. He has not made good an inch of solid ground to plant his foot upon. He is even worse off than he was at the beginning; for now at the close of his career, when it is too late to mend or retreat, he discovers that he has spent his life in vain, and that instead of having secured something to fall back upon, he is worn out, dilapidated, and discarded.

ALCOTT'S TAVERN IN MEDON.

BY A TRAVELING NATURALIST.

Alcott's tavern in Medon is situated at the crossing of Sycamore street with a nameless one that turns square to the right, but doesn't run to any particular place. I have never found a person that knew where that right hand road ended. Travellers frequently turn down there by mistake, and about half an hour afterwards they may be seen wending their way thoughtfully back, muttering something about a "deep ravine" and "a broken bridge." Putting this and that together, my curiosity has become aroused in regard to that street, and some of these days I intend to explore it.

Alcott's is exactly opposite the post-office, only three doors from "Our House," and right convenient to the publication office of the "Medon Phoenix," so that no marvel if it be well patronized. I love to sit in his piazza of a shady evening, under the dense grove of locusts that skirt Sycamore street, and observe the travellers as they ride up. "Can I get to stay all night with you?" is invariably the first inquiry. This is an-

swered in a patronizing way by the landlord's "I reckon so—light!" (a light) in which reply lurks our national spirit of independence, so different from the bowing, cringing manners of an English hotel-keeper.

Let us sit here awhile, and look out together. Yonder approaches a group of horsemen, but not one of them will stop here; they are aiming to go on five miles further to "Carrick's stand," thus advancing themselves on their journey, and saving something in the bill; for our country taverns charge considerably less than those in town. As they pass by, Alcott looks at them savagely, and I'll be bound wishes them no good with that growling word "squabs!" Here comes another traveller, but on first sight we know that he lives in the county, and is going home to-night; witness that new hat strapped to his back, and the speed at which he rides; travellers at the end of a day's journey don't use horse-flesh in that way. Now, we have a couple more, each with overcoat and leggins, dry and dusty, the horses stepping gingerly, as if they had already stepped too often, and turning in towards the sign-post, quite of their own free will and accord. It would be cruel to disappoint them, nor do the riders intend it, for with the unfailing query, "Can we get to stay with you to-night?" down they come to terra firma.

A drink of water, a few yawns and stretches, and these seasoned fellows are as fresh as they were when they started at sunrise this morning, forty-three miles back. The conversation is a kind of give-and-take business all about the "crops," politics and health. Neither party has "any news of interest," at least they say so, and yet ere five minutes they have started a dozen topics. Colonel Falconer will certainly be elected sheriff in Tebo,—no less than three persons died last week in the village of Nixville,—the small steamer that plies the Walcott is aground,—the circus will be along within two weeks. All these things, and many others equally important, are communicated, while the wayfarers are removing their wrappers, and resigning themselves to the comforts of a lounge in the primitive way, tilted back, on the hind legs of the chair, their feet full high advanced, and a fragrant cigar in puff. Nobody can appreciate the luxury of tilting to a long-legged man after a hard day's ride has collected all the blood into his lower limbs; therefore, let Madame Jolloppe talk on.

Alcott's tavern has been the rendezvous of the town wits for many a year, as his register plainly shows. All manner of facetiæ, some of them by no means the most refined, are recorded in its pages. One entry, however, struck me as pathetic. "John Allen: where from, *the world*: destination, *the grave*!" On inquiry, I learned that the poor fellow was in the last stage of consumption, and was borne out feet foremost, only a week after the above record was made.

It is a striking proof of the popularity of Alcott's hotel, that the great men of the land so often visit it. "Daniel Webster and family" call at least once a week; "Henry Clay and suite" quite frequently; while Prince Albert, Lord Wellington and other distinguished individuals, pass

through Medon much oftener than a due attention to their national duties would seem to demand.

History is in an error in supposing that General Jackson has departed this life, for he took dinner at Alcott's, according to the record, not three weeks ago.

The same mistake prevails, and, in fact, a most pitiful anachronism has been palmed upon us in making out Napoleon Bonaparte to have died thirty years ago, when this veritable record declares he has called here with Marshal Ney three times in the last twelvemonth. But I leave these matters with the historian, and pass on.

To judge from the lay of the land and the map, Medon lies at least five hundred miles in a direct line from the ocean, but the advertisements, suspended so thickly on the wall, make it quite a maritime place, nearly all of them being headed "*For sail*," although the context is not so nautical, viz., "*For sail*, a likely negro lad—a tract of land—a good plow, nag," &c., &c. There is certainly some inconsistency here. By the side of these are notices of strays, among which I observe an animal unknown to naturalists, a *broune heffer two year old*; of daguerreotypists, travelling circuses, patent medicines—infinite in variety, and certain to do the promised work or no pay—administrator's cards—New Orleans commission merchants—a score of them—and a manuscript copy of the "Corporation Laws of Medon," certified to by the hand of the Mayor and Secretary.

These are prepared on the plan of sugar-coated pills, combining the *sauveteur in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. Hitching a horse to a tree or fence, involves a penalty, so the traveller is kindly informed. "Sect. 7. Don't hitch your horse anywhere else only to the rack; you'll grunt when you come to pay a *V* for a little shade!" Sect. 13 says, "You can't play at long bullets (?) in the corporation—fine from one to twenty if you do!" Boys and sportsmen are deterred by Sect. 3. "Those who wish to fire off guns had better go squirrel-hunting, than to shoot in the corporation; and boys must quit their squibs and crackers. Fine one to five dollars!" Surely, no Medonite can prove refractory under such lenient rules.

One side of the wall is covered with "Mitchell's latest map of the United States, printed in 1835," authority of the highest importance in all mooted geographical points.

It is said that the anti-Texas party, in 1844, gained this county through the influence of this venerable map. As it made Texas a *part of Mexico*, it was easy for the politicians to prove that the arrangement could not be disturbed, and disturb it they would not. A big hole is worn through the map, denoting the locality of Medon.

It was one warm August afternoon, that I rode for the first time into this town, to lie by for the Sabbath.

The same stereotyped round of characters fell under my observation that congregate in all country towns in the South. There was the tanyard at the outskirts, with its bark-mill moved by the laziest of mules; and its noisy dogs fed to ferocity upon raw meat. There was the blacksmith's shop, with its wheezy bellows slowly rocked by the blacksmith's arm, as his eye scan-

ned the traveller. Three pale-looking journey-men looked up from their shop board, in the establishment of "Morrison, tailor." A parcel of chaps are congregated around the doggery, engaged in "three jumps, half-hammering" with the shop-weights as propellers. It is wonderful how far men can jump in this kind of sport, who are too lazy to feed their father's mules at home. At this low, one-story, log house, too near the road by half, a group of healthy children are playing, carefully watched by the maternal parent who runs out to stare at me as soon as she hears my horse's heels. Slipshod, ragged and ill-mannered, she is nevertheless amiable in my eyes, for the motherly look she casts upon her offspring, and I involuntarily think of four little ones of my own at home. We come to the town-rack, surrounded by groups of sun-burnt horses, that look wishfully after me, as if expecting that attention from me that is denied them by their own negligent masters. Poor creatures, many of them have stood here, drooping in this unshaded place since morning without a drop of water, while the true brutes—their masters—spent their hours in and about yonder foul place, the doggery. Say, ye preachers of natural perfection, is a man a man "for a' that?" or is he the creature that such cruel actions denote him?

The rack is the true entrance to Medon, all beyond that being the outskirts; or, more elegantly, the *suburbs*.

Now we come to rows of small rooms rented for offices, on which the tin-plates glisten in the down-going sun, with the names of "Dr. Anthony," "James Johnston, attorney-at-law," "Dr. Cutler," "Dr. Smith, botanic physician," "Henry Quackenboss, notary public," and then a daguerrean office, denoted by a frame of likenesses of which the best thing that can be said is, that if they *are* likenesses, the originals deserve our commiseration. The next block of offices is labelled in the same manner, and so is the next. At this time of day, offices of all sorts are empty, their tenants being engaged elsewhere in the general search for recreation.

Before we come to Alcott's, permit me to turn back a quarter of a mile—merely in imagination, however, for, after riding 35 miles this hot day, I wouldn't do it in reality for anything—and describe to you the grave-yard. It is like country grave-yards elsewhere, uninclosed and fearfully dilapidated. Men who were worth fifty thousand lie here, with no mark except a pile of decaying rails upon their breasts; virgins, cherished in life, have no stone to point out their beds; cherub children are left without a visiter—for such is the habit of the country. It is no indication of hardness of heart, it is only the prevailing fashion, and he who would lead the way in introducing a better, "and would teach others so," would deserve national gratitude.

Shortly after the first bell had rung for supper, there drove up a horse and buggy that fixed every attention. The animal, a fine bay, had been driven at a pace that covered him with sweat, which, fastening the dust that flew in clouds at every step, had clothed him as with a coat of yellow paint. The vehicle was thickly

daubed with the same. But it was the inmates that particularly engrossed my observation. I am something of a Lavater in my attachment to the science of physiognomy, and, although frequently mistaken in first judgments, upon the whole, have been rather successful. The couple that descended from the buggy aforesaid, consisted of a man of some forty years, and a lady closely veiled, who seemed to be young. In answer to a question addressed to her by the landlord, she uttered some indistinct tones which led me to think that she had been weeping; but as she hurried into the ladies' apartment, I could not be positive. The man applied himself first to the contents of a glass of whiskey brought from "Our House," and then took his seat amongst us long enough to permit me to make some silent observations. There was an uneasy gaze in his eye that quailed whenever you watched him closely, and he seemed clearly under the impulse of some undefined terror, while at the same time there was a strange look of triumph or gratified desire to me perfectly inexplicable. My science was at fault—either he was a villain or a saint. To the various questions propounded, he made indifferent replies, that soon silenced the inquirers; and when the second bell rang, joined us at the table. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the countenance of his companion, which was that of a girl not more than thirteen years of age, of rare beauty and proportions. She ate scarcely anything—toyed with a few spoonfuls of coffee, and then proposed to her friend to retire. To a remark which he whispered to her, I observed, as I sat directly opposite, that her face became crimson, and she cast at him a look of terror which astonished me. When the supper ended, I hastened to the register and observed the new comers entered as "Dr. Snow and lady, from Whiteville."

Now, I felt confident there was some villainy afloat, for I was well acquainted at Whiteville, and knew of no such person; besides that it was plain to the most ordinary observer that this girl, a mere child, could not be his wife, and I felt an earnest desire to probe the matter to the bottom. I sought Alcott, a fleshy, clever fellow, with dull brains, and told him of my suspicions; but they failed altogether to convince him. Par-taking of the selfish fears of his tribe, "he doubted the propriety of interfering with what didn't belong to him;" said "that widowers often marry young girls in this country," and "his customers wouldn't thank him for meddling," and so he hustled back to the supper-table. All this did not deter me, however. I felt a strange anxiety that grew more and more intense as night approached. It seemed to me that I was called upon to act at every risk. I enquired who was the most eminent lawyer in Medon, and went immediately to his house to consult him. He was everything that a lawyer ought to be—courteous, ready and candid. After hearing my statement with due gravity, he admitted that there was a possibility of wrong, but assured me that unless I could substantiate some personal affinity to the girl, that would do to base a claim upon, it was useless to interfere.

Night had come, and candles were brought in

by one of his daughters, a charming girl, just budding into womanhood. Observing that the lawyer's eye rested upon her with a father's fondness, I ventured the suggestion, "Suppose it were that sweet girl, and in a villain's hands." This brought him to his feet, and he offered to accompany me back to the hotel, and see if anything could be done. We walked into the lady's parlor, and were fortunate enough to find the pair alone, he with a flushed countenance that denoted some wild thought within—she abandoned in excessive grief.

Both started at our entrance, and walked to the window. It was plain to me that some vile project was about to be executed, and so thought the lawyer; and introducing himself to the so-called Dr. Snow, he told him candidly of his suspicions, and firmly but respectfully demanded the cause of the lady's tears. But the lawyer had found a full match for once. The doctor turned to him with a sneer perfectly diabolical in its scorn, and ordered him to go about his business, for his intrusion was perfectly unnecessary.

"This lady can answer for herself," he continued. "Maria, tell the gentleman, dear, whether you need his services. If you do, here is his fee; for the good man must have that, or he will do nothing;" and the fellow actually pulled out a gold piece, and tendered it to the lawyer with an air of impertinence that was inimitable. The latter kept his gaze upon the girl, however, and, as she hesitated for an instant to speak, said—

"Consider, young lady, what you do! If you need a protector, this may be your last chance. You shall not be injured! Speak—can we aid you?"

Her bosom heaved tumultuously, tears flowed rapidly, and, from the expression of her countenance, I felt certain she would accept his offer; when, glancing timidly up, she caught her companion's eye, glittering like a basilisk's upon her, and faintly replying—

"No, oh, no," fell fainting upon the floor.

An hour afterwards, as I sat thoughtful in my bed-room, the door being open for the comfort of ventilation, the pair passed on the way to their chamber, which was the very next to mine, and I heard his voice, in a low, threatening tone—

"If you dare to do it!"

This confirmed my purpose, and, rushing out, I loudly declared that they should not occupy the same room, that night, if I died to prevent it. A scene followed of immense confusion; the boarders en masse gathered around me; the doctor, rushing to his trunk, drew forth his pistols, and fired a ball that did not miss my head an inch; the young lady again fainted, and was borne off by the half-robed landlady and servants; officers were sent for to secure us both; and what would have been the ultimate consequences, none can say, but at that moment a carriage drove furiously to the door, and a loud voice demanded the landlord's presence below.

At the sound, my pugnacious opponent turned pale, and ceased to speak, for up to that instant he had been loudly threatening what vengeance he would take on me.

My triumph had come. The new comer was the distracted parent of the girl, and my interpo-

sition had saved her from the villain. Nothing could exceed his tenderness to his fainting daughter, or his fury when first his eye fell upon her companion. He spit in his face with a loathing that language cannot express, struck him, unarmed and unresisting as he was, for the crowd would have torn the villain limb by limb, had he raised his arm against that grey-haired father, and seemed quite deranged.

The pretended Dr. Snow was a teacher, who had boarded for several months in this gentleman's house, and had requited a thousand kindnesses and attentions by abducting his only child, the flower of his aged years.

The next Circuit Court gave the doctor five years to the penitentiary.

Alcott gives me my bill every time I call on him, for my efforts on behalf of "the sweet girl." The sweet girl, a lovely creature of sixteen, smiles and blushes alternately when I visit at her father's, but never fails to say that she owes her very life to my exertions. Her father says but little about it, but this gold lever which I wear was once his, and I paid nothing for it; this horse was ditto and ditto; and if I had brass enough to accept what his gratitude measures out to me, I might quit collecting shells and flowers, and lie up in clover.

There are many green spots in the past; memory is no heartless jade to present only dark and rugged passages to view. Life has not been altogether barren and cheerless; but of all that I have to treasure up with pleasure and enjoy with delight, this scene at "Alcott's" is one of the most cherished.

THE DIVINING ROD.

[From Dr. Mayo's "Popular Superstitions, and the Truths contained Therein," a book just published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city, we make a curious extract.)

In mining districts, a superstition prevails among the people that some are born gifted with an occult power of detecting the proximity of veins of metal, and of underground currents of water. In Cornwall, they hold that about one in forty possesses this faculty. The mode of exercising it is very simple. They cut a hazel twig, just below where it forks. Having stripped the leaves off, they cut each branch to something more than a foot in length, leaving the stump three inches long. This implement is the divining rod. The hazel is selected for the purpose, because it branches more symmetrically than its neighbors. The hazel-fork is to be held by the branches, one in either hand, the stump or point projecting straight forwards. The arms of the experimenter hang by his sides; but the elbows being bent at a right angle, the fore-arms are advanced horizontally; the hands are held eight to ten inches apart; the knuckles down, and the thumbs outwards. The ends of the branches of the divining fork appear between the roots of the thumbs and fore-fingers.

The operator, thus armed, walks over the ground he intends exploring, in the full expectation that, if he possesses the mystic gift, as soon as he passes over a vein of metal, or an under-

ground spring, the hazel-fork will begin to move spontaneously in his hands, rising or falling as the case may be.

You are possibly amused at my gravely stating, as a fact, an event so unlikely. It is, indeed, natural that you should suppose the whole a juggle, and think the seemingly spontaneous motion of the divining fork to be really communicated to it by the hands of the conjurer—by a sleight, in fact, which he puts in practice when he believes that he is walking over a hidden water-course, or wishes you to believe that there is a vein of metal near. Well, I thought as you do the greater part of my life; and probably the likeliest way of combating your skepticism, will be to tell you how my own conversion took place.

In the summer of 1843, I dwelt under the same roof with a Scottish gentleman, well informed, of a serious turn of mind, fully endowed with the national allowance of shrewdness and caution. I saw a good deal of him; and one day, by chance, this subject of the divining rod was mentioned. He told me, that at one time his curiosity having been raised upon the subject, he had taken pains to ascertain what there is in it. With this object in view he had obtained an introduction to Mrs. R., sister of Sir G. R., then living at Southampton, whom he had learned to be one of those in whose hands the divining rod moved. He visited the lady, who was polite enough to show him in what the performance consists, and to answer all his questions, and to assist him in making experiments calculated to test the reality of the phenomenon, and to elucidate its cause.

Mrs. R. told my friend that, being at Cheltenham in 1806, she saw, for the first time, the divining rod used by Mrs. Colonel Beaumont, who possessed the power of imparting motion to it in a very remarkable degree. Mrs. R. tried the experiment herself at that time, but without any success. She was, as it happened, very far from well. Afterwards, in the year 1815, being asked by a friend how the divining rod is held, and how it is to be used, on showing it she was surprised to see that the instrument now moved in her hands.

Since then, whenever she had repeated the experiment, the power had always manifested itself, though with varying degrees of energy.

Mrs. R. then took my friend to a part of the shrubbery where she knew, from former trials, the divining rod would move in her hands. It did so, to my friend's extreme astonishment; and even continued to move, when, availing himself of Mrs. R.'s permission, my friend grasped her hands with sufficient firmness to prevent, as he supposed, any muscular action of her wrists or fingers influencing the result.

On a subsequent day my friend having thought over what he had seen, repeated his visit to the lady. He provided himself, as substitutes for the hazel-fork which he had seen her employ, with portions of copper and iron wire about a foot and a half long, bent something into the form of the letter V. He had made, in fact, divining forks of wire, wanting only the projecting point. He found that these instruments moved quite as freely in Mrs. R.'s hands as the hazel-fork had

done. Then he coated the two handles of one of them with sealing-wax, leaving, however, the extreme ends free and uncovered. When Mrs. R. tried the rod so prepared, holding the parts alone which were covered with sealing-wax, and walked on the same piece of ground as in the former experiments, the rod remained perfectly still. As often, however, as—with no greater change than adjusting her hands so as to touch the free ends of the wire with her thumbs—Mrs. R. renewed direct contact with the instrument, it again moved. The motion ceased again as often as the direct contact was interrupted.

This simple narrative, made to me by the late Mr. George Fairholm, carried conviction to my mind of the reality of the phenomenon. I asked my friend why he had not pursued the subject further. He said he had often thought of doing so, and had, he believed, mainly been deterred by meeting with the work of the *Compte de Tristan*, entitled *Recherches sur quelques effluves terrestres*, Paris, 1829, in which facts similar to those which he had himself verified were given, and a number of additional curious experiments detailed.

At Mr. Fairholm's instance I procured the book, and, at a later period, read it. I may say that it both satisfied and disappointed me. It satisfied me, inasmuch as it fully confirmed all that Mr. Fairholm had stated. It disappointed me, for it threw no additional light upon the phenomena. M. de Tristan had in fact brought too little physical knowledge to the investigation, so that a large proportion of his experiments are puerile. However, his simpler experiments are valuable and suggestive. These I will presently describe. In the mean time, you shall hear the Count's own narrative of his initiation into the mysteries of the divining rod.

"The history of my researches," says M. de Tristan, "is simply this. Some twenty years ago, a gentleman who, from his position in society, could have no object to gain by deception, showed to me, for my amusement, the movement of the divining rod. He attributed the motion to the influence of a current of water, which appeared to me a probable supposition. But my attention was more engaged with the action produced by the influence, let the latter be what it might. My informant assured me he had met with many others in whom the same effects were manifested. When I returned home, and had opportunities of making trials under favorable circumstances, I found that I myself possessed the same endowment. Since then I have induced many to make the experiment, and I have found a fourth, or certainly a fifth, of the number capable of setting the divining rod in motion at the very first attempt. Since that time, during these twenty years, I have often tried my hand, but for amusement only, and desultorily, and without any idea of making the thing an object of scientific investigation. But at length, in the year 1822, being in the country, and removed from my ordinary pursuits, the subject again came across me, and I determined forthwith to try and ascertain the cause of this phenomena. Accordingly, I commenced a long series of experiments, from fifteen to eighteen hundred in number, which occupied

me nearly fifteen months. The results of above twelve hundred were written down at the time of their performance."

The scene of the Count's operations was in the valley of the Loire, five leagues from Vendôme, in the park of the Chateau de Ranac. The surface of ground which gave the desired results was from seventy to eighty feet in breadth. But there was another spot equally efficient at the Count's ordinary residence at Emerillon, near Clery, four leagues south of Orleans, ten leagues south of the Loire, at the commencement of the plains of Solonge. The surface ran from north to south, and had the same breadth with the other. These "exciting tracts" form, in general, bands or zones of undetermined, and often very great length. Their breadth is very variable; some are only three or four feet across, while others are one hundred paces. These tracts are sometimes sinuous; in other instances they ramify. To the most susceptible they are broader than to those who are less so.

M. de Tristan thus describes what happens when a competent person, armed with a hazel-fork, walks over the exciting districts:—

When two or three steps have been made upon the exciting tract of ground, the fork, which at starting is held horizontally, with the point forwards, begins gently to ascend; it gradually attains a vertical position; sometimes it passes beyond that, and lowering itself, with its point to the chest of the operator, it becomes again horizontal. If the motion continues, the rod descending becomes vertical, with the point downwards. Finally, the rod may again ascend and resume its first position. When the action is very lively, the rod immediately commences a second revolution: and so it goes on, as long as the operator continues to walk over the exciting surface of ground.

A few of those in whose hands the divining fork moves exhibit a remarkable peculiarity. The instrument, instead of commencing its motion by ascending, descends; the point then becomes directed vertically downwards; afterwards it reascends, and completes a revolution in a course the opposite of the usual one; and as often and as long as its motion is excited, it pursues this abnormal course.

Of the numerous experiments made by M. de Tristan, the following are among the simplest and the best:—

He covered both handles of a divining rod with a thick silk stuff. The result of using the instrument so prepared was the same which Mr. Fairholm obtained by coating the handles with sealing-wax. The motion of the divining rod was extinguished.

He covered both handles with one layer of a thin silk. He then found that the motion of the divining rod took place, but it was less lively and vigorous than ordinary,

By covering one handle of the divining rod, and that the right, with a layer of thin silk, a very singular and instructive result was obtained. The motion of the instrument was now reversed. It commenced by descending.

After covering the point of the divining rod

with a thick layer of silk stuff, the motion was sensibly more brisk than it had been before.

When the Count held in his hands a straight rod of the same substance conjointly with the ordinary divining rod, no movement of the latter whatsoever ensued.

Finally, the Count discovered that he could cause the divining rod to move when he walked over a non exciting surface—as, for instance, in his own chamber—by various processes. Of these the most interesting consisted in touching the point of the instrument with either pole of a magnetic needle. The instrument shortly began to move, ascending or descending, according as the northward or southward pole of the needle had been applied to it.

It is unnecessary to add that these, and all M. de Tristan's experiments, were repeated by him many times. The results of those which I have narrated were constant.

Let me now attempt to realize something out of the preceding statements.

1. It is shown by the testimony adduced, that whereas in the hands of most persons the divining rod remains motionless, in the hands of some it moves promptly and briskly when the requisite conditions are observed.

2. It is no less certain that the motion of the divining rod has appeared, to various intelligent and honest persons, who have succeeded in producing it, to be entirely spontaneous; or that the said persons were not conscious of having excited or promoted the motion by the slightest help of their own.

3. It appears that in the ordinary use of the divining rod by competent persons, its motion only manifests itself in certain localities.

4. It being assumed that the operator does not, however unconsciously, by the muscular action of his hands and wrists produce the motion of the divining rod, the likeliest way of accounting for the phenomenon is to suppose that the divining rod may become the conductor of some fluid or force, emanating from or disturbed in the body by a terrestrial agency.

But here a difficulty arises: How can it happen that the hypothetical force makes so long and round-about a course? Why, communicated to the body through the legs, does not the supposed fluid complete a circuit at once in the lower part of the trunk?

Such, at all events, would be the course an electric current so circumstanced would take.

The difficulty raised admits of being removed by aid derived from a novel and unexpected source. I allude to the discovery, by Von Reichenbach, of a new force or principle in the physical world, which, whether or not it is identical with that which gives motion to the divining rod, exhibits, at all events, the very property which the hypothetical principle should possess to explain the phenomena which we have been considering.

No attempts have indeed been made to identify the two as one: and my conjecture that they may prove so, should it even appear plausible, is so vague, that I should have contented myself with referring to Von Reichenbach's new principle as to an established truth and have introduced

no account of it into this letter, had I not a second motive for insuring your cognizance of the curious facts which the Viennese philosopher has brought to light. It is less with the view of furnishing a leg to the theory of the divining rod, than in order to provide the means of elucidating more interesting problems, that I now proceed briefly to sketch the leading experiments made by Von Reichenbach, and their results.

Objections have been taken against these experiments, on the ground that their effects are purely subjective: that the results must be received on the testimony of the party employed; and that the best parties for the purpose are persons whose natural sensibility is exalted by disorder of the nerves; a class of persons always suspected of exaggeration, and even, and in part with justice, of a tendency to trickery and deception. But this was well known to Von Reichenbach, who appears to have taken every precaution necessary to secure his observations against error. And when I add, that many of the results which he obtained upon the most sensitive and the highly nervous, were likewise manifested in persons of established character and in good health, and that the fidelity of the author and his researches is authenticated by the publication of the latter in Woehler and Liebig's *Chemical Annals*, (Supplement to volume 53, Heidelberg, 1845,) I think you will not withhold from them complete reliance.

In general, persons in health, and of a strong constitution, are insensible to the influence of Von Reichenbach's new force. But all persons, the tone of whose health has been lowered by their mode of life—men of sedentary habits, clerks, and the like, and women who employ their whole time in needlework, whose pale complexions show the relaxed and therefore irritable state of their frames—all such, or nearly all—evidence more or less susceptibility to the influence I am about to describe.

Von Reichenbach found that persons of the latter class, when slow passes are made with the poles of a strong magnet moved parallel to the surface—down the back, for instance, or down the limbs, and only distant enough just not to touch the clothes—feel sensations rather unpleasant than otherwise, as of a light draft of air blown upon them in the path of the magnet.

In the progress of his researches, Von Reichenbach found that the more sensitive among his subjects could detect the presence of his new agent by another sense. In the dark they saw dim flames of light issuing and waving from the poles of the magnet. The experiments suggested by this discovery afford the most satisfactory proofs of the reality of the phenomena. They were the following:—A horse-shoe magnet having been adjusted upon a table, with the poles directed upwards, the sensitive subject saw, at the distance of ten feet, the appearance of flames issuing from it. The armature of the magnet—a bar of soft iron—was then applied. Upon this the flames disappeared. They reappeared, she said, as often as the armature was removed from the magnet.

A similar experiment was made with a 

more sensitive subject. This person saw, in the first instance, flames as the first had done; but when the armature of the magnet was applied, the flames did not disappear: she saw flames still, only they were fainter, and their disposition was different. They seemed now to issue from every part of the surface of the magnet equally.

It is hardly necessary to add, that these experiments were made in a well-darkened room, and that none of the bystanders could discern what the sensitive subjects saw.

Then the following experiment was made:—A powerful lens was so placed as that it should concentrate the light of the flames (if real light they were) upon a point of the wall of the room. The patient at once saw the light upon the wall at the right place; and when the inclination of the lens was shifted, so as to throw the focus in succession on different points, the sensitive observer never failed in pointing out the right spot.

To his new force, which Von Reichenbach had now found to emanate likewise from the poles of crystals and the wires of the voltaic pile, he gave the arbitrary but convenient name of *Od*, or the *Od force*.

His next step was to ascertain the existence of a difference among the sensations produced by *Od*. Sometimes the current of air was described as warm, sometimes as cool. He found this difference to depend upon the following cause: Whenever the northward pole of a magnet, or one definite pole of a large crystal, or the negative wire of a voltaic battery, is employed in the experiment, the sensation produced is that of a draft of cool air. On the contrary, the southward pole of the magnet, the opposite pole of the crystal, the positive voltaic wire, excite the sensation of a draft of warm air.

So the new force appeared to be a polar force, and Von Reichenbach called the first series of the above described manifestations *Od-negative* effects, the second *Od-positive* effects.

From among his numerous experiments towards establishing the polarity of *Od*, I select the following:—One of the most sensitive of his subjects held, at his desire, a piece of copper wire, by the middle with the right hand—by one end with the left. Then Von Reichenbach touched the free end of the wire with one pole of a large crystal, in order to charge it with *Od*. The patient immediately felt a sensation in the right hand, which disappeared as quickly, to be felt by the left hand instead, at the further end of the piece of wire. She then was bidden to take hold of the wire with both her hands at the middle, and then to slide them away from each other to the opposite ends: she observed, on doing so, that sensations were produced, which were strong and decided when her hands held the two ends of the wire, and diminished in intensity in proportion as the hands were nearer its middle.

Von Reichenbach next came upon the observation that the human hand gives out the *Od force*; and that the right hand displays the characters of negative *Od*, the left those of positive *Od*. The more sensitive subjects recognized in the dark, the appearance of dim flames proceeding from the tips of his fingers; and all felt the corresponding sensations of drafts of cool or of warm air.

Subsequently the whole body was found to share the properties of the hands; the entire right side to manifest negative *Od*, the entire left side positive *Od*.

So, in reference to this new force, the human body exhibits a transverse polarity; the condition is thus realized which is required to belong to the hypothetical force through which the divining rod might be supposed to move. If any terrestrial influence were capable of disturbing the *Od force* in the body, however it might affect its intensity, a current or circuit could only be established through the arms and hands; unless, indeed, some extraordinary means were taken, such as employing an artificial conductor, arched half round the body, to connect the two sides.

The sensations which attend the establishment of a current of *Od* and interferences with it, in sensitive subjects, are exemplified in the following observations:—

A bar magnet was laid on the palm of the left hand of one of the most sensitive subjects, with its southward pole resting on the end of her middle finger, the northward pole on the fore-arm above the wrist. It thus corresponded with the natural polar arrangement of the *Od force* in the patient's hand and arm. Accordingly, no sensation was excited. But when the position of the magnet was reversed, and the northward pole lay on the end of the middle finger of the left hand, an uneasy sense of an inward conflict arose in the hand and wrist, which disappeared when the magnet was removed or its original direction restored. On laying the magnet reversed on the fore-arm, the sense of an inward struggle returned, which was heightened on joining the hands and establishing a circuit.

When the patient completed the circuit in another way—namely, by holding a bar magnet by the ends, if the latter were disposed normally, (that is, if the northward pole was held in the left hand, the southward pole in the right,) a lively consciousness of some inward action ensued. A normal circulation of *Od* was in progress. When the direction of the magnet was reversed, the phenomenon mentioned in the last paragraph recurred. The patient experienced a high degree of uneasiness, a feeling as of an inward struggle extending itself to the chest, with a sense of whirling round, and confusion in the head. These symptoms disappeared immediately upon her letting go the magnet.

Similar results ensued when Von Reichenbach substituted himself for the magnet. When he took Miss Maix's hands in his normally—that is to say, her left in his right, her right in his left—she felt a circulation moving up the right arm through the chest down the left arm, attended with a sense of giddiness. When he changed hands, the disagreeableness of the sensation was suddenly heightened, the sense of inward conflict arose, attended with a sort of undulation up and down the arms, and through the chest, which quickly became intolerable.

A singular but consistent difference in the result ensued when Von Reichenbach repeated the last two experiments upon Herr Schuh. Herr Schuh was a strong man, thirty years of age, in full health, but highly impressible by *Od*. When

Von Reichenbach took his two hands in his own normally, Herr Schuh felt the normal establishment of the Od current in his arms and chest. In a few seconds headache and vertigo ensued, and the experiment was too disagreeable to be prolonged. But when Von Reichenbach took his hands abnormally, no sensible effect ensued. Being equally strong with Von Reichenbach, Herr Schuh's frame repelled the counter-current, which the latter arrangement tended to throw into him. In the first or normal arrangement, the Od current had met with no resistance, but had simply gone its natural course. The distress occurred *from its being felt* through Herr Schuh's accidental sensitiveness to Od; of the freaks of which in their systems people in general are unconscious.

I have concluded my case in favor of the pretensions of the divining rod. It seems to me, at all events, strong enough to justify any one who has leisure, in cutting a hazel-fork, and walking about with it in suitable places, holding it in the manner described. I doubt, however, whether I should recommend a friend to make the experiment. If, by good luck, the divining rod should refuse to move in his hands, he might accuse himself of credulity, and feel silly, and hope nobody had seen him, for the rest of the day. If, unfortunately, the first trial should succeed, and he should be led to pursue the inquiry, the consequences would be more serious: his probable fate would be to fall at once several degrees in the estimation of his friends, and to pass with the world, all the rest of his life, for a crotchety person of weak intellects.

As for the divining rod itself, if my argument prove sound, it will be a credit to the family of superstitions; for, without any reduction, or clipping, or trimming, it may at once assume the rank of a new truth. But, alas! the trials which await it in that character!—what an ordeal is before it! A new truth has to encounter three normal stages of opposition. In the first, it is denounced as an imposture; in the second—that is, when it is beginning to force itself into notice—it is cursorily examined, and plausibly explained away; in the third, or *cui bone* stage, it is decreed as useless, and hostile to religion. And when it is fully admitted, it passes only under a protest that it has been perfectly known for ages—a proceeding intended to make the new truth ashamed of itself, and wish it had never been born.

I congratulate the sea-serpent on having arrived at the second stage of belief. Since Professor Owen (no disrespect to his genuine ability and eminent knowledge) has explained it into a sea-elephant, its chance of being itself is much improved; and as it will skip the third stage—for who will venture to question the good of a sea-serpent?—it is liable now any morning “to wake and find itself famous,” and to be received even at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where its remains may commemoratively be ticketed the Ex-Great-Seal.

POSTSCRIPT, (1850.)—It may save trouble to some future experimenter to narrate my own exploits with the divining rod.

In the spring of 1847, being then at Weilbach

in Nassau, a region teeming with underground sources of water, I requested the son of the proprietor of the bathing establishment—a tall, thin, pale, white-haired youth, by name Edward Seebold—to walk in my presence up and down a promising spot of ground, holding a divining fork of hazel, with the accessories recommended by M. de Tristan to beginners—that is to say, he held in his right hand three pieces of silver, besides one handle of the rod, while the handle which he held in his left hand was covered with a thin silk.

The lad had not made five steps when the point of the divining fork began to ascend. He laughed with astonishment at the event, which was totally unexpected by him; and he said that he experienced a tickling or thrilling sensation in his hands. He continued to walk up and down before me. The fork had soon described a complete circle; then it described another; and so it continued to do as long as he walked thus, and as often as, after stopping, he resumed his walk. The experiment was repeated by him in my presence, with like success, several times during the ensuing month. Then the lad fell into ill health, and I rarely saw him. However, one day I sent for him, and begged him to do me the favor of making another trial with the divining fork. He did so, but the instrument moved slowly and sluggishly; and when, having completed a semicircle, it pointed backwards towards the pit of his stomach, it stopped, and would go no farther. At the same time, the lad said he felt an uneasy sensation, which quickly increased to pain, at the pit of the stomach, and he became alarmed, when I bade him quit hold of one handle of the divining rod, and the pain ceased. Ten minutes afterwards, I induced him to make another trial; the results were the same. A few days later, when the lad seemed still more out of health, I induced him to repeat the experiment. Now, however, the divining fork would not move at all.

I entertain little doubt that the above performances of Edward Seebold were genuine. I thought the same of the performances of three English gentlemen, and of a German, in whose hands, however, the divining rod never moved through an entire circle. In the hands of one of them its motion was retrograde, or abnormal—that is to say, it began by descending.

But I met with other cases, which were less satisfactory, though not uninteresting. I should observe that, in the hands of several who tried to use it in my presence, the divining fork would not move an inch. But there were two younger brothers of Edward Seebold, and a bath-maid, and my own man, in whose hands the rod played new pranks. When these parties walked *forwards*, the instrument ascended, or moved normally; but when, by my desire, they walked *backwards*, the instrument immediately went the other way. I should observe that, in the hands of Edward Seebold, the instrument moved in the same direction, whether he walked forwards or backwards; and I have mentioned that at first it described in his hands a complete circle. But with the four parties I have just been speaking of, the motion of the fork was always limited in

extent. When it moved normally at starting, it stopped after describing an arc of about 225° ; in the same way, when it moved abnormally at starting, it would stop after describing an arc of about 135° ; that is to say, there was one spot the same for the two cases, beyond which it could not get. Then I found that, in the hands of my man, the divining rod would move even when he was standing still, although with a less lively action; still it stopped as before, nearly at the same point. Sometimes it ascended, sometimes descended. Then I tried some experiments, touching the point with a magnetic needle. I found, in the course of them, that when my man knew which way I expected the fork to move, it invariably answered my expectations; but when I had the man blind-folded, the results were uncertain and contradictory. The end of all this was, that I became certain that several of those in whose hands the divining rod moves, set it in motion and direct its motion by the pressure of their fingers, and by carrying their hands nearer to, or farther apart. In walking forwards, the hands are unconsciously borne towards each other; in walking backwards, the reverse is the case.

Therefore, I recommend no one to prosecute these experiments unless he can execute them himself, and unless the divining rod describes a complete circle in his hands; and even then he should be on his guard against self-deception.

POSTSCRIPT II.—I am now (May, 1851) again residing at the bathing establishment of Weilbach, near Mayence; and it was with some interest and curiosity that the other day I requested Mr. Edward Seebold, now a well-grown young man, in full health, to try his hand again with the divining rod. He readily assented to my request; and he this time knew exactly what result I expected. But the experiment entirely failed. The point of the divining rod rose, as he walked, not more than two or three inches; but this it does with every one who presses the two handles towards each other during the experiment. Afterwards, the implement remained perfectly stationary. I think I am not at liberty to withhold this result from the reader, whom it may lead to question, though it cannot induce myself to doubt, the genuineness of the former performances of Mr. E. S.

FADING.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long; another spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for thine—
Sealed in a sleep which knows no waking.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest, then: death should come
Gently, to one of gentle mould like thee.

As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,

Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

ANTIDOTE FOR MELANCHOLY.

"Ah, friend K——, good morning to you; I'm really happy to see you looking so cheerful. Pray, to what unusual circumstance may we be indebted for this happy, smiling face of yours, this morning?" (Our friend K—— had been, unfortunately, of a very desponding and somewhat of a choleric turn of mind, previously.)

"Really, is the change so perceptible, then? Well, my dear sir, you shall have the secret; for, happy as I appear—and be assured, my appearances are by no means deceptive, for I never felt more happy in my life—it will still give me pleasure to inform you, and won't take long, either. It is simply this; I have made a whole family happy!"

"Indeed! Why, you have discovered a truly valuable recipe for blues, then, which may be used *ad libitum*, eh, K——?"

"You may well say that. But, really, my friend, I feel no little mortification at not making so simple and valuable a discovery at an earlier period of my life. Heaven knows," continued K——, "I have looked for contentment everywhere else. First, I sought for *wealth* in the gold mines of California, thinking that was the true source of all earthly joys; but after obtaining it, I found myself with such a multiplicity of cares and anxieties, that I was really more unhappy than ever. I then sought for pleasure in travelling. This answered somewhat the purpose of dissipating cares, etc., so long as it lasted; but, dear me, it gave no permanent satisfaction. After seeing the whole world, I was as badly off as Alexander the Great. He cried for another world to *conquer*, and I cried for another world to *see*."

The case of our friend, I imagine, differs not materially from that of a host of other seekers of contentment in this productive world. Like "blind leaders of the blind," our invariable fate is to go astray in the universal race for happiness. How common is it, after seeking for it in every place but the right one, for the selfish man to lay the whole blame upon this fine world—as if any body was to blame but himself. Even some professors of religion are too apt to libel the world. "Well, this is a troublesome world, to make the best of it," is not an uncommon expression; neither is it a truthful one. "Troubles, disappointments, losses, crosses, sickness, and death, make up the sum and substance of our existence here," add they, with tremendous emphasis, as if they had no hand in producing the sad catalogue. The trouble is, we set too high a value on our own merits; we imagine ourselves deserving of great favors and privileges, while we are doing nothing to merit them. In this respect, we are not altogether unlike the young man in the parable, who, by-the-bye, was also a professor—he professed very loudly of having done all those good things "from his youth up." But when the command came, "go sell all thou hast, and give to the poor," &c., it soon took the conceit out of him.

In this connection, there are two or three seemingly important considerations, which I feel some delicacy in touching upon here. However,

in the kindest possible spirit, I would merely remark that there is a very large amount of wealth in the Church—by this I include its wealthy members, of course; and refer to no particular denomination; by Church, I mean all Christian denominations. Now, in connection with this fact, such a question as this arises in my mind—and I put it, not for the purpose of fault-finding, for I don't know that I have a right view of the matter, but merely for the consideration of those who are fond of hoarding up their earthly gains, viz.: Suppose the modern Church was composed of such professors as the self-denying disciples of our Saviour,—with their piety, simplicity, and this wealth: what think you, would be the consequence? Now I do not intend to throw out any such flings, as “Comparisons are odious”—“This is the modern Christian age”—“The age of Christian privileges,” and all that sort of nonsense. Still, I am rather inclined to the opinion that if we were all—in and out of the Church—disposed to live up to, or carry out what we professedly know to be right, it would be almost as difficult to find real trouble, as it is now to find real happiness.

The sources of contentment, and discontentment, are discoverable, therefore, without going into a metaphysical examination of the subject. Just in proportion as we happen to discharge, or neglect known duties, are we, according to my view, happy or miserable on earth.

Philosophy tells us that our happiness and well-being depends upon a conformity to certain unalterable laws—moral, physical, and organic—which act upon the intellectual, moral, and material universe, of which man is a part, and which determine, or regulate the growth, happiness, and well-being of all organic beings. These views, when reduced to their simple meaning, amount to the same thing, call it by what name we will. Duties of course, imply legal or moral obligations, which we are, certainly, legally or morally bound to pay, perform, or discharge. And certain it is, there is no getting over them—they are as irresistible as Divine power, as universal as Divine presence, as permanent as Divine existence, and no art, nor cunning of man can disconnect unhappiness from transgressing them. How necessary to our happiness, then, is it, not only to know, but to perform our whole duty?

One of the great duties of man in this life, and, perhaps, the most neglected, is that of doing good, or benefiting one another. That doing good is clearly a duty devolving upon man, there can be no question. The benevolent Creator in placing man in the world, endowed him with mental and physical energies, which clearly denote that he is to be active in his day and generation. Active in what? Certainly not in mischief, for that would not be consistent with Divine Goodness. Neither should we suppose that we are here for our own sakes simply. Such an idea would be presumptuous. For what purpose, then, was man endowed with all these facilities of mind and body, but to do good and glorify his Maker? True philosophy teaches that benevolence was not only the design of the Creator in all His works, but the fruits to be expected from

them. The whole infinite contrivances of everything above, around and within us, are directed to certain benevolent issues, and all the laws of nature are in perfect harmony with this idea. That such is the design of man may also be inferred from the happiness which attends every good action, and the misery of discontentment which attends those who, not only do wrong, but are useless to themselves and to society. Friend K——'s case, above quoted, is a fair illustration of this truth.

Now, then, if it is our duty to do all the good we can, and I think this will be admitted, particularly by the Christian, and this be measured by our means, and opportunity, then there are many whom Providence has blessed with the means, and opportunity, of doing a very great amount of good. And if it be true, as it manifestly is, that “it is more blessed to give than receive,” then has Providence also blessed them with very great privileges. The privilege of giving liberally, and thus obtaining for themselves the greater blessing, which is the result of every benevolent action, the simple satisfaction with ourselves which follows a good act, or consciousness of having done our duty in relieving a fellow-creature, are blessings indeed, which none but the good or benevolent can realize. Such kind spirits are never cast down. Their hearts always light and cheerful—rendered so by their many kind offices,—they can always enjoy their neighbors, rich or poor, high or low, and love them too; and with a flow of spirits which bespeak a heart all right within, they make all glad and happy around them.

Doing good is an infallible antidote for melancholy. When the heart seems heavy, and our minds can light upon nothing but little naughty perplexities, everything going wrong, no bright spot or relief anywhere for our crazy thoughts, and we are finally wound up in a web of melancholy, depend upon it there is nothing, nothing which can dispel this angry, ponderous and unnatural cloud from our *rheumatic minds* and *consciences* like a charity visit—to give liberally to those in need of succor, the poor widow, the suffering, sick, and poor, the aged invalid, the lame, the blind, &c., &c.; all have a claim upon your bounty, and how they will bless you and love you for it—anyhow, they will thank kind Providence for your mission of love. He that makes one such visit will make another and another; he can't very well get weary in such well doing, for his is the greater blessing. It is a blessing indeed: how the heart is lightened, the soul enlarged, the mind improved, and even health; for the mind being liberated from perplexities, the body is at rest, the nerves in repose, and the blood, equalized, courses freely through the system, giving strength, vigor, and equilibrium to the whole complicated machinery. Thus we can think clearer, love better, enjoy life, and be thankful for it.

What a beautiful arrangement it is that we can, by doing good to others, do so much good to ourselves! The wealthy classes, who “rise above society like clouds above the earth, to diffuse an abundant dew,” should not forget this fact. The season has now about arrived, when the good

people of all classes will be most busily engaged in these delightful duties. The experiment is certainly worth trying by all. If all those desponding individuals, whose chief comfort is to growl at this "troublesome world," will but take the hint, look trouble full in the face and relieve it, they will, like friend K—, feel much better.

It may be set down as a generally correct axiom, (with some few exceptions, perhaps, such as accidents, and the deceptions and cruelties of those whom we injudiciously select for friends and confidants, from our want of discernment,) that life is much what we make it, and so is the world.

ART AND SCIENCE.

EXPLOSIVE FORCES.—Repeated attempts to derive a useful motor from explosive compounds were made during the last century. No devices were matured, not because of insuperable difficulties to be overcome, but principally on account of the increasing popularity of steam. It was doubtful that any competing energy could stand before that agent; but now things are different. Steam engines have been greatly improved and extended, and the arts have reached a point where a more portable power has become greatly desirable. It is only as the requirements of advancing society present new exigencies, and such as current forces can not meet, that we begin to look seriously for others.

Though few have been developed, explosive forces are beyond question multitudinous, and include every imaginable quality and intensity. No systematic inquiry into their various natures and numbers has been undertaken—it is not time yet for that—nor into the means of drilling them to useful labor. Many persons have supposed them untamable; that their fitful violence incapacitated them for working steadily as other inorganic servants do;—an error, certainly. There is no active energy, revealed or to be revealed, no matter how refractory in its habits or paroxysmal in its manifestations, but will be subdued by man. It is his mission to make them all subservients. Give him time. Crumbling Cheops was not raised in a day, nor are the lasting edifices of civilization and science to be finished in a century. Some imagine their spires are already penetrating the clouds, while, in reality, it is their foundation courses only that are laid.

USE OF COLORED GLASSES IN FOGS.—The following curious observation is made by M. Luvini, of Turin:—"When there is a fog between two corresponding stations, so that the one station can with difficulty be seen from the other, if the observer passes a colored glass between his eye and the eye-piece of his telescope, the effect of the fog is very sensibly diminished, so that frequently the signals from the other station can be very plainly perceived, when, without the colored glass, the station itself could not be seen. The different colors do not all produce this effect in the same degree. The red seems the most proper for the experiment. Those who have good sight prefer the dark red; those who are short-sighted like light red better. The explanation of

this effect seems to depend upon the fact that the white color of the fog strikes too powerfully upon the organ of sight, especially if the glass have a somewhat large field. On the contrary, by placing a colored glass between the eye of the observer and the eye-glass of the instrument, the intensity of the light is much diminished by the interception of a part of the rays: the observer's eye is less wearied, suffers less, and consequently distinguishes better the outlines of the object observed."

IMPROVEMENTS IN PAPIER-MACHE.—Charles Bilefield, a papier-mache manufacturer of London, has invented some very great and important improvements in the making of different kinds of articles out of papier-mache. He makes the substance, not out of paper, as has been heretofore practiced, but out of cotton rags, the substance of which paper is made. Picture frames having the appearance of the finest carved work, and resembling oak, mahogany, bronze, &c., likewise panels, partitions, pillars, and grate slabs, resembling the finest marble, are made out of old rags. These preparations are water-proof and sound proof, and they will stand any climate without cracking or warping. They can be cut, filed, sawed, planed, turned on a lathe, nailed, screwed, and are bad conductors of heat; therefore, they are excellent for both hot and cold climates. He has lately had the fitting up of the interior of a new steamboat for the Pasha of Egypt, wood and other ornamental work not being able to stand the dry climate of that country. It is the intention of the inventor to make slabs of his material for the walls of houses, as a substitute for stone and iron. The blocks can all be moulded to fit into one another, so that they can be carried to any distance, and then fitted up with screws.

BURNING SMOKE.—Two years ago the cities in England and Scotland were like smoked hams, owing to the dense volumes of smoke which filled the atmosphere, by the use of bituminous coal. The fields of grain were black in appearance from the same cause, and the hedges were in the like condition. Now all is changed; the sky is no longer like a smoke-house: the rains descend in clear streams, not in inky rivulets; the houses begin to look as if their faces were washed, and the hedges begin to wear their old dark green appearance. All this has been accomplished by an Act of Parliament making it penal for factories to let their smoke escape. The smoke is all burned by simple contrivances of furnaces. A Commission of Government first established that the burning of smoke was perfectly practicable, and Parliament then enforced the fact by law. The factory and mill owners soon found out how to fulfil the conditions of this law, and the result is, they save a great deal of fuel by the operation. Like many other good things, this important improvement at first met with a great deal of opposition; there are some men who cannot judge when a good turn is done to them, and we can say that this is true in respect to many useful inventions.—*Scientific American.*

HUMBLE WORTH.

Tell me not that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare;
Tell me not his daily pittance
Is a workman's scanty fare.
Tell me not his birth is humble,
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his actions?
That is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no blame?
Then I care not if he's low-born—
Then I ask not whence his name.
Would he from an unjust action
Turn away with scornful eye?
Would he, than defraud another,
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard-gained earnings
On a brother in distress?
Would he succor the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrongs redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem;
And I care not what his birth-place
In the eye of man may seem.

Let it be a low, thatch'd hovel:
Let it be a clay-built cot:
Let it be a parish work-house—
In my eye it matters not.
And, if others will disown him
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do it—I befriend him
As a brother to the last.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky:
The rocks yield founts of courage
Struck forth as by thy rod—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
Where Thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by Thy breath are stirr'd!
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy Spirit walks abroad—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darts
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for Thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod—

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves:
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode!
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of Thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows, and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

DEAR FRIEND:—"Whilst I in Mercury float
round the sun in fiery circles, you wander heavily
and wearily in your remote Saturn, far from the
centre of life." Thus, excellent friend, were you
so polite as to write in your letter from Mercury—
England. I now send you my salutation from
Saturn—Sweden; (what an opportunity for en-
lightenment this communication between the
planets will open!) and my thanks also for your
communication respecting the life in Mercury. I
see that it is as I have been told, that the wheels
of existence hurry on with precipitate speed, like
that of the steam-engine; that day and night
change rapidly; that business goes on by high
pressure. "That is life! that is action!" you ex-
claim. And yet, you eternal tourist, you are
wearied and out of humor—that must be the
case, I believe, when people are perpetually out of
breath with mere exertion!—and write at every
station on your route, like a certain travelled
Swede in the day-book of an Italian hotel, "Mal-
contentissimo!" and proceed farther, forever
seeking a "contentissimo," whilst you begin to des-
pair of ever finding one. Think about coming to
Saturn! You shudder, you are afraid of stiffening
with the cold there. Do you not remember that
Saturn has a glowing belt! Think, if after all
that should be the light of an inward, deep,
warm flame of life!

But I will not deceive you. Here, as in Jupi-
ter, in Venus, and in Mercury, people may be-
come torpid, weary, stiff with cold, as in many
other places, whether amid volcanic lava or the
ice of the north-pole. But here, as everywhere
else, the people can live, work, and enjoy them-
selves; the thing is, how do they conduct their
life? The greatest of all arts is to live!—the
greatest of all arts and sciences! For a thousand
years has man labored after this, and labors for it
still. And that which all are seeking for in com-
mon is, some life which will make the heart leap,
which will make it a pleasure to rise in the morn-
ing, which will make the stars of night speak of
peace and hope, which causes in all ages a content-
ment which cannot be resisted; a perpetually re-

producing, perpetually vivifying contentment. You ask, "can this be produced on the earth?" Permit, oh winged son of Mercury, that a bear out of the woods of Saturn answer you, "yes?" "Under what circumstances?" One great thought in the soul which lights up existence; also our own aim in life; and for each day its own work; an organized activity which will make our lives a week of tranquil working-days, at the close of which we may look back, in the joyous rest of the Sabbath, upon our work, and, notwithstanding its defects, may still hope that it is good. Behold here a happiness for all! I do not know whether it may be found in Fourier's Phalanstere—from which God preserve me!—but this I know, that it may be found under a Swedish roof of turf, and that I, among my own family, am not a long way from it.

Some other time we will talk about the great thought—to-day we will merely speak of that still life which people can lead here, whilst out of doors the snow lies a yard deep. "Still life!" I hear you exclaim almost contemptuously; and you think immediately about stagnant water and the like. But no; by the eternal sun! I know of no other kind of life than that which aspires, improves, develops itself. But the aspiration may be more inward than outward, and the improvement a calm development of life and of knowledge. Blessed, therefore, is the "movement" of the present time which enables us from our humble homes and huts to behold the whole world; which brings all the noble fruits of inquiry home to our orchards. The sciences make themselves popular, as a means of elevating the masses of the people. (In this respect they resemble—I know whom!) Pluto, Fauna, and Flora, and the heavenly Urania descend, like the gods of old, and in certain human shapes enter our dwellings, to impart to us of their treasures. The newspapers—do you know the origin of newspapers, my brother?—I will tell you.

Hugin and Munin, Odin's two wise ravens, which every day took a flight round the world, in order to inform their master of all that occurred there, now and then alighted to rest themselves upon the little mole-hills of the earth, and in this way they made acquaintance with the crows and magpies of the world. The immortal birds became enamoured of the mortal, and—you see my meaning—the offspring of these now fly round the world in the shape of gazettes, journals, and such like. They have inherited from their parents something immortal, and something mortal: something of the firmament, and something of the clod; something of Odin's nature, and something of the crow and magpie nature. And in the degree in which these dissimilar natures preponderate is their appearance and their speech. At all events, they are in the service of the All-benificent; and I and you, the shoemaker, the king—nobody in the world can live without them. With them we travel every day round the world; and in what a comfortable way—in our undress, in our arm-chair, and with our coffee!—survey new lands, whether in the realms of thought or of action, observe all that goes on in China as well as America—to say nothing of the antipodes. With them, and by

means of them, we see an infinite deal which we should not see without them. And the fact is, that the broader a man's range of vision, the deeper his insight into things, the safer he can both stand and act. In short, if we, who are absorbed by our homes, our interests, our love, only knew the wealth which is revealed to us at this present moment, we should possess, in mere observation alone, a perpetually flowing spring of perpetually vigorous life-enjoyment.

But *apropos* of home, I forgot just now to mention one condition for happiness on earth which, according to my feelings, is indispensable, and that is—a peaceful home, with good hearts in it, and bright eyes, and in whose select, warm circle, man, in union with noble fellow-minds, may pass innocent and happy days. I once heard three stout gentlemen talking about happiness. The one said that a man might always be happy if he would; and the other said, that was not so easy, because the stomach had so much to do in the business; to which the third remarked, that before everything else the cravings of the stomach ought to be appeased: to which I will make reply, "Gentlemen! as a matter of course, people must have a sufficiency; must have enough of food, clothes, house-room, and the like; but, gentlemen, what is *enough* of outward necessities as compared with inward, will be understood by the wise only, and they only will value of the outward the right proportion. Gentlemen, I do not explain this expression—that will explain itself."

But I must now conduct you into my home, my humble home; but still there is to be found there the best which can be found under the sun, from the juice of the grape, and silk, and gilding—but all in the right proportion to my ability, my position in life, and my requirements, which I do not allow to go swarming about after pleasure, but put them early under a queen-bee's guidance.

"He is always satisfied with himself and what belongs to him;" you may, perhaps, dear brother, somewhat calumniously remark. We have a great festival to-day, you must know, and it may possibly so happen that the smell of candles, and—now, also, there is an abominable smell of sealing-wax! That is because my wife is packing up and sealing Christmas-boxes? The smell of tarts and roast meat, and the rejoicing of children, get rather into my head. It is Christmas-eve, dear brother, a day which, through the whole of Sweden, is celebrated in castle and cottage, with gifts given and received; with the best that people have of this world's wealth. For a month past one has seen that the festival was coming by the increase of life and bustle over the whole country, as if the whole country got itself ready for a feast. In the capital it seems as if a population of 80,000 souls had, all at once, increased to 100,000, and as if the bodies of all their souls had no more rest within the house. People drive, people walk, or rather people trudge up and down, from morning till night. People meet, people cross, people jostle one another in the crowds, in streets and lanes. At the turning on each hand one hears the words, "Your most humble servant!" And in the Great West street in particular, people are in peril of their life—if they are poor foot-passengers, like me. In the shops

the ladies elbow one another, under the pleasant pretence of desiring to see this and that; examine, consider, turn over and over, ask questions, chatter, cheapen, and finally open their pocket-books and put in the bill; and then, without any impropriety, go out with their parcels, be they large or small, oblong or four-cornered, wrapped up with ingenuity in waste paper, and tied with pack-thread. The ladies, in their elegant pelisses, float to their elegant carriages, attended to the door by the gentlemen of the shops, who ask with low bows, "Shall I send them home?—shall I add them to the account?" A nod, or gracious "be so kind!" the window is pulled up, the whip cracks—the bills swell out! 500 rix-dollars for fine dresses; 1000 for gold and silver stuffs; 2000 for fine wines. Such purchases make them, the powerful money-potentates, and then drive home to scold about a few pence, and grumble over the dear times. "Two farthings' worth of ginger-bread!" demands little Janne, in his ragged coat, and with his nose-end red with the cold, standing before the paradise of the huckster's stall, gets called little friend by its red-breasted cherub, receives two brown hearts, pays his money contentedly, goes his way as happy as a—prince? No, because a prince has too much to be happy with so little—but as a little, poor, good-hearted lad, who is as proud as can be to bid his little sister to a feast.

In the great market-place, booth after booth is opened in long rows, each one filled with bread, books, stuffs of all kinds, confectioneries, and with—everything in the world. It is the Christmas-market. And all the world—in Stockholm—goes to the Christmas-market to make purchases and to look about. Behind all this visible movement there is another movement in operation, which is invisible. There are, at this time, in Stockholm, tailors, seamstresses, shoemakers, carriage-builders, furriers, lace-weavers, gloves, in a word, makers and workers of every kind, who are not so lucky as to deceive more than twenty times in the day, with their "it shall be ready this evening!" "in the morning!" "by the end of the week!" "the very first of all!" which means the very last.

Thus it goes on in the month of December in the capital, and thus, no doubt, down to the very least of Swedish towns. In the country it is fresh life. Every mistress of a house steeps the fish, makes candles, and stuffs puddings. Every maid-servant is overhead in business. All heads and all hands are busy for Christmas. All men and all domestic animals will be fed plentifully; even sparrows will sing of Christmas on their appointed sheaf of oats; and human sparrows—the beggars—will be abundantly fed from rich men's tables. The earth experiences the truth of the Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

At this time there is an end of all candor and confidence in the family. Husbands and wives, parents, children, brothers and sisters, relations and friends, all conceal themselves from one another, all have secrets from one another, all have something to hide or withdraw from each other's sight. And an observer might think that such things testified but indifferently for the happiness

of Swedish homes if the mirror of the soul, the eye, was not in the meantime become more loving and friendly than ever. But with roguish gravity, and repressed breath, the spirit of secrecy goes about sealing all lips until—all at once—as if by a magic stroke—amid the darkest night of the year, millions of lights are kindled, and, like a festive board, stands on the twenty-fourth of December, the whole kingdom of Sweden, from Lapmark down to Skone, and millions of voices exclaim the while, "it is Christmas! it is Christmas!"

The genius of equality never reigned thus absolutely in the old States of the republic, as this evening throughout Sweden. A groat-ladle is the sceptre in his hand. The odor of sweet groats prevails over the whole kingdom, and in its atmosphere breathe all, in a brotherly concord, high and low, great and small. Christmas-candles burn in castle and cottage. Such is Christmas-eve. But the light which is thus kindled extends much farther; and, like a circling wheel—pleasure follows pleasure for a long succession of days. There is dancing in cities, in towns, in hamlets. People drive, people feast, people play, and amid the sportive hours, a more gladsome turn is often given to serious life. Many a grudge; much ill-will disappears amid the "borrowed fire," and, Spirit, dost not observe something? Many a happy bond is knit for life amid blind man's buff and "hide the ring—hide the ring, show it to no one!" And so people go on till the twentieth day of Christmas, which is also called Knot, and which puts one upon the thread of Christmas pleasures. Christmas ends then; and on this evening, conformably with old Swedish custom, Christmas is danced out.

In the midst of this garland of sports and pleasures occurs the great festival of the Church, full of solemnity and light. On this occasion the churches are filled with people. The true religion of God is the friend of joy and animation. Therefore we rejoice at Christmas.

And now again is this festival come, and everywhere people think about giving pleasure to themselves, and, what is better, of giving pleasure to others. Oh! what delight I had in childhood for many weeks before Christmas, in thinking upon the Christmas-boxes with which I should surprise my parents, and brothers and sisters. I remember, in particular, a sketch, a landscape of my own composition, with which I designed to astonish and delight my father. I awoke every morning with this in my mind. It was a very ambitious work. Every thing was there: the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea; sun-rise; a vessel under sail; a Roman aqueduct in ruins; a rushing mountain-torrent, beside which sat a shepherd, playing on his flute to his flock, (a union of the sublime and the beautiful!) two travelling gentlemen, (the one was to represent my father) who, from a path down the Alps, observed all this, and were enraptured. The joy of the artist,—the child's love; the child's, or rather human nature's—self-love united to make my heart beat with the thought of the evening on which this sublime composition should be exhibited to the light, be admired by my father and the whole family, perhaps even by the provost and burgo-

master; and—who knows?—perhaps the fame of it might go over the whole city. I did not remark, until the picture was finished, that the Mediterranean chanced to lie above the aqueduct; that the ship could not avoid striking against the sun; that the Alps looked like confectionery, and my father like a highwayman. My good father had not the heart to enlighten me on this subject; so that, although my masterpiece did not, by any means, cause the rapture which I expected, yet I remained for this time unpunished for my presumption. But ah! I fear that the hour of retribution is come: that my first-born son inherits my artistical talent and designs, to prepare for me a surprise like that which I, once upon a time, prepared for my father. I have seen something horribly shining forth from his drawing-board, and which, as I came nearer, was concealed with mighty haste. I wish, that when my hour comes, I may restrain myself as well as my deceased father did. We have now, for several days, been so full of mysteries one with another, and have attempted to hide in all corners with our intrigues, that I am quite weary of it, and long for the Christmas-goat, which will explain all. And, anon, his hour will be come. The clock strikes seven; I hear the voice of my wife, which orders tea and saffron cakes, "and lights in the parlor." Now beat the hearts of the children, and—I almost think—mine also! I leave you, and will continue my letter to-morrow.

Christmas Day.

You should have seen them, my four children, dancing round the Christmas-tree, which hung full of apples, gingerbread, and other gimcracks; you should have seen them in the light of the Christmas candles, beaming with joy, skipping, singing, laughing in unrestrained life-enjoyment, and you would not have wondered that I, absorbed by the observation of the joyous picture, did not remark that the contents of my tea-cup which I poured into the saucer ran over, until I perceived something warm at my side, and to my horror, saw a grey pool upon the red worsted damask of the sofa. I immediately wiped it up, fortunately unobserved by my wife; but many will be the wonderings as to how and when that stain came upon it!

And now we were all assembled; my wife—an excellent wife, I assure you, but almost too great a hater of stains upon furniture—my wife, my wife's husband, two young relations: the Student N., and Mamsell Mina, and my four children. We drank tea and dipped in great slices of saffron bread. We ought to have talked and made believe that nothing was going to happen. But it would not do. The state of the weather was attempted. I thought we should have snow; the Student, that we should have thaw; my wife's idea was, that we should soon have winter; mine, that we had winter already; Mamsell Mina's, that we should have an early spring, and so on. In the meantime, the children began to cast expressive glances one at another, and then quickly I saw my eldest daughter, with diplomatic address, steal out of the room, and then the rest, one after another. Nobody observed it—Heaven forbid! but my wife smiled, and so did I.

In a little while the children again entered, and now, in solemn procession, the eldest first, the youngest last.

My eldest daughter, a twelve-year old and very patriotic girl, stepped forward towards me with a waistcoat in her hand, which she herself had worked for me; and which blazed with the colors of the Swedish flag—yellow and blue: both waistcoat and girl I clasped tenderly to my heart. My first-born son, a promising youth of thirteen, presented at the same time to his mother, with some pride, a colossal long-legged footstool, which, with a certain fear and circumspection, she received into her hands, uttering a joyous exclamation of applause at this, his first masterpiece of carpentry. After this he approached me, and, with a certain degree of horror, I saw a great paper in his hand. "Now it comes!" thought I. I saw, in spirit, the Alps, the Mediterranean Sea, the sun, myself—myself, even!—but, the gentle stars be thanked! it was better than I expected: for, as with terror I took the paper into my hands, I saw no Alps, only a pair of human heads, which seemed to be goring one another—although it was meant to represent kissing—yet, still, the whole thing was so human, that I could with great truth answer my wife's somewhat uneasily questioning glances by—"Ay, ay! look here, now. At his age I could hardly have done better myself!"

My six-year-old Willie, a little quiet lad, given to looking after relics, and who must be designed for an antiquary—I had a presentiment regarding the Christmas gift which, with some importance, he presented to his mother. This was a collection of remarkable things which he had found—crooked pins, broken-pointed needles, headless nails, glittering grains of sand, little pieces of gilding, a possible piece of money, and such-like curiosities, which caused us to burst into a hearty laugh. This embarrassed the little collector, and filled his eyes with tears, which we immediately kissed away, and assumed that demeanor of respect with which one regards relics from Herculaneum. And as among these treasures we discovered an old Northern coin of real value, then were my little fellow and I proud and glad. Bertha, my little darling—she, with her own small dear fingers, had made her first essay at hemming on a pocket-handkerchief, which father and mother were to use alternately, or in company. The two young relations also came forth modestly with their presents. The student, with verses which he dedicated to my wife and me, in which "the strength of the North" was spoken of, Ygdrasil and Ragnarok, and again "the strength of the North." Mamsell Mina presented us with an especially beautiful piece of work, for which, with crimsoning cheeks, she received our thanks.

Whilst we—my wife and I—were more closely examining our Christmas-gifts by the light, turning them in every direction, and finding them all remarkable, there suddenly was heard a thundering noise at the door. Great sensation! especially among the younger part of the company. Immediately afterwards the door opened, and there entered a beast which might have put to flight all the wild beasts of Africa, but which saluted with

great good-will the small community in the room. This was the Christmas-goat, with great horns, with wild shaggy eye-brows, and many characteristics of the monster: behind him came a young servant-maid with a baking trough full of Christmas-boxes. And immediately was the room bombarded with these. They rolled about, and flew here and there, and after them the four children, amid a tumult of delight. A terrible tumult was this. The long legs of my first-born occasioned a dreadful convulsion among chairs and tables, and, as I feared, even upon his own masterpiece of carpentry. Amid the universal tumult, I happened to see my wife wrap something up in her shawl: it seemed to me to be the ruins of the colossal footstool, and I fancied that three legs were missing!

Every seven or ten minutes the Christmas-goat made a volcanic movement, upon which many little packets were flung up into the air. At one time a half-anchor, and then a half-cask, was rolled in; and all these had to be brought to the light, and there, in presence of all, their inscriptions read, which contained many odd and significant puns *jeu d'esprits*, which were duly interpreted. In various of the verses I perceived the young genius of the student: and in many of the jokes the merry humor of Mina. Two hours were spent amid frolics of this kind, and the peals of laughter which they excited. At the end of that time the young student stood in a new black suit, and, striking his hand upon his breast, declaimed, I know not what sort of tragi-comic oration, before Mamsell Mina, and she, almost killing herself with laughter, attempted to answer him in the same spirit. My first-born made *entrechats* on *entrechats* around a library of ten volumes: my eldest daughter danced before her new hat; Willie beat a drum; and little Bertha embraced a cat of pasteboard, and gave it the most loving of pet names. That was a confusion, but it was a confusion which did the heart good. All the young ones found their wishes gratified; and each and all had therein his sugar-plum to suck at a future time.

And now we had to eat, and after that to sleep; both of which were difficult for the children, who now could see nothing, could occupy themselves with nothing, but their Christmas-boxes. Each one took his most precious gift to table. Little Bertha's cat must go with her to bed. Every one longed for the morrow, that he might the better examine his splendid treasures. Whilst they lay and talked of these, slumber came and kissed the words from their lips. They now lie and sleep. Joyous evening! God be praised for thee, and that thou comest and lightest up a portion of our long dark winter with a ray of that light which once, in the darkness of the world, was kindled at the cradle of a child. Beautiful, also, is the old Swedish custom of allowing all children to celebrate the birth of the Child of God. I have been a child, and have wept, and laughed, and wept again, like all my little April-mooded compeers, quickly forgetting the occasion both of smiles and tears. I have become a man, and have experienced the sorrows of life, and the pleasures of the world: they are now only as a dimmed memory; but, like a newly-kindled

light—like a clear, crackling winter's fire—flames up before my mind the delights of Christmas evening in my childhood. Many a pleasure, many a breeze of spring, many a bright beam of autumn sunshine, may still cheer the aged; but the joy of Christmas-eve, that indescribable, unmixed, innocently-intoxicating delight, experiences he never more! Yet he still can enjoy it, in the gladness of children—his own, or—others!

Come to Sweden, George. Celebrate with us next Christmas-eve; and let us together drink a health to all good parents and happy children for Christmas this year, and every year until the end of time!

Your friend,

F. B.

HEART-SHADOWS.

BT MEETA.

It was a cold night—quite cold, the snow fleecing down, and the hail rattling against the windows. The wild storm-king was out with the blast, intent on mirthful mischief. The old clock ticked cheerily, and the fitful shadows waved unsteadily on the wall. The winter was without, but the summer of peace rested in my heart.

I sat in the great arm-chair, in the fire-twilight, alone, and in a reverie, half dreaming, as it were, my past life over again. The golden book of Memory lay unclasped before me—every thought, every feeling of by-gone hours traced ineffaceably there. All sorrows, all joys, intermingling and forming link in link, a beautiful chain, without which life would be incomplete. We were friends, Alice and I, early friends and true ones; she was older and far gentler, with mild, loving eyes, and soft, shadowy, dark hair. I was young and thoughtless, and I had treasured up in my heart an idol, one worshipped and adored. I dwelt in a beautiful dream, waking and sleeping, and my guardian spirit was ever Alice. Alas! how rudely was that dream broken; how inexpressibly sad the knowledge that it could never come again; and yet all life is but a dream.

Beautiful in soul was she, and they called her Alice Faye, but to me she was only Alice—darling Alice. We were wandering, two hearts in one, through the beautiful Present, seeking not to unveil the rugged world of Futurity, and knowing and believing that to the Past were confided all estimable things.

Oh, our Father! Thou who knowest the frailty of all earth's flowers, lend, oh! lend us Thy aid to withstand the frosts of adversity, the chilly, wintry winds that crush the already bruised and broken reed.

How vivid is that memory rising before me now—the memory of our parting. It was a beautiful, radiant day, late in the summer. Alice and I had been in company with some youthful friends, and now, arm-in-arm, were returning through the wood. We bent our steps towards our favorite haunt—a hushed, sweet spot, where the grass grew long and luxuriant, and the wild vine trailed its crimson bloom-flowers, dark, yet bright amid the flowers that begemmed the earth. Our accustomed seat was beside a shelving rock, overhung with the graceful honey-

suckle and clambering roses, its rude face half hidden by the beautiful objects clinging around it. The wild-locust, laden with its pure blossoms, and the poplar, silver-limbed, threw a pleasant shade over it.

Here, the earth seemed more kind and smiling, and, among all fond memories, this is to me the holiest and best-beloved.

We sat silently—Alice's hand clasped fast in mine, and her head leaning down upon my shoulder so confidently, so caressingly. The sunlight was glimmering through the glossy leaves, and the rich snowy blossoms of the locust were dropping softly—softly down around us.

It was then that we first awakened from our happy dream-life—for the first time ventured to peep into the unknown futurity. I felt that life was, indeed, but a "walking shadow," and bursting into tears, hid my face amid Alice's bright tresses.

"Don't cry, Ruby, darling," whispered Alice, very soft, calling me by an endearing name of childhood; "don't cry, it will not be for a long time—not very long.

Her own voice trembled a little, although she tried hard that it should not.

"Ah, Alice," said I, sadly, "a dim foreshadowing of the future is twining itself around my spirit—that great future, which is a strange world to us. Perhaps we may never meet in friendship again, Alice: perhaps we may doubt each other's sincerity."

"No, no, Ruby, dear Ruby," replied Alice, winding her arms closer around me, "we'll never doubt each other. Our dearest hopes are anchored in the great sea of the world; but they will remain steadfast. Oh! we'll never be estranged, Ruby."

"Never!" I echoed, and, yet through the mazes of the forest there seemed to float a voice, strangely mournful, repeating that vow of eternal friendship, breathing a warning for our sanguine hopes, a knell for our parting hour.

Alas! how slowly, how sadly, have the years passed since then, for doubt and mistrust gliding in, severed that sacred chain where we thought it was the strongest. We met again in after years, but the world—the world had taught us how to crush the wild, wayward throbbings of our hearts. We were living—and yet dead: living as the breath giveth life; yet dead to all the gentler influences, the holier emotions of that love once so dear to us. And the youthful years that had shadowed us so kindly with their wings, withdrew to weep over the ashes of our former friendship.

* * * * *

The fire was gleaming faintly in the chimney, my reverie was over—and yet I felt so sad, so lonely sitting there. I thought I felt a soft touch upon my shoulder—heard a gentle voice whispering a name of other years—Ruby! I was glad some one had said it: it was a sweet remembrance in a time of sorrow. Somebody whispered loving words, somebody knelt beside me and pressed a soft cheek to mine. I returned the pressure—I wept, yet I knew not why. I only remember that Alice was kneeling there beside me, my own Alice, and that we were friends again.

It was so sweet, so strangely sweet, to have her there as of old, the same love-light in those kindly eyes, the same holy beauty resting on that placid brow. I fancied that it was all a dream, and I dared not move, lest the entrancing spell should break.

That joyful meeting is marked forever with a "morning star" in the heaven of my existence. And now, each budding hope, each undefined fear, give I henceforth to the sacred keeping of our Father, our Protector, and our God.

In the hushed and holy stillness of the night, when the stars and flowers keep watch over earth, and every soul ascends on trembling wings to the Throne of Him above, I fall asleep quietly to dream of the angels and of Alice Faye.

Even so hath He ordained, that we shall give a smile for every new sunbeam born to the earth, a tear for every blossom untimely withered.

For every heart hath a sunlight, every soul a shadow.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 1852.

EARLY NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY E. KENNEDY.

Tommy. One thing I've often wondered about, papa.

Papa. Well, Tommy; I love to hear boys say they wonder about things, it is evidence of an enquiring mind.

T. This long river, the Mississippi, how did the people navigate it before the steamboats began to run there?

P. Sure enough, how did they? If you mean the Indians, the answer is readily given; they navigated it in canoes and "dug-outs," formed from the trunks of trees. As it was in the days of their ancestors, so is it now, and will be whilst any of the tribes of the Red Man remain, for they seem to be a people altogether incapable of improvement.

T. But I didn't so much mean the Indians, as the white men, who, about the time of the Revolutionary War, began to settle in Kentucky, as I have read.

P. They had *flat-boats* and *keel-boats*: these floated along with the current of the river, and conveyed the produce of these industrious men far down the distant stream, reaching New Orleans in the course of their patient pilgrimage. Flat-boats were merely huge floating-houses, made sufficiently water-tight to endure the voyage down stream. The adventurous farmer, having built himself such a rude, flat-bottomed craft, stored it well with hogsheds of tobacco, and barrels filled with grain, and taking with him three or four others, as hardy and as adventurous as himself, *set sail*, as we would term it, upon the broad bosom of the stream, moving onward with its waters, and, in the course of a few weeks, would find himself safely landed at the levee of New Orleans.

T. But how would he get back home, again, if there were no steamboats to carry him up the river?

P. Aye, that, indeed! His flat-boat he sold

for lumber, and, with the money in his pocket, the entire proceeds of his trip, he started homeward on foot.

T. What! did he walk all the way from New Orleans to Kentucky and Ohio?

P. Yes; every step of the way. I myself have seen, in the back counties of the State of Mississippi, an old, grass-grown path through the woods, called the "Natchez trace," where companies of these returning boatmen passed, years ago, upon their long and wearisome journey homeward. By the shortest possible route, the distance to their forest homes, in Kentucky, could not have been less than five or six hundred miles. I might tell you long stories of their perils and adventures, such as I have heard old people relate, in the far-off region of the South-West; of their encounters with robbers and Indians, and of the resolute defence they made against all intruders upon their midnight camping-ground.

T. But some of their boats were brought back again, else how did they supply themselves with groceries, and such things as they should buy in New Orleans?

P. The keel-boats were for that purpose; and, indeed, a most tedious process it was to force their way up the strong current of the Mississippi. To row their boats up stream was impossible, and poles were useless in deep water, and when the river was swollen.

T. I can't imagine, then, how they got along at all.

P. Well, it was tough, ugly work. To pull a big, heavy keel-boat, by hand, all the way from New Orleans to Cincinnati, or Pittsburg, a distance of fifteen hundred or two thousand miles, was a labor of the severest kind, and required months to accomplish it: two, three, four months, perhaps.

T. You say, to pull the boat—how?

P. Why, by means of the trees that overhung the water, and by the branches, seizing upon which, they hauled themselves onward; or, sometimes, by carrying out a rope a long distance ahead, and attaching it to a tree, and thus impelling onward the huge, struggling keel-boat, laden heavily with "freight." Up to about the years 1817 or 1820, this was the plan practised for the toilsome navigation of these noble Western streams, which now echo to the sound of the puffing steamer. Now-a-days, the trip is performed in eight or ten days, which, within the recollection of men now living, was only accomplished by the excessive toil of weeks and months.

T. O! the wonders of steam!

P. You may well say, O! the wonders of steam! But the Kentuckians hardly dreamed of such a result as that which has now come to pass when they set about nullifying, and setting up for themselves as an independent government.

T. I suppose that account I've read in Butler's History of Kentucky is true, then, of their notions to be independent?

P. Yes, it is true, as a matter of history, but no imputation rests upon Kentucky patriotism on account of it. You must bear in mind, that steamboating has opened out new views of things upon these Western waters, altogether. In the

year 1800, and before that time, the difficulties of navigation, and the general infancy of our country, contributed to the neglect of these *backwoods* settlements, as they were called, and from the force of circumstances, as then existing, the hardy Western pioneers were driven to think of throwing themselves into the hands of Spain or some foreign power, or of endeavoring to maintain their own independence.

T. I can't help but wonder at that!

P. We do wonder at it now, in our time, when the tide of enlightened progress and improvement has so far extended over these forest regions, and when everything seems so completely changed about; but call to mind, for a moment, the condition of this American Union as it was in the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers, and when we were few in numbers, and without any national name or character, and when the infant Republic embodied only a dozen feeble States clustered along the sea-board, with hardly a town of any size out of the reach of salt water! Kentucky, fifty years ago, was regarded as "far, far away!"—an abode of Indians and wild beasts; and the noble rivers which swept by its borders were hardly esteemed useful to man, in consequence of the immense difficulties, such as I have described to you, in the way of navigation. The canoe of the savage was paddled about along the shores, and an occasional keel-boat, loaded with groceries and dry goods, iron and salt, found its laborious and tedious way up the arrowy current, but otherwise they all swept onward in silence, emptying their vast floods into the far off Gulf of Mexico, and nobody was much the gainer by such vast and bountiful channels of nature as they proved to be. But Robert Fulton came after awhile, and he introduced steam and steamboats, and then the deep forests began to echo to a new sound, and a new appearance of things began.

T. So Kentucky never expected to be almost in the centre of the Union, did she?

P. I should rather think not. Her few adventurous pioneers, fighting manfully with their axes, against the huge forests, and protecting themselves with their rifles whilst ploughing in the field, against the murderous attacks of the savages, thought of but little else than self-preservation. The broad range of the Allegheny Mountains lay between them and the older settlements; it was a wearisome journey ever to get there. Their own natural outlet and place of deposit was New Orleans, and this was held by Spain. We are not to wonder, then, that even some of the best men, Kentuckians of the first distinction, were found, as you will see them mentioned by the historian, listening—unworthily, as we would think—to the tempting tale told into their ears by the wily and seductive Spaniard: How that they should join in an amicable union of the West, aided and assisted by Spain, in some way which does not clearly appear,—and that then all these mighty rivers, and these productive plains should be independent, and that they should be a nation of themselves, and without any allegiance to the poor infantile Republic strung along the far distant Atlantic coast!

T. But the design was never attempted to be carried out, was it?

P. No: in 1800 Louisiana passed out of the hands of the Spaniards into the possession of the French, and in 1803 we obtained the ownership of the country very happily, which forever hushed all causes of discontent, and all notions of a separate government. And in the course of a few years steam and steamboats were introduced, and this, as I said, put a new view upon things altogether: but what I have told you is a matter of history, nevertheless, as you yourself can search into, at your leisure.

CHOICE READINGS.

MARRIAGES.—Marriages not solemnized by the duties of religion, are seldom happy; and all ages testify to the truth that marriage has ever been closely allied to religion. It has had its altar, its offering, its rites, its invocation, its shrine, its mysteries, its mystical significance. "It is honorable," says the apostle. "Precious," some commentators tell us; the epithet should be rendered,—of *great value*, of *highest price*. In either sense, it would well denote what may be called, by way of eminence, the conservative institution of human society, the channel for the transmission of its purest life, and, for this very reason, the object ever of the fiercest attacks of every scheme of disorganizing philosophy. In harmony with this idea, there was a deep significance in some of the Greek marriage ceremonies; and, among these, none possessed a profounder import than the custom of carrying a torch or torches in the bridal procession. Especially was this the mother's delightful office. It was her's, in a peculiar manner, to bear aloft the flaming symbol before the daughter or the daughter-in-law, and there was no act of her life to which the heart of a Grecian mother looked forward with a more lively interest. It was, on the other hand, a ground of the most passionate grief, when an early death, or some still more sadder calamity, cut off the fond anticipation. Thus, Medea,—

"I go an exile to a foreign land,
Ere blest in you, or having seen you blest'd.
That rapturous office never shall be mine,
To adorn the bride, and with a mother's hand,
Lift high the nuptial torch."

Like many other classical expressions, it has passed into common use, and become a mere conventional phraseology, and this is the case with much of our poetical and rhetorical dialect.

CHILDREN.—The part that children play in the economy of families, is an important one. But important functions often devolve upon creatures trivial in themselves. Not so in the case of children. The child is greater than the man. The man is himself, and that is often a shabby enough concern; but the child is a thing of hope and anticipation; we know not what it may become. The arch laughing glance of those eyes, which flash upon us when the bushy nut-brown hair is thrown back by a toss of the head—what a lovely creature that may become, to make some honest man's heart ache! That boy, with flaxen hair slightly tinged with the golden, while his clear, resolute eye looks fearlessly at everything it encounters—what may he not accomplish in

after-life! To us there is more of terror in the passions of children, than of grown men. They are so disproportioned to their causes, that they rudely draw back the veil from our own hearts, reminding us "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Of all expressions of pain, we can least endure the wail of an infant. The poor little innocent cannot explain its sufferings; and, if it could, so little lies in our power to alleviate them. There is nothing for it but to have one's heart rent by its complainings, and pray in one's helplessness that its dark hour may pass away.

GOOD MANNERS.—If your ambition is to be a well-bred lady, you must carry your good manners everywhere with you. These are not things that can be laid aside and put on at pleasure. True politeness is uniform disinterestedness in trifles, accompanied by the calm self-possession which belongs to a noble simplicity of purpose; and this must be the effect of a Christian spirit running through all you think, say or do; and unless you cultivate and exercise it upon all occasions, and towards all persons, it will never become a part of yourself. When you try to assume it for some special purpose, it will sit awkwardly upon you, and often fail you at your greatest need. If you are unpollite to your washerwoman, you are in great danger of being so to the very lady whose good wishes you are trying to propitiate. Rude manners are so insinuating that they will steal upon you unawares, without their opposite has become a habit. The charm which true Christian politeness sheds over a person, though not easily described, is felt by all hearts, and invariably responded to by the best feelings of your nature.

HAVE NO SECRETS.—Unreserved communication is the lawful commerce of conjugal affection, and all concealment is contraband. It is a false compliment to the object of our affection, if, for the sake of sparing them a transient uneasiness, we rob them of the comfort to which they are entitled of mitigating our suffering, by partaking it. All dissimulation is disloyalty to love; besides, it argues a lamentable ignorance of human life, to set out with an expectation of health without interruption, and happiness without alloy. When young persons marry with the fairest prospects, they should never forget that infirmity is bound up with their very nature, and that in bearing one another's burdens, they fulfil one of the highest duties of the union.

ACTIVE WOMEN.—As a rule, it may be remarked that noisy women do much less than they seem to do, and quiet women often do more. But it does not follow that all quiet women are active; on the contrary, six out of ten are indolent, and work only on compulsion. Indolent women have their good points, and one of the most valuable of these is their quietness. It is a great luxury in domestic life; but perhaps it is a luxury which is too expensive for a poor man, unless he can get it combined with activity. The wife of a poor man, no matter what his profession or position, ought to be

active in the best sense of the word. She ought to rule her own house with diligence, but not boast of it. Her managing powers ought to be confined to her own house, and never be sent out to interfere with her neighbors.

THE FAME OF AUTHORS.—The fame of most writers is very ephemeral, chiefly owing to their choice of subjects of the day or of the age or nation. English literature does not preserve above eight or ten authors before the age of Shakspeare; not above twenty from Shakspeare to Addison, and scarcely fifty from the time of Addison to the year 1840. Since the days of Elizabeth one or two books or pamphlets per day have been printed; but the subjects were obsolete theology, forgotten politics, or superseded philosophy, the majority in bad method or bad taste. It has been the same in France, Germany, Italy, and Holland, and doubtless was the same among the ancients, though we so often lament the loss of their works.

CHILDHOOD'S TEARS.—There is sometimes a moral necessity for the correction of children, notwithstanding the pain which a profusion of their tears will often give us. The great rule is, never to correct in anger, but with the firmness which is founded on the deliberations of reason. The sorrows of children, however, are exceedingly transient, and have often been the subject of poetical remark, but in no instance with more beauty than in the following simile by Sir Walter Scott:

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

THE DREAM OF LIFE.—How few of us at the close of life can say, "I have filled and occupied the position to which I looked forward when a boy!" In the onward progress of life, how often, in some stray moment of thought and reflection, do we not find ourselves inquiring, "Is this as I hoped,—have I enacted my dream?" And the answer is invariably—No! We look forward in childhood—and only look forward—without reflection. We build up gorgeous palaces, we sketch a career of life all gold and sunshine,—what are they, and where are they, when years sober us?

READING IN BED.—We never knew much good, if any, come out of such a habit. In our opinion it is not only absurd, but baneful, in the highest degree dangerous, and should be strictly prohibited. What, although Sheridan did it? That mad and dissipated statesman did many things which no other person would do, who did not wish to lose all modern character for common sense or discretion. There is a time for everything, and so there ought to be a place for everything, and the bed is not the proper one for reading, but for sleeping.

Many of the self-righteous are not only proud of their supposed nearness to God, but assume towards Him patronizing airs; so monstrous are the effects of pride in combination with religion.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

TALE OF A PIN.—In an early month of the year 1778, with a tolerable education, and with many natural qualifications for a financial life, Jacques Laffitte was seeking for a situation as a clerk. He had high hopes and a light heart, for he brought with him a letter of introduction to M. Perregaux, the Swiss banker. But with all his sanguine anticipations and golden day-dreams, he was bashful and retiring. It was with a trembling heart that the young provincial appeared before the Parisian man of bonds and gold. He managed to explain the purpose of his visit, and presented his letter of recommendation. The banker quietly read the note. "It is impossible," said he, as he laid it aside, "that I can find room for you at present; all my offices are full. Should there be a vacancy at a future time, I will see what can be done. In the meantime, I advise you to seek elsewhere, as it may be a considerable period before I shall be able to admit you." Away went sunshine and prosperous visions! Disappointed and gloomy, poor Jacques left the presence of the polite banker. As he crossed, with downcast eyes, the court-yard of the noble mansion, he observed a pin lying on the ground. His habitual habits of frugality, amidst his disappointment, were still upon the watch. He picked up the pin, and carefully stuck it into the lappel of his coat. From that trivial action sprang his future greatness: that one single act of frugal care and regard for little things opened the way to a stupendous fortune. From the window of his cabinet, M. Perregaux had observed the action of the rejected clerk, and he wisely thought that the man who would stoop to pick up a pin, under such circumstances, was endowed with the necessary qualities for a good economist; he read in that single act of parsimony an indication of a great financial mind, and he deemed the acquisition of such a one as wealth itself. Before the day had closed, Laffitte received a note from the banker. "A place," it said, "is made for you at my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow." The banker was not deceived in his estimate of the character of Laffitte, and the young clerk soon displayed a talent and aptness for his calling that procured his advancement from a clerk to a cashier; from a cashier to a partner; and from a partner to the head proprietor of the first banking-house in Paris. He became a deputy, and then a president of the council of ministers. What a destiny for the man who would stoop to pick up a pin!

PERILOUS POSITION.—At midnight, there was a perfect gale from the south-east. The ship had been snugged, by little and little, until at length she was "hove to," under close-reefed maintop-sail. About eight o'clock, orders were given to stow the flying-jib, the foremost sail in the ship. Two of the men went out to perform this duty. As one of them was feeling his way out, for it was as dark as pitch, he planted his feet on the lee foot-rope, and was almost precipitated into the yawning abyss. He caught hold of a rope in his fall, and struggled for a long time. It was very long, indeed, not to him, but to those who

were watching his writhing form by the light of the boiling and phosphorescent waves beneath. I was on the weather bow, at the time, and saw how his comrades behaved. No one spoke a word, for that might only diminish his chances of escape; there was no help for him if he failed to save himself. The man who was on the jib-boom with him, moved neither hand nor foot, and uttered not a word. At length, he regained his footing, and proceeded to his duty. Had he been a minute longer swinging among the footropes, he would have been swept off never more to be seen, for the bowsprit was buried in the sea, while the two men were clinging with clasped arms to the yielding spar, on the strength of which their lives were hung. When they came in, having discharged the duty entrusted to them, I endeavored to be near the one who had made such a narrow escape. As he stepped down upon the deck, he touched me by the merest accident. A trembling sensation passed through his whole frame, and a marked inspiratory effort carried gratitude to Heaven from his breast. On the very threshold of home we might have lost this poor fellow, after the Arctic winter and the intense frost, after the fatigue of travelling, and the excruciating thirst had all failed to break our numbers. — *Sutherland's Journal of Captain Penny's Voyage to Wellington Channel.*

MOORE AND HIS MOTHER.—The mother's care of Moore's early years and unabated love, through her advanced age, was truly beautiful. They were requited, too, with the fullest measure of grateful affection and undying respect by the son. When Mr. Moore (the father) died, having held for years a Government appointment of barrack-master, friends sought to secure for his widow a pension; but Moore claimed the privilege of her support, and declined the kind agency which would have debarred him of a son's greatest pleasure. His habit was to write twice a week, at least, to his mother; and the postman's knock at the expected period was an anxiously watched moment in the old woman's fleeting hours. Any visitor could tell, on entering her drawing-room, as she sat in winter by the fire, or in summer at her window, whether the bi-weekly want was supplied. A shade upon her aged brow told either that the letter had not come, or the news was not good; whilst a radiant smile proclaimed that she got "Tom's letter." These letters, short though they might be, often but a line, were the cherished treasures of her old age. How beautiful, and the more beautiful because true, are the lines which he wrote in her pocket-book, in 1822:—

"They tell us of an Indian tree
Which, howe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot the blossom, wide and high!—

Far better loves to bond its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother bends,
With love's true instinct back to thee."

With what fond pride were those lines exhibited to those who had won the mother's confidence! A willing listener, one who did not soon tire of

"Tom's" repeated praises, was sure of such a mark of favor.

FEMALE PRESENCE OF MIND.—A lady, one day, returning from a drive, looked up, and saw two of her children, one about five and the other about four years old, on the outside of the garret-window, which they were busily employed in rubbing with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady had sufficient command over herself not to appear to observe them; she did not utter one word, but hastened up to the nursery, and, instead of rushing forward to snatch them in, which might have frightened them, and caused them to lose their balance, she stood a little apart, and called gently to them, and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of hurry or agitation in their mamma, so they took time, and deliberately climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room. One look of terror, one tone of impatience from her, and the little creatures might have become confused, lost their footing, and been destroyed.

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The Vatican contains eight grand stair-cases and two ordinary ones, twenty courts and squares, and 4220 rooms. With all its galleries, grounds and appurtenances, it has been computed to cover as large a space as the city of Turin.

PALMS.—Palms are the most useful productions of Ceylon. First, the cocoa-nut, in universal use for food, drink, and the arts of life. The palmyra, nearly as valuable. The areca catechu, whose nuts, the betel and the chunan, are the universal luxury of Asiatics. A tree produces from 500 to 1000 nuts. The sago palm, whose pith, dried and granulated, is in use through Europe, is also prolific in sugar. The talipot is famous for its large leaves (one of which shelters fifteen or twenty men) and its fruit. The jack produces fruit as large as a man's body, filled with delicious pulp, and with seeds as large as chestnuts, of which many dishes are made. A Cingalese family live at ease on the produce of a dozen cocoa-nuts and three or four jack trees.

FEVERS NOT CONTAGIOUS.—Dr. Wallis, Senior Physician of the Bristol Infirmary, writing to the Bristol Journal, says:—"The common fevers of this country, including typhus fever, *have no contagious power whatever?* These are produced by malaria and depressed and unhealthy conditions of the digestive organs. Hence, a complete defence against these diseases is, wholesome food, wholesome air, and cleanliness. Further, an inquiry has been instituted by the Government, and a report has been made by the naval and military medical officers, upon the nature and causes of yellow fever, the most violent and fatal of all fevers; and these eminent men declare that the yellow fever is not contagious. The report was kindly sent to me by an officer of the Government, and is now before me. In our own

infirmary it is the constant practice to place the severest forms of fever indiscriminately among the other patients, and, although the beds are only two feet apart, no instance has ever been known of any fever affecting the occupant of the next bed. No such infection of fever from one bed to the next has occurred within my memory, and it is upwards of forty years since I commenced my profession as a pupil in our infirmary; and I then inquired of an old medical officer respecting this fact, and he declared that he had been forty years an officer of the house, and that no such occurrence had taken place in his time. Thus, if fever will not affect another person who lies two feet apart, once in eighty years, such an occurrence cannot reasonably be expected to happen at all. In short, wholesome food, cleanliness, and ventilation, are all that is necessary for a defence against fevers."

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.—It is scarcely credible, yet a slip of ivory, of an inch in length, may be divided into a hundred equal parts, each of which is distinctly visible, but by the application of a very fine screw, 5000 equi-distant lines, in the space of a quarter of an inch, can be traced on a surface of steel, or glass, with the fine point of a diamond, producing delicate and varied colors, thereby proving that the beautiful hues of mother-of-pearl, peacock-pearl, and the less delicate appearance of what are termed watered fabrics, are the effect of irregularity of surface, not, as might be supposed in the case of mother-of-pearl and peacock-pearl, the result of variety of substance. A single pound of cotton has been spun into a thread seventy-six miles in length, and the same quantity of wool has been extended into a thread of ninety-five miles, the diameters of those threads being only the 350th and 400th parts of an inch.

EXTRAORDINARY LOCK.—The editor of the *American Artisan* was recently shown a piece of mechanism, which certainly goes ahead of anything in the shape of a lock that we have ever seen or read of in the essential of security from depredation. It is called Yale's Magic Lock, and is absolutely unpickable as the kernel of a walnut would be without damaging the shell. The only opening is a circular orifice, half an inch in diameter, for admitting the key, and through which there is no possible access to the tumblers by any instrument whatever—not even by the key itself, strange as that may seem. By a singular contrivance, a portion of the key is detached after insertion, and sent to a distant part of the lock, where it moves the tumblers, and where the tools of the burglar could never arrive, except by first battering the lock to pieces.

The key-hole resembles the interior of a small pistol barrel, and having no opening in the interior basin of the lock, would not receive powder enough to blow it open. The lock is, therefore, absolutely gunpowder proof, also. Among other peculiarities, the key is susceptible of from forty thousand to one million of changes. A change of the key changes the lock, also, in the act of locking, so that one may have a new lock every

day for hundreds of years! By a change of the key, after locking it, it is rendered impossible to unlock, even with the same key, until altered back again. One may thus lose the key, or have it stolen, and still entertain no fears of the lock being opened with it. The proprietors offer a reward of five hundred dollars to any one who will pick it through the key-hole, using whatever instruments he pleases, and taking any length of time he may desire.

ABOUT SOME BIRDS.

May I tell you child-readers a little story, and ask a question or two in connection with it, to set them thinking?

During a few months' residence in M——, Vermont, there lived opposite us a widow, somewhat advanced in life, and poor. She lived alone in a small white cottage, surrounded with trees and shrubbery, which afforded nesting-places to many birds. In the absence of other companions, the widow cherished these birds with great care, not willingly allowing either man or beast to disturb them. One pair used every year to make their nest in a shrub, which grew so near that she could put her hand into it from her bedroom window; and they were so tame and trustful of her, that she often used in this way to feed both parents and young.

By the roadside, in front of her house, were some tall poplars, in which many families of birds were reared every spring. During the season we spent there, it became necessary for widening the road, to cut down one of these poplars, greatly to the old lady's sorrow, for she knew there were several nests in it, and among them that of a favorite pair of robins, in whose domestic affairs she felt a deep interest. While the men were chopping the trunk, it was painful to see and hear the distress of the poor birds, manifested in their short, rapid circles of flight, and their screams, that went to the heart. But the tree fell, bringing *five* nests of young birds violently to the ground, and killing most of them. The cries of the bereaved parents now became more affecting than ever. One could hardly refrain from tears who heard them. The old lady dared not look for her robin's nest, for she had no doubt that the young were all dead. By and by, hearing a singular noise at her front door, she opened it, and what do you think she saw? The two old robins had somehow or other brought their four young ones unharmed, or at least not killed, but unfledged, placed them upon the doorstep, and with pleading looks and plaintive voices appealed to the poor widow to befriend them in their distress. And you will readily believe she did the best she could for them.

Now, *why* do you suppose those robins in distress took their little ones to the widow's door? We asked *her* the question, and she said she imagined it was because she was a poor, lonely widow, and they thought she could sympathize with their troubles better than most folks. I guess it was because she had always been kind to the birds, and their instinct taught them, now when they so much needed kindness, to go where they had been wont to find it.

Do you not suppose it made that kind old lady very happy to have the birds confide in her as they did, when they are ordinarily so shy of us? And wouldn't you like to have them do the same by you? Suppose, then, you treat the birds and all other animals as she did, and try them when you have an opportunity. Many boys are so cruel that they can never learn, by their own observation, how many pleasant things there are about birds. I was hardly ever so ashamed of my old home as when I read, awhile ago, that on a public day some boy fired a bunch of crackers in a nest of young birds in one of the trees on Boston Common, killing them all. What could be more cruel?

Is it not true what the Bible teaches, that God takes care of the birds? Will He not then care of you, and ought you not ever to trust Him?

He has always taken care of you, and do you feel towards Him a gratitude and confidence as far exceeding that shown by the robins towards their friend, as your knowledge and indebtedness exceed theirs?"

If not, then does He not say with reason, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me?"—*Congregationalist*.

PUNCTUALITY.

We know of nothing more commendable as a general rule, and in a general sense, than Punctuality. We allude not only to important, but to trifling matters. Character—confidence—depend greatly upon the manner in which an individual keeps his engagements. One who habitually violates his word, who promises, never intending to perform, is morally deficient to a frightful extent, and deserves neither respect nor consideration. But, there are others who *mean* well, who do not lack principle, who would blush to utter a deliberate untruth, and yet they falter and fail, for want of firmness, nerve and decision. They promise, intending to perform, hoping to be able to keep the engagement, and yet without due consideration, or a proper appreciation of the consequences of failure. There are others again who are always "a little too late"—always behind the time. They have a habit of delay, and thus they postpone and procrastinate from hour to hour, and not only injure themselves, but waste the time of other people. The error is one that should, if possible, be corrected in early life. The lad who is a laggard and always the last at school, will rarely be first in any position of credit. How many posts of honor and profit—how many fine chances—how many noble fortunes have been lost by procrastination! A little too late—alas! how fatal the policy! Who has not seen it illustrated? Who has not committed the error and, reaped the bitter fruits? Only a few weeks have gone by since a merchant of this city made an engagement with another, in relation to a very valuable property. They had long been discussing the matter, and endeavoring to come to terms, and at last had agreed upon a certain day and a certain hour either to close the bargain, or consider the negotiation at an end. If neither party should

appear at the designated time, the other was at liberty to act as if nothing had occurred. The place of meeting was the Merchants' Exchange, and the hour twelve o'clock. The one had offered the other real estate in a very central position, for the sum of forty thousand dollars, with the understanding that he would take or reject it, at any period within the specified limit. Meanwhile he had a bid for the same property, of forty-five thousand dollars, a circumstance having taken place which had materially increased its value. He was bound in honor, however, to await the arrival of the specified period, and he *did* wait. Nay, he was scrupulous, conscientious and sensitive, and lingered for half an hour over the time. Then, the other party being in readiness, he accepted the offer of forty-five thousand dollars, and the affair was closed. Only a few seconds after, and his *first* customer appeared, but it was *too late*. He had made up his mind to accept the proposition, but he nevertheless lingered and hesitated, until the golden opportunity had passed away. He was annoyed, irritated and mortified—and yet compelled to confess that the error was all his own.

On another occasion, not long since, several gentlemen met together for the purpose of deciding upon the claims to office of an applicant who was highly recommended, and concerning whom they were all favorably impressed. But it was necessary that he should appear before them in person, and make certain explanations. This he promised to do, and could have done very readily, and the hour for the interview was fixed. For some reason or other, he hesitated, and at last, either from timidity or want of moral courage, he persuaded himself that his presence was not necessary, and that every thing was as it should be. The committee were prompt, talked over the matter in a friendly and kindly spirit, were anxious and willing to hear the expected explanations, and ready to confer the place. But, as already stated, the applicant failed to appear, and this failure was fatal to him. If, they argued, he cannot be prompt and punctual in a case in which he himself is so vitally interested—how can he be safely entrusted with the business of others? The error was lamented afterwards, but it was too late. In social life, the importance of punctuality cannot be too earnestly enforced and inculcated. It is quite a common occurrence for an individual to promise a visit on a certain evening, and thus to enter into a tacit engagement with the family to be visited, that they and theirs will remain at home. Other objects may command their attention meanwhile, but, if they possess a proper sense of propriety, they will refuse, and for the reason that they have no right to trifle with the time or the feelings of another. When, therefore, the engagement thus entered into is not kept, but is disregarded and violated, the effect is pernicious in a double sense. It excites ill-will and unfriendliness, and it destroys confidence. To make an engagement of the kind, indeed, not intending to keep it, is to inflict an insult, and by the sensitive or fastidious it is so considered. Punctuality may be said to be the soul of truth, of honor, and of propriety. The man whose word is as good as his

bond, who never makes an engagement that he does not feel bound conscientiously and scrupulously to fulfil—who can always be relied upon, no matter what the difficulty, the danger or the self-sacrifice, is not only the model, and the exemplar for the punctilious and the honorable, but also for the polished, the moral, the gentlemanly and the Christian.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

The best way to keep cool is not to get warm.

When does a judge contemplate employing rogues?—When he takes them on trial.

Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

The man who was injured by a burst of applause is fast recovering.

It seems as if half the world were purblind: they can see nothing unless it glitters.

Cockney Epitaph for a Cook.—“Peace to his ashes.”

A daguerreotypist took the portrait of a lady in such an admirable manner, that her husband preferred it to the original.

General Lane said one day, at Indianapolis, in his speech after dinner, that he was “*too full for utterance*.”

A German chemist has discovered that there is sugar in tears. We have sometimes heard that it is “sweet to shed them.”

Why is a handsome woman, plunging headforemost into the water, like a valuable machine?—Because she is a diving belle.

Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, “I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave.”

The word daisy is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology, “the eye of day.”

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and got reduced to its last quarter.

An elderly lady, residing in Southernhay, asked Tomkins what sort of a tree the tree of liberty was.—“A *pop’lar* tree, ma’am,” was the immediate reply of our sagacious friend.

A preacher who had been a printer observed in one of his sermons, “that youth might be compared to a comma, manhood to a semicolon; old age to a colon: to which death puts a period.”

“Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.”

“Please, sir,” said a little boy to a milk vendor, “mamma says she don’t like to buy milk of you.” “Why not? Don’t I give her good measure?” “Yes, sir; but mamma says you feed your cows on such watery turnips.”

“Tilly,” said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but three summers, “what *should* you do without your mother?” “I should put on, every day, just such a dress as I wanted to,” was the prompt reply.

It is a musical fact, that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with mustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will observe, plays on a brass instrument.

Idleness is the mother of mischief;—the moment a horse is done eating his oats, he turns to and gnaws down his manger. Substitute labor for oats, and virtue for manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

“You’ve a *could*, Mrs. Leary, dear,” said one of a swarm of Irish hop-pickers, to her crony, at Farnham. “Indeed, and its *thru*e for you, Mrs. Mahon!”—“And where would ye get that, honey?”—“Sure, and I slept last night in the field, and forgot to shut the gate now!”

A certain rector had sown an unoccupied strip of the burial ground with turnips. The arch-deacon, at his visitation, shocked at the impropriety, admonished the rector not to let him see turnips there when he came here next year. The rebuked incumbent saw in his superior’s remark only a zeal for agriculture and the due rotation of crops, and he replied, with all imaginable nonchalance, “Certainly not, sir; ’twill be barley next year.”

Bishop Hedding, speaking of the muddy travelling at the West, mentioned a case of Irish wit. The bishop was moving along in a gig, his horse in a slow walk, when an Irishman, on foot, overtook him. “Good morning,” said the bishop. “Good morning, yer honor,” replied Pat. “You seem to have the advantage of me, in our modes of travelling, my friend,” continued the bishop. “An’ I’ll swap with yer, if yer plaze, sir,” was the quick reply.

HOW TO “FINISH” A DAUGHTER.—For the attainment of this end, Punch gives the following directions:—

1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.
2. Instil into her mind a proper love of dress.
3. Accustom her to so much pleasure, that she is never happy at home.
4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.
5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life.
6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.
7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself.
8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a ladies’ maid.
9. And, lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk in the Treasury, upon £75 a year; or to an ensign that is going out to India.

If, with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

We were under the impression that sensible people no longer consulted the "Man in the Almanac" as to when crops were to be planted, hogs killed, and children weaned; and, in all seriousness, placed the alleged influence of lunar changes on the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in the same category with those which set Friday down as an unlucky day. In this, if we are to credit the following, we have been; and in quite a large and respectable company, unlearning too fast.

Mrs. Lydia Jane Peirson, in a controversy with a correspondent of the Farm Journal, on the subject of lunar influences, after some earnest arguments, invites him to a trial of the following experiments. She says:—"First we test the influence of the moon in her nodes. If Medicus will lay a board on young growing grass, when the moon is in her *descending* node, he will find, on taking it up after a week or so, that it has smothered the grass under it, and settled close to the earth. A similar board similarly placed, in the time of the moon's *ascension* will not do so. He will find, on taking it up, after the same interval, that the grass has continued to grow under it, apparently lifting the board with its growth. Next for the phases, he shall select a head of the large double French marigold; he shall have no seed but what grows in this head. He shall plant some near the full of the moon, when the sign is in Gemini or Libra; they will produce large double flowers. He shall plant the same head of seeds near the change of the moon, and the flowers will be single; and if the sign be at Leo or Scorpio, they will not develope even one full row of petals.

"He shall sow, plant, or transplant herb, vine or tree, when the moon is near the full, and the sign of Virgo, and he will have abundance of blossoms, and of long succession, but great paucity of seed or fruit. He shall transplant trees, or cut down weeds, briars or thistles, when the moon is old, and in the sign of the Heart, and if they do not die at once, they will never thrive, but dwindle away and perish.

"When Medicus shall have made these experiments, and witnessed their results, year after year, he will become a convert to the theory of lunar and stellar influence; and though like hundreds of others he may know nothing of the astrological principles by which nature is governed, he will believe the results which he sees, and cannot controvert. Then I shall expect to hear from him again."

All of our readers must have heard of Miss Harriet Hosmer, of whom much has been written of late in the press of this city and of Boston. Miss Hosmer is an American, and resides at Watertown, Massachusetts. A correspondent of the Weekly Post, published at Raleigh, N. C., recently visited her studio. Below is the result of his observations:

"Miss Harriet Hosmer (you will not, surely, have forgotten the stories concerning her number-

less eccentricities,) has just completed a marble bust of Hesper, the Evening Star, which is of wondrous beauty. The conception was her own, and proves her truly a genius. The head droops a little, and the eyelids are heavy with drowsiness, thereby covering the want of expression so often painfully felt, but which seems to be inevitable in a sculptured eye. The hair, classically arranged, is bound with a wreath of poppy buds, and a brightly polished star gleams upon the forehead. Upon the pedestal, but carved in bold relief, is a crescent, also beautifully polished. And this work of art was executed by a young lady of twenty, without aid or instruction. It is now some five months since she commenced it. Would that you had been here to accompany me to the lady's atelier and studio. I must attempt a description of the latter for your amusement. The first object that presented itself, as I entered the door, was an entire skeleton, standing erect, grinning hideously. Is there anything more humiliating to one's pride than such vestiges of humanity? Upon the piano lay a dried human heart; immense anatomical plates, executed by the lady herself, adorned the walls; a large case of rare and variegated insects attracted the gaze on one side, which was almost instantly diverted by numerous stuffed birds, pickled vipers, and skeletons of various small animals. The candles were placed in excavated-egg-shells. The ink-stand was in the throat of a blue jay, which stood upon the writing-table, with expanded wings and distended beak. The card-rack was a small turtle shell, minus its rightful possessor. Among other curiosities, 'too numerous to mention,' I discovered *three hairs* from the head of Red Jacket, and a very tiny vial from the pool of Sioam. Books, both quaint and rare, notes, drawings, casts of different portions of the human frame, and various little models, were scattered about in the most admirable confusion. Miss H. leaves next month for Rome, where she will, in all probability, remain three or four years in perfecting herself in the art of sculpture."

There are some of our exchanges that contain valuable matter, of which we would often like to avail ourselves, but are obliged to forego the pleasure and benefit because the types upon which they are printed are so small that we cannot read a column without fatiguing our eyes beyond a prudent limit. It is the same with too many of the books coming from the press, although some of our publishers are growing wiser in this respect. Diseases of the eyes are said, by physicians, to be increasing, and one of the causes assigned is the small type with which books and newspapers are printed. Too many of the school books in use are open to this objection, and where children study lessons at night, as most of them are required to do, injury to the eyes must inevitably take place. The attention of parents should be directed to this matter. Most of them will find, among the varied books, supplied through the direction of teachers, some that

ought to be rejected for the reason assigned. Minion and nonpareil types, fit only to be introduced in foot-notes, marginal readings, or for the condensation of brief matters, are often used in books intended for study, and never without producing mischief to the children who are compelled to read them. In pocket editions of Bibles and Hymn books, even smaller sized types, as diamond and pearl, are frequently used. In these cases, cheapness and portability are gained at too great a cost. The public mind should become active on this subject. Let books and newspapers, printed on the larger kinds of type, always receive a preference over those that are printed on smaller types—the quality of the matter, of course, having due weight in determining the preference—and the evil of which we complain will, in good time, be corrected.

Since the death of Mr. Webster, the public have been admitted to a closer view of his private and social life, and this closer view has shown him to have been as distinguished for personal kindness, amenity of character, and all those qualities that adorn the man, as he was for commanding intellect, and the power to sway the political destinies of a great nation. We have had the pleasure of conversing with those whose privilege it was to meet him often, and they speak of him with a warmth of feeling that nothing but high personal virtues on his part could have inspired.

In a recent correspondence with a young writer of rare promise, we have met with another of these spontaneous tributes to the memory of a great man, and we introduce it here, more, perhaps, from a natural desire to give the unsought testimony of Mr. Webster in favor of our earnest efforts to produce a pure and good paper for home reading, than for any other reason. If our readers think us either vain, or weak, in doing so, we must bear the imputation. Such testimony is valuable, and full of encouragement. In the correspondence referred to, occurred this passage:—

"It was through the advice of Mr. Webster (who remarked to me, some weeks before his death—'*Were I a young writer, I would sooner my writings would appear in the Home Gazette, than in any other paper of the kind in the Union*') that I sent this production to you."

To a question asked by us, in reference to the above remark, our correspondent replied:—

"It was the 'great expounder of the constitution' to whom I referred in my last. It was my fortune to know him more intimately than by mere reputation, and if tears fell from eyes that never beheld him, and from 'eyes unused to weep,' how must a young girl, whom death has deprived of so exalted and fatherly an affection, mourn the going out of that great light! An approving glance and smile from Mr. Webster, often sent a thrill of delight to my girlish heart, and every word of kind encouragement is treasured there."

A beautiful and touching tribute, this, to a man, whose great intellect had elevated him to a position that made him the admiration and wonder of the best minds of the age.

That portion of Loch Katrine, rendered famous by Scott's "Lady of the Lake," is pleasantly referred to by Grace Greenwood, in one of her letters to the *National Era*:—"At the head of Loch Katrine, we embarked on a funny little steamer, which certainly did not hurry us past scenes on which our imagination delighted to linger. The head of this lake is not particularly beautiful, but I found that my most glowing conceptions had not surpassed the exquisite loveliness of that portion which forms the opening scene of 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'Ellen's Isle,' the mountains Ben-An and Ben-Venue, and the defile of the Tro-sacks. Here, island and shore and hill are richly clad in the most magnificent foliage; and the grandeur of rocky heights and dark ravines is so pleasantly relieved, so softly toned down, that you feel neither wonder nor awe, but drink in beauty as your breath—lose yourself in delicious dreamings, and revel in all the unspeakable rapture of a pure and perfect delight. A remembrance which is an especial joy to me now, 'and ever shall be,' is of a walk taken with my friends that night, along the shore of the lake, to the pebbly strand opposite Ellen's Isle, which seemed sleeping in the moonlight, afloat on the still waters, even as its fair vision had floated before my soul, on the silver waves of the poet's song."

"Sontag had" a ten-thousand-dollar audience at the Melodeon, in Boston, on Tuesday night; but she only received one-third that amount. Speculators pocketed the balance. Most of the tickets were bought up by enterprising gentlemen, and sold at a premium of five dollars."

We clip the above from an exchange, as another instance of the extent to which the public will submit to the present system of exorbitant charges for Concerts—a system introduced under the Jenny Lind management, and, since then, continued, much to the pecuniary benefit of singers, agents and speculators. The payment of ten thousand dollars for a single concert, is out of all proportion to the benefit gained by the public. It is, in fact, a waste of money not to be justified on any plea; and only shows how a few interested and wordy writers for the press may create false estimates of things, and lead the people into the most ridiculous and extravagant subserviency to their interests.

The public still feel an intense interest in regard to the fate of Sir John Franklin, and every new item of intelligence bearing thereon is read with avidity. The last we have seen is the following:—A vessel called "The Prince Albert," which was despatched by Lady Franklin in search of her long-lost husband, recently arrived at Aberdeen. She brought intelligence of the expedition under Sir Edward Belcher—intelligence that is greatly calculated to deepen the interest in relation to the lost voyagers, and to produce the keenest anxiety for further news from Sir Edward himself. It seems that official advices have been received, that Sir Edward Belcher started up Wellington Channel on the 14th of August. He did so, too, with an open sea before him, and the

probability now is, that he is locked up in winter quarters, in the very quarters, it is thought, that were occupied by Sir John Franklin. It is well known that the locality of the "first winter quarters" of Sir John was discovered by the English and American vessels which returned home last year. The question then arose—where did he winter in the season of 1846-7? The presumption now is, that Sir Edward Belcher has found that spot—that he has passed into the open sea beyond Wellington Channel, is on the track of the missing navigators, and about to solve the mystery of a northwest passage.

A new book from the press of Putnam & Co., entitled "Homes of American Authors," contains an article on Bryant, from which this beautiful tribute to the man is taken:—"It is under the open sky, and engaged in rural matters, that Mr. Bryant is seen to advantage, that is, in his true character. It is here that the amenity and natural sweetness of disposition, sometimes clouded by the cares of life and the untoward circumstances of business intercourse, shine gently forth under the influences of nature, so dear to the heart and tranquilizing to the spirit of her child. Here the eye puts on its deeper and softer lustre, and the voice modulates itself to the tone of affection, sympathy, enjoyment. Little children cluster about the grave man's steps, or climb his shoulders in triumph; and 'serenest eyes' meet his fullest confidence, finding there none of the sternness of which casual observers sometimes complain. * * * * *

"There can hardly be found a man who has tried active life for fifty years, yet preserved so entire and resolute a simplicity of character and habits as Mr. Bryant. No one can be less a man of the world—so far as that term expresses the worldly man—in spite of a large share of foreign travel, and extensive intercourse with society."

Emerson, under cover of his affectations of style, says many good things. Here is one of them:—"I pray you, oh! excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gates; nor a bedchamber made at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accent, and behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparsely, and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds."

The following anecdote is told of Emerson:—One night, not long after his marriage, and before his wife had become accustomed to his habits, she awoke suddenly, and hearing him groping about the room, enquired anxiously, "My dear, are you unwell?" "No, my love," replied the thinker, "only an idea."

The London Literary says:—"A German gentleman, named Leidersdorff, who has just died, has left 400 thalers a year to the heirs male of Schiller, forever, as 'a tribute of admiration to the poet's genius.' The Romans, it will be remembered, were accustomed to leave legacies to the writers whose works they admired; and it is very desirable for the literary fraternity that the laudable custom should be revived. Now that M. Leidersdorff has set an example, let us hope that he will find imitators. A legacy to an author or his heirs is not only an individual advantage, but a graceful acknowledgment of the claims of literature."

Every object on the moon's surface of the height of one hundred feet is distinctly seen through Lord Rosse's telescope. On its surface are craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. But there are no signs of habitations such as ours, no vestige of architectural remains, to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. No water is visible, no sea, no river,—all seems desolate.

The Hon. JOHN SERGEANT died in this city, at his residence, in South Fourth street, on the 23d November. In speaking of his personal character, a cotemporary says:—"We venture to affirm that he has not left an enemy behind him. A more perfect gentleman never breathed. Courteous, kindly, humane—his hand and heart were ever open—and his charities were, comparatively speaking, princely. Integrity and moral virtue were among the shining qualities of his truly noble character. In all the relations of life, as a husband, as a father, as a friend, as an American, and as a citizen, he was upright and exemplary. A just man, and with a spotless reputation, he has passed in peace to his last, long home."

HABIT.—"I trust everything, under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

Grace Greenwood left Paris on the 28th October for Rome, where she intends passing the winter.

James, the novelist, has been recognized by the President as British consul for Norfolk.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: FEBRUARY, 1853.

FALSE BENEVOLENCE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I believe, Maria," said Mrs. Willerton, addressing her cousin, "that as well as I like Horace, I should never have married him, had I known how much annoyance I should receive on account of his poor relations."

"Do they annoy you?" asked Maria, with a look of some surprise.

"Yes, they do, exceedingly. I have been made unhappy all the morning on their account."

"I never have met with any of them here, and thought they did not call on you."

"They don't, neither do I call on them; but Horace does, and they enter their complaints to him, and he thinks we ought to do something to assist them, I suppose. No longer ago than last evening, he called on his sister, Mrs. Woodbridge, who told him her health was very poor, and persuaded him into believing that she and her children were actually suffering for food."

"Mrs. Woodbridge is a widow, I believe."

"Yes, and the word *widow*, with some people, is expected to untie the purse-strings of every person who has a decent income. It is well, I think, that the business was so arranged as to give me the control of the property left me by my father; otherwise, I *do* believe that Horace would squander one half of it upon his sister and her children. I am charitable, as every one knows, who is at all acquainted with me. Within the last year, I have headed half a dozen subscription papers, and now, just at the time I want to prepare a few fancy articles for the Fair, I must be teased about Mrs. Woodbridge and her children. Look, Maria, isn't this card-case pretty? I shall get it off on some young clerk—who would like to make a present to a lady—for five or six dollars, and the whole material did not cost over four-and-sixpence, and it has taken me no more than five or six hours to make it. Don't you intend to contribute something for the Fair?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, let me tell you, cousin mine, that a young lady, with a clear income of five thousand a year, ought to, if she don't."

"What purpose is the money intended for, which it is expected will be raised at the Fair?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Your ignorance on the subject shows the little interest you take in benevolent schemes. It is our wish to raise a sum sufficient to purchase a new chandelier for the church; also, to carpet and cushion all the

pews—those occupied by the poor as well as the rich. The inside of a church has a very mean look, when one half of the pews have neither carpets nor cushions; and, for my part, I feel ashamed whenever any distinguished stranger is present. Besides, it will be such a luxury for the poor to sit on cushions, and to have a carpet for their feet—especially in the winter season."

"Then, why not provide the pews of the poor with the luxury, and leave the rich to furnish their own?"

"Don't you see that, if we do, perfect patch-work will be made of the affair? If permitted to consult their own fancy, no two individuals would choose alike."

"It don't appear to me to be of much consequence whether they are alike or not; and as for a chandelier, we certainly don't need a new one. I always thought the one in our church remarkably tasteful and elegant, and it has never, I believe, sustained the least injury."

"I don't know that it has, but, for my part, I think our pastor is as worthy a handsome church, as respects decorations, and all else, as any one in the city, and our chandelier is not half as costly as that in Mr. Yarmouth's church. Come, Maria, do, for once, try to think and act like other people. No one understands fancy-work better than you, and, as you have plenty of leisure, you ought, at least, to prepare have a dozen articles for the Fair. By the way, what have you done with that beautiful collar I saw you embroidering, some time since? I have never seen you wear it."

"It was not for myself. It was one of a half dozen a poor woman was employed to do, and as she found that she could not finish them in season, I offered to assist her."

Mrs. Willerton was prevented from making any reply, by hearing the door-bell ring.

"I rather think it is Mrs. Wyman," said she. "I have been expecting her all the morning. She told me she was going round, to-day, to try and obtain something to augment the funds of the Dorcas society. Now, Maria, you certainly cannot refuse to subscribe for such a purpose."

"I believe I shall be obliged to," returned Maria—"that is, if I have been rightly informed as to the manner the society is conducted. I cannot think it right to employ poor women to make garments at prices so low as to render it

impossible for them to earn a comfortable subsistence."

"O, we calculate to make them ourselves."

"Worse still," was Maria's reply.

Mrs. Wyman, a showy, fashionably-dressed woman, now entered. After a few minutes, spent in pleasant conversation, she unrolled a sheet of paper, on which was written a few lines by way of preamble, stating the object of the society, and the inadequate means at its disposal to carry that object into effect in a manner which was at all satisfactory. It closed with a pathetic appeal to those ladies charitably disposed, calling upon them to give of their abundance to those perishing with hunger and cold.

Mrs. Wyman, with some difficulty, commanded her voice, while she read it aloud. She and Mrs. Willerton both shed tears. After having had time to compose herself a little, Mrs. Wyman handed the paper to Mrs. Willerton, saying, as she did so,—

"My dear friend, you must head the subscription. I brought the paper to you first, on purpose, because I knew you would give liberally. It will be a good example to others. Example, you know, goes a great way."

"You must not expect too much," returned Mrs. Willerton, "but the little I am able to give will be given cheerfully."

She opened a little, portable writing-desk, considered a moment, and then, with a sweet smile irradiating her countenance, wrote her name, and against it, fifty dollars. She then drew forth her purse.

"I will pay you at once," said she. "I have placed my name on the paper merely to encourage others."

"A little ready money would certainly be acceptable," said Mrs. Wyman, "as we are entirely out of material, and there is a capital chance to get sewing done cheap. Nearly a dozen poor women, who have families, and several young girls are waiting for work, who, for the sake of having it, will do it for less than they ever have before. One young girl, Fanny Woodbridge, I think she told me her name was, offered to make a dozen shirts for half the usual price, which will be a great saving. A number of others will make different articles at a rate nearly or quite as low."

Maria thought that Mrs. Willerton winced a little at the mention of Fanny Woodbridge, who was her husband's niece. If it did excite any interest in her mind, or cause any feelings of compunction, she abstained from making any enquiry. She probably felt afraid that it might lead to some discovery relative to her connection with Mrs. Woodbridge.

"Miss Vernon," said Mrs. Wyman, presenting the paper to Maria, "I know we may count on something handsome from you."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," she replied, "but I must decline giving anything whatever."

"You surprise me, Miss Vernon: I have been told that you were very benevolent."

"A reputation which is certainly desirable, yet I cannot consent to maintain it, by contributing to the funds of the Dorcas society."

"I suspect you do not understand the principles by which the society is guided,"

"I think I do, perfectly."

"And pray what can be more laudable than to make and distribute garments among those poor wretches, who are sunk so low in vice and idleness, that they neither have the means nor the inclination to clothe themselves."

"To speak plainly," said Maria, "I don't approve of the manner in which the labor of making the garments for those poor outcasts is obtained. Women who are willing to labor, and have too much self-respect to beg, are required to work for them at prices so low, as to make it utterly impossible for them to procure an adequate supply of even the coarsest food. I am told that the members of the society do most all the work themselves, which according to my mind—"

"Yes, we do most of it ourselves," said Mrs. Wyman, eagerly interrupting her; "we only give those work who beg and pray for it, because they cannot possibly get a stitch anywhere else."

"But," said Maria, "if the poor and industrious were employed to do it, at a fair compensation, two benevolent objects would be effected at the same time; if, indeed, an indiscriminate distribution of garments among the idle and vicious, is worthy the name of benevolence. I am afraid that it only fosters the evil it is designed to remedy. In one instance, I happen to know, a woman of intemperate habits pledged a calico gown given her by your society, and thus obtained the means to procure liquor, by which she and her children were rendered more miserable than before. She needed some kind hand to put her in the way to help herself, as well as to furnish her with clothing."

Mrs. Wyman made no reply to this. She evidently considered it in the light of a reproof; and to one who was almost daily receiving the incense of adulation, on account of her superior benevolence, any remark calculated to show that her manner of exercising it was not the most judicious, was by no means palatable. Consequently, her manner towards her was exceedingly cold and distant during the remainder of her call. Soon after her departure, Maria likewise took leave.

Mrs. Wyman had been gone scarcely half an hour, when there was another ring of the bell. This time the visitor was a lady by the name of Underwood. Her husband did not rank among the wealthier class of citizens; on the contrary, his wife, to enable them to live within their means, was obliged to conduct the domestic department according to the rules of strict economy. Mrs. Willerton, therefore, who did not consider her as quite up to her level, received her less cordially than she did the other lady.

"I have taken the liberty to call on you," said Mrs. Underwood, after some little delay, "in behalf of a poor widow, who on account of declining health, even with the assistance of her daughter, finds it extremely hard to get along."

"Really, madam," said Mrs. Willerton, "I believe it will be out of my power to contribute anything. I have already given fifty dollars to-day, for charitable purposes, which is, I think, as much as it is my duty to give in one day."

"I don't ask for money," said Mrs. Underwood. "The lady—for she is a lady, in every sense of the word, though in such indigent circumstances—would hardly be willing to accept anything without an equivalent on her part. What I ask for her is work, at a price which will enable her to live. She is a very nice sewer, as is also her daughter, a girl of fourteen. They have lately been sewing, at prices so low, that they have been almost literally reduced to starvation. My heart bled at sight of the girl, who called on me to beg some work. A sad tale of toil and want was written on her young face, which, in spite of them all, was beautiful. I gave her what work I had on hand, and paid her in advance, to enable her to procure food, for I really believe she was nearly famishing. She told me that she had been promised some sewing by a lady of the Dorcas society, and named the remuneration she was to receive, and I must confess that I was astonished that ladies could in the name of charity ask a poor, pale girl like her, to work at such shamefully low prices. It seems like taking life by inches."

"As the funds of the society are at present low, we don't feel it to be a duty to give more than is demanded," said Mrs. Willerton.

Mrs. Underwood made no attempt to reason with her on the subject. She thought what she had already said, was sufficient to suggest such reflections as might, in the end, prove salutary. Till Mrs. Willerton, in allusion to the society, made use of the pronoun *we*, she did not know that she was a member. She, however, did not regret having censured an inconsistency so glaring, and so culpable. After a few minutes' silence, she asked Mrs. Willerton if she could not furnish some plain sewing for the widow and her daughter in question.

"I am unable to, at present," was her answer. "Just now, I have no time to prepare work, as I am extremely busy in making fancy articles for the Fair. You, of course, will contribute something, as you and your family, in common with others who attend Mr. Carter's church, will share the benefit of the proceeds."

"It is not my intention. Our pew is already furnished with a decent carpet and comfortable cushions, and the most Mr. Underwood can do, will be to pay the average price of the new ones. He will be sure to do that as soon as the sum can be ascertained. I hope," said she, rising to go, "that when your hurry about the Fair is over, that you will be able to prepare some work."

"Perhaps I may," replied Mrs. Willerton; coldly.

"I am afraid," thought Mrs. Underwood, as she turned away from the door of the palace-like dwelling, "that the eclat of heading a subscription paper with forty or fifty dollars, influences Mrs. Willerton more than any real desire to relieve the destitute."

When Mr. Willerton came home to dinner, his spirits were evidently much depressed, though he endeavored to appear cheerful. The truth was, the suffering condition of his sister caused him great uneasiness; for strange as it may seem for one who dwelt in a palace, and fared sumptu-

ously every day, he was unable to afford them very little relief.

He was a lawyer by profession, and had an average share of practice. He never had, nor had he now, a wish to be idle, though he certainly imagined, at the time he married a rich wife, that he might, occasionally, relax a little in his exertions. He soon found that he had indulged in a vain imagination. His lady-wife told him in plain terms, that she expected he would defray the family expenses, with the exception of furnishing her wardrobe. This, as he would have no rent to pay, the house where they lived being a part of the property inherited from her father, she thought would be extremely easy, as she should make it a point to get along with three servants. She would thus, she said, be at liberty to gratify her benevolent impulses, and her taste for the beautiful (and, she might have added, her whims,) her yearly income being nearly ten thousand dollars. It was nothing more, she thought, than she was entitled to. Poor Willerton soon found, that instead of relaxing in his exertions, he was obliged to redouble them. Before his marriage, he took what practice was offered him; now, he was obliged to seek for more. Early and late he worked like a slave, yet, after all, he failed to realize his wife's expectations. She was ambitious to see his name on subscription papers. It seemed strange to her that he could not save fifty dollars, now and then, to devote to charitable purposes. The difficulty, she thought, was his lack of energy, or worse still, as she was afraid, the want of a disposition to give; yet, when he asked her one day, if she had not some cast-off clothing, which his sister could manage to make over for the children, she told him carelessly that everything of that kind which could be made available, was placed at the disposal of the Dorcas society.

Mrs. Willerton either did not notice, or would not appear to do so, the depression of her husband's spirits.

"I am really ashamed of you, Horace," said she, as soon as they were fairly seated at the dinner-table.

"For what reason?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Tarleton, whom I happened to meet with yesterday, told me that the gentlemen of our society, if they can raise money enough, have it in contemplation to purchase a new bell; but, added he, so many throw cold water on the project, that he don't know but they shall be obliged to give it up. At my request, he showed me the subscription paper, and I was truly mortified to find that your name was among the missing."

"We have a very good-bell, now," said he.

"It is not a good-toned bell, nor never was, and now when it is rung at the same time the bell at Mr. Yarmouth's church is, I feel fairly ashamed of it. Five hundred dollars, Mr. Tarleton said, would make up the necessary sum, and I am sure you might put your name down for fifty of it. Dr. Southwick's name is down for a hundred, and I don't believe that his profession is more lucrative than yours. I wish ladies subscribed for the bell—if they did, my name would soon be down for a hundred dollars."

"If I should put my name down for five dollars, I couldn't pay it. If I were able to give my sister only one dollar a week, which would pay her rent, she and Fanny could sew enough, so as not to suffer for bread—now it is impossible."

"I cannot believe, Horace, that your sister is in the suffering condition she represents herself to be. When you call there, because you don't see her surrounded by the luxuries you are accustomed to at home, you are easily made to believe that she is in want of the common necessities of life."

"I wish, Jane, you would call with me—if you would, I think you would change your mind."

"Well, perhaps I may sometime, but as you know, it is a very busy time with me now."

Mr. Willerton was, just then, so much pressed with business, that he was obliged to be at his office early and late—sometimes as late as midnight. This prevented him from calling on his sister, though his thoughts often wandered to her humble abode, where, in imagination, he saw her surrounded by her children, whose meagre faces would have brightened with joy, could the delicacies which Mrs. Willerton bestowed on her pet dog, have been added to their scanty fare.

Mrs. Willerton, as well as her husband, had been extremely busy, and had not left the house at all, for several days, except to do a little shopping. One morning, when out making a few purchases for the completion of the fancy articles for the Fair, she fell in with Mrs. Somers, a lady of her acquaintance. As they walked slowly along, they became so pleasantly engaged in conversation, that Mrs. Willerton did not observe that they had arrived at a portion of the city, inhabited by the poorer classes. Mrs. Somers suddenly stopped opposite one of the houses. "I have a call to make here," said she. "Will you not go in with me?"

Mrs. Willerton glanced her eyes over her elegant and fashionable dress, and as she did so, involuntarily drew back.

"You will not find a better opportunity," said Mrs. Somers, "for the exercise of your well-known benevolence."

"I don't know," she replied, "that I can spare the time to go in with you now. In a few days, I shall be more at leisure."

"It may be too late then, as far as you are concerned, and I know that you would be sorry to miss the opportunity of helping to carry into effect a plan for ameliorating the sufferings of the worthy and industrious poor. The case in question is one too urgent to be delayed. Last evening, for the first time, I was informed of the sufferings of the family I am now going to visit. I called immediately, and have since found that Maria Vernon had already commenced arrangements, which, if carried into effect, will enable the poor widow and her daughter to maintain themselves and the rest of the family in comparative comfort."

Mrs. Somers had already rapped at the door, and it was now opened by a little girl about seven years old.

"My dear," said she, "please tell your mother that Mrs. Somers is at the door, and, if convenient, would like to see her."

Before the child turned away from the door, she raised her large, dark eyes to the face of Mrs. Willerton, enquiringly.

Mrs. Somers saw the look, and said in answer—

"You may also say to your mother, that I have a friend with me, a very benevolent lady."

"Yes ma'am," was her reply.

After an absence of about a minute, she returned, and said her mother would be glad to see Mrs. Somers and the other lady.

The first object that attracted the attention of Mrs. Willerton, on entering a room finished in a coarse, rough manner, expressly for the accommodation of the poor, was a woman bolstered up in bed, holding in her left hand, a coarse shirt-sleeve, she had commenced making. She was about thirty-five, and traces of uncommon loveliness still remained on her countenance, though pale, care-worn and emaciated. Mrs. Willerton gave a nervous start, for she at once recognized in the lady before her, Mrs. Woodbridge, her husband's sister. The recognition was mutual, for though neither of them had ever before entered the other's home, they had often seen each other at church. Mrs. Willerton hoped that her sister-in-law did not know her. Mrs. Woodbridge was made sensible of this, from her noticing her in no other way, than by a slight inclination of her head. As Mrs. Willerton took the chair offered her by the child who had conducted her and Mrs. Somers in, her eye fell on the sleeve Mrs. Woodbridge held in her hand, and by its coarse texture, she knew it to be work furnished by the Dorcas society.

"How do you feel to-day?" said Mrs. Somers, going up to the bedside.

"Better than I did last evening—much better," was her reply.

"You should not attempt to sew," said Mrs. Somers.

"I thought I must try and do a few stitches," she answered, "for Fanny is almost as feeble and exhausted as I am. Your medicine, however," and she faintly smiled, as she emphasized the word, "has restored her quite as much as it has me."

"Where is Fanny?" asked Mrs. Somers.

"Gone to carry home some work we have been doing for a Mrs. Underwood. She is a very benevolent lady, and though her means are limited, does a great deal in her quiet, unostentatious way, for the relief of the poor. Had it not been for her sudden and severe illness, we should not have been reduced to the suffering condition in which you found us last evening."

"It was through Mrs. Underwood's means, that I found you," said Mrs. Somers. "The moment she was a little better, she remembered you, and sent to request me to call on you."

"Friends are starting up around us, all at once," said Mrs. Woodbridge. "You had not been gone ten minutes last evening, before a young lady called by the name of Vernon. Her thoughts seemed to have turned the same way that yours and Mrs. Underwood's have, relative to some plan which would enable Fanny and me to help ourselves. Perhaps, by some means, she had been made aware, that though we are will-

ing to work, to beg we are ashamed. Miss Vernon said she would call again in the morning."

"I hope that she will call while Mrs. Willerton and I are here," said Mrs. Somers. "We three—I mean Mrs. Willerton, Miss Vernon and myself—have ample means to carry the proposed plan into effect. All we shall need from Mrs. Underwood will be her excellent advice, and I have met with no lady, whose judgment and discrimination are superior to hers. If some of the ladies who preside over our benevolent societies were like her, they would, I think, be conducted in a manner quite different from what they now are."

Mrs. Willerton, when Mrs. Somers mentioned her name, felt extremely uneasy. She dreaded the return of Fanny, lest when she addressed her, she should call her aunt, and thus betray to Mrs. Somers her connection with the Woodbridge family; for she could not hope that one so young, would exercise the same proud forbearance which her sister-in-law had done. From the younger children, soon after her entrance, she found that she had nothing to fear. They had no idea that she was the aunt Willerton, they had heard their mother and sister mention. In addition to her uneasiness on this account, she felt depressed and humbled in the presence of Mrs. Woodbridge. A sense of her superiority, which she could not throw off, forced itself upon her mind. Seeing that Mrs. Somers was engaged in saying something to the children, she rose and went close to the bedside.

"I had no idea," said she, speaking in an under-tone, "that you were reduced to the condition in which I find you. Your brother will call and see you this evening, and I shall try and do something for you."

"I beg that you will not put yourself to the least inconvenience on my account," replied Mrs. Woodbridge, coldly. "Providence has seen fit to raise up friends for the relief of my suffering family, so that any aid from you will be unnecessary."

"If you refuse to accept aid from me, you will be willing to accept it from your brother."

"Yes; I am willing to accept all that he is able to give, and that I am sure of receiving."

"What is it?"

"His sympathy. The thought of his withholding it would cause me much unhappiness."

Mrs. Willerton instead of answering, started, and, turning hastily away from the bedside, drew her veil over her face. She had caught the sound of footsteps approaching the door, and the thought if Fanny had returned, and should recognize her, it would cause her reputation for benevolence to suffer in the estimation of Mrs. Somers, occasioned her quite as much uneasiness as the idea of having her know that Mrs. Woodbridge was her husband's sister. The door opened, and Fanny entered. Mrs. Willerton's fears subsided, for merely curtseying to her, she turned to Mrs. Somers, who greeted her with a smile and pleasant words. Mrs. Willerton, in the mean time, stood with averted face, and as soon as she could do so, without breaking in upon Mrs. Somers, told her that she could not possibly remain longer.

"I will detain you only a minute longer," re-

plied Mrs. Somers; and, after interchanging a few words with Mrs. Woodbridge, she joined the impatient Mrs. Willerton, whose hand was already on the door-latch.

When Mrs. Willerton, in silent communion with her own mind, recalled the scene of poverty and suffering she had been constrained to witness, her own course during the six years of her wedded life, assumed an aspect quite different from what it had formerly done. Being unimaginative, one example had influenced her more than many precepts. She saw, that to be truly benevolent, discretion was necessary, as well as time and money, and the discovery was turned to good account. Those degraded women, who had been accustomed to pledge the garments given them by the Dorcas society, in order to obtain the means of indulging in habits of intemperance, soon found that they could no longer do so without discovery.

Formerly, a large number of garments, at stated intervals, were given to those who would take the trouble to apply for them. It had even been found, on investigation, that the same applicant, by borrowing a different bonnet, or outside covering of some kind, had received what had been intended for several; and what was still more provoking, such instances of fraud had been traced to those, who at once parted with the clothing for the purpose above mentioned.

In discovering the nature of true benevolence, she found that she had, in its name, been sacrificing on the altar of vanity. In other respects, she also became more clear-sighted. She found that in the midst of plenty, her husband was over-working himself, and that for the sake of furnishing the table with those luxuries, which to her had become necessities, he was actually, at times, reduced to as great pecuniary straits as the humblest day-laborer. She made no verbal acknowledgment of her error, but what was better, acknowledged it by pursuing a different course.

By the exertions of those ladies, who had interested themselves in their behalf, Mrs. Woodbridge and her family were soon provided with a dwelling, with sufficient room for their comfortable accommodation.

While Mrs. Woodbridge was furnished with work for which she was well paid, Fanny was enabled to learn a dress-maker's trade. In a few years, the mistress of the establishment, having received a handsome competency, retired from business, and Fanny Woodbridge, as her successor, aided by her mother and sisters, was soon enabled not only to surround herself and them, with every desirable comfort, but to minister to the necessities of others.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals. No one, who holds the power of granting it, can refuse it without guilt.

and obscene jest and turn of expression; let him fix his eye on riches, or some post of honor in the gift of the people, and determine, at all hazards and by *any* means, to obtain them. He may thus, while outwardly decent, produce a total change in his character in a few years, and, while yet living in respectable society, really love best the lowest persons and things. He may think that he has lost nothing by indulgence in these habits of thought and life. But he has lost *much*. He has lost his power to love the best things—the highest, most worthy objects. He has lost the power to enjoy the society and conversation of noble, sincere men—the excellent of the earth; he has lost his consciousness of innocence and honesty, and is now able to derive a contemptible and demoniac pleasure from over-reaching his neighbor. The love of place or popularity has caused him to lose his independence, and made him a coward, and a slave to the very people whom he despises. He has lost his relish for the society of pure and high-minded women, and loves only the low, frivolous and gossiping, and such as best gratify his depraved taste. He has lost almost everything of value. He has ceased to love the best and most elevated things in life. His affections gravitate towards, and grovel amongst, sinful, base, unworthy objects. He has lost innocence, and purity, and honor, and integrity, and sincerity, and independence. Is not this loss enough for one soul? He has brought upon himself fearful retribution. He has degraded himself till, gradually, he has become incapable of elevated and noble affections, and he is now given up to the wild, passionate, restless feelings which make a bad man's soul like an ocean tossed by storms, to which no calm day ever comes. His *low and wicked loves* are the *evil spirits* that inflict the punishment due to his transgression.

And, in like manner, a young woman may destroy the beauty, innocence and strength of her character, till she is compelled to live in the same low region of life. She may neglect mental culture, read only books full of foul insinuations and unnatural delineations of life, may love excitement and pleasure better than home, and overlook all preparation for the duties of womanhood. A few years of such a life will cause her dreadful loss—loss of delicate and pure affections, loss of the true dignity of womanhood, loss of love of good society, loving instead the weak and foolish, loss of love of home and rational enjoyment. And, then, when the great want of a woman's soul comes, she will bestow her affections, and give herself away, loving one low and unworthy, but like herself. Her frivolous mind and restless passions will compel her to such a wretched union. Henceforth she must live in company with the lowest loves. She must live on husks and chaff.

We seek happiness by heaping on our puny selves all we can, each one building, according to the joint force of his intellect and selfishness, a reversed pyramid, under the which the higher it rises the lower he is crushed on the small spot his small self can fill.

COMMON PEOPLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Are you going to call upon Mrs. Clayton and her daughters, Mrs. Marygold?" asked a neighbor, alluding to a family that had just moved into Sycamore Row.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Lemmington, that I am not. I don't visit everybody."

"I thought the Claytons were a very respectable family," remarked Mrs. Lemmington.

"Respectable! Everybody is getting respectable now-a-days. If they are respectable, it is very lately that they have become so. What is Mr. Clayton, I wonder, but a school-master! It's too bad that such people will come crowding themselves into genteel neighborhoods. The time was when to live in Sycamore Row was guarantee enough for any one—but, now, all kinds of people have come into it."

"I have never met Mrs. Clayton," remarked Mrs. Lemmington, "but I have been told that she is a most estimable woman, and that her daughters have been educated with great care. Indeed, they are represented as being highly accomplished girls."

"Well, I don't care what they are represented to be. I'm not going to keep company with a school-master's wife and daughters, that's certain."

"Is there anything disgraceful in keeping a school?"

"No, nor in making shoes, either. But, then, that's no reason why I should keep company with my shoemaker's wife, is it? Let common people associate together—that's my doctrine."

"But what do you mean by common people, Mrs. Marygold?"

"Why, I mean common people. Poor people. People who have not come of a respectable family. That's what I mean."

"I am not sure that I comprehend your explanation much better than I do your classification. If you mean, as you say, poor people, your objection will not apply with full force to the Claytons, for they are now in tolerably easy circumstances. As to the family of Mr. Clayton, I believe his father was a man of integrity, though not rich. And Mrs. Clayton's family I know to be without reproach of any kind."

"And yet they are common people for all that," persevered Mrs. Marygold. "Wasn't old Clayton a mere petty dealer in small wares. And wasn't Mrs. Clayton's father a mechanic?"

"Perhaps, if some of us were to go back for a generation or two, we might trace out an ancestor who held no higher place in society," Mrs. Lemmington remarked quietly. "I have no doubt but that I should."

"I have no fears of that kind," replied Mrs. Marygold, in an exulting tone. "I shall never blush when my pedigree is traced."

"Nor I neither, I hope. Still, I should not wonder if some one of my ancestors had disgraced himself, for there are but few families that are not cursed with a spotted sheep. But I have nothing to do with that, and ask only to be judged by what I am—not by what my progenitors have been."

"A standard that few will respect, let me tell you."

"A standard that far the largest portion of society will regard as the true one, I hope," replied Mrs. Lemmington. "But, surely, you do not intend refusing to call upon the Claytons for the reason you have assigned, Mrs. Marygold."

"Certainly I do. They are nothing but common people, and therefore beneath me. I shall not stoop to associate with them."

"I think that I will call upon them. In fact, my object in dropping in this morning was to see if you would not accompany me," said Mrs. Lemmington.

"Indeed, I will not, and for the reasons I have given. They are only common people. You will be stooping."

"No one stoops in doing a kind act. Mrs. Clayton is a stranger in the neighborhood, and is entitled to the courtesy of a call, if no more; and that I shall extend to her. If I find her to be uncongenial in her tastes, no intimate acquaintanceship need be formed. If she is congenial, I will add another to my list of valued friends. You and I, I find, estimate differently. I judge every individual by merit, you by family, or descent."

"You can do as you please," rejoined Mrs. Marygold, somewhat coldly. "For my part, I am particular about my associates. I will visit Mrs. Florence, and Mrs. Harwood, and such as move in good society, but as to your school-teachers' wives and daughters, I must beg to be excused."

"Every one to her taste," rejoined Mrs. Lemmington, with a smile, as she moved towards the door, where she stood for a few moments to utter some parting compliments, and then withdrew.

Five minutes afterwards she was shown into Mrs. Clayton's parlors, where, in a moment or two, she was met by the lady upon whom she had called, and received with an easy gracefulness, that at once charmed her. A brief conversation convinced her that Mrs. Clayton was, in intelligence and moral worth, as far above Mrs. Marygold, as that personage imagined herself to be above her. Her daughters, who came in while she sat conversing with their mother, showed themselves to possess all those graces of mind and manner that win upon our admiration so irresistibly. An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and then Mrs. Lemmington withdrew.

The difference between Mrs. Lemmington and Mrs. Marygold was simply this. The former had been familiar with what is called the best society from her earliest recollection, and being, therefore, constantly in association with those looked upon as the upper class, knew nothing of the upstart self-estimation which is felt by certain weak, ignorant persons, who, by some accidental circumstance, are elevated far above the condition into which they moved originally. She could estimate true worth in humble garb as well as in velvet and rich satins. She was one of those individuals who never pass an old and worthy domestic in the street without recognition, or stopping to make some kind inquiry—

one who never forgot a familiar face, or neglected to pass a kind word to even the humblest who possessed the merit of good principles. As to Mrs. Marygold, notwithstanding her boast in regard to pedigree, there were not a few who could remember when her grandfather carried a pedlar's pack on his back—and an honest and worthy pedlar he was, saving his pence until they became pounds, and then relinquishing his peregrinating propensities, for the quieter life of a small shop-keeper. His son, the father of Mrs. Marygold, while a boy, had a pretty familiar acquaintance with low life. But, as soon as his father gained the means to do so, he was put to school and furnished with a good education. Long before he was of age, the old man had become a pretty large shipper; and when his son arrived at mature years, he took him into business as a partner. In marrying, Mrs. Marygold's father chose a young lady whose father, like his own, had grown rich by individual exertions. This young lady had not a few false notions in regard to the true genteel, and these fell legitimately to the share of her eldest daughter, who, when she in turn came upon the stage of action, married into an old and what was called a highly respectable family, a circumstance that puffed her up to the full extent of her capacity to bear inflation. There were few in the circle of her acquaintances who did not fully appreciate her, and smile at her weakness and false pride. Mrs. Florence, to whom she had alluded in her conversation with Mrs. Lemmington, and who lived in Sycamore Row, was not only faultless in regard to family connections, but was esteemed in the most intelligent circles for her rich mental endowments and high moral principles. Mrs. Harwood, also alluded to, was the daughter of an English barrister, and wife of a highly distinguished professional man, and was besides richly endowed herself, morally and intellectually. Although Mrs. Marygold was very fond of visiting them for the mere *clat* of the thing, yet their company was scarcely more agreeable to her, than hers was to them, for there was little in common between them. Still, they had to tolerate her, and did so with a good grace.

It was, perhaps, three months after Mrs. Clayton moved into the neighborhood, that cards of invitation were sent to Mr. and Mrs. Marygold and daughter to pass a social evening at Mrs. Harwood's. Mrs. M. was of course delighted; and felt doubly proud of her own importance. Her daughter Melinda, of whom she was excessively vain, was an indolent, uninteresting girl, too dull to imbibe even a small portion of her mother's self-estimation. In company, she attracted but little attention, except what her father's money and standing in society claimed for her.

On the evening appointed, the Marygolds repaired to the elegant residence of Mrs. Harwood, and were ushered into a large and brilliant company, more than half of whom were strangers even to them. Mrs. Lemmington was there, and Mrs. Florence, and many others with whom Mrs. Marygold was on terms of intimacy, besides several "distinguished strangers." Among those with whom Mrs. Marygold was unacquainted,

were two young ladies who seemed to attract general attention. They were not showy, chattering girls, such as in all companies attract a swarm of shallow-minded young fellows about them. On the contrary, there was something retiring, almost shrinking in their manner, that shunned rather than courted observation. And yet, no one, who, attracted by their sweet, modest faces, found himself by their side that did not feel inclined to linger there.

"Who are those girls, Mrs. Lemmington?" asked Mrs. Marygold, meeting the lady she addressed in crossing the room.

"The two girls in the corner who are attracting so much attention?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know them?"

"I certainly do not."

"They are no common persons, I can assure you, Mrs. Marygold."

"Of course, or they would not be found here. But who are they?"

"Ah, Mrs. Lemmington! how are you?" said a lady, coming up at this moment, and interrupting the conversation. "I have been looking for you this half hour." Then, passing her arm within that of the individual she had addressed, she drew her aside before she had a chance to answer Mrs. Marygold's question.

In a few minutes after, a gentleman handed Melinda to the piano, and there was a brief pause as she struck the instrument, and commenced going through the unintelligible intricacies of a fashionable piece of music. She could strike all the notes with scientific correctness and mechanical precision. But there was no more expression in her performance than there is in that of a musical box. After she had finished her task, she left the instrument with a few words of commendation extorted by a feeling of politeness.

"Will you not favor us with a song?" asked Mr. Harwood, going up to one of the young ladies to whom allusion has just been made.

"My sister sings, I do not," was the modest reply, "but I will take pleasure in accompanying her."

All eyes were fixed upon them as they moved towards the piano, accompanied by Mr. Harwood, for something about their manners, appearance and conversation, had interested nearly all in the room who had been led to notice them particularly. The sister who could not sing, seated herself with an air of easy confidence at the instrument, while the other stood near her. The first few touches that passed over the keys showed that the performer knew well how to give to music a soul. The tones that came forth were not the simple vibrations of a musical chord, but expressions of affection given by her whose fingers woke the strings into harmony. But if the preluding touches fell wittingly upon every ear, how exquisitely sweet and thrilling was the voice that stole out low and tremulous at first, and deepened in volume and expression every moment, until the whole room seemed filled with melody! Every whisper was hushed, and every one bent forward almost breathlessly to listen. And when, at length, both voice and instrument were hushed into silence, no enthusiastic expres-

sions of admiration were heard, but only half-whispered ejaculations of "exquisite!" "sweet!" "beautiful!" Then came earnestly expressed wishes for another and another song, until the sisters, feeling at length that many must be wearied with their long continued occupation of the piano, felt themselves compelled to decline further invitations to sing. No one else ventured to touch a key of the instrument during the evening.

"Do pray, Mrs. Lemmington, tell me who those girls are—I am dying to know," said Mrs. Marygold, crossing the room to where the person she addressed was seated with Mrs. Florence and several other ladies of "distinction," and taking a chair by her side.

"They are only common people," replied Mrs. Lemmington, with affected indifference.

"Common people, my dear madam! What do you mean by such an expression?" said Mrs. Florence in surprise, and with something of indignation latent in her tone.

"I'm sure their father, Mr. Clayton, is nothing but a teacher."

"Mr. Clayton! Surely those are not Clayton's daughters!" ejaculated Mrs. Marygold, in surprise.

"They certainly are, ma'am," replied Mrs. Florence in a quiet but firm voice, for she instantly perceived, from something in Mrs. Marygold's voice and manner, the reason why her friend had alluded to them as common people.

"Well, really, I am surprised that Mrs. Harwood should have invited them to her house, and introduced them into genteel company."

"Why so, Mrs. Marygold?"

"Because, as Mrs. Lemmington has just said, they are common people. Their father is nothing but a schoolmaster."

"If I have observed them rightly," Mrs. Florence said to this, "I have discovered them to be a rather uncommon kind of people. Almost any one can thrum on the piano; but you will not find one in a hundred who can perform with such exquisite grace and feeling as they can. For half an hour this evening I sat charmed with their conversation, and really instructed and elevated by the sentiments they uttered. I cannot say as much for any other young ladies in the room, for there are none others here above the common run of ordinarily intelligent girls—none who may not really be classed with common people in the true acceptance of the term."

"And take them all in all," added Mrs. Lemmington with warmth, "you will find nothing common about them. Look at their dress; see how perfect in neatness, in adaptation of colors and arrangement to complexion and shape, is every thing about them. Perhaps there will not be found a single young lady in the room, besides them, whose dress does not show something not in keeping with good taste. Take their manners. Are they not graceful, gentle, and yet full of nature's own expression. In a word, is there any thing about them that is 'common?'"

"Nothing that my eye has detected," replied Mrs. Florence.

"Except their origin," half-sneeringly rejoined Mrs. Marygold.

"They were born of woman," was the grave remark. "Can any of us boast a higher origin?"

"There are various ranks among women," Mrs. Marygold said, firmly.

"True. But,

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.'

Mere position in society does not make any of us more or less a true woman. I could name you over a dozen or more in my circle of acquaintance, who move in what is called the highest rank; who, in all that truly constitutes a woman, are incomparably below Mrs. Clayton: who, if thrown with her among perfect strangers, would be instantly eclipsed. Come then, Mrs. Marygold, lay aside all these false standards, and estimate woman more justly. Let me, to begin, introduce both yourself and Melinda to the young ladies this evening. You will be charmed with them, I know, and equally charmed with their mother when you know her."

"No, ma'am," replied Mrs. Marygold, drawing herself up with a dignified air. "I have no wish to cultivate their acquaintance, or the acquaintance of any persons in their station. I am surprised that Mrs. Harwood has not had more consideration for her friends than to compel them to come in contact with such people."

No reply was made to this; and the next remark of Mrs. Florence was about some matter of general interest.

"Henry Florence has not been here for a week," said Mrs. Marygold to her daughter Melinda, some two months after the period at which the conversation just noted occurred.

"No; and he used to come almost every evening," was Melinda's reply, made in a tone that expressed disappointment.

"I wonder what can be the reason?" Mrs. Marygold said, half aloud, half to herself, but with evident feelings of concern. The reason of her concern and Melinda's disappointment arose from the fact that both had felt pretty sure of securing Henry Florence as a member of the Marygold family—such connection, from his standing in society, being especially desirable.

At the very time the young man was thus alluded to by Mrs. Marygold and her daughter, he sat conversing with his mother upon a subject that seemed, from the expression of his countenance, to be of much interest to him.

"And so you do not feel inclined to favor any preference on my part towards Miss Marygold?" he said, looking steadily into his mother's face.

"I do not, Henry," was the frank reply.

"Why not?"

"There is something too common about her, if I may so express myself."

"Too common! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that there is no distinctive character about her. She is, like the large mass around us, a mere made-up girl."

"Speaking in riddles."

"I mean then, Henry, that her character has been formed, or made up, by mere external accretions from the common-place, vague, and often too false notions of things that prevail in society, instead of by the force of sound internal principles, seen to be true from a rational intuition,

and acted upon because they are true. Cannot you perceive the difference?"

"O yes, plainly. And this is why you use the word 'common,' in speaking of her?"

"The very reason. And now, my son, can you not see that there is force in my objection to her—that she really does not possess any character distinctively her own, that is founded upon a clear and rational appreciation of abstractly correct principles of action?"

"I cannot say that I differ from you very widely," the young man said, thoughtfully. "But, if you call Melinda 'common,' where shall I go to find one who may be called 'uncommon?'"

"I can point you to one."

"Say on."

"You have met Fanny Clayton?"

"Fanny Clayton!" ejaculated the young man, taken by surprise, the blood rising to his face.

"O yes, I have met her."

"She is no common girl, Henry," Mrs. Florence said, in a serious voice. "She has not her equal in my circle of acquaintances."

"Nor in mine either," replied the young man, recovering himself. "But you would not feel satisfied to have your son address Miss Clayton?"

"And why not, pray? Henry, I have never met with a young lady whom I would rather see your wife than Fanny Clayton."

"And I," rejoined the young man with equal warmth, "never met with any one whom I could truly love until I saw her sweet young face."

"Then never think again of one like Melinda Marygold. You could not be rationally happy with her."

Five or six months rolled away, during a large portion of which time the fact that Henry Florence was addressing Fanny Clayton formed a theme for pretty free comment in various quarters. Most of Henry's acquaintance heartily approved his choice; but Mrs. Marygold, and a few like her, all with daughters of the "common" class, were deeply incensed at the idea of a "common kind of a girl" like Miss Clayton being forced into genteel society, a consequence that would of course follow her marriage. Mrs. Marygold hesitated not to declare that, for her part, let others do as they liked, she was not going to associate with her—that was settled. She had too much regard to what was due to her station in life. As for Melinda, she had no very kind feelings for her successful rival—and such a rival too! A mere schoolmaster's daughter! And she hesitated not to speak of her often and in no very courteous terms.

When the notes of invitation to the wedding at length came, which ceremony was to be performed in the house of Mr. Clayton, in Sycamore Row, Mrs. Marygold declared that to send her an invitation to go to such a place was a downright insult. As the time, however, drew near, and she found that Mrs. Harwood and a dozen others equally respectable in her eyes were going to the wedding, she managed to smother her indignation so far as, at length, to make up her mind to be present at the nuptial ceremonies. But it was not until her ears were almost stunned by the repeated and earnestly expressed congratulations to Mrs. Florence at the admirable choice made by

her son, and that too by those whose tastes and opinions she dared not dispute, that she could perceive any thing even passable in the beautiful young bride.

Gradually, however, as the younger Mrs. Florence, in the process of time, took her true position in the social circle, even Mrs. Marygold could begin to perceive the intrinsic excellence of her character, although even this was more a tacit assent to a universal opinion than a discovery of her own.

As for Melinda, she was married about a year after Fanny Clayton's wedding, to a sprig of gentility with about as much force of character as herself. This took place on the same night that Lieut. Harwood, son of the Mrs. Harwood before alluded to, led to the altar Mary Clayton, the sister of Fanny, who was conceded by all to be the loveliest girl they had ever seen—lovely, not only in face and form, but loveliness itself in the sweet perfections of moral beauty. As for Lieut. Harwood, he was worthy of the heart he had won.

MY SCISSORS.

BY FRANCIS DANA GAGE.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wicks; hope I see you well, this morning."

"Well, yes, pretty well, all but my hands."

"Your hands! What's the matter with your hands; not been scalding them I hope?"

"No! worse than that; I have got them all blistered up, trying to cut out the children's fall clothes with my old scissors; I've have had 'em these ten years, and they're just as dull as a hoe, and every time I cut a roundabout, shirt, or pair of pants, I have just such a time of it. Susan Willard is sewing for me now, and I wanted to get my cutting done while my hand was in, so I just wanted to see if you would not lend me your nice large tailor shears, a day or two, for I won't do another thing with mine for a week to come."

"Really, Mrs. Wicks, I would like to accommodate you, but I am very busy with mine just now, cutting rags for my carpet, and could not possibly spare them without great inconvenience."

"Well, I don't know what I'll do; I can't cut out any more with mine, and Susan has only two weeks to stay. Do you know of any one that has a good pair?"

"No, I do not. Would it not be better for you to purchase a good pair? I could hardly get along without mine for a single day, without feeling the want of them."

"What did yours cost?"

"Two dollars and a half."

"Two dollars and a half—goodness! Mr. Wicks would no more let me have money to buy such a pair of scissors, than he'd fly."

"Oh I think you are mistaken; I have always thought Mr. Wicks very indulgent."

"There's where you are altogether mistaken. I hardly ever ask him for money, but what he says something to hurt my feelings, and I often do without things I really need, rather than have any words. Why, yes, to-day I asked him for money to get my fall trimmings for my bonnet and Rosina's, and it was all I could do to get it out of him—"

"How much did it require to fit your bonnets up for winter?"

"Only five dollars; it would cost ten you know to get us both new ones. I thought he need not have complained at fixing up the old ones."

"And you have the five dollars in your possession—"

"Yes, and we thought we would get trimmings at Grant's. That beautiful royal purple with the orange edge, it's a love of a ribbon, and so cheap, only seventy-five cents a yard."

"My dear Mrs. Wicks, let me give you a new idea. Would your husband complain if you should trim your bonnets with ribbon worth half that sum, and appropriate the balance to the purchase of a good pair of scissors!"

"No, of course he would not; but who, I'd like to know, is going to make themselves the town-talk for the sake of gratifying a husband's whims?"

"Do it to gratify yourself, to add to your own comfort. My bonnet trimmings and all will not cost me over one dollar and a half, and I don't believe the town will trouble itself one bit about it. Town-talk or no talk, you may be sure I'll never run about with my fingers in rags while I can save the price of a pair of scissors in one bonnet trimming. Now don't be offended, Mrs. Wicks; I know you really think you can't get along any other way than just as you do; but if you will only make the effort to economise in your items of dress, &c., you will soon find yourself amply supplied with all these little household conveniences, which you seem so much to want, and my word for it, your husband will not make half the objection to furnishing money for usefals that he now does for the purchasing of non-essentials."

"Now, there is neighbor Pennyman's wife flourishing in a fifteen dollar crape shawl, but her girl complains that she has to borrow wash-tubs, weekly, and that Mrs. P. says that it is all Mr. Pennyman's fault."

"Why, Mrs. Smith, I thought you were a Woman's Rights' woman."

"And so I am; but I assure you I am no advocate for woman's injustice and folly, and while I feel that the law of the land, in common justice, greatly oppresses woman, I also feel that she oftentimes greatly oppresses herself, and lays heavier burdens upon her own heart than she herself is willing to bear, and to excuse her own weakness of purpose, her own foolish love of display, lays all the blame upon her husband, who would willingly indulge every reasonable desire, and only frowns when ungenerous demands are made upon his means."

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Wicks seems more willing to give me money for dress than anything else."

"Is not that because he does not feel at liberty to deny you any personal gratification, because he feels that he can make you happier thus than in any other way? Try the experiment, Mrs. Wicks. Tell him you will reserve half your usual expenses for household conveniences, and if he does not fill your purse with a more cheerful heart, I am much mistaken in him. Begin on the scissors, and if he makes one word of objec-

tion, I will agree to change with you for a week, and wear my hands to blisters on your old ones."

"Well, I'll try this once. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Wicks."

Mrs. Wicks went home, and when her husband came in to dinner, the first thing that took his attention was a beautiful pair of polished steel scissors, not worth less than two dollars.

"Whose are these? been borrowing again, Sarah?"

"No," replied Mrs. Wicks; "I blistered my hands, yesterday, with my old ones, and I just concluded I would wear my old, last winter trimmings, and have me a good pair of scissors for my work. Don't you think they are nice ones? I thought you would not care how I spent my money." Her voice was kinder than usual.

"Of course not," he replied. Nothing further was said. In the evening, instead of going out, he drew up his chair by the work-stand.

"Ain't you going down street?" said Rosina.

"No, I believe not to-night: I like the click of your ma's new scissors, and if I go down street, I am afraid they will lose their pleasant tone."

Mrs. Wicks did not look up; her heart was full, for just then a little roll of "royal purple with orange edge," "cheap at seventy-five cents," fell into her lap.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE MOTHER OF CROMWELL.

An interesting person, indeed, was the mother of Cromwell; a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help, when other assistance failed her; ready for the demands of fortune in the extremest adverse time; of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labor of her own hands, gave dowers to five daughters, sufficient to marry them into families as honorable, but more wealthy than their own; whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace, at Whitehall, the simple tastes that distinguished in the old brewery at Huntingdon; whose only care, amid all her splendors, was for the safety of her beloved son in his dangerous eminence; finally, when her care had outworn her strength, according with her whole modesty and tender history, she implored a simple burial in some country church-yard, rather than the ill-suited trappings of state and ceremony, wherewith she feared, and with reason, too, that his Highness, the Lord Protector of England, would have carried her to some royal tomb.

There is a portrait of her at Hinchilbrook, which, if it were possible, would increase the interest she inspires and the respect she claims. The mouth, so small and sweet, yet full and firm as the mouth of a hero; the large and melancholy eyes, the light, pretty hair, the expression of quiet affectionateness suffused over her face, which is so modestly developed in a satin hood, the simple beauty of the velvet cardinal she wears, and the richness of the small jewel that clasps it, seems to present before the gazer her living and breathing character. — *Forrester's Statesmen of England.*

BABES OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. DENISON.

There are some infants who seem destined for Heaven from their birth. Over these the mother may smile and weep, and watch the fragile beauty of cheek and brow in vain.

Old and learned doctors may stand beside their little couches, and count the quick-beating pulse; they cannot stay the steady footsteps of death—they cannot wave him back, that angel warden of Heaven. Something is written in the blue eyes, the gentle smile, that mortals may never interpret; for them the tiny headstones stand in niches, fresh from the graver's hands. For them the little marble urns are already sculptured, and sweet spots in burial grounds lie waiting. Hug it ever so closely to the fond bosom, the favored immortal is ever in the hands of the angels, and they will claim it.

I have known a few such children. I remember, as I write, a sweet sister, who came when the bird pipes his first May song. For fifteen bright months she was spared to earth, but all who saw her gave ominous shakes of the head, and some said even with tears, "She will die."

Of all infant singers, none heard I ever sing like her. From morning till night from her twelfth month, her sweet, clear voice rang through the house. And she was neither taught this, nor paraded for her gift—but a friend coming in would be sure to hear "Old Hundred" from the singing lips of a babe who might be clinging to the chairs in her first happy essay to walk. "China," and many of the ancient melodies, were as household words to that little creature—and every day at twilight, till nearly the day she died, she would sing herself to sleep, lisping those old words:

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."

Precious angel! her life was holy service. How happy she has been these long years, up there—singing.

I had another little sister, who died at the same age. I remember a still, beautiful night, when I sat watching that sweet face—the pale hands, the laboring chest. Her mother, wearied out, had fallen into a light slumber.

Suddenly, in that dying hour, the old tune of "Sweet Home" rang out, clear, sweet, distinct. How can I describe the feeling that thrilled through all my veins, when looking at the little lips, pale and trembling, I saw them moving to the cadence of that cherished melody. There laid a babe, scarcely more than a year old, disease upon her, her temples whitening in death, singing a triumphal strain with a failing breath. No language can tell how indescribably beautiful, yet how awful was the scene. She sang it through to the last note—and her fragile form sank backward.

In the morning they were laying lightly and tenderly on her limbs the burial shroud.

I heard lately a little story, which for pathos could not be excelled.

A beautiful infant had been taught to say, (and it could say little else) "God will take care of baby."

It was seized with sickness, and at a time when both parents were hardly convalescent from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die. Almost agonized, the mother prayed to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in gaining the apartment, but just as it was thought the babe had breathed its last.

The mother wept aloud; and once more the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face—smiled, and moved its little lips.

They bent closer down.

"God will take care of baby."

Sweet, consoling words!—they had hardly ceased when the angel-spirit was in Heaven.—*Olive Branch.*

MY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Bless them! Here they are, circling about me with their gay, sun-lighted faces, making my heart glad. You should see my Hettie. The tinniest, nimblest, cunningest, most graceful of them all, she is. The little thing is afflicted with some defect of sight, for which that chubby nose of hers is burdened with a pair of spectacles, and she peers out of them at me as I now write, with such an old, grandmother-like look, it undermines my dignity quite. Would you could listen to my Maria when she sings. She is all music. I never look at her but I think of sweet melodies; she never laughs or speaks, though ever so carelessly, but music comes out of it; she never moves, but motion seems inseparable from melody. Dear Maria! I wonder if she is not destined for a Jenny Lind or Madame Sontag! I hope not, though I cannot bear to look into her deep, dark eyes, and shape air-castles for her other than such as have firesides within them, and cosy home circles. I'd not like to fancy that gracefully carried head and pretty, pliant figure of hers, mere pictures to make up a public show. But, oh, how she does sing! Last spring her mother died, and poor Maria came back to the school with crape about her black hair, and a plaintiveness in her song, that made my heart ache. But when she learned to understand the real nearness of the Spiritual World, when she came to realize her own existence as a spiritual being—perhaps it is my silly partiality, but it seems to me since then, full of faults as she is, I can never hear her voice but I think—"Their angels do always behold the face of their Father which is in Heaven."

Three other Marias have I—one, a little housewife-like being, who loves best of all things in the world, the grand office of broom mistress. And oh, such dustings, such brushings, and picking up of papers! such reporting of slatternly girls! Even I—I tremble at her approach, and scramble my books into order and my crayons into their box, instinctively. My next Maria—alas, and alas! What to do with her, or what she may do with me, I know not! Now, I catch glimpses of her, her hair arranged a la Indian chief; now, she is seen caressing some hideous paper image; now, she is scampering about under the benches, startling a studious class

competitor into shrieking by a grip upon her foot. Enough of her. My other Maria studies her book, and makes no friends or enemies.

Then there is my Jane with her little hands tracing such wonders on the black-board, and my Clara who cries at her failures, and laughs at her success. She cannot help it for the life of her—and then my Sarah, with her great, broad, good-humored face, making fun everywhere; and my other Sarah, the beauty. Would nobody had ever told her so, though. The knowledge has spoilt her for a school-girl—that is plain. Blessings indeed on them! My school-girls. I have not talked of my Nannie, or five Lizzies, or Ellens, or Marys. No, no—not that I forgot them. Ah, that would be impossible, for they sit here with the fire-glow upon their faces—they and a score of others, like so many heart-jewels. But I weary you already.

Here they sit, and what a bright, separate world does each one of those little beings see! Just as we see the rainbow, each one through a separate medium, and each seeing but glory and beauty. I will not look forward for coming time, moralizing with an introduction of "ten years hence," for them. Those happy little ones—Heaven forbid—but I will simply try in my poor way to keep those outward-looking eyes of theirs always clear and always looking upward. What if clouds do darken their skies in coming time, there is light forever coming from the sun, though it be behind the cloud. Ah, and their images of the world are the true ones, too, all aglow with beauty and promise as they are. It is we who see through mists. I'll not bring out my discolored world-visions to contrast with theirs. Not I; but I'll try to catch the habit of looking through their eyes, and may they ever be as clear as now.

A. P.

THE DRUIDS.

BY H. COUTLAS.

The Druids were the representatives of the religion, learning and science of ancient Britain. As it was a maxium with them never to commit anything to writing, we obtain all our information about them from foreign sources, principally from the classic writings of Julius Cæsar, Strabo, and Tacitus.

From these authorities we learn that the Druids worshipped the mistletoe and the oak. The oak tree was regarded by them as the representative and special emblem of the Deity. Hence they planted groves of them, and beneath their shade they taught religion, administered justice, and communicated instruction to the people. We are aware that Druidism has been regarded as a sanguinary superstition, a terrible priestly despotism. But there is good reason to believe that this religion was once a system of pure morality and justice, and that it exercised an enlightening and beneficial influence over the people.

There is authentic evidence that the Druids taught the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the practice of the strictest morality and justice. They usually taught in groves of oak, which were of a circular form, and fenced round with stones. The avenues to the inner-

most recesses of the grove were carefully guarded so as to prevent strangers from intruding on their solemn mysteries. The altar of the Druid consisted of three rough stones, two being placed vertically as uprights or supports, and the third stone was then placed horizontally on their summit, forming a rough, unhewn table, on which the sacrifices were offered. The sacrifices consisted of fine flour mingled with salt.

Beneath these hallowed groves, sacred to contemplation and study, the Druids administered justice and equity to the people. Against their decision there was no appeal. All who refused to abide by it were accounted impious, denied access to the altar, and placed without the protection of the laws.

The condition of the arts and sciences amongst the Druids appears to have been very humble. Their temples were generally without a roof, consisting of a circular row of stones, in the centre of which their cromlechs or rock-altars were erected. We are told that the Druids held it to be unlawful to worship the Deity under roofs, from certain sublime notions of the Divine omnipresence; but it is most probable that the extreme structural simplicity of their temples and altars originated in their want of architectural and mechanical skill.

On an extensive plain situated near the city of Salisbury, England, are to be seen the interesting remains of an ancient Druidical temple. These remains consist of several large blocks of stone many tons in weight, which have been elevated and placed horizontally on the top of other blocks. To cut these stones and transport them from the quarry to their present elevation, certainly was impossible without a knowledge of the mechanical powers.

In astronomy and botany, the Druids appear to have made very considerable advances. We are told that they were acquainted with the fact of the sphericity of the earth, and could foretell eclipses. The circle appears to have been a favorite figure with the Druids. Their temples were generally situated on lofty eminences which commanded an extensive view of the heavens, and from which the sun, moon and planets could be observed. It is probable that the Druids were aware of the medicinal properties of plants, for they spent the greater part of their time in the recesses of mountains and groves, where the spontaneous productions of the earth presented themselves and naturally courted their attention.

The Druids were celebrated for their eloquence, and they had many opportunities for its exercise, as when they pleaded in courts of justice, or harangued in the great councils of the nation; when they addressed armies on the point of engaging in battle, at one time to inflame their courage, at another time to allay their fury. This last, though a task of great difficulty among fierce and warlike nations, they sometimes accomplished, thus bringing about a friendly settlement and a mutual adjustment of grievances.

Let not the memory of this ancient religion pass away forever from men's mind! The rude rock-altar still survives in its structural simplicity, and marks the spot where stood the consecrated groves of ancient Druidism.

THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

Well! here am I, after my night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now, and shining brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at that corner; and where is Carver's cottage?

Three days ago I landed at Portsmouth. It was on my birth-day. For ten long years have I been sailing about on the sea, and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man now; but for all that, I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems but as yesterday since I ran away from home. It was the worst day's work that I ever did. I got up in the morning at sunrise while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been unkind to my dear mother, and ungrateful to my father, and the day before he had told me how wrong I was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it. I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

My father coughed as I crept along by his door, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment with my bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every quarter of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me: for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting me a pair of garters to give me on my birth-day. I turned back, opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed-clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried out loud to me. That cry has rung in my ears ever since; ay, in my very dreams!

As I hurried away I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he had murdered his brother. My father, my mother, and my sister had been kind to me; but I had been unkind to them, and in leaving them thus, I felt as if I were murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing that from them that the whole world could not make up to them; but on I went. O that I could bring back that hour!

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb up them. The rooks are cawing among the high elm-trees by the church. I wonder whether they are the same rooks! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel there is no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat; but father is not sitting there. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed-room window; my mother is not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

I see how it is. There are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor the thatch fall in, and my mother and my sister never stuffed that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door, anyhow. How hollow it sounds? Nobody stirs. All is as silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It's an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years! How could I expect it to be otherwise? I can bear hard work, and hunger and thirst! but I can't bear this!

The elderberry is in blossom as it was when I ran away, and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running up to the window that my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now, loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she would hear me.

It's of no use stopping here! I'll cross the church-yard, and see if the clerk lives where he did; but he won't know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away; but the sun has made it of another color. How narrow the path is between the grass! it used to be wider, at least I thought so: no matter. The old sun-dial, I see, is standing there yet.

The last time I was in that church, my father was with me; and the text was, "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. i, 8. O, what a curse do we bring upon us when we despise God's Holy Word!

My uncle lies under the yew-tree there, and he had a grave-stone. Here it is. It's written all over now, quite to the bottom: "In memory of Humphrey Haycroft." But what is the name under? "Walter Haycroft!" My father! my father! "And Mary his wife." O! my mother! and are you both gone? God's hand is heavy on me! I do feel it in my heart and soul!

And there's another name yet, and it's freshly cut: "Esther Haycroft, their daughter: aged 24." My father! my mother! and my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked! I deserved it. What is the world to me now! I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience; the words come home to me now: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx, 17.

But yet I recollect how my dear father and mother used to point us to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. "There is no refuge beside," said my mother; "Christ is able and willing to save." I paid but little attention to these words once; O may I never forget them now!

An Irishman having arrived from Dublin at the house of a respectable merchant in the borough, and having left Ireland *three weeks* before, brought with him a basket of eggs; his friend asked him why he took the trouble to bring eggs from Ireland to England? "*Because,*" said he, "*I am fond of them new laid, and I know these to be so.*"

VITAL PHENOMENA.

"*To Daimonion,*" or the *Spiritual Medium. Its Nature Illustrated by the History of its Uniform Manifestation when unduly excited. In Twelve Familiar Letters to an Enquiring Friend.* By *Traverse Oldfield.* Boston: Gould & Lincoln. (For sale by Zieber, and by Smith & English.) The assumptions, suggestions, and admonitions of this little volume are worthy of thoughtful consideration. The author, while admitting the facts in relation to what are called "Spiritual Rappings," and the whole series of like phenomena, rejects the idea of spiritual agency altogether, and assumes, as the cause of the surprising results which are obtained, the excitement and transmission of nervous energy, animal spirits, vital fluid, or whatever else we may term the medium of communication between soul and body—that medium or fluid which runs from the brain to the ultimates of the body, and produces actions in instant obedience to the will. The writer says:—

Less than a century ago, Franklin was first making his noble experiments in electricity, which proved satisfactorily to all thinking men, that the bolts of heaven were no supernatural uncontrollable power, but a natural agent, which could be guided with an iron rod, away from our exposed heads. Certainly it would have been presumption in a mere novice in that study to have attempted to theorize on any phenomena witnessed. Yet, bear witness, it would not have been presumption, it would have been sound discretion and commendable boldness, if even a common observer had stepped forward in the circle of his friends, awed by the terrible peals of a thunder-storm, and had said, "Friends, be we trustful and fearless; we may not *explain* the terrific agent rending the heavens and earth around us, but we may be sure it is a *natural agent*, which we should not dread." So, too, may not the spiritual phenomena, so mysterious and even awing, seen around us now, be surely referred to the action of our own nervous organism, though no scientific explanation be attempted?

Tables are moved by a mysterious power, when a circle of interested spectators, with a medium, are seated around it. But remark this, Charles. Stretch forth your arm, and grasp a heavy weight and raise it. How mighty that power put forth! Trace it back to its origin, and how wonderful! You *willed* to perform that act. Instantly in your brain, as in a Leyden jar, a nervous influence was generated, which, coursing along your nerves as on metallic wires, entered your muscles, and there the mere shrinking of the fibres of a little muscle, the shortening of a small cord, drew up the large weight in your hand. How immeasurable, how unaccountable, such a power! And now think of that circle around the table. When they first sit calmly down, no movement is seen; none can be produced. But when, for a few moments, in intense mental action, a nervous energy has been generated in the frame of each, until, like a circle of Leyden jars, a whole battery is surcharged, and there are negatives as well as positives in the circle, who can wonder if currents of nervous influence should leap over from one to

the other, and if tables, chairs, or anything else intervening, should be moved? We should not wonder at any phenomena which might show themselves under such circumstances. We should only fear that, like inexperienced experimenters in electricity, we should thoughtlessly inflict upon ourselves an incurable injury. Our kind Creator has given me this mighty and wondrous nervous agency to be carefully used as the steady mover of my body's machinery. If I overcharge myself with it, if I strain the vital organs which generate it, I may weaken my own energies for life.

Mysterious *rappings* give response to our thoughts, uttered or merely conceived, as we sit around the table. This, however, is not a *new* exhibition of what we must regard an over-excitement of our own nervous energy. These raps are in nature not unlike those electric crackings heard amid the whizzing bands of factory wheels, and the electric snapping heard in cold weather from the skin of animals when stroked, and from our person in drawing off a woollen under-garment. Physiologists and ordinary historians have recorded numberless instances of these electric-like shocks and reports experienced by persons of an excitable nervous temperament.

The existence of this nervous fluid, and its transmission from living bodies to inanimate substances, and action thereon, governed by the will, is a fact which numberless experiments have testified. Three or four persons surrounding a small, light table, can, by joining hands, and pointing the fingers downward, near to, or touching the table, cause it, in a little while, to rise up, attracted by their hands; and, what is more remarkable, move from side to side, or in any direction, in obedience to the expressed wish of any one of the company. The hands are joined by linking the little fingers. The same curious result is obtained by placing the hands upon the table, and letting them remain there for some time. These are phenomena of daily production in hundreds of instances. Those who make the experiment, describe the physical sensations as peculiar, and resembling those produced by the reception of a galvanic current. Afterwards, they are much exhausted, as if they had parted with a large amount of nervous energy.

The author of the book now referred to, gives many facts in ancient and modern times, and from among all nations—the Eastern especially—which illustrate his position, and closes with the following summing up and exhortation, which we earnestly commend to all who are engaged in, or tempted to begin these experiments:—

It is dangerous to *experiment* with our own vital organism; especially with our nervous energy. The whole history of similar developments in distant ages and nations seems to indicate that these manifestations are the working of our nervous organism. The whole process of their excitement, the character of the persons affected, the mode of inducing the influence by forming a circle of positives and negatives, the sitting in fixed abstraction, during which the generated nervous influence must accumulate in the system, as in an isolated Leyden jar, the correspondence

of the character of the responses given to the inquiries made, the whole process of the excitement, confirms the conviction that the agent is the nervous principle. Most of all, the effect of this influence on the persons practising it, is precisely that of other modes of nervous excitement. The poet, the orator, writing and speaking under a strong self-aroused enthusiasm, the raving Sibyl, the mesmerizer, the practitioner of the spiritual rappings, all alike find a nervous exhaustion to be the result.

Ever since these letters to you were commenced, Charles, other minds, studying the mysteries which are now beginning to produce an alarming and Salem-like excitement in our community, have been tending to the same track of thought which we have been pursuing. There has just come from the press, for instance, a work on the "Philosophy of Mysterious Agents." Though differing in many vital points from this author, we may, with Cicero, rejoice when extreme theories meet in their practical conclusions. The justness of our main position, that a *possible* cause, shown by history to be conformed to universal facts, is a practical proof that these manifestations are *natural*,—this position is confirmed from Herschel, who says that "the detection of a *possible* cause must lead" either to "a real cause" or to "an abstract law of nature." That these mysterious manifestations are "facts," that the experience of them depends in part on one's nervous "organism," and that the agent through which they are produced is "not electricity," but like it in some of its modes of action, are all intimated. The cases cited, though all of the present day, are selected from those examined in France, Germany and elsewhere, by scientific men; and they are all in harmony with the extended history which it has been our chief aim to trace. They are manifestly the undue, the dangerous excitement of our "nervous principle."

Now, Charles, it is dangerous to experiment thus with our nervous principle. It is placed within us by the Creator, to be the steady, constant, and mighty, but perfectly controllable mover of the body, which is now the mind's machinery. If I use it carefully, never overcharging the delicate organs in which it is generated, and by which it is conducted through my frame, all will last and keep time like clock-work. Let me allow myself to excite this influence till it overflows and escapes from my fingers, or other organs, in snaps, like electricity from the bands of a factory-wheel, or till it sets my arm to quivering in ungovernable spasms, and I shall find that I might as safely try the experiment of over-heating and over-straining a steam-boiler. Mark the invariable result of any undue mental excitement; and especially of a persevering attendance on the circles now so common in our community. On first entering, no impression is made upon us. Soon, however, our nervous organism begins to feel the general impulse. There is a magnetic crawling and creeping sensation in the larger muscles, as of the arm; till it increases as we become more impressed. As we daily come in to join the circle, the influence is not felt till we have waited for its generation; and then, every time, more readily and more powerfully is it ex-

cited; till raps echo for us, and the table moves at our will. And now the confirmed "medium" cannot rid himself of the influence when away from the circle. He is nervous. All his senses being unnaturally acute, he naturally and necessarily hears strange sounds, sees strange sights, and feels strange sensations. His mind being disturbed in its calm working, he cannot fix his thoughts on his business, and he is all unsettled. His moral affections soon feel the influence. In the circle intent on spiritual manifestations, religion was all his theme; but at home he speaks hastily, often harshly; he feels conscious that the ties of his attachment to those who should be most dear to him are weakening; and he finds his impressions of duty to his family, and friends and neighbors growing blunted and dimmed. Finally, his religious nature feels the searing blight; his faith is all afloat, rocking and tossing; the anchor of his hope is broken off at the flukes; and driven startless and heavenless by every wind of doctrine, even the white wings of his Christian charity, which once bore him to every chamber of suffering, are now riven as by a pestilential gale. Ere he is aware, he is *lost*. You would be surprised, Charles, to see how the most accurate students of the human mind, even the Arabian philosophers, have described the dangerous influence arising from these causes; ranking it as a diseased mental bias, as much to be guarded against as a tendency to pulmonary consumption. I would sooner experiment with my digestive organs, or my blood-vessels, than with my nervous principle; for, the body's derangement is less fearful than that of the mind. I beg of you, Charles, think of this, if you have yielded to craving curiosity in following up these experiments. Be wise before it is too late.

But, what is far more important, as much so as society is more important than an individual, remember, Charles, that all these excitements are *epidemics*. Wide-spread excitements of a nervous nature go and come in waves, ebbing and flowing like the tide, swelling with every breeze, and rolling on till they dash and break in terrific ruin. Using the fearful figure of the pestilence, such men as Virgil and Tertullian describe the sweep of deranging excitements in their day. Mental disease, like any contagious disease, prevails when the whole atmosphere and the general condition of the individual system is prepared for it. A whole community, like that of Paris, in the days of Robespierre, may be infected with overmental excitement bordering on mental derangement. Especially is this true of that species of nervous excitement which leads to an oversight of the link uniting matter and spirit, and to a conviction that the natural is supernatural. As in the case of the Salem witchcraft, and a thousand similar scenes in other lands and ages, there is a *reality* in some of these manifestations which startles observing and intelligent men, and awes the less experienced. Though thinking and learned men may themselves rest calm in the assurance that the mystery is the working of the God of nature, yet the difficulty they have in explaining their own impressions only excites the more those never accustomed to trace effects to their causes. Go read, Charles, Brattle's letter

in the very midst of the rising tide of the Salem witchcraft excitement; and see how a strong, clear mind may itself rise above and personally breast the rushing, careering sweep of popular excitement, while, nevertheless, the blood is chilled with trembling anxiety for those tossed at its mercy; with whom reason and persuasion have utterly lost their influence. Read again that letter, Charles; for we may see its re-enactment. Every breath may add to the tempest brewing; every drop will add to the dashing billow. As noble Brattle, with a burning pen, quoted, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" It is a fearful responsibility to gratify one's own curiosity in following up these manifestations, at the hazard of awakening a general tendency of the popular mind which soon cannot be reasoned with or persuaded.

Glance again, then, Charles, over the historic gleanings we have gathered. Ever the same in their mysterious character have the manifestations of the spiritual medium been; tables moving, metals attracted, animals fascinated, nervous power controlling nervous power, secret thoughts wondrously telegraphed, sublime eloquence pouring from the lip and pen; all these mysteries are ever the same. Be sure there is a *law* where there is uniformity; there is a *science* where facts may be classified, though not explained. Mark, then, the danger. Observe the exciting causes, and avoid them. Beware of the advice of those absorbed in these manifestations, that you sit in mental abstraction reading books on these themes to arouse the excitement. Take the exhortation rather of good Mr. Turrell, in the Witchcraft times: "Young people now would do wisely to lay aside all their foolish books, their trifling ballads, and all romantic accounts of dreams and trances, senseless palmistry and groundless astrology." If affected, Charles, by these influences, keep away from the circles, from the books, from everything that will excite it.

But there is a more important view we ought to take. It is *sinful*, as well as *perilous*, to experiment with the *established sources of knowledge* granted us by our Creator.

What injustice to ourselves, and wrong to others, we may be guilty of, by forgetting what are the sources of our knowledge! They are of *two* kinds; and he who has the one class predominating should not distrust or condemn him in whom the other sways the balance. We know what we see and others have seen, what the testimony of our senses and of the senses of others bears or has borne witness to. We know, also, what the universal, intellectual, and moral intuitions of men have agreed in as true. Two men of not unequal mental power may have a different mental organism; the one being more moved by things seen by the eye, the other by things pondered in the mind. Two men, equally shrewd in detecting deception, may go to the same exhibition of "mesmerism," or of the "spiritual manifestations." One may have such a nervous organism as to be easily affected; and he feels, and sees, and knows that there is a reality in them; and no reasoning can convince him that what he knows to be true is false. The other is unsusceptible himself of that nervous

excitement; or he visits "the medium," perhaps, when nervous exhaustion, or derangement, prevents the nervous development, or breaks its circle, as rain, thunder, and earthquakes, dissipated it in Plutarch's day; and he goes away thoroughly convinced that it is all delusion in the believer, if it be not deception in the practiser. Both, from their point of view, are *right*; both have truth on their side; and each should remember what are the sources of knowledge to man, and should have charity for his fellow. We add that *both* are seen to *harmonize* when these manifestations are regarded as the working of the "nervous principle."

How much knowledge should we not acquire, if we but trusted to the sources of knowledge we possess, and rightly used them! We have learned in most matters of life to trust to the established medium of gaining needed information. The man of the strongest and most cultivated mind is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence on his gardener, his watchmaker, his physician. They may be far inferior to him in intellect; yet in their department they are skilled, and in their particular branches they are worthy to be his teachers. Now, are we qualified, by ourselves, to experiment, to gather and compare facts, and to decide that we have found a celestial science, in a field where the philosophers of every age and land have been mining, and collecting, and arranging, and seeking to find the vein of truth which underlies and unites all that has been discovered? Surely what Cousin says of mysticism, "It despairs of the regular processes of science," is true of all who think to learn anything new from these novelties. Having for a few days witnessed a few facts, they jump at a conclusion, are sure they are looking on what the world before never saw, and rashly rush to try their skill in this fearful over-tasking of their nervous energy, as heedless as a child who sets a factory-wheel in motion, or explodes fire-crackers in a powder-mill. They who learn anything by such a course will be likely to learn too much; to read too fearful a lesson. Why not leave, then, to men of science, the dangerous and arduous task, the wearing employ of making discoveries as to mysterious powers and influences? Would it be safe for you or me, Charles, to suffer our curiosity to lead us to experimenting in chemistry, in manufacturing explosive gases, or working a steam-engine? And yet, the daily practising with these mysterious manifestations of the spiritual medium is more hazardous to my delicate frame-work than tampering with retorts and steam-pipes. Ah, leave me this experimenting to men of science, trained to the work! Let a Pliny, an Agassiz, press forward first to view this agitated Vesuvius, ere we trust our young feet on the quivering crust! It may be that even they will peril themselves in the attempt; certainly we shall peril ourselves.

Perhaps it may be wise in us if we apply these principles to our inquiries after *religious* truth. Suppose that I may witness mysterious spiritual developments, if I will seek them. My body was given to be used carefully in toil for my own and my family's support; and I have no right to experiment with and overstrain my muscles; rais-

ing, for instance, to gratify my curiosity or my vanity, a heavy weight, and thus, perhaps, disabling myself for life. My mind was given me for the same and a higher end; and I dare not experiment with it. My religious nature was given me for the highest of all ends; that I may know and serve and adore God forever, and that I may know and do my duty to my fellow-men. How can I, then, experiment with that nature?

Fearful has ever been the penalty of overlooking this responsibility, and violating this trust. When Paul wrote, "Beware, lest any man spoil you through *philosophy* and vain deceit, after the *tradition of men*, after the *rudiments of the world*, and not after Christ," he knew more than we know of the mysteries of spiritual manifestations, and of the delusion by which they would lead the mind astray. Bancroft quotes from the diary of Cotton Mather this entry, made after the witchcraft excitement, by which he was so carried away:—"Had temptations to Atheism, and to the abandonment of all religion as a delusion." No wonder! It is just what an observer of the working of minds led away by any such excitement would expect to see follow; since it always does follow. Minds that have come to rest on specious error as truth, as Paul says, "Wax worse and worse, *deceiving* and *being deceived*." "By allowing our intellect to get out of the path of knowledge in which our Creator has made us to walk, we may wander we know not whither; and any form of deception may seem to be true. As I value my own spiritual welfare, and as I tremble at the responsibility of misleading others, I should beware how I tempt God, by experimenting with the means He has graciously given me for gaining religious knowledge; seeking it from sources He has condemned and forbidden, and neglecting His sure word of prophecy.

And now, Charles, here is a book claiming to be God's revelation. Its *earliest* records, far from being penned in a rude age, before science and art and history were known, were written when all these flourished in some respects as they never have since. The man who penned its first five books had a human knowledge such as no philosopher of our day possesses. This surely cannot be an antiquated volume. Its *second* part, with all its narratives and letters, was written when Roman learning and literature was at the zenith of its perfection. It came into comparison with all the combined wisdom of the world; acquired a confidence and moral control above all the records of ages past; and became in three centuries the law of God in the world's esteem. Unlike every other professed revelation, it has not been confined in the hands of interested men; but all the people have it and study it for themselves. Unlike every other sacred book, the more it is known the more it is revered, and the nation where it is most read is the one most completely impressed with its divine authority. And, finally, (for where should we stop in such an enumeration?) the men most eminent in every branch of human knowledge, a Grotius in his, a Newton in his, a Champollion in his, a Silliman in his, a Lyell in his, have ever been most convinced that the Author of their science is the Author

of this book; so celestial is the harmony between them.

In the whole range of our necessities, and of all our established sources of meeting them, in the laws for securing health and wealth, a happy life, and individual, social and national prosperity, our Creator has given no guide at all to be compared in its certainty with this "sure word of prophecy." To it "we do well to take heed." Do not, Charles, thirsting, famishing as you are, on life's desert pilgrimage; go not to seek for the true satisfying "water of life" at those "broken cisterns" of human wisdom, which, as the ancients long since proved, can "hold no water." Rush not recklessly towards those deceiving streams, which the experience of ages has shown are only the *mirage* fluttering over the heated sands of your own mortality. Come to the fountain of waters, the fountain of living waters, once opened in Judah. Drink here, and you shall never thirst!

THE WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE DOVE."

Rosa Lee was dressed in her bridal garments, and as she knelt in all the bloom of her maidenly beauty, angels must have rejoiced over her; for the spirit of the maiden was in a heaven of love, and she knelt in the fulness of her joy, to pour out her gratitude to the Heavenly Father, that "seeth in secret." Yes, alone in her chamber, the young girl bowed herself for the last time, and as the thought flashed over her mind, that when next she should kneel in that consecrated place, it would not be alone, but that manly arms would bear up her drooping form, and two voices would mingle as one in the holy prayer, a gushing tenderness flooded the heart of the beautiful bride, and light as from Heaven pervaded her whole being, and she could only murmur, "Oh, how beautiful it is to love!"

But bustling steps and voices approach; and Rosa hears one step that sends a thrill to her heart. In the next moment, the maiden with the rosy glow of love upon her cheek, and the heaven-light yet beaming in her eyes, stood face to face with her lover. Her eyes met his, in that calm, confiding look of an unbounded affection, and, as her hand rested on his arm, strength seemed to flow into her from him, and she looked serene and placid as pure water, that reflects the moonbeams of heaven; and yet, her smiles came and went like these same waters when their ripples sparkle in the glad sunshine.

The bridal party moved forward to the festive hall, where sympathizing friends were gathered to greet them, as a married pair, and the heart of Rosa opened to the holy marriage ceremony with a sense of heavenly rapture.

To her it was as a new and beautiful revelation, when she heard the oft-repeated words, "In the beginning created He them male and female." Ah, yes. It was beautiful to realize that she was created for her beloved Paul, and that in all the vast peopled universe of God, there was not another being so adapted to him as she was.

Ah, this was the beautiful marriage joy, that earth so seldom witnesses. These were of "those

whom God hath joined together." And Paul Cleves felt it in his inmost soul, as he turned towards his congratulating friends with his delicate and beautiful bride leaning upon his arm.

Ah, how he watched every vibration of her feelings; suddenly she had become the pulse of his own soul. As a maiden, he had loved her with a wondrous tenderness and devotion. But now, as a wife! There was at once a new and quite different relation established between them.

Paul was so filled with this new perception of blessedness, that he would fain have left the gay company, that he might pour out the beautiful thought that possessed him, to gladden the heart of Rosa, and when he looked his wish to her, she smiled, and whispered to him, "Eternity is ours, and we are not to live for ourselves alone." And here was a new mystery to him. She was revealed to him as another self, with power to read his every thought. And yet it was a better self, for she prompted him to disinterested acts; and away went the glad Paul to shower his attentions upon all those to whom life came not so joyously. And an aged grandmother, and a palsied aunt, almost feared that the handsome bridegroom had forgotten his fair bride, in his warm and kindly interest for them.

Happy Paul! he had found an angel clothed in flesh and blood, who was forever to stand between him and his old, hard, selfish nature. Something of this thought passed through his mind, as his eye glanced over the crowd in search of his beloved and beautiful one. But she, on the other side, was quite near. He felt her soft presence, and as he turned he caught the light of her loving smile.

Yes, she appreciated his self-sacrifice, and, as he gazed upon her, his delighted mind and satisfied heart felt a delicious sense of the coming joy of the eternal future.

And the gay bridal passed away, but its light and its joy seemed to overflow all the coming days. And Paul Cleves at length found himself in that reality of which he had so often dreamed, and for which he had so passionately yearned. Yes, he was in his own quiet home, with Rosa by his side.

Months had passed; he had settled into the routine of his business, and she in that of her domestic life; and now it was evening. Paul had come to his home from the labors of the day, with a beautiful hope in his heart; for to him his home was the open door of Heaven. He carried into it no hard, selfish thought, but entered it with the certainty of blessedness, and peace, and love.

Rosa's heart was in her eyes, when it was time for Paul to come. How carefully she foresaw his every want. And when she had prepared every thing that her active love could suggest to promote his pleasure and comfort, then she took her place at the window to watch for his coming. This evening watch was a beautiful time to the young wife, for she said, "Now, will I think of God, who made for me a being to love." And at this time, it was always as if the great sun of Heaven shone upon her.

And now, Paul passes the bridge, to which Rosa's eye can but just reach. And is it not wonderful; Paul's figure is distinguished, even if

there be many others, in the dim twilight, crossing that bridge. Ah! how well she knows his figure; to her it is the very form of her love. She sees her whole thoughts and desires embodied in him. And now, he passes the corner of a projecting building, which for a time partially conceals him from her sight. And how her delight increases as he approaches; the nearer he comes, the more her heart opens to the Divine sun of Heaven. She feels as if she could draw its radiations down upon him. She waits at the window to catch his first glad look of recognition, then she flies to the door, and no sooner is it opened and closed again, than Paul clasps her to his heart, and presses upon her warm lips such kisses as can join heart to heart.

The evening meal being over, then Paul turns to his peculiar delight—to listening to Rosa's thoughts and feelings. All day, he hears of worldly things; but with Rosa he hears of heavenly things. Her heart feeds upon his thoughts, and assimilates them into new and graceful forms of feminine beauty, and Paul sits and listens, full of love and wonder, to his own thoughts, reproduced by the vivid perceptive powers of his wife. For instance, this morning, Paul was reading in the Bible, as he always does to Rosa, before he leaves for his business, and he paused on the words, "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, and full of years, and was gathered to his people;" and he remarked that in this verse there was a most striking affirmation of a future existence; for that Abraham being gathered to "his people," must imply that these people yet lived, or why should mention be made of that fact? And now, in this beautiful evening hour, when Paul asked Rosa what she had been thinking of all day, behold she had a whole Heaven-world to open before him. With her arms clasped around his neck, and her clear, bright eyes looking into his, she answered—

"Oh, Paul, I have been so happy, all day. Do you remember what you told me about Abraham being gathered to 'his people,' this morning? Well, I have been thinking about it, with such a delight in the thought of those living people, to whom we will be gathered after death. You left me with a beautiful thought, dear Paul, and it seemed as if the angels gathered around me, and told me so many more things, that I have written all my thoughts down."

"Where are they?" said Paul, feeling such a delight in the possession of these written thoughts. And Rosa, drawing a paper from her pocket, leans her cheek upon his head, and reads:—

"Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, and full of years, and was gathered to his people.' How beautiful is this verse of the holy Word of God! It seems to open to us a glimpse of Heaven.

"After death, we are told that he was 'gathered to his people.' What a blessed rest and enjoyment comes over us, even in this world, when we find ourselves with 'our people!'

"When congenial spirits meet, all strife and contention ceases; and how each hastens to give to the other of the fulness of his thought and feeling. Such moments in our life are as if Hea-

ven had come down to us, and fleeting and transient as the moment may be, its memory lives with us as a heavenly light, fed from above; and when we realize a continued existence of the harmony of thought and feeling of an ever-flowing communication of pure sentiments, of kindly affections, and of that delight in perceiving good and truth in others, which makes them one with us,—then we have a glimpse of that Heaven to which Abraham ascended, and in which he was 'gathered to his people.'

"I love to read this verse, and imagine what the angels would think, if they could hear the words as I read them. And, truly, although angels do not hear through our gross material atmosphere, can they not see the image of what we read in our minds? It is beautiful to think that they can; and it is pleasant to conceive how an angelic, perfectly spiritual mind would understand these words, 'And Abraham gave up the ghost.' The angels would see that the spirit of Abraham had laid off that gross material covering, which was not the real man—only the appearance of a man. To angels, this body, which appears to us so tangible, must be but the *ghost* of a reality, for to them the spirit is the reality.

"With us, in this outer existence, the laying off of the body is death, that symbol of annihilation; it is as if our life ceased, because we no longer grasp coarse material nature. But with the angels, the laying off of the body is birth; it is the beginning of a beautiful, new existence. The spirit then moves and acts in a spiritual world of light and beauty. It no longer moves dimly in that dark, material world, which is as but a lifeless, ghostly counterpart of the living, eternal, spirit-world.

"Thus, it seems to me, the angels would understand the words, 'And Abraham gave up the ghost.' And the words which follow would have for them a far different signification than to us. For with us 'old age' presents the idea of the gradual wasting away and deterioration of the powers of the body; it is the shadow from the darkened future, foretelling the end of life. But angels see the spirit advancing from one state of wisdom to another, and to grow old in Heaven must be altogether different from growing old on earth; and we can only conceive of a spirit as growing forever more active, intelligent and beautiful from the Heavenly wisdom and love in which it develops. Imagine an angel, who has lived a thousand years in Heaven; his faculties must have all this time been perfecting and expanding in new powers and activities; whereas, on earth, the material body, in 'three score years and ten,' becomes so cumbrous and heavy, so disorganized and worn out, that the spiritual body can no longer act in it; hence an 'old man, full of years,' appears to the angels as one whose spirit has passed through so many changes of state; consequently, has thought and loved so much that it has increased in activity, life and power, and thus spiritual progression must be onward to an eternal youth.

"Does it not thrill the soul with the joy of a beautiful hope to imagine Abraham, or any loving spirit, as rising from the material to the spiritual world, 'full of years,' or states of wisdom

and love, forever to grow young among his 'own people?'

"What to Abraham, now, were all of those flocks, and herds, and men servants, and maid servants, that had made his earthly riches? They were nothing more to him, in his new heavenly life, than that ghost of a body 'he gave up.' The only riches he could carry with him were his spiritual riches—his powers of thinking and feeling. All of his outer life was given to him to develop these powers. All of his natural surroundings were as a body to his natural thoughts and feelings, in which they might grow to the full stature of a man, that he might become 'full of years,' or states.

"And thus to us is given a natural world; and its duties and ties are all important, for within the natural thought and feeling, the spiritual thought and feeling grows, as does the soul in its material body. And like as the soul ever feels within itself a separate existence, higher, and above that of its material organization, so also does the spiritual thought and feeling realize itself in its world of natural thoughts and affections; it sighs to be gathered to its 'own people,' even while it loves its natural ties. And, now and then, it has beautiful glimpses of the consociation of spirits according to spiritual affinities.

"The love of the spirit, thus warmed into life, should descend into its natural ties. Uncongenial brothers and sisters are often thrown together and bound by the most indissoluble natural ties. We should cultivate these natural affections and family ties, as types of the beautiful spiritual consociations of Heaven.

"Our spirit must grow in the constant exercise of natural affections, or we can have no capacity for the spiritual. If, in this world, we live morose, ungenial lives, crushing down the budding affections, and the active thoughts springing from them, can we ever be angels? No, assuredly not; for the angels are like the Heavenly Father, in whose light of love they live. They delight to do good to every created being, whether good or evil. They would not, and could not, recognize an evil person as a congenial spirit, but for the sake of awakening in him some spark of a beautiful love, a disinterested thought and affection; they would crown his whole life with loving kindness and tender compassion. A true, heavenly angel could be happy in the effort to do good to the most fallen human spirit; and should not we imitate them, that we may be as one of them, one in thought and feeling with them?

"To love!—love with our every power of being—is the only eternal reality. From love springs thought; and thought and affection are the flesh and blood of the spirit. The spirit grows upon what it feeds, as does the body upon its material food; and to stint the spirit of its food, is a sad detriment to our after-life.

"A perception of the heavenly life should arouse us to a power of loving every human being that we come in contact with, and make us realize that to *love and serve*, is the happiness of angels, and the principle which conjoins men and angels to God."

When the last word was breathed, as it were in a soft, holy brightness, from Rosa's lips, Paul

sealed them with a kiss. How much he had learned from the perception of a mind that was so wholly gentle and feminine, that its substance seemed all of love; of a love that received the impression only of heavenly things!—while he, with all of his brilliant talents and masculine understanding, felt that his contact was with this hard outer world of material facts and realities; and that, often times, the very density of the atmosphere in which his mind dwelt, obscured and clouded the delicate moral perceptions of his being.

But Rosa saw above him, and revealed to him those beautiful inner truths that were to give form and character to his outer life. Yes; Paul had uncongenial brothers and sisters, and his more refined tastes and pursuits would have led him away from them. But Rosa, with her womanly tact and grace and lovingness, led him out from the mists of selfishness, into the halo of a more genial and beautiful light, and he felt his heart grow warm with an inexpressible love.

"Ah, Rosa," he said, "there comes over me a new and more beautiful perception of the holy marriage relation; and, like another Adam, I realize that an Eve is created for me from my own breast. My thought grows so *living* in you, Rosa,—this morning, so unconsciously, was taken from me but a dry rib, and now God grants to me this beautiful Eve! Ah, Rosa, my heart is so full of gratitude for the beautiful gift of your thoughts to me,—I realize so fully that you are a 'help meet for me.'"

Happy Rosa! She gazed into Paul's eyes and caressed him with her soft touches, and said—

"Oh, Paul, Paul! when I look at you, and think that some day you will be an angel of Heaven, and that I will see your glorious, spirit-beauty, my heart is so happy; for then I can feel, dear Paul, that our love stretches far away beyond this world and this life; and if I love you so much here, what will it be when I see you in the beautiful heavenly light?"

Paul smiled.

"Your fancy is dreaming of what I will be; and can you not dream for me, of how bright and beautiful my Rosa will be in that heavenly light?"

"Ah, yes," said Rosa, "that too is pleasant, for I love to be beautiful, dear Paul, for your sake; and to-day I was thinking of how happy I should make you—not I, but the Lord will make you happy, dear Paul, through me; and is not that a beautiful thought—that it is God loving us through each other?"

How holy love grew at once to Paul, though at first he did not see this beautiful truth as clearly as did Rosa. But she went on, in her loving way, and very soon she raised him into that inner sunshine in which she dwelt, and then he saw it all clearly, for she said—

"You know, dear Paul, that we read in the Bible that 'God is a sun, and that He is the fountain of life,' and thus all life flows from Him into us, just as in the tiny flowers upon the earth comes the warm living ray of the material sun, developing in them beautiful colors and odors—so the life-ray from God fills us with warm affections. We are but dead forms—the power

and the life is in Him, and if we were cut off from Him, how could we love each other?"

Paul was convinced, and did not fail to make Rosa realize the Heaven-derived life and power that was in him. And as they knelt together in their evening devotions, and Paul clasped his wife in his arms, how clearly he felt the influence of that Divine sun upon his soul, filling it with a gushing, yearning tenderness for his beloved and beautiful one; and how fervently he prayed that the light might grow in her, and through her descend to him. Beautiful are the prayers of such loving hearts, for the inner door of their existence then opens, and the great King of Glory enters in, and they are in the Lord, and the Lord is in them.

Yes, Paul had found a wife—not an external type or shadow of one to mock and vex his soul with an unsatisfactory pretence, but a most blessed and eternal reality. He was married not only in the sight of men, but before God and the angels. And the heart of Rosa responded to his mind as truly and unflinchingly as his heart beat to the breath of his lungs. She was as his inner life, and he felt himself strong to guard and protect her as he would his own existence. She had become *one* with him, and henceforth there was no separate existence for these two.

So serenely and lovingly flowed their life in its interior light and beauty, that cares and anxieties seemed scarce to touch their states. True, these came to them in the guise of those calamities and disappointments, that so often sweep as the destructive tornado over the lower lives of the earth-loving children of men. But as their affections were spiritual, they were not wounded by the earth-sorrows. There treasures were laid up *above*, where "moth and rust doth not corrupt." Paul realized this when he saw Rosa hold her dead baby in her arms and smile through her tears. And yet this was her "little Paul" that she loved with such an intense delight and devotion; because in him, all the day long, she saw that wonderful life of God manifested in such a heavenly innocence and purity, as in a tiny image of her own Paul. Yet, when the spirit of the child was gone, she adorned the clay form in which it had dwelt, with such loving care, and laid it in its little coffin, that her hand might serve it to the very last, and then turned and rested her head in the bosom of her husband as a wounded bird in its downy nest.

Paul's love seemed to lift her to the Heaven to which her baby had gone; and when, after a few days, she urged him to leave her and go to his office where his duties called him, Paul feared that she would feel lonely, and would fain have staid beside her. But she said—

"No, dear Paul; I shall never be alone again; the spirit of the child will be with me; it is so beautiful to have loved him on earth, for now I can love him in Heaven." And so Paul left her, not as one in a dark land of sorrow, but floating in a world of light and love. And how eagerly he hastened back to his gentle, stricken dove, and folded her to his heart, as though he would shield her from all sorrow. But he scarce found a sorrow; she was all light and joy, and said—

"Oh, Paul, I am so happy, for I have been

thinking all day how happy the angels must be to have my little Paul with them. It seemed to me that I could see them adorning him with heavenly garments, and I could see his happy smile; and I was glad that he was no longer oppressed by his weak, earthly body. Yes, he is now a blessed angel in Heaven, and is it not beautiful, dear Paul, that we have given an angel to Heaven?"

Thus was the earth-sorrow turned to a heavenly joy. And though other children were born to Paul and Rosa, yet their chief delight in them was, that they were to be angels in Heaven. How often Rosa said, "Paul, they are the children of the Lord—not ours; only we have the loving work to teach them for Heaven."

Through Rosa, Paul realized this beautiful truth, and earnestly strove to impart truth to the tender and impressible minds of his children; he presented it to them in the most beautiful and attractive forms. But it was Rosa that made them love it and live in it; it was the teachings of the father that fell like "golden grains" in the earth of their minds; but it was the gentle, never ceasing culture of the mother, that caused it to spring up into the sunshine of Heaven, and bear the fruit of kind and loving actions. When Paul saw this, he felt himself a man in the true sense of the word; one, who could perform the highest uses in life, without being clogged and thwarted by the want of concert in action by his partner in life. Thus it is that a harmony of thought and feeling produces a harmony in action.

And how elevated and noble became all the ends of Paul's life! It was Rosa that elevated and refined them, and directed them Heavenward. It was beautiful to see how she could draw down the light of Heaven into all the outer life. Every thing on earth seemed to her but the symbol of something in Heaven. And when Paul once gave her money, she thanked him with such a grateful warmth of affection, that he laughingly asked her, if she loved money, that she was so grateful for it. She answered, "Yes, Paul; I love your money, because you have worked for it; and when you give it to me, it seems to our outer life what truth is to our inner life. If you gave me no truth, I could not adorn your inner life with love; and if you gave me no money, I could not adorn your outer life with good. I could not alone attain either money or truth. I should be very poor, dear Paul, both spiritually and naturally, without you. But you, as a husband, bring me truth and money. With the first I call the angels around you; with the second I call earthly friends around you; and thus, both your inner and outer life are made glad and warm and genial."

And Paul knew this; for his home was beautiful,—a feminine taste and tact reigned through it, and Rosa's diffusive charity made him the centre of a circle to whom he dispensed not only earthly goods, but the noble thoughts of his large understanding. And Paul realized that while he guided all things by his wisdom, given to him of God, that Rosa was as the motive power to his existence. Her influence pervaded his every thought and feeling, and while it made his life upon earth so full and perfect, it allied him to

Heaven; and thus he held her in his house and heart as the Holy of holies.

Happy is the earth if it have one pair of such married ones, for through such, the Spirit and life of God descend upon the earth, and bind it to Heaven. But blessed, yea most blessed will be the earth when it has many such, for then the heavenly sunshine will flood the whole earth with its light and glory, and the Lord, who is the centre and source of this glorious Sun, will see His image reflected, in its mercy and tender beauty, in the lives of the dwellers upon earth, even as it now is seen by Him in those of the dwellers in Heaven, and thus will the "kingdom of God" come upon earth "as it is in Heaven."

THE COLD WATER FANATIC.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Come, Parker," said a young man named Franklin, "there's to be a temperance meeting over at Marion Hall. Don't you want to hear the speaking?"

"No, I believe not," was answered indifferently, "I have little fancy for such things."

"Sturgess is in town, and, I am told, will make an address."

"I heard him once, and that was enough for me," replied Parker. "He's a cold water fanatic."

This was said in a group of half-a-dozen men, most of whom were strangers to Parker. Some of these looked at each other with knowing glances. Here a separation took place, and the different parties moved away.

"I think you had better go with me," said Parker's friend, who still kept in his company. "If Sturgess is a little enthusiastic in the cause, he is yet a very interesting speaker. Perhaps he may say something that will set even you to thinking."

"I'm not a drunkard," returned Parker.

"No; still, you are not beyond the reach of danger. No man is, who daily gratifies a desire for a glass of brandy."

"Don't you think I could do without it?"

"Certainly; you could do without it *now*."

"Why do you say *now* so emphatically?"

"Now, means at the present time."

"Well?"

"I cannot speak for the future. You are not ignorant of the power of habit."

"Upon my word! you are complimentary. Then you really think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"Every young man, who takes daily a glass of brandy, is in that danger."

"You really think so?"

"Most assuredly! How are drunkards made? You know the process as well as I do. Every mighty river has its beginning in a scarcely noticed stream. Ask the most besotted inebriate for the history of his fall, and you will find a part of that history running parallel with your own at the present time."

"You are serious, as I live," said Parker, forcing a smile.

"It is hardly a matter for jest. But, come! Go with me to hear this cold water fanatic, as

you call him. You have no other engagement for the evening. Now, that your thoughts have been turned upon the subject of a daily glass of brandy, it may be as well for you to hear something further as to the consequences of such a habit. A wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself."

"But the fool,—why don't you finish the quotation, Franklin?"

"That is needless. Its application you fully understand. You will go with me?"

"I will; as you seem so earnest about the matter."

And so Parker went to Marion Hall, which he found crowded. After some difficulty in procuring a seat, he made out to get one very near to the platform, upon which was seated the president and secretary of one of the temperance associations in the place, with two or three others, who were to act as speakers. One of these latter was a man past the prime of life. His hair was thin and gray, and his face lean and withered; but his dark, restless eyes showed that within was an active mind and quick feelings. This was Sturgess, the individual before referred to. After the usual preliminaries, necessary on such occasions, he arose to address the meeting. For some time he stood with his eyes moving through the audience. All was hushed to profound silence; and there was a breathless expectation throughout the room. The speaker's usual style was impulsive. He was more given to declamation than argument; generally carrying his hearers with him by the force of strong enthusiasm.

"My friends," he at length said, in a low, subdued, yet thrillingly distinct voice. His manner, to those who had before listened to him, was so different from what was expected, that they felt a double interest in the speaker, and bent forward, eager to catch every word.

"My friends," he repeated, "a little over half an hour ago, an incident occurred which has so checked the current of my thoughts and feelings, that I find myself in a state better fitted for the seclusion of my chamber, than for public speaking. It is a weakness, I know; but even the best of us are not at all times able to rise above our weaknesses. I was conversing with a friend in the midst of a group of men, some of whom were unknown to me, when one of the latter proposed to an acquaintance whom he called by name, an attendance upon this meeting. 'I have no fancy for such things,' was answered. 'Sturgess is to speak,' was advanced as an argument. 'He's a cold water fanatic,' said the young man, with a sneer."

There was the most perfect stillness throughout the room. All eyes were fixed upon Sturgess, whose low, subdued tone of voice, so unusual for him, made a marked impression on the audience. He stood, for some moments, again silent, his eye searching everywhere.

"If," he resumed, in the same low, half-sad, impressive voice, "that young man were here to-night, I would feel it a duty, as well as a privilege, to tell him why I have become what he calls a cold water fanatic,—why I let forth my whole soul in this cause,—why I am at times over-enthusiastic—why I am, probably, a little intempe-

rate in my crusade against the monster vice that has desolated our homes and robbed us of the sweet promise God once gave us in our children."

The speaker's voice had trembled,—but now it was lost in a sob. In a moment he recovered himself and went on, still in the same low, searching tones:

"In the sweet promise of our children. Where are they? I look all around this large audience. There sits an old friend; and there, and there. Like mine, their heads are blossoming for eternity. Long years ago, we started side by side on the journey of life. We had our wives and our little ones around us then. Where are they now?"

Another long pause and deep silence followed. The dropping of a pin could have been heard in that crowded assembly.

"When my thoughts go wandering back to that olden time," resumed the speaker, "and I see, in imagination, the bright hearth-fire, now extinguished, and hear, in imagination, the glad voices of children, now hushed forever; and when I think of what caused this sad change, I do not wonder that I have been all on fire, as it were; that I have appeared to some a mere cold water fanatic."

"I wish that young man were here to-night; and, perhaps, he is here. I will, at any rate, take his presence for granted, and make briefly my address to him."

"You have called me, my young friend, a cold water fanatic. If you had said enthusiast, I would have liked the term better. But, no matter—a fanatic let it be. And what has made me so? I will draw for you a picture."

"There is a small, meagrely-furnished room in the third story of an old building. The time is winter; and on the hearth burns a few pieces of pine wood, that afford but little warmth. Three persons are in that room—a mother and her two children. The mother is still young; but her thin, sad, suffering face, tells a story of poverty, sickness, and that heart-sorrow which dries up the very fountains of life. A few years previously, she had gone forth from her father's house, a happy bride, looking down the open vista of the future, and seeing naught but joy and sunshine. She clung to her husband as confidently as the vine clings to the oak; and she loved him with all the fervor and devotion of a pure, young heart. Alas! that a shadow so soon fell upon her path; that love's clinging tendrils were so soon torn away!

"She is still young. Look upon her, as she moves with feeble steps about her room. Ah! into what a depth of misery she has fallen! Where is her husband?—he who so solemnly swore to love, cherish and keep her in sickness and in health? The door has opened! He enters.—gaze upon him! No wonder an expression of pain and disgust is on your countenance; for a miserable drunkard is before you. No wonder the poor wife's pale cheek grows paler, nor that the sadness of her face changes into a look of anguish. Hark! He has greeted her with an angry word. He staggers across the room, and, in doing so, throws over that little toddling thing on her way to meet him. The mother, with an exclamation, springs forward to save her child from harm. See! The drunken wretch has thrust her

angrily aside with his strong arm; and she has fallen—fallen with her head across a chair!

"The fall, my friends, proved fatal. A week after that unhappy day, I stood by the grave of one, who had been to me the best and most loving of children!"

The speaker's voice faltered. But he recovered himself, and went on: "A few years before, I gave my child, dear to me as the apple of an eye, into the keeping of one I believed to be kind, noble-hearted and faithful. He was so then—yes, I will still say this. But the demon of Intemperance threw upon him her baleful glances, and he became changed. And such a change! The scene I have pictured took place in a far-off city, whither my child had been taken. Alas! the poor child did not die in my own arms. I was summoned too late. Only the sad pleasure of gazing upon her wasted cheeks, white as marble, and icy-cold, remained to me."

The old man could no longer suppress his emotions. Tears gushed over his face, and he wept aloud. Few dry eyes were in that assemblage.

"Is it any wonder," resumed Sturgess, after he had again recovered the mastery of his feelings, "that I am a cold water fanatic? Methinks, if the young man to whom I have referred, had passed through a sorrow like this, he, too, would have been an enthusiast—a fanatic, if he will—in the cause of temperance. He, too, would have proclaimed from the streets and the house-tops, in highways and by-ways, his mission of reform and regeneration. But let me say to him, and to all like him, that prevention is better than cure,—that it is easier to keep sober than to get sober, easier to give up the daily glass at twenty-two or twenty-five, than at thirty or forty. These drinking habits gain strength more rapidly than others, from the fact that they vitiate the whole system, and produce a diseased vital action."

"A cold water fanatic!—perhaps I am. But have I not had cause? Ten years ago, a youth of the brightest promise stepped confidently upwards, and set his foot on the firm earth of manhood. He had education, talents, industry, and good principles. But he lacked one element of safety—he had not a deeply-fixed antagonism towards all forms of intemperance:—indeed, like the young man to whom I have before referred, he rather regarded the advocates of temperance as fanatics. And he was not so much to blame on this account, for his own father, in whom he confided, kept liquors in his side-board, used them himself, and set them out in mistaken hospitality before his friends. Well, this young man went on well for a time; but, sad to relate, a change was apparent in a few years. His frequent visits to taverns brought him into contact with dangerous companions. Drinking was followed by its usual consequences, idleness; and the two united in speedily working his ruin."

"My friends,"—the speaker was again visibly excited,—"one night, two years ago, I was returning home from a visit to a neighbor. It was dark, for heavy clouds obscured the sky, and there were all the indications of a rapidly approaching storm. Presently, lightning began to gleam out, and thunder to roll in the distance. I was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from home,

when the rain came down in a fierce gust of wind. The darkness was now so intense, that I could not see five paces ahead; but, aided by the lightning, I obtained shelter beneath a large tree. I had been there only a few moments, when a human groan came upon my ears, chilling the blood back to my very heart. The next flash enabled me to see, for an instant, the prostrate form of a man. He lay close to my feet. I was, for the time, paralyzed. At length, as flash after flash rendered the figure momentarily visible, and groan after groan awoke humane feelings, I spoke aloud. But, the only answer was that continued moan, as one in mortal agony. I drew nearer, and bent over the prostrate body. Then, by the lightning's aid, I knew it but too well. It was, alas!—that of the unhappy young man I have mentioned—*my own son!*

"I took him in my arms," continued the old man, in a faltering voice, after another pause, in which the audience bent forward with manifestations of intense interest, "and with a strength given at the time, carried him home. I was, from the moment of recognition, unconscious of storm or darkness. Alas! when I laid him upon his own bed, in his own room, and looked eagerly down into his face, that face was rigid in death. If I am a cold water fanatic, friends, here is my apology. Is it not all-sufficient?"

And he sat down, amid low murmurs of feeling. For a time the silence of expectation reigned throughout the room. Then one of the audience stood up in his seat, and every gaze was turned toward him. It was the young man, Parker. Fixing his eyes upon the still disturbed countenance of the speaker, he said, slowly and distinctly:

"Yes, the apology is more than sufficient. I take back the words unwisely spoken. With such an experience, a man may well be pardoned for enthusiasm. Thanks! my venerable friend, not only for your rebuke, but for your reminiscence. I never saw my danger as I see it now; but, like a wise man, foreseeing the evil, I will hide myself, rather than pass on, like the fool, and be punished. This night I enlist in your cold water army, and I trust to make a brave soldier."

Parker sat down, when instantly a shout went up that startled the far-off, slumbering echoes. Sturgess, yielding to the impulse of his feelings, sprung from the stage, and grasping the young man's hand, said in a voice not yet restored to calmness—

"My son!—born of love for this high and holy cause; I bless you! Stand firm! Be a faithful soldier! Our enemies are named legion; but we shall yet prevail against them."

Here drop we the curtain of our narrative. Parker, when the hour of cool reflection came, saw no reason to repent of what he had done. He is now a faithful soldier in the cold water army.

If we knew all that some advocates of temperance have suffered, we might well pardon an enthusiasm that, at times, seems to verge on fanaticism. They have felt the curse—they have endured the pain—they know the monster vice in every phase of its hideous deformity. No, we

need not wonder at their enthusiasm; the wonder should rather be, that it is not greater.—*Sons of Temperance Offering for 1853.*

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS,

ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF A BELOVED CHILD,
PAINTED AFTER HIS DEATH.

Methought ye told me the pale Angel came
And bore my boy away!—that here, no more
On his beloved form mine eyes would rest!
How can I look on *this*, and make him dead!
Those same dark, lustrous eyes, that oft looked up
So earnestly to mine, still on me rest!
The soft brown hair, my hand oft parted o'er,
That fair, high brow—the same bright cheek and lip—

The dimpled hands, and tiny arms, oft thrown
Caressingly around me,—*all* are here!
Will not those lips soon part and call, "*My mother!*"

And shall I not again hear his glad voice
Ring through our home, as in the days gone by?

Ah! vain, delusive dream! Do I not know
That he, my child, dwelleth on earth no more!
Have I not given that loved form to the tomb?
Seen the fair head, oft pillowed on my breast,
Laid down, alas! to mingle with the earth?
'Tis but thy pictured lineaments, dear one,
That meet my eye,—only the semblance true
Of the fair garment thy pure spirit wore;
I gaze upon it and recall the days,
Forever gone, when thou wert with me here,—
Bethink me of the many joys thou gave—
The many hours thy presence hath beguiled—
Of all thy artless, loving, winning ways,
'Till my full heart throbs wildly in its grief,
And tears bedim my sight. Can I forbear
To mourn our parting, loved one, even tho' brief?
Are there not ties twined round the mother's heart

That Death can never loose?

I know that thou hast joined
The innumerable throng of spotless ones,
Gathered from earth to the bright spirit-land!
Oh, say, will Love deep as my own heart knows,
As strong, as deathless, ever guard thee there,
And to thy untaught mind, the sacred lore
Of Heavenly Wisdom, Truth, and Love impart?
Wilt thou a ministering angel be
To beings that were dear to thee, on earth?—
Whispering sweet peace to their now troubled hearts—
Prompting to thoughts and words, and deeds of love—

Drawing their earth-bound feet to walk with thee,
The bright celestial road that leadeth to
The presence of the Lamb?

If such thy destiny,
Thy high employ, I would not lure thee back,
To tread again earth's shadowy vale of sin;
Rather, oh! Father, let me seek Thy aid
Submissively to bear Thy chastening rod—
Meekly to wait mine own appointed time,
Then, join him there!

LOWLANDS, 1852.

ELQUIR.

True delicacy discovers itself in little things; though, indeed, what we call trifles are not always so insignificant.

HOME LIGHTS AND HOME SHADOWS.

BY LINA BELL.

In a small, neat house, in a quiet, clean street, just back of a fashionable one, sat an old lady, at a work-table. She had laid a piece of work neatly folded on the table, and, glancing from the clock to the door, seemed to be expecting some one. The door opened, and a girl entered. She was tall and very slender. Her hair and eyes were black, and her complexion usually pale and sallow. But now her face was radiant with pleasure; her eyes were glistening, and her dark cheek had a tinge of red. A smile was on her lip, which called forth a responsive one from her mother, as she said—

"O, mother, I have treated myself to one of the prettiest things in the world. Only guess. Well, you can't. Then I will tell you. A beautiful white camilla. It was only fifty cents,—think what a bargain."

The mother smiled and said, "I don't know whether it is a bargain or not, Sallie; for I don't know the value of flowers, not being able to buy them."

"But I do, mother; for I never go to market, but I stop at the flower-stands, and gaze at them as long as I have time to spare. It does me so much good to look at the beautiful things. I think it improves me, for I can make a dress so much prettier after looking at them. Indeed, the idea of that trimming which I put on Miss Hartley's dress, and for which she gave me two dollars more than I asked, came to me while I was looking at some beautiful leaves in the market. I never asked the price of the flowers, because I could not buy them, but I could hear the man tell his customers, and he has always asked a dollar or more for one the size of this. To-day, I thought I would price a small one that he had, and if he would take fifty cents for it, buy it. I thought I could afford that, after getting so much more than I expected for Miss Hartley's dress. The little one had only two buds on it. The man asked me if I was fond of flowers. I told him yes, and wanted to buy a camilla, but did not think I would go higher than half a dollar. He took this elegant large one, with nine buds, and said I should have it for that price, although he had never sold one so full of buds for less than a dollar and a half or two dollars. I was so pleased, I hardly could thank him. He understood why I could not, and said he loved his flowers, and was always pleased when they fell into hands that would care for them. But you shall see my beauty."

She brought it in, holding it in the light, and calling her mother's attention to the dark glossiness of the leaves, and the size of the buds.

"You don't think it was extravagant, do you, mother?" said she, earnestly.

"Not at all, my darling. I am delighted that you have got the flower, and have enjoyed it so much already. You work hard, and have too few pleasures for me to object to so innocent a use of a little of what you earn. I wish you would gratify more of your tastes, and not always be

thinking of me, as you do when you have a cent to spare, and spending it in things I could very well do without. A tear came to the eye of the mother, which was answered by one in that of the daughter, which hastily brushing away, she said—

"You work as hard as I do, mother, and what you get is your own. If I can do more than you, I am younger, and have been always used to it. You do as much as you can, and I do no more."

How pleasantly that day passed to Sallie, and how cheerfully she sewed, those only can know to whom indulgence in articles to please the taste was as rare as to her. For its demands to some natures are as really a want as the gratification of hunger. The love of the beautiful was a part of the being of that young girl; then how exquisite the gratification of this long-craved indulgence! And as the flowers bloomed, one after another, their opening was watched with the greatest delight by Sallie. All had bloomed but one, and she loved that last bud, if possible, more than all the rest—it was the last she would have for a year. She wished she could make it open more slowly, that she might enjoy its beauty longer. But open it would, and the pearly bud was just breaking through its green cover, when she received orders to make a party dress for a very fashionable young married lady, who had heard of the young dressmaker's taste. It was her first order, and Sallie was very anxious to please her, having heard from the lady, who had recommended her work, that it was very difficult to do so. With great exertion she finished the dress, and took it home at the hour required. When she entered the house, she was sent to the dressing-room of the lady.

"Why did you not bring the dress home sooner?" she said, impatiently. "It is almost time I was dressed; and suppose it does not fit?"

"I did not expect to get it finished sooner, Madam; you remember this is the hour I promised it; I brought it the minute I put the last stitch. I think it will fit you."

The lady took the dress and examined it critically, and with every disposition to find fault with the work, but could not. She feared it was "a world too wide in the waist." But no, it fitted exactly, and she allowed some of the cloud to pass from her fair young face.

When Sallie found the dress fitted, she left Mrs. Howard trying on one head-dress after another, and unable to make up her mind which to wear. Jewels, feathers, lace—nothing suited, when the idea of a white camilla presented itself, as she remembered the half-opened one she had seen on the window of Sallie's little parlor. She sent a servant in great haste for it.

Sallie had arrived at home with her cheeks glowing from the haste she had made in walking, as it was late. Her mother had supper ready waiting for her. The little room looked very cheerful as she entered with a smile on her lips, that her mother's responded to the instant their eyes met.

"It suited, of course, I see by your looks."

"O, yes. Perhaps people have not taken pains to please Mrs. Howard, and that may be the rea-

son why she is considered so particular. She has a great many dresses to make, and has promised me the work. I am glad to have got such a customer, for her work is the kind I like best, and she pays a reasonable price for it. It takes almost as much time to make a calico dress as a silk one, and I only get half a dollar for it. I think, from the kind of work I am getting now, we will be very comfortable this winter; don't you, mother?"

Just as she said this, and was in the act of sitting down to the little table, a rap came to the door. It was the servant for her flower—her last flower! An indignant refusal rose to her lips, as she thought of the room she had left, strewn with ornaments of the most costly description, and her solitary flower coveted and asked for by the mistress of that profusion. It was a shame, and she was going to say so, when a thought of the consequences from the loss of work came to her mind, as the servant said she must send it, as his mistress was waiting. She went sadly and cut it from the plant, took one lingering look, while a tear fell on the flower as she handed it to the man. One long year must pass before she would have another! And this flower was thus taken by a woman to minister to her vanity from that poor girl, who dare not refuse her, for fear of want, and to whose heart it was dear as the only form of the beautiful she could gaze on, and call her own. It *was* a shame.

But Mrs. Howard did not know how much she loved it. Then she was no true woman,—she knew it was hers, and was beautiful—her only one—how could she help loving it?

Poor Sallie sat sadly down to the table, in vain striving to conceal her grief from her mother. She eat no supper, and the tears *would come*.

DIALOGUES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY E. KENNEDY.

THE INFATUATION OF CORNWALLIS.

Tommy. Do you think, papa, that the people of 1776 would have ever gained their independence if Providence had not helped them?

Papa. Perhaps not; perhaps there are no blessings to be had separate and apart from the favor and assistance of God by His special Providence.

T. Is it true, as I have read, that the bullets wouldn't hit Washington?

P. I recollect there was such a story told by an old Indian, who declared that he had fired at the Chief eighteen times and never hit him once; but I don't know that we ought to credit so extravagant a story as this. Though it is certain that Washington was never wounded in battle.

T. And the fog that sheltered the Americans in the retreat from Long Island,—I'm sure that looked very much like a particular instance of God's help.

P. Yes it did, and it has often been referred to as such; but I hardly know a more signal occasion of such Providential aid than the infatuation of one of the British commanders, Lord Cornwallis, shortly after the landing of that large and triumphant army, and the defeat of the Americans that you spoke of on Long Island.

T. Please to tell me about it.

P. I will do so. On the second of July, 1776, only two days before the Declaration of Independence was signed, the British army, numbering twenty-five thousand men, landed upon the beach not very far from New York city. They soon overpowered the few, feeble troops of the Americans, and having driven them before them, took possession of New York, and made themselves quite at home there. They were very strong, and the Americans were very weak; their army numbered thousands, while our army about this time began to dwindle down, as the men's terms of enlistment expired, so that when Washington "retreated across the Jerseys," he could hardly be said to number as many hundreds as the others could count thousands. In this weakened condition the American commander could do nothing better than to keep out of the way of those victorious red-coats; and so he, and his handful of disheartened soldiers retreated as the British advanced. Suppose, however, you take your map in your hand, and examine it as I proceed, in order that I may talk intelligibly.

(Tommy turns to the map of the Middle States.)

T. Cornwallis landed here upon Long Island, and there a battle was fought in which our folks were beaten; we then retreated, first to New York city, and then farther off, as the British kept advancing upon us. Washington then crossed over the Hudson river, and started with his small army across New Jersey.

P. You are right; and after a while Lord Cornwallis and his men came lazily after him; and now, for what I have called the infatuation of this General, and the consequent salvation of Washington and his few troops. New Jersey, as you see, is very narrow, and a very few day's march brought the Americans to the river Delaware, there to cross over into Pennsylvania. This they did. And it so happened that but a short hour or two after the last boat load of our troops had crossed over,—carrying with them all the boats for fifty miles up and down the river,—it so happened, I say, that at this time Lord Cornwallis with his host came in sight, and there halted upon the bank of the Delaware!

T. I suppose he couldn't get over.

P. That was the precise difficulty. He there halted with his men.

T. How wide is the Delaware at that place?

P. Perhaps it is half a mile in width, or nearly so.

T. And what became of Washington?

P. O, he did not go very far; only some four or five miles off, and there he quartered his men. If ever you go to Bucks county, you may still see the old stone mansion (Keith's) where Washington had his own quarters for a couple of months before the battle of Trenton; and you may also see the identical house (Merrick's) where General La Fayette, and General Greene, and other distinguished men, sat around the council-board, along with the Chief. It was the council of war, held in this house, where Enos Merrick used to live, that determined the attack upon Trenton, which led to the capture of nine hundred Hessians, and served to turn the tide of confidence in favor of the American cause.

T. But about Lord Cornwallis?

P. Aye, we'll talk of him. It was the strange infatuation of this man that now saved the Americans from utter ruin. Instead of constructing rafts and boats to carry his army over the river at once, he leisurely seated himself down into comfortable quarters, in Trenton, and other towns, waiting for the river to freeze up, so as to afford a safe and commodious passage to the opposite shore. But before the severe weather had set in, the battle of Trenton had taken place, and nine hundred captured Hessians crossed, as prisoners of war, over upon the icy bed of that same stream that was to have served as a bridge to these over-confident gentlemen in red coats. This very remarkable instance of bad generalship has often been noted as a Providential display in our behalf.

T. Doesn't some one of the old poets say, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad?"

P. Yes; and your quotation is quite apt in regard to Cornwallis; because if he had pursued on and overtook our troops, Washington and his officers, as well as his army, must inevitably have fallen into his hands as prisoners.

T. And what would the American Revolution have been without Washington?

P. Aye, surely! The British made, also, another great mistake, in supposing that by capturing our cities they, of necessity, conquered the country. First, they took New York, and of this I have told you. The next movement was upon Philadelphia. Having embarked on board of their ships, at Sandy Hook, the army, some sixteen thousand strong, sailed away in great secrecy, no one knowing whither they went. General Washington kept upon the look-out for them, however, and their object was soon discovered, by the sailing of their ships up the Chesapeake bay.

T. Why didn't they sail up the Delaware bay, and go up the Delaware river to Philadelphia?

P. Perhaps they thought there might have been a *chevaux-de-frieze* placed in that river; and that it might not be so safe for their fleet as the broad waters of the Chesapeake. And, besides, by landing at the head of that bay, or at Elkton, as you can see upon your map, they could very readily march up and take possession of the city.

T. And this is what they did?

P. Yes, they did so. Sixteen thousand fresh troops could march almost anywhere they should take a fancy to go to. But more about the taking of Philadelphia another time.

The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved. Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience, the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about!

THE LAKE OF ALLIGATORS.

One of my first expeditions, after reaching Karachi, was a visit to the Magar Talao, as it is called, or Lake of Alligators. This curious place is about eight miles from Karachi, and is well worth inspecting to all who are fond of the monstrous and grotesque. A moderate ride through a sandy and sterile track, varied with a few patches of jungle, brings one to a grove of tamarind trees, hid in the bosom of which lie the grisly brood of monsters. Little would one ignorant of the *locale* suspect that under that green wood, in that tiny pool, which an active leaper could half spring across, such hideous denizens are concealed.

"Here is the pool," I said to my guide, rather contemptuously; "but where are the alligators?"

At the same time, I was stalking on very boldly, with head erect, and rather inclined to flout the whole affair, *naso adunco*. A sudden hoarse roar or bark, however, under my very feet, made me execute a pirouette in the air with extraordinary adroitness, and perhaps with more animation than grace. I had almost stepped on a young crocodilian imp about three feet long, whose bite, small as he was, would have been the reverse of pleasant.

Presently the genius of the place appeared in the shape of a wizard-looking, old Fakir, who, on my presenting him with a couple of rupees, produced his wand—in other words, a long pole—and then proceeded to call up his spirits. On his shouting, "Ao! Ao!" (Come! Come!) two or three times, the water suddenly became alive with monsters. At least three score huge alligators, some of them fifteen feet in length, made their appearance, and came thronging to the shore. The whole scene reminded me of fairy tales. The solitary wood, the pool with its strange inmates, the Fakir's lonely hut on the hill-side, the Fakir himself, tall, swart, and gaunt, the robber-looking Biluchi by my side, made up a fantastic picture. Strange, too, the control our showman displayed over his "lions." On his motioning with the pole they stopped, (indeed, they had already arrived at a disagreeable propinquity), and on his calling out "Baitho" (Sit down), they lay flat on their stomachs, grinning horrible obedience with their open and expectant jaws. Some large pieces of flesh were thrown to them, to get which they struggled, writhed, and fought, and tore the flesh into shreds and gobbets. I was amused with the respect the smaller ones showed to their over-grown seniors. One fellow, about ten feet long, was walking up to the feeding-ground from the water, when he caught a glimpse of one much larger just behind him. It was odd to see the frightened look with which he sidled out of the way, evidently expecting to lose half a yard of his tail before he could effect his retreat. At a short distance (perhaps half a mile) from the first pool, I was shown another, in which the water was as warm as one could bear it for complete immersion; yet even here I saw some small alligators. The Fakirs told me these brutes were very numerous in the river, about fifteen or twenty miles to the west. The monarch of the place, an enormous alligator, to which the

Fakir had given the name of "Mor Sahib" (My Lord Mor), never obeyed the call to come out. As I walked round the pool I was shown where he lay, with his head above water, immovable as a log, and for which I should have mistaken him but for his small, savage eyes, which glittered so that they seemed to emit sparks. He was, the Fakir said, very fierce and dangerous, and at least twenty feet in length.—*Dry Leaves from Young Egypt.*

THE SIMPLICITY OF GREATNESS.

We have often been led to observe that the pervading characteristic of genuine greatness is humility. The truly great man is never presumptuous nor ostentatious. With all his wisdom, there is no pedantry; with all his virtue, there is no prudery; with all his wealth there is no boasting display. His speech is simple as wise; his life undissembling as pure; and his habits all marked by plainness rather than by pretension. The innate nobility of the truly great mind scorns the pomp and pretence which pass for greatness with the vulgar and indiscriminating multitude. The practised dignity of men—the studied preciseness of speech—the decorum which seldom smiles—the gravity which never jests—these palpable indices of assumed greatness, are held in contempt by the truly great man. He is always simple and natural—his language unadorned, and his manners unaffected. Not the laborer in his poverty is more humble—nor the untutored child in his purity more unconstrained. No man is beneath his love and sympathy; and he fears no abasement from association with those whose social rank is less conspicuous than his own. In his intercourse with his fellows, he never betrays a consciousness of his superiority. He has a reverence for virtue in rags, and a quick discrimination of worth in obscurity. His veneration for a manly character is impulsively shown, but he has no respect for the conditions of birth and fortune, and no toleration for that mushroom greatness which grows out of illustrious men's graves, or for that which is more willingly recognized, springing from crowded coffers.

In the world's estimate of men, the pretensions of ignorance, and the opinionative pride of little learning, pass for more than the unostentatious acquirements of knowledge, and the effrontery of conceit wins the distinction due to shrinking merit. The world should remember that much pretence is the infallible sign of little possession; and that the elements of greatness in human character spring up beneath the shadows of life, and shun the glare in which arrogance thrives. The person who by genius or shrewdness, or good fortune, has attained a position above his fellow men, and seeks constantly to impress upon observers the immeasurable distance between them and himself, however great his eminence, is devoid the highest attributes of a great man. He has not the inborn nobility which is satisfied with a sense of its own existence,—the magnanimity of spirit which is above the vanity of eclat,—and the gentleness of heart which shrinks from inflicting pain, or awakening envy in his humbler fellows. The aristocrat who suffers his wealth

to be a barrier between him and less fortunate humanity, however respected, is but a base-minded egotist. The scholar in whose wisdom is drowned his sympathy for the unlettered world, is more profound in his research than in his understanding. The man into whom is born a great soul, can never be separated by wealth from the poor, nor will learning raise him above an acknowledgment of his intimate relations to those favored with a less degree of mental cultivation. The quality of his greatness which adds grace and splendor to more brilliant attributes, is his unaffected simplicity and freedom from pride.—*Portland Transcript.*

A SCOLDING WIFE.

Got a scolding wife, have you? Well, it's your own fault, ten to one. Women are *all* naturally amiable, and when their tempers get crossed it's the men that do it. Just look at yourself as you came home last night! Slamming doors, and kicking everything that laid in the way, right and left—because—well, you couldn't tell for the life of you what it was for. Suppose you'd been laying your face under embargo all day to those who cared nothing about you, smiling and nodding, hemming and hawing, and wanted to get where you could enjoy a little superlative ill-nature.

No wonder your wife was cross, getting supper with a baby in her arms! Why didn't you take the baby, and trot it, and please it? "Room was all in confusion"—why didn't you put it to rights? "You want a little rest!" So does your wife, and she gets precious little, poor woman. You are at your shop—walking briskly through the sunshine in this bracing weather—reading the paper—meeting friends and acquaintances—sitting cosily in the office. She is at home with clinging arms dragging about her neck, loving, but still wearisome at times. She is dependent upon the call of a neighbor for a little break up in her monotonous life, or the opening of a window upon a stunted yard for what fresh air comes. Wake up, man alive, and look into this matter! Put on your best smile the moment your foot touches the door-step. Treat the littered room to a broad grin, and your wife to a kiss. Give the baby some sugar-plums, and little Bobby a new picture-book to busy his bright eyes with. Tell that poor, tired-looking woman that you've brought her a nice book to read, and that you're going to *stay at home evenings*. Our word for it, apologies will be plentiful, supper will come on like magic, everything will have an extra touch. At times there will be something very like tears in the good woman's eyes, and her voice will be husky when she asks you if your tea quite suits you. Of course it will to a charm.

It may be a little silent that evening. You miss the complaining tone, the scolding and fault-finding; but your loss is her gain; she is thinking of the long-past, but considers upon the whole that she is a happier woman to-night than she ever was in her whole life before.

Give the new plan a fair trial. Gradually, as you return, you will find the house in perfect or-

der. Old dresses will be remodelled, and your wife appear as good as new. Home will grow more and more pleasant, and the brightest smile upon your features during the day will be a reflection of the thought that evening is coming with its pleasant chat of wife and little ones.

Scolding wife, indeed! If you men did as you should, wouldn't such a wife be an anomaly?—*Boston Olive Branch.*

HANDEL.

In his latter years, Handel became blind; but this calamity did not diminish his powers as a public performer. It was affecting to see him, at upwards of seventy years of age, led to the organ, and then brought forward to make his usual obeisance to the audience; but even then, the concertos and extempore pieces, which he used to play between the acts of his oratorios, were distinguished by all his wonted strength of imagination, and energy of execution. At this period, he was in the practice, even in his regular concertos, of playing the solo parts extempore. The full parts only were written for the orchestra. When he came to his solo, he played it extempore, adhering, of course, to the general design of the piece; and when he indicated, by a shake, that he had come to a close, the band went on with what was written before them. Though his blindness did not impair his intellectual vigor, however, it deeply affected his feelings. He was always much moved during the performance of his own pathetic air, "Total Eclipse," in "Samson."

His last appearance in public was on the 6th of April, 1759, when he performed as usual. He died seven days afterwards. Dr. Warren, who attended him in his last illness, said that he was perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that he had expressed a wish, for several days before his death, that he might breathe his last on Good Friday, in hopes, as he said, of meeting his Lord and Saviour on the day of His resurrection—meaning the third day, or Easter Sunday, following. His wish was fulfilled. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and over the place of his interment there is a monument, by Roubilliac, consisting of his figure, in an erect posture, and holding a scroll, inscribed with the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the notes to which these words are set in the "Messiah."

The character of Handel, in all its great features, was exalted and amiable. Throughout his life he had a deep sense of religion. He used to express the great delight he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ; and the habitual study of the Scriptures had constant influence on his sentiments and conduct. For the last two or three years of his life he regularly attended divine service, in his parish church of St. George's, Hanover Square, where his looks and gestures indicated the fervor of his devotion. In his life he was pure and blameless; not possessed of strong passions (for his impetuosity of manner was not the result of passion), not even of very warm affections; but yet friendly and benevolent. To this part of his character may be

ascribed his life of celibacy; for, it will be observed, he never married.

His few foibles were not of a nature to sully the brightness of his character. The greatest of them certainly was his use of profane expressions, to which, notwithstanding the real piety of his character, he was unbecomingly addicted. For this, however, there was some excuse in the manners of his age, when such expressions were habitual even among the better classes of society. He liked to indulge in good living, but not to an injurious or degrading excess. He was rough and impetuous, but utterly free from malevolence or ill-nature.

His intellect was vigorous and well-cultivated. He was acquainted with Latin, and a master of the Italian language, and understood English well enough to be sensible of the beauties of our poets. His knowledge of our language, indeed, is very apparent from the admirable manner in which the words of his oratorios, notwithstanding occasional errors of accent and prosody, are adapted to the music.

In his person, Handel was large and rather corpulent; his features were very handsome; and his countenance was placid, with an expression of mingled dignity and benevolence. He had a great deal of wit and humor; and, even in his fits of anger or impatience, his sallies of pleasantry, conveyed in his grotesque English, produced merriment rather than uneasiness.

MORAL INFLUENCE.

Mrs. Chisholm, in a letter to the Morning Chronicle, gives the following instance of Mrs. Fry's great moral influence:—"A striking instance was related to me in the Bush by a woman who had been confined, with several hundred others, in the Female Factory, near Sydney. This woman was a Catholic, and was, when in England, under the care of Mrs. Fry, a woman whose name is endeared to every benevolent mind. In speaking of that lady, she said, 'We (the Catholics) looked upon her with doubt, and this fear on our part made her do less good amongst us than she otherwise would; for, bad as we were, we looked upon it as the last fall to give up our faith. Now, she had a remarkable way with her—a sort of speaking that you could hardly help listening to, whether you would or no; for she was not only good, but downright clever. Well, just to avoid listening when she was speaking or reading, I learnt to count twelve backwards and forwards, so that my mind might be quite taken up, and I actually went on until I could thus count six hundred with great ease. It was a pity we had such a dread. Well, she had a way of speaking to one of us alone, and I was anxious to shuffle this lecture. The fact was, I expected she would put many questions, and as I respected her character too much, altogether, to tell her a lie, I kept from the sermon, as we in derision used to call it. But, when she was taking leave of us, she just called me on one side, saying she would like to speak a few words to me; so, says I to myself, 'Caught at last.' Well, she comes close to me, and looking at me in a very solemn sort of way, she laid her hands

upon my shoulders, and she gave me a pressure that told me that she felt for me, and her thumbs were set firm and hard on my shoulders, and yet her fingers seemed to have a feeling of kindness for me. But it was no lecture she gave me. All she said was, 'Let not thy eyes covet.' No other words passed her lips; but then her voice was slow and awful; kind as a mother's, yet just like a judge. Well, when I got to the colony I went on right enough for a time; and one day I was looking into a work-box belonging to my mistress, and the gold thimble tempted me. It was on my finger and in my pocket in an instant; and just as I was going to shut down the box-lid, as sure as I am telling you, I felt Mrs. Fry's thumbs on my shoulders—the gentle, pleading touch of her fingers. I looked about me—and threw down the thimble!"

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness. It is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have all scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and none for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever be our failure, virtue, not selfishness, in our regret; and in success, vanity itself will become holy, and triumph eternal.

A man's dealings must be honest and upright. Let his yea be yea, and his nay be nay. Let him be rigidly exact when he has to pay, and forbearing when he has to receive. He must not at all delay just payments; and if he has been obliged to sue another, and has obtained judgment in his favor, let him be merciful, patient, and forbearing.

Unnecessarily deliver not your opinion; but when you do, let it be just, well considered, and plain. Be charitable in all thought, word, and deed, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself; and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear:
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learnt to live.

Ten friends are dearly purchased at the expense of a single enemy; for the latter will take ten times more pains to injure you than the former will take to do you a service.

A man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off.

The poet is the pupil of truth; for the false can never be poetry.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

The editor of the Springfield Post, speaking of the rights of the softer sex, says to the unmarried: "Discard fear, sport a Bloomer, put the question to the astonished gentleman, and before he has time to recover himself, carry him off to the priest, and marry him, 'will he, nil he.' There's no law against forcibly marrying a man—it's all on the other side."

A gentleman having called a ticket-porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russell. "And pray," said the gentleman, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honor," said the porter, "I believe they are much alike, but there is a great difference between our coats."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LONDON.—"At what time do your omnibuses start?" asked a Londoner, lately, of one of the conductors. "Our 'buses," replied the functionary, "run a quarter arter, art arter, quarter to, and at!" In English this means "every quarter of an hour."

An Irishman, who had commenced building a wall round his lot, of rather uncommon dimensions—viz., four feet high, and six feet thick—was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey; don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now."

"Where there's a will there's a way," says the old proverb, and Shakspeare's marriage was a curious proof of this; for in the days of the great poet it might have been said, Shakspeare is the Will, and his wife *Hath-a-way!*

"Have you been much at sea?" "Why, no, not exactly; but my brother married an admiral's daughter." "Were you ever abroad?" "No, not exactly; but my mother's maiden name was French."

It is a question whether being called "the son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

"Jane, put the baby to sleep with laudanum, and then bring me my parasol and revolver. I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race."

An Austrian, upon being asked for a definition of Paradise, said, "I believe it to be a kingdom where you can travel backwards and forwards without a passport."

In a barber's shop in North Shields there is a bill recommending a certain patent medicine, with the very dubious heading, "Try one box—no other medicine will ever be taken."

Why are Madame L——'s cheeks like sixpenny calico? Do you give it up? Because washing fades them!

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?—Because it had no Eve.

The evil of over-speaking usually comes from an overweening opinion of self.

INCIDENTS OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

ROCK ISLAND — FORT ARMSTRONG — MISSISSIPPI
ROBBERS — "MURDER WILL OUT."

CHAPTER I.

The best view of Rock Island, and of the ruins of Fort Armstrong, is from the hurricane-deck of a steamboat ascending the Mississippi from about opposite the mouth of Rock River. The island is about three miles long and one and a half broad, with cliff limestone for its base, arising from thirty-five to forty feet above the surface of the river at an ordinary stage of water.

In the autumn of 1815, about eight hundred United States regular troops left St. Louis, and ascended the Mississippi on keel-boats as far as the foot of the lower rapids. They landed on the present site of the town of Warsaw, and prepared an encampment for winter quarters. On the opening of spring, 1816, after the winter's ice had floated away, they ascended the river to Rock Island, which had been previously selected as a most eligible site for a military post, both on account of its commanding position and its proximity to the Sauk Indians, who, by this demonstration in sight of their principal village, ceased their hostilities, and sent a deputation to St. Louis to make peace.

The soldiers landed on the island on the 10th of May, and under the direction of Col. William Lawrence, commenced the construction of Fort Armstrong. At that period, the island was covered with heavy timber, amongst which hickory and oaks of several species predominated. Beneath these trees, beautiful green lawns of bluegrass were intersected by clumps and thickets of wild plum, hazle, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and other shrubbery. It had been the paradise of the Aborigines—their favorite place of resort for recreation. In a cave beneath the rocks on which the fort was erected, as their legends taught, a *Kütche-Moneto* (good spirit) resided to take charge of the island. It was the sacred ground of the Indians, and as they approached the southern promontory, no Indian would speak in a loud tone of voice, lest the noise should offend their protector. This Moneto was white, with wings of immense size, and of dazzling brightness. They esteemed it sacrilege to despoil the island of any of its native beauties. Judge, then, of their astonishment and dismay, when they beheld an army of "pale faces" hewing down the trees and erecting walls over the cave of their good spirit!

And as the last gleams of the setting sun shown out on the distant hills, when the booming gun echoed over the waters, and reverberated along the cliffs, and the drums rolled on the sacred place, the Moneto of the island, frightened by these strange sounds, unfolded its shining wings, and departed forever! A *Matche-Moneto*, or evil spirit, then became the genius of the place. Such is the Indian legend.

Accompanying the troops, as a contractor in furnishing provisions and groceries, was Mr. George Davenport, a native of England, but who came to the United States at an early age.

In the month of August following, Mrs. Davenport and Mrs. Lewis arrived, being the first American ladies that ever ascended the Mississippi to this place.

The old fort had neither glacis or trench. The parapets were built of stone, with block-houses at the angles. In these were embrasures for artillery and loop-holes for infantry. Within the walls were officers' quarters and barracks for the soldiers.

The grey and dilapidated block-houses of the old fort still remain, as mementoes of by-gone days.

The first steamboat that ever ascended the Upper Mississippi, arrived at Fort Armstrong on the 23d of May, 1823. It was called the *Virginia*, of Wheeling, and went up as far as Galena. This novel spectacle excited the curiosity of the Indians, who flocked in crowds to the bank of the river, and expressed their emphatic "hugh," as she moved against the current without sail or oars.

Colonel George Davenport was in the employ of government as trader with the Indians, contractor for the army, and Indian agent, for many years. His residence was on the north-western part of this beautiful island, where he erected a commodious mansion, facing the State of Iowa, and adorned the grounds around with gardens, fruit and shrubbery. This spot had been his home for about thirty years, and his name and excellent character were identified with the recollections of a whole generation. He was universally beloved and highly esteemed for his social qualities and his noble and generous nature. He had amassed a fortune as an Indian trader, and furnishing supplies for the army, without a stain on his character; for in all his dealings he had been strictly upright. He was a real pioneer in the march of civilization in the North-West, and was respected and venerated by the later immigrants as one of "the noblest works of God." These qualities made his tragical end on this island more deeply affecting.

CHAPTER II.

We have heard, and often recorded instances, of the treacherous and ferocious character of the uncivilized Indian race, but the ungracious task now devolves on us to sketch the history, character and ferocity of another class of demons in human form, whose numbers and secret combinations set law, justice and moral obligations at defiance, in the sparse, frontier settlements of America. Nor are this class found only in the regions of the West. They are numerous in the great Atlantic cities, of which they give almost nightly evidence, and of whose characters and depredations the police could furnish startling proofs. Many of them are natives of the North-Eastern States, and they are thickly strewn along the lake country towards the North-West. Ohio, moral, civilized and religious as are the mass of her population, produces a full share of these desperadoes. And what may seem in strange discordance with the imaginings of some, a full proportion of robbers, counterfeiters, burglars, horse-thieves and "blacklegs," are native-born Americans, and from the Anglo-Saxon stock.

Those of foreign birth are far more easily detected, and in a greater proportion find their way into the penitentiary. It is the really shrewd and expert rogues that more frequently escape, and this class are home-born. Not a small number are the sons of respectable persons, who have broken away from the restraints of a father's roof and a mother's prayers. Such, when convicted, is their own sad tale!

And what might not the youth of our country have been with all the terrific excitements of the age, and the strong temptations and increasing vicious influences around them, had it not been for Sunday schools, temperance societies, and other moral machinery of the time?

Even the corrupting streams, issuing daily, weekly and monthly from the "mighty press" alone, would deluge the land with vice and crime, were it not neutralized by a more healthful literature.

The Valley of the Mississippi, from its earliest settlement, has been the resort of reckless and abandoned men, who, for a time, are successful in their depredations on peaceful and quiet citizens. Stealing horses, making and circulating counterfeit currency (of which *bogus* is the slang term for coin), robbing houses and stores, with occasional murders, are the most common forms of depredation. Hence "Lynch-law" has been made, necessarily, the pioneer of courts of justice and legal punishment.

For about eight years previous to the murder of Colonel Davenport, there existed an extensive combination of men along the Upper Mississippi and Rock Rivers. The same combination was traced from the frontiers of Iowa and Missouri through the intervening States to New York and Canada, and in their migrations they might be found along the "great river" to New Orleans and Texas. They had their conventional terms of address, and "pass-words," and "signs," by which they could recognize each other in the dark, or hold intercourse without being discovered by bystanders. The Mexican war and the California gold discovery drained off a large portion of this class; others, probably, sojourn amongst us, who have been reformed through fear of detection, while occasional depredations announce that there are "a few more of the same sort left."

The police of St. Louis, and other large cities, are vigilant in watching suspected persons, and detecting rogues, but in the country, amongst the farming population, "sights are gotten up," and persons "raked down" by individuals who are the least suspected.

There is much generosity, hospitality and kindness amongst the people in the thinly populated parts of these new States. A stranger makes his appearance in a farming neighborhood—complains of illness—is destitute of funds and in distress—has been sick on the river, or, perhaps, tells the story of the death of his wife and child in New Orleans with the cholera, or yellow fever—he is anxious to reach his friends in Ohio or New York, but is unable to travel, and has no means to pay expenses. If he could rest a few days and gain strength, he would be able to labor, and would cheerfully perform service at low wages to obtain the means of journeying.

What farmer or country merchant would be so hard-hearted as to refuse him shelter and board for a few days? Perhaps the kind lady of the house has a son in California or Oregon, and her tenderest sympathies are awake for the sick stranger. She is unsparing in her kind offices, hoping that should her dear child be alike unfortunate, he may not want friends in a strange land.

In a few days, the stranger gains health, is prompt and assiduous in performing any kind of service to his benefactors, and becomes, for the time being, a member of the family. He is faithful and attentive to business, and gains their entire confidence. He may be able to pursue his journey in a month, but in some instances we have known such persons to remain two and three months. He becomes acquainted with the people in the vicinity, visits at their houses, learns their usages, and departs with his finances recruited by his industry, and with the kind wishes of the family and neighborhood.

This man, in the slang phrase of these depredators, does not "rake down" his benefactors. Oh, no; he only "gets up the sight," or makes the necessary discoveries to facilitate his associates in robbing the house or store, and receives a double share of the proceeds. He learns the habits of the family and of others in the neighborhood, the arrangement of their sleeping apartments, the fastenings to the doors and windows, their hours of retirement, their habits of attendance at church, the condition the house is left in during their absence, the amount of money on hand, and the place where it is kept. Not an incident that can aid his comrades escapes his observation.

By this mode a number of robberies were perpetrated in the Valley of Rock River, and other parts of Illinois, and the adjacent States, in 1844 and 1845. Members of the gang were traced by judicial investigation, to a connection with the Mormons at Nauvoo, and as associates with their leaders!

CHAPTER III.

A few years previous, a family connection by the name of Driscoll removed from Ohio to the Rock River Valley, and settled round a grove of timber, in the midst of an extensive prairie. The father, and several sons and connections, had been inmates of the penitentiary, at Columbus, and were notorious thieves and counterfeiters. Their associates were in several adjacent counties, and no ordinary legal measures could reach them. Indictments were found by the grand jury, and witnesses testified to their guilt, but justice was defeated. Accomplices, who were unsuspected, were ready to swear an *alibi*, or prove they were in another place at the time alleged in the indictment. The property of witnesses and jurymen was consumed by the torch of the incendiary. "Lynch law" is the dernier resort in such cases. It has been invariably the pioneer of justice, and of wholesome government on our frontiers. Upright, honest and worthy men take hold of this terrible engine of justice, and use it with efficiency. Companies of "Regu-

lators," bound by written articles, and acting openly, and under a commander of energy and promptitude, will soon open the way for courts to act, and law to be sustained. Such organizations, in which the best citizens were enlisted, were formed in Ogle, Winnebago, and adjacent counties. A highly esteemed citizen of Ogle county was elected commander, and preparations were made to sustain the courts of justice, by inflicting summary punishment on some of the most notorious offenders.

It was on the eve of the Sabbath when Capt. A., the commander of a company of "Regulators," was walking in front of his house, meditating on the instruction of the day; for he was a member of the church, and had returned with his family from a religious meeting in the settlement. In a thicket near by lay two of the Driscols, with loaded rifles. "Crack—crack," went the instruments of death, and the worthy Captain fell mortally wounded. His quick eye caught sight of his murderers, as they darted into the woods, and disappeared. The alarm was given, and his neighbors were gathered round his dying bed, and heard his testimony identifying the Driscols as the assassins.

Runners were sent through the sparse settlements, and next day three hundred stout-hearted men, in arms, were gathered at his funeral.

It required no passionate harangues, no formal pledges, to bind these men together and prompt them to vengeance. They were strong, resolute, determined, and their numbers were increasing every hour.

Driscol's grove was surrounded, and the murderers brought to Capt. A.'s residence. A court and jury was organized, and the trial proceeded. They made confession of their guilt, and promised to leave the country if permitted to escape. The unanimous response was No; their lives should pay the forfeiture. Four hours were allotted them to make their peace with Heaven, and a Methodist clergyman in the settlement, in prayer, commended them to the God of mercy.

A gallows was erected on the spot, and ere the last rays of the setting sun illumined the distant forests they were in their graves! Nor did the work of these resolute pioneers of justice stop here. In three days, the families of every Driscol, with their chattels, were brought to Peoria, placed on a steamboat, and the charges paid to Cincinnati.

The gang was known to be extensive, and so adroitly is this business managed, it is not easy to make the just discrimination. Other rogues were caught, and incarcerated until the period of court, and guards stationed in the prison. Serious apprehensions were entertained that a rescue would be attempted, and the court and jury overpowered by numbers. The late Thomas Ford, afterwards governor of the State, was Judge on that circuit, and resided in Ogle county. He was a man of unflinching courage, and equal coolness. On the morning that court opened, he appeared on the bench with a brace of pistols. His charge to the grand jury indicated his determination to resist the least attempt to interrupt the proceedings of law and justice. He encouraged them to indict every man, whom, on testi-

mony, they had reasons to suspect of guilt. No molestation was attempted, and law and civil rule gained the ascendancy. These energetic proceedings produced order and quiet for a time. But, in 1845, lawlessness, outrage, robbery and murder, awoke the community to a consciousness of their danger, and that bands of desperadoes again infested the country. Mormonism had provided a "city of refuge."

In the month of May, a Mr. Miller and his son-in-law Liecy, who had recently emigrated from Ohio, were murdered in Lee county, Iowa, not a dozen miles from Nauvoo. At midnight, three desperadoes, armed with clubs, pistols, and bowie knives, entered their dwelling. Mr. Miller was killed outright, and Mr. Liecy mortally wounded, but lived several days, and identified two of the assassins in a company of strangers. Two of the murderers, brothers by the name of Hodges, were apprehended in Nauvoo, convicted, and executed.

A worthy and wealthy old gentleman, by the name of Strawn, had his house broken open and robbed, with a Methodist preacher, who lodged in an adjacent room. This was in Putnam county, Illinois, and a few weeks after the murder of Miller and Liecy. Nearly the same time, the law office of Knox & Dewey, of Rock Island City, was broken open and robbed of \$640, and the robbers escaped undetected. Numerous other depredations in Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, the same year, show the activity and adroitness of the combination. Nor did Mormons wholly refrain from committing depredations on each other, and it was currently reported that the "apostles" of this hierarchy, after the death of the prophet Joe Smith and his brother Hyrum, decided there was no harm of robbing a Mormon of such funds as he withheld from the control of the church. Amos Hodge, (brother to the ones executed) Judge Fox and R. H. Bleeker, all Mormons, made a desperate attempt, in 1845, to rob the store of Mr. Beach, another Mormon of Nauvoo, of \$4000, but failed in the enterprise, being fired on by Beach's guard. These are but a few of the facts to show the character of the robbers of the Mississippi in 1845.

CHAPTER IV.

In the vicinity of Rock Island there lived a man by the name of John Baxter, unsuspected of his neighbors as being one of the depredators. He had lived for several months in the family of Colonel Davenport, knew his circumstances and the arrangement of his rooms, and had gained the confidence of the family and the people in the adjacent town. No one thought of Baxter as one of the combination, yet this man performed the office of "getting up the sight;" or projecting the plan and the time of one of the most daring robberies ever enacted in this region, and which terminated in the murder of this venerable gentleman. About two weeks before the robbery he visited the family of Col. Davenport, spent the afternoon under the mask of friendship, and took supper with the family. His real object was to ascertain their situation, and the chances of success to his accomplices. He learned there were four stout laboring men in the family; that they

all slept in an upper room, and were well provided with weapons of defence; that Col. Davenport kept his money in an iron safe in a closet, and in the drawer of a dressing-table in his room. He made a serious mistake about the amount of funds in the house, which he reported to be from thirty to forty thousand dollars. Col. Davenport was wealthy, but, except a few hundred dollars for use, he kept his funds in St. Louis.

The fourth of July, 1845, arrived,—the day of all others in the year observed by Americans as their national holiday. At the Court House, in the town of Rock Island, the annual festival was celebrated. All the family and domestics were there, while the venerable patriarch remained at home alone. His family objected to leaving him unprotected, but he insisted they should attend the celebration, for he disdained the idea that there was danger or inconvenience in his remaining at home. He had passed through the perils of Indian warfare and the hardships of frontier life, on the very outskirts of civilization, and now, surrounded with all the blessings of peace and protection, in the midst of a well-regulated community, it is not strange he did not apprehend danger. The family all crossed the arm of the river that separated the island from the town, while he, seated in his parlor, read the weekly papers, and looked out on the placid waters that rolled by his habitation.

A week previous, four men left Fort Madison, on a steamboat, passed Rock Island, and landed forty miles above, at Albany, where they made observations for the chance of plunder in that vicinity. Their names were Aaron Long, John Long, William Fox, and Robert H. Birch. They were the party for whom Baxter had "raised the sight" on Rock Island. They had been engaged several years in perpetrating robberies through the north-west, without detection, but not without suspicion. They were adroit managers in this nefarious business. The two Longs and Fox stole a skiff and proceeded down the river to the shore east, and in the immediate vicinity of Rock Island, where they encamped in a secure place, and were met by their associate, Birch. Another desperate fellow, by the name of Granville Young, had been an accessory before the fact, but, from some cause, he was not present.

Here John Baxter met the company daily, advertised them of the risk of attacking the house at night, or while the family and laboring men were there. He had learned from a son of Col. Davenport, the arrangement for their absence on the 4th of July. But he was not on the island during the day, and was careful to be seen in the town during the celebration.

The sun was near the meridian, when four men stealthily crept from a thicket, and entered a skiff that had been secreted in the brushwood on the brink of the river, and crossed over to the island. The attention of Colonel Davenport was attracted by a nose in the vicinity of his well, in the back-yard, which he mistook for some person drawing water. In a few moments the door of his room was pushed open suddenly, and three men stood before him, one of whom fired a pistol, and wounded him in the thigh. They seized and

gagged him, pinioned his arms and legs with hickory bark, dragged him up stairs to his chamber, threw him on the bed, and demanded his money. The wound in his thigh bled profusely, and though exhausted, and fainting with the violence employed, they compelled him to open his safe, and disclose to them the drawer in his dressing-case, where were some bank notes.

Though he was nearly exhausted with the loss of blood and struggling, the desperadoes repeated their acts of brutality by beating and choking him, and threatening to burn his house and roast him in it if he did not show them all his money. He became insensible under this treatment, and the robbers precipitately left, after obtaining several hundred dollars, a gold watch and chain, a double-barreled shot gun, and a pistol, leaving the house stained with blood, and the venerable pioneer apparently dead.

About two o'clock the same day, B. Coles with two men and a boy, in a skiff, who had been on a fishing excursion, were passing down the river near Colonel Davenport's house, and heard, in feeble accents, the cry—"Murder! help!—for God's sake help!" They rowed to the island, entered the house, and found the floor bloody. Hearing moans in the chamber, they ascended the stairs, and found him lying on the bed, but alive and able to speak. One of the company was dispatched for a physician and his family. They found his limbs cold, his pulse feeble, and his whole system prostrated. He so far revived under medical treatment, as to give an account of the robbery, and describe the persons of the three assailants. Aaron Long had stood sentry out of doors.

Baxter being in the town at the time, remained unsuspected, and after a few days removed to Wisconsin.

Colonel Davenport was able to recognize his family, and give directions about his affairs, but was in great agony, and expired that night between the hours of nine and ten o'clock. The funeral services were performed on the sixth, it being the Sabbath, and an appropriate sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, of the town of Davenport, on the Iowa shore, from Luke xii, 39: "*And this know, that if the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to have been broken through.*"

After a long and useful life and a terrible death, the aged pioneer sleeps beside the "great river," whose waves murmur a requiem to the memory of a good man.

CHAPTER V.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

This cold-blooded and dastardly murder and robbery aroused the just indignation of the citizens of Rock Island, and indeed the whole country, and produced in all virtuous persons the resolute determination to ferret out the murderers and bring them to justice. Every bandit was now in jeopardy; every accomplice, however unsuspected before, was now in peril of a discovery; for so great was the popular excitement, that nothing less than the extermination of the whole combination would appease the demands of justice.

A reward of \$1,500 was offered by the family of Colonel Davenport, for the arrest of the murderers; and the Governor of the State made proclamation with the reward of \$200 for each. Hand-bills were issued, describing the persons of the assassins, the watch, gun, and a part of the money taken. Companies were organized under the direction of experienced officers, patrols kept watch by night, and the country in every direction searched, but to no purpose. The alarm spread far and wide, but the villains had made their escape, and the only witness who could have identified them was in his grave.

Hopeless as appeared the prospect for the vindication of the outraged law, the people were successful. The only prospect, now, seemed to be the employment of some bold, discreet person, of great shrewdness, tact and experience, in whose judgment and fidelity entire confidence could be placed; who should contrive means under disguise, to be admitted into the confederacy, gain their confidence, and eventually secure the arrest and the conviction of the murderers.

At this crisis, the friends of Colonel Davenport turned their eyes towards Edward Bonney, Esq., who, the same summer, had been successful in detecting and bringing to justice the robbers and murderers of Miller and Liecy, in Iowa.* The ends of justice could not be gained merely by the discovery and arrest of the murderers, though the enterprise was a perilous one, and required no small expense. There had to be obtained the most undoubted evidence of their guilt, sufficient to produce conviction, though members of the confederation, as is usual in such cases, should swear to an *alibi*. The ends of justice are sometimes defeated by an important principle in our system of laws, that the most undoubted proof of guilt should be made out in court, in order to convict the criminal. Hence, in many instances, arch rogues escape from defects in the testimony. The watch and chain, gun, money described, and the bloody clothes of the assassins, if these could be found and identified as having been in their possession, would be proofs of guilt. And yet, singular as it might appear, these articles were found, brought into court, and fastened on the murderers.

After the arrangements were made, Mr. Bonney consented to undertake the hazardous enterprise. To facilitate his introduction to men who followed the business of robbery, he was furnished with a few sheets of bills, in blank, from the Miners' Bank of Dubuque, and the Missouri State Bank at St. Louis, with the necessary legal documents from the civic and judicial authorities of Rock Island and the Governor of Illinois. In a few days he was successful from intercourse with their associates to fix his attention on the murderers of Colonel Davenport, and learn the names and residences of many of the bandits. He discovered and held an interview with the

keeper of a livery stable in St. Louis, who received stolen horses from those engaged in this species of depredation. He learned that the Longs and Birch had relations in Indiana, and, with Fox, had gone thither with stolen horses. By a liberal use of the slang words of the gang, and showing his bills as samples of his successful counterfeiting, and pretending he had his plates in Cincinnati, and could produce to any amount bills on the banks in St. Louis, that its officers could not detect, he gained the confidence of these shrewd desperadoes, and ferreted out their associates. He left St. Louis for Indiana, after an interview with the Governor of Illinois, traced out the relatives of Long and Birch, and to keep up the deception until he could secure the murderers and gain the evidence necessary to their conviction, he suffered himself to be taken and imprisoned in Indiana, as one of the confederation. He found even county officers, lawyers and men of respectable standing, partners in secret with robbers, counterfeiters and horse-thieves. He contrived the apprehension of Fox, in Indiana, and had him delivered to an officer, to convey to Illinois, who permitted him to escape from Indianapolis. R. H. Birch and John Long he traced through Ohio, and had them arrested at Lower Sandusky, and taken in irons by Detroit and Chicago to Rock Island. He detected the watch-chain in possession of Birch, with the marks of Colonel Davenport. The watch and a portion of the money had been buried in the interior of Iowa, whither Bonney traced it, but found it had been removed by one of the gang; probably by Fox, after his escape at Indianapolis. Mr. B. arrived with his prisoners at Rock Island, on the 26th of September. He had entered on this hazardous enterprise about the 25th of July. Aaron Long was arrested in the vicinity of Galena, Baxter in Wisconsin, and Granville Young in Iowa.

The two Longs, (brothers), and Granville Young, were put on trial before the Circuit court at Rock Island, early in October. The evidence, principally, was circumstantial. The bloody coats of the murderers had been found buried under leaves, in a thicket, near where they had landed from Rock Island, and left their skiff, and identified as the property of the murderers. The gun and pistol of Colonel Davenport were found in a slough near the house of old Mr. Redding, in Iowa, near Montrose.

After an able defence by counsel, the jury, without hesitation, returned the verdict 'GUILTY.' They received sentence, and were executed on the 19th of October.

John Baxter was tried at a special term of the court in November. He made confession of the part he enacted, and on that and other testimony, was convicted as an accessory, and the sentence of death was passed upon him. A writ of error to the Supreme court was issued, the judgment was renewed, and he was remanded for a new trial.

Birch made some confessions also, and obtained a change of venue from Rock Island to Knox county, and when his trial came on, he made affidavit for a continuance until the June term of 1847, sustained by another affidavit of his coun-

* Mr. Bonney, some three years since, wrote a sprightly and exciting volume, entitled, "*The Banditti of the Prairie, or The Murderer's Doom. A Tale of the Mississippi Valley*." It has all the aspects of a novel, but is a truthful story of these robbers and murderers, and his own adventures in their arrest and conviction. We have availed ourselves of this publication for dates and some of the incidents of this article, but previous knowledge enables us to attest the truthfulness of Bonney's book.

sel, but on the 22d of March, he broke jail and escaped, and has never been retaken.

Baxter's second trial came on in Warren county, November, 1846, and again resulted in a verdict of guilty by the jury, and sentence again was pronounced. A writ of error was again obtained to the Supreme court, by the indefatigable efforts of his counsel, but after the arguments were heard on the several pleas of error, the judgment of the court below was confirmed. Some sympathy was excited in his case on account of the confessions he made, and his counsel, friends and relations, made an appeal to the Legislature of the State, and obtained a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life, in the penitentiary, at Alton, where he remains.

W. H. Redding, at whose father's house, in Iowa, not far from Nauvoo, these and other desperadoes were harbored, plead guilty to an indictment, charging him as accessory after the fact, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year. Grant Redding, the father, took the Mormon trail for Salt Lake Valley, where many other desperadoes of the Upper Mississippi may be found.

Such was the resolution and vigilance of the civil authority and the people, in bringing these offenders to justice: and so many of the combination, being exposed, that a most salutary effect was produced on the rest. It put an end to the nocturnal prowlings of these free-booters along the Upper Mississippi and Rock Rivers. No robbery in that quarter has been committed since.

The population has more than doubled in the country, on both sides of the Mississippi, and the scenes of violence and bloodshed are now rehearsed as the events of a by-gone period.

THE SHETLAND PONY.

These curious little animals attract so much attention wherever they appear, especially among youths, that they generally form a part of all the menageries that travel through the country. No wonder that they are great favorites with the girls and boys; for their small size, beautiful shape, and gentle, playful disposition, seem to fit them exactly to be playmates for young people, and the little horses are always ready to join in their pleasure excursions and frolics.

Egypt was the original country of horses; but as they are now found in all parts of the world, they differ greatly, each kind of horse being adapted to the climate and productions of the country he inhabits. The Shetland pony is just the animal required in Scotland, the Shetland Islands, from which its name is derived, and Canada, in North America. Its diminutive size suits the scanty vegetation of these countries, which would not support large animals; but if they were as feeble as they are small, they would be of little service. They, however, possess immense strength in proportion to their size, and are so tough and healthy that they can live among the mountains through the long winters, and survive to a great age, even fifty or sixty years.

In Scotland, they are called Shelties, and as they have to take care of themselves, they run

almost wild upon the mountains, and will climb up steep places, standing with ease on the very edge of most frightful precipices. On the Sabbath, they are always wanted to carry the families to church, and they must be caught on Saturday. The rogues know how to make this a difficult task. It is a pleasing sight, on Sunday morning, to see one or two women mounted upon one of these ponies, covering him so completely with their large dresses, that nothing can be seen of the pony but its droll, little head.

A middling-sized man must ride with his knees raised to the animal's shoulders, to prevent his toes from touching the ground. It is surprising to see with what speed they will carry a heavy man over broken and zigzag roads in their native mountains.

A gentleman, some time ago, was presented with one of these handsome little animals, which was no less docile than elegant, and measured only seven hands, or twenty-eight inches in height. He was anxious to convey his present home as speedily as possible, but being at a considerable distance, was at a loss how to do so most easily. The friend said, "Can you not carry him in your chaise?" He made the experiment, and the Sheltie was lifted into it, covered up with the apron, and some bits of bread given him to keep him quiet. He lay peacefully till he reached his destination, thus exhibiting the novel spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.

A gentleman had a white pony, which became extremely attached to a little, white dog that lived with him in the stable; and, whenever the horse was taken out, the dog always ran by his side. One day, when the groom took out the pony for exercise, and accompanied, as usual, by his canine friend, they met a large dog, which attacked the diminutive cur, upon which the horse reared, and, to the astonishment of the bystanders, so effectually fought his friend's battle with his fore-feet, that the aggressor found it for his interest to scamper off at full speed, and never again ventured to assail the small dog.

A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, England, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore, without the slightest injury.

A farmer, in Canada, had a large number of ponies, and among them a very handsome and playful one, which was a great favorite with a little boy about ten years of age, the only child of the farmer. One day, the boy was sent several miles on an errand for some money, with a warning to return before night, as the country was infested with robbers. His visit was so delightful that he forgot the command of his parents, and did not mount his pony to return till it was quite dark. His road lay through a thick forest, and it was not long before a highwayman attacked and dragged him from his horse, which ran swiftly homeward. Meantime, his terrified parents sat trembling by their fireside, awaiting their boy's return. They were just preparing to go in search of him when they heard the clatter-

ing of hoofs, and soon after a loud kicking and pawing at the door. On opening it, they saw the pony in a state of great excitement, with his saddle and bridle dangling about him. He ran from them a short distance, then frisked about, and setting the father's coat in his teeth, pulled him along. The agonized parents followed the animal, who ran ahead, constantly turning back and neighing to urge them onward. After travelling many miles through the woods, they came to the place where the boy had been robbed, and found him tied to a tree, stripped of his money and clothes, and half dead with fear and cold. He was placed on the pony's back, who proudly bore him home, and was ever after treated as a true friend by the boy whose life he had saved.

We have somewhere read a curious story of a farmer who was in the habit of riding a little "Shelky" to an ale-house, some miles distant, where he squandered his hard earnings in drinking, and generally became so intoxicated that he could hardly mount his horse. But the animal knew his master's failing, and usually succeeded in bringing him safe to his house. But one night the man was so drunk that he rolled off into the mud when about half way home. The fall cut his head severely, and he lay with his foot in the stirrup, so that the poor horse could not move without treading on him. After standing patiently for some time, he became vexed with his beastly master, and, turning his head, gave him a hearty shaking. This roused the man from his stupor; but his hurt was so severe that he could not rise—though he tried to do so—till the horse took hold of his collar, and raised his head nearly to the saddle, when he contrived to crawl upon his back, and was carried carefully home.

NELLY'S FIRST SECRET.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

He reads it in the downcast eyes,
That cannot meet his own;
The cheek's faint flush, that deepens
At his low and thrilling tone;
So delicate the feeling
That prompteth her, to hide
The secret from a lover's eyes,
With all a maiden's pride.

The silken lashes veil her eyes;
Protectingly they've hid
The joyful tears, that tremble
Beneath the snowy lid;
The face averted from his gaze,
The coral lips apart,
Breathe language strangely eloquent
Unto his dreaming heart.

Ah, Nelly, little Nelly,
You need not *fear* the gaze,
That rests on you so lovingly,
By the home-fire's cheerful blaze;
He takes the small hands gently,
Tenderly, in his own;
Ah, Nelly, shy, sweet Nelly,
Thy precious secret's known.

CERVANTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY ANNET T. WILBUR.

Don Miguel Cervantes Saavedra, was born, in 1547, at Alcalá de Henares, a town of New Castile. His father, Don Rodrigo, was a poor hidalgo, "one of those who have a lance in the rack, an old buckler, a lean steed and a hound." He had served on sea and on land, and spoke often and enthusiastically of his campaigns; but, as he well knew what glory costs, and what it brings, he sent his son at an early age to Madrid, to pursue his studies there, resolving, when he should be of age, to introduce him into the safe and peaceful path of ecclesiastical preferments. Unfortunately, Don Miguel, after having finished his humanities, thought himself wiser than his father. He renounced the prebends and bishoprics his family had planned for him; a resolution praiseworthy in itself, considering the character and disposition of the person, but which was scarcely prudent. In fact, Miguel had associated himself with the students of Madrid, and frequented the taverns, which were the places of resort of the beaux-esprits and gallants of the capital; he had acquired the tastes of both, and, as was natural, believed himself capable of surpassing all. It was this which turned his attention away from the church, and first inspired him with the idea of becoming a poet, and living by the productions of his pen, an idea which would never have entered his head if he had had the good sense of the old hidalgo.

The young Cervantes, it must be confessed, had more wit and more imagination than is usually found among people who make these a profession; but he felt, rather than knew, his genius; it was destined to be revealed to him at a later period by that hard master, experience. Meanwhile, as he must eat and drink, he could not suffer his pen to remain idle, but instead of using his own ideas, he borrowed those of others. During two or three years, he made verses which differed little from others of the same period, unless in being worse, since they were not even paid for in compliments. Still confiding in the promises of his muse, but still ignorant in what direction she summoned him, he published, in 1569, a book on which he hoped to found a reputation. This was a pastoral romance, entitled *Philene*, and which, though as insipid, improbable and tiresome as any of the same species, had, nevertheless, more success than his verses.

Wearied of practising so unprofitable a profession, he turned his attention to that of arms. Destitute of everything, but distrusting nothing, excepting the good taste of the Spanish public, with his heart full of illusions, loyalty and courage, he set out one fine morning, and arrived, fasting, at the house of his father, to whom he made known his design. The good hidalgo detained him some days, and advised him, since he was ambitious, to seek a situation at court. But, perceiving that, in proportion as Miguel recovered his embonpoint he listened to him with less interest, Don Rodrigo sighed, caused his lean steed to be saddled, and gave it to the young adventurer. This, alas! with his benediction, was all he had to give. Cervantes asked no more.

Behold him *en route* for Italy. What fine dreams were his! Italy was in commotion. There was fighting also in Germany, in France, in all Europe, and Spain had soldiers everywhere. Soldiers would naturally become ensigns, ensigns captains, captains—who knows to what distinction a captain might not arrive? If the military career has bounds, imagination has none; and, at this moment, you may be sure, Don Miguel was not the man to limit it. Unfortunately, on his arrival in Italy, he found a truce. He, therefore, descended from his Rosinante, not to bestride a war-horse, but to become simply, like Gil Blas, *valet de chambre* to a bishop, Cardinal Aquaviva, which was a poor reality after such brilliant dreams.

The following year, war having burst forth anew, and with more fury than ever, he threw aside the livery of the cardinal, and joyfully enrolled himself under the banners of Mark Antony Colonna, Duc de Palliano, who commanded the Venitian troops. His first campaign was not fortunate. He embarked in a ship which was dispatched to the assistance of the Isle of Cyprus, threatened by the Turks. The island was taken, the inhabitants exterminated, and the ship which bore Cervantes escaped, only by miracle, from the victorious fleet.

These are but the chances of war, and a courageous man is not easily disheartened. Don Miguel took his revenge at the battle of Lepant, in which he distinguished himself among the bravest. Unfortunately, he was shot in his left arm, and maimed for the rest of his days. This was all he gained on that famous day. But as his right arm remained, he could still serve his country and seek his fortune. In 1572 he made an expedition to the Morea, and, in the month of September, 1575, after all his journeys, after all his fatigues, he was no better off than before.

He resolved then to revisit his country, and, with that intention, embarked on the galley *Le Soleil*. After all, if he had not been promoted, he had lost an arm; he could, therefore, tip his hat over his ear and raise his voice in hosteleries, when battles were talked of, along with the rest.

But misfortunes never come single; the crew of *Le Soleil* were captured by a corsair, and our adventurer, instead of landing in Spain, became a slave at Algiers.

His first master was a Venitian renegade. He was called Hassan, and was *aga* of the soldiery. Though he made all in the kingdom tremble before the ascendancy given him by an authority, whose limits no one knew exactly, least of all Hassan himself, he did not terrify Cervantes. It seems, on the contrary, that the latter inspired him with a certain respect, and even fear, which do honor to the instinct of the barbarian. He has himself informed us that he performed the most unheard-of exploits to obtain his liberty, and constantly feared being impaled for some of his feats of prowess. "But," adds he, "Hassan never gave, or caused to be given, a single blow, or said a harsh word. He contented himself with causing me to be more closely guarded, to deprive me of all chance of escape."

Instead of being discouraged, Don Miguel became but the more daring. Closely watched

night and day, and having not a single sou, he might, indeed, without incurring any censure, have thought only of his personal safety; but he was one of those men, who, amid their own misfortunes, have hearts to aid others. He remembered then his companions in servitude, and swore to deliver them also. Nothing was more easy, as you will see. It was only necessary to overthrow the dey and seize the Kasbah in the name of the king of Spain. If the plot succeeded, imagine the results: piracy destroyed, slavery abolished, an empire added to the heritage of Philip II. Cervantes, without farther deliberation, set himself to the work. He first communicated his plans to the slaves of the *aga*; and soon all those of Algiers were in the secret. He afterwards gained over the Jews and renegades, and assured himself of accomplices, even in the harem of the Pacha. Unless it was the birds of heaven, we know not who acted as his interpreter, or carried his messages. The fact was that he moved the whole city under the very eyes of his guardians, and without awakening any suspicion. Everything promised success. The day was set; each was on the *qui vive*, and this noble resolution, conceived in the brain of a rhymist, and whose principal agent was a lame soldier, would have been successfully carried into execution, but for the treachery of a confederate.

Conducted before the dey, he did not attempt to defend himself. He dared even to assert that if he was allowed to live, his Catholic majesty would not fail to buy him, or to revenge him, if he should be put to death. The Turk reflected, and thought that in fact the king of Spain could not have in his states many people of similar stuff. He therefore purchased Cervantes, and confined him in his own *seraglio*, either that he might secure the safety of this dangerous slave himself, or that he might learn what value was attached in Europe to the life of a man of genius.

Five years rolled away, and, as will be imagined, the ministers of Spain had not offered a single *maravedi* in exchange for the prisoner. He might have left his bones on the earth of Algiers, if the Fathers of Mercy had not at last purchased his freedom.

He was thirty-four years of age when he returned to his country. Don Rodrigo was dead. His niece had sold, to pay the half of his ransom, a large part of his little inheritance. There remained to Cervantes, therefore, no other resource but his pen. He went to Madrid and resumed his ancient occupation. But do not think he commenced by writing *Don Quixote*. Though he had travelled, seen, and suffered much, and inwardly flattered himself that he knew all the phases of life, he had nevertheless, for his own instruction and ours, some new things to learn. He had never been in love: he became so. It was under the influence of this new-born passion that he composed the first part of his romance of *Galatea*—a pastoral allegory, in which he introduced himself in the character of a shepherd. Very soon he espoused the object of his love—a damsel—noble, but like himself, poor—named Catherine Salazar y Palacios d'Esquivas. This was, to speak after the manner of Sancho, Hunger espousing Thirst. Once married, adieu to

white sheep! adieu to the crook and rosy ribbons! It became necessary to fill the scrip and to keep away the wolf—that is the officers—from the fold.

From this moment Cervantes began to see life under its saddest and most discouraging aspect; for this wife, whom he loved always, and to whom, in his romance, he had painted the future under such glowing colors, Catherine wanted the necessities of life—I mean daily bread and nightly shelter. Meanwhile Cervantes, inspired not by the muse, but by hunger and by creditors, composed, one after another, thirty plays, almost equally poor. We are disposed to doubt him when he speaks of their success at Madrid.

This pretended success did not prevent his soliciting a modest situation under government, and going to establish himself at Seville when he had obtained it. It was there that he composed his novels. But he did not remain at Seville. He wandered with his wife from city to city, always writing, always needy. The proceeds of his works, and the liberality of his protectors, barely saved him from dying of hunger. Such was his poverty, that he was once or twice accused of appropriating the public money.

One day when he was in prison for this or some other offence, by way of amusing himself, he commenced writing a romance. His mind, naturally amiable and indulgent, had been for some time disposed to satire. In the *Journey to Parnassus*, published in 1604, he had ridiculed more than one poet whom he really admired and had even imitated years before. Disenchantment comes with age. This time he had no other idea than to turn into ridicule the works then in vogue, those romances of chivalry with which women, young people and old men, were still entertained, though chivalry had long been dead. It had disappeared in Spain with the Moors; and throughout the rest of Europe was only a vague memory. The contrast of this old relic of the past with modern manners, all those institutions of the Middle Ages, whose spirit was lost, but whose shadow still existed, inspired Rabelais, in France, with *Pantagruel*, at about the same time in which the Spanish prisoner wrote that ingenious parody which is the commencement of *Don Quixote*. On assuming the pen, it is probable that Cervantes did not himself suspect the use he was to make of this idea. According to appearances he proposed to give this badinage only the dimensions of a novel, and to stop at the great and important review which the curate and the barber made of the library of *Don Quixote*. The first six chapters prove that his intention was only to ridicule romances of chivalry.

But as this composition advanced, when he had once started this vivid and grotesque figure of a hidalgo, he found it impossible to lay it aside; he then became, for the first and only time in his life, truly inspired. He no longer imitated or parodied; he had found a hero who was indeed his hero, and a subject in which he could—bitter consolation!—recall his life's experience, his dreams of glory, his dreams of love, all those rude lessons which he had received from fortune, and which, nevertheless, had not corrected him. He would conduct to the end of his history this

honest hidalgo, this virtuous madman, who consumed his substance in the pursuit of glory, and who, instead of glory, reaped only blows. At this moment he introduces Sancho, who is the extreme of simplicity beside the extreme of imagination: Sancho, who trotting on his ass behind the knight, like tardy experience, arrives always after the evil is done, and though closely following, hastening and exclaiming, is almost never listened to.

These two personages, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, are inseparable; they are the soul and the body, light and shade. The one represents whatever there is of generous in human nature, and the other all its selfish and narrow instincts. Give to *Don Quixote* a little of the good sense of his squire, and to *Sancho* a little of the loyalty and heroism which characterize his master, and of two fools you will have made a wise man, wise at least in the opinion of men. But they rarely agree; and why should they? Do we often, in this world, see imagination united with reason? Are the generous impulses of the heart often approved by the vulgar wisdom which we call experience?

The first part of *Don Quixote* appeared in 1605. Of all the works of Cervantes, this romance is the only one which deserves to be read; but this is a masterpiece, and perhaps the most original, most amusing, most profound work which exists in any language. Without being superior to *Moliere*, to *La Fontaine*, to *Shakspeare*, and to all those great painters of humanity, whose works we admire, Cervantes has raised man under a broader point of view than they had done. His heroes, extravagant and fantastical as they may be, bear more resemblance to many among us than all others on the stage or in romance. In fact, the Harpagoes, the Tartuffes, the Lovelaces, represent, in their greatest generality, only varieties of the human species.

Everybody is not, thank Heaven! miserly, hypocritical, false, litious. But who of us does not bear within himself his *Don Quixote* and his *Sancho Panza*? Who of us has not more than once in his life fought windmills? Who of us has not hastened breathlessly to that marvellous island which attracted *Sancho* in the steps of the knight? Alas! the wasted courage, the sword-thrusts in the water, the hope which outlives so many deceptions, those charming conversations of the ingenious hidalgo with his grosser squire, so cowardly, so gormandizing, so lazy,—have we not their counterparts in our own history?—are not these the conversations we have a thousand times held with ourselves?

Nevertheless, singular as it may seem, although when this book appeared, all Europe welcomed it with enthusiasm, Spain alone did not comprehend it. The author continued to live poor, forgotten, despised. In order to find readers, he was obliged to scatter among the people an anonymous pamphlet (the *Busca pia*), in which he asserted that *Don Quixote* concealed, under the veil of allegory, a satire on the most distinguished personages of the court! I do not know how far he calumniated himself. Perhaps, indeed, while composing *Don Quixote*, he had thought more than once of *Charles V.* and *Philip II.*, chasing

through Europe the chimera of universal monarchy, and of Spain which was exhausting herself in the effort to follow, neglecting her commerce and her agriculture, and impoverishing herself from day to day in the pursuit of fabulous riches.

However that may be, Spain had not yet awakened from her brilliant dream. She did not find in this romance the puerile allusions which were promised her, and refused to pardon the author for his ridicule of chivalry. In 1614, there appeared, at Arragon, under a fictitious name, a pretended continuation of the adventures of the knight of La Mancha, in which the author of Don Quixote was overwhelmed with abuse, and reproached even for his glorious wounds.

The best reply which Cervantes could make to such outrages, was to publish the second part of his work. It appeared in 1615, had the same success in Europe, and experienced in Spain the same neglect as the first. It was only towards the end of the eighteenth century that the countrymen of Cervantes opened their eyes respecting this man, who is the only writer they have to oppose to those of which other nations are proud. At this time, Spain was sufficiently poor, exhausted and ruined to comprehend at last the reality of the pictures of Don Quixote; but the author had been dead more than a century—he had died a year after the publication of his work, poor and discouraged.

The Fathers of Mercy, who had formerly paid his ransom with the fruit of their alms, and had redeemed him from slavery, were alone present at his last hour. Doubtless, they saw before them not a man of genius, but a soul in trouble, disgusted with men and things, aspiring after repose. They aided it to throw aside its chains, and softened by their prayer the passage of this afflicted soul from the world where it had suffered so much to its true country.

His mortal remains were quietly interred in their convent, on the 23d of April, 1616, the same day on which England buried Shakspeare with pomp in the vaults of Westminster. So, in 1775, under the reign of Charles III., when the name of Cervantes had become celebrated beyond the Pyrenees, no one knew where he was born, or where he died, so entirely had he been forgotten. Already had Spanish enthusiasm, passing from one extreme to the other, compared him to Homer, and justified itself for this parallel by pointing out seven cities which disputed the honor of having given birth to the *Old Cripple*, as formerly seven Grecian cities had claimed to be the birth-place of the old blind man.

QUERIES BY A MEDICAL JOKER.—If the patient does not recover his health, ought the physician to recover his fees? If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl? Would it not be the height of "cruelty to animals," to "throw physic to the dogs?"

"You didn't go to Cork, to-day, Paddy?"—"Och, no!" said Paddy; "I heard a gentleman say there would be an eclipse of the moon *here* to-night, and I staid to see it."

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED.

Do they have any influence over us? We would answer that they do. The spirits of the *good* influence us after their departure, by our more vivid and undisturbed conviction of the virtues and their worth. We cannot fully understand the nature of a person who is always with us, especially of one we love. Absence is as necessary to a correct appreciation of our friends as their society, for only in this way can we know exactly what they are. Away from our friend, his mental and moral qualities arrange themselves in harmonious proportions, and gradually the beautiful character stands revealed for our admiration and improvement. Thus is the absence of the great and good necessary to a perfect comprehension of their worth. When they go away, they come nearer; we exchange the shadowy knowledge of them we had on earth, (their imperfections having veiled, in some degree, their virtues,) for a sure, distinct, and ever-increasing perception of their spiritual worth. Their virtues shine with a brighter light after they have left us; and thus do they exert an elevating, purifying, sustaining influence upon us.

This species of influence is independent of the continued personal interest, or even existence, of our departed friends. It comes from the clearing up of our own minds. But there are other methods by which they move us. It is useless to ascribe all our feelings concerning them to the mere recollection of what they were. When we meditate upon their characters, and ask ourselves if so much truth and love is for ever gone away from us, we often obtain the assurance that it has not. A response comes from the depth of our being to the longings of our bereaved affection, which, by the peace it brings, is proved worthy of reverence. How much a man believes or disbelieves of our intercourse with the departed, depends on his circumstances and experience. He cannot set forth everything that is evidence to him. Whether they are really permitted to be near, or, from some distant field of labor, see more of us than we see of them;—how much of our encouragement in hours of despondency, or how much of our strength in hours of temptation, we owe to them; these are questions upon which it does not become any man to tell all he believes. It is not well to put out the most sacred and mysterious emotions of our souls into the critical atmosphere of the world. But we may reasonably believe some things, and openly express our belief in them; while to the existence of more sacred longings and assurances we may appeal when our reasoning fails to satisfy the anxious spirit.

It is certainly not *unreasonable* to suppose that our departed friends still retain an interest in us, and are permitted, in some way, to assist us.—For, however different may be the circumstances in which they are placed, whatever new relations they may form, however rapidly they may advance in knowledge and goodness, it is impossible to believe they can outgrow a genuine love. I doubt not that death will dissolve many earthly friendships, based upon interest, or merely intellectual sympathy. The former require a peculiar arrangement of circumstances to insure their ex-

istence; the latter depend upon relative degrees of mental advancement. But love is not the union of common earthly wants, or the meeting of intellects, but the mingling of two entire natures. And where such love existed we may be assured that no change of circumstances, and no increase of power, will alienate our departed ones from us. Whether they are permitted to do much or little for our improvement, the desire to aid us will not perish. For the highest love is not distressed by absence, is not anxious about the welfare of its objects, is patient and content to wait God's time for its fruition. Yet, why should not they who are gone be permitted to assist us? Will not a merciful Father allow them to give us, now and then, the benefit of their clearer knowledge, and calmer faith? Will He decree the existence of longings which are not to be satisfied? When one moment of blessed communion will raise a spirit bowed to the earth by doubt, or sorrow, or sin, will He not grant it?—There are those who will believe it; for their own deep necessities assure them that He will never leave them long unsatisfied.

It is not *unreasonable*, then, to suppose that our departed friends still retain an interest in us, and are permitted to assist us. This has not been *proved*, perhaps, for all that can be done by logic in the matter is to show that the supposition is not unreasonable. There are other grounds, however, upon which it may be believed to be true—upon the testimony of a large class of emotions and spiritual experiences, with which every bereaved soul is acquainted, and which it is more suitable to appeal to, than to attempt to translate into words.

There are, in the life of every one who has lost a beloved friend, moments of intense desire for his society. When we are painfully reaching after truth, and the intellect, baffled at every turn, at last becomes tired and sinks down, and cries out in humiliation for the smallest gift from that treasury of knowledge it proudly thought to exhaust alone; when the troubles of the world make us feel as if we were only standing here to be worn out by the slow rubbing of petty vexations and disappointed hopes, and unfinished labors; when a sense of guilt benumbs every energy, and steals the joy out of life, and makes us feel that our souls are not worth the rousing of the will to save them; at such times, when we are too desolate to go to living men, and too full of humility to go to God, we long for the consoling presence of those who were once with us and are now with the Father, that their human love and their divine experience may reconcile us again to life. And there are those who know that these feelings are not disregarded; for when they have been in such great doubt, they have been raised up by a sudden gleam of truth: and when their sorrow has been greatest, it has insensibly changed to an elevated repose; and when they most despaired of purity, their will has started up as if from the contact with angelic virtue. And all the while their departed friend or friends have been in their thought, and seemed to stand at their side. Those who have had such experience, question not, but believe in heavenly visitants. They feel after their visitations

stronger and calmer, as they usually did after intercourse with them on earth. They feel, afterwards, life less aimless, helpless, and worthless,—more significant, strong and glorious.

But all that has been said must be said conditionally. We are to expect visitations from the departed good, and the feeling of their presence, only when we are prepared for these by increasing goodness, piety, and benevolence. It is not to be wondered at, that worldly and wicked men mourn over their dead as lost. Lost, indeed, they are, if the living make no effort to go to them.—He whose ear is ringing with the clamor of earthly business, and the wrangling of self with neighbor, cannot hear the low, sweet voices that float from the spirit land. He, for whom money and power and pleasure are all sufficient, will never be disturbed by the society of angels. Lost they are whom he once loved, because he has lost himself. But not so with him who is seeking higher and ever higher degrees of goodness and excellence. For he who tries to keep his life sacred by prayer, and who by acts of disinterestedness would relieve the heaviness of daily cares, shall be refreshed by the same love that once spoke with him face to face. It is only our ignorance and sin that make this world so gross, and this life so dull and barren. Knowledge and virtue will dissolve material barriers, and marry earth and heaven. And so to the good man, purified by suffering, comes at last, a perfect faith, and an undisturbed peace; and the veil is taken from his senses, and around him walk the great and good, living and dead; and the cadence of heavenly voices mingles with his earthly converse, and he sees, rank above rank, the ascending orders of creation; and beyond all, a great light, as from the Throne of God, flowing down and irradiating all things, shining through the darkness of the grave, and revealing the glories of the eternity to come.

THE GREAT EVIL OF THE TIMES.

THE WANT OF A LOVE FOR HOME.

[Mrs. Sarah C. Harris writes from Galena, Ill., the following sensible letter to the Ohio Cultivator.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CULTIVATOR!—I would send an appeal in behalf of *home and the homestead*. I do not mean at present to speak of a homestead exemption law, which would simply ward off the creditor's claim. Oh, no; the sacred hearthstone has in our day and in our land, a more terrible enemy by far than the sheriff's warrant.

We are a locomotive people—we live upon railroads—we walk by steam—we talk by lightning. The things we used and admired yesterday, we fling aside to-day, as out of date and out of fashion. The spot which was our habitation last week, has become old and tiresome to us this week. The friends of last month weary us with the monotony of their society this month. Our brief summer is too old before it is vanished, for we have grown weary of our lace hats and tissue dresses, and we long for the new fashions of the winter, (to say nothing of the intermediate changes of spring and autumn.) Then we tire of

our plumes and furs, and are impatient for the "new arrivals" of our merchant's summer goods. We buy new furniture as often as we can afford the expense, and shift the old to make a change when we cannot.

Some of your readers, especially those having such sweet homes as I have seen about Mt. Pleasant in your State, may think these remarks exaggerated, and only applicable to eastern cities, but I assure you it is not so. I write from the Great West—the region of the Mississippi. We have a glorious country and a glorious people here, but of our merits I shall defer speaking until some other day. One of our great defects is at this moment strongly pressed upon my vision—we scarcely know the name of *home*. I am not speaking of inland places now; I cannot speak advisedly of them, for ever since I came to this region, I have been in some portion of the territory absorbed in the trade of the Mississippi.

From St. Louis to St. Anthony, Minnesota, it is all the same, and this has been the extent of my field of travel and observation. In that range are many beautiful cities; they are very gay and fashionable places. Their ladies are truly Solomon's "Lilies of the field." One lady will wear enough upon her person at a ball to pay for a comfortable home. Half the time they may be seen migrating to spend their summers East or their winters South. Whole families, babies and all, are birds of passage. The enterprise of the country seems all concentrated upon trade and speculation; farming is too slow and tame a business by far, for the genius of our region, and is mostly left to uneducated foreigners. We have a few exceptions to this rule, but the *business* men think farming a stupid occupation—they could never wait to see the wheat that is sown this autumn, harvested next summer. They would be off to California before it was half grown. Our young men are almost all gone to California or to Oregon. This country is grown too old for them.

We are proud of our generosity; eastern people flatter us upon that point; but I hope you don't guess how extravagant and careless we are. We love new things so much, that the sooner we can destroy the old ones, the better. We must be fine and new, no matter what the cost. A young lady with no known means of support, save the charity of a distant relative, will dress as fine as a princess; and a young man, whose salary is no more than \$4 a week, will spend that all on Saturday, to take some curly-headed school girl buggy-riding. Oh, we are very extravagant! We don't think of *home* and the rainy day; and we are very destructive—too destructive by far to know anything of real neatness. And what do we restless beings care for home? True, we love to build a fine house, and astonish the natives, with our grandeur; but in order to be able to do this, we will live in a hovel three-fourths of our time, without a tree to shade us, or yield us its delicious fruits. 'Tis not the *home* we care for; we'd much rather have fine clothes.

Ah, I do love progress; I love activity and life; I love the strides of human genius towards improving human surroundings and means of elevation. I am far from clinging to "old errors as better than new truth." But, oh! "my ear is pain'd,

my soul is sick." We American people are a glorious people, (at least in our own estimation,) but must we, in our overwhelming rage for progress, trample under foot all the holiest affections of the heart? Must that love of home, which is justly ranked as next to love of God, become an obsolete passion—a forgotten thing? Must all those cherished objects, so closely knit up with this love, as portions of the household altar, be set up at vendue, to give place to new French fashions? Must "the old oak" be cut up as firewood to make room for some foreign tree of puny, showy growth? Must the old family Bible be resigned to rats and mice in the garret, that a splendidly embellished and gilded copy of the Holy Book may lie upon the table? "The old arm-chair," in which our grandfather sat, and our mother breathed our last, must this be thrown aside and broken into fragments as an ugly thing?

Oh, I love refinement, I love art and elegance, but give me a *HOME*, aye a home wherein to rest my weary soul. Let us hear the dear old clock tick from the same corner where my grandfather used to look through his glasses to see if it was yet the hour for meeting; let me see the contented cat upon the hearth, and the house-dog in the door-yard. Let some of the neat, home-made rag carpets be left, to tell of the thrift and tidiness of those we loved; let the comfortable oaken furniture still invite our wearied limbs; let the old orchards still yield its golden store.

If we have not old homes—homes made sacred by those whom we have loved, and who have passed away, let our new homes be *HOMES*, and not show-houses. But of this more in future. My letter is too long already.

THE CENSUS—OUR PROSPERITY.

The most able and important document of the day is the late Census. It shows great research, patience of investigation, and wonderful results. It shows us that although sixteen centuries rolled away ere civilization molested the wild children of nature, who roamed tranquilly through the forests of this mighty continent, there has now arisen a nation so populous, so energetic, and so progressive and refined, as to astonish the dilapidated nations of the European Christendom. The present Census, if it does not penetrate the arcana of the future, at least gives us the causes of our present splendor, and enables us to place our hopes of the future on a basis far above the level of conjecture. It shows us that in the past we may continue to look for the elements of future growth of material prosperity, and by our conduct in the future, will depend much of our own, and the happiness of mankind. Although we have not space to note all the facts upon which we draw these remarks, we therefore, abstract what is likely to be most interesting to our readers.

The whole population of the Union is 23,263,488. Absolute increase from 1840, 6,194,035; increase per cent., 36.28; or, deducting that from addition of territory, and the relative increase is 35.27 per cent. The slaves amount to 3,204,089; relative increase, 28.81 per cent. The number of

free colored is 428,661; relative increase since 1840, 10.96 per cent.

The population of foreign birth form about an eighth or ninth of the whole inhabitants. The greatest influence and the largest proportion of the foreign population is to be found in the Northern and Western States, especially in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

In respect to territory, it appears that during the last ten years we have extended the area of the United States from 2,052,153 to 3,230,572 square miles, without including the great lakes or the sea bays. The population gained by these accessions is 172,000.

Nothing progresses at a more rapid rate than the Press. The whole number of papers and periodicals in the United States in June 1, 1850, was 2,800; circulation, 5,000,000, and the number of copies printed annually, 422,000,600.

Our manufacturing and agricultural annals are proved to be the bone and sinew of our greatness, as this brief condensation shows. The entire capital invested in manufactures in the United States is estimated in round numbers at \$530,000,000. Value of raw material \$550,000,000. Amount paid for labor, \$240,000,000. Value of manufactured articles, \$1,020,300,000. In the manufacture of cotton goods, Massachusetts stands first, New Hampshire second, and Rhode Island third—Pennsylvania following next. In woollen goods, Massachusetts first, New York second, Connecticut third, and Pennsylvania fourth. In the manufacture of pig iron, Pennsylvania produces (in value) about half the whole production of the Union, Ohio stands second, and Maryland third. In castings, New York produces the greatest value, then Pennsylvania, followed by Ohio and Massachusetts. Of wrought iron, Pennsylvania works rather more than half the product of the whole Union, followed by New York, Virginia and Ohio. In the production of malt and spirituous liquors, New York has the greatest capital invested, the next Pennsylvania, and the next Ohio. In agricultural productions, Pennsylvania produces the greatest number of bushels of wheat, Ohio, and then New York, and then Virginia closely follow. The first wool-producing State is Ohio, and next New York. Of live stock, New York has the greatest value, next Ohio, and next Pennsylvania. Ohio produces the most wine, followed by Pennsylvania, and then Illinois. In hemp, Kentucky leads, followed by Missouri. Of maple sugar, New York shows the greatest production, and Vermont next. In cane sugar, Louisiana produces nearly three-quarters of the production of the whole Union; Florida is second. In home-made manufactures Tennessee leads.—*New York Farmer and Mechanic.*

"Blush not now," said a distinguished Italian to his young relative, whom he met issuing from a haunt of vice; "you should have blushed when you went in! That heart alone is safe which shrinks from the slightest contact or conception of evil, and wants not to enquire, what will the world say?"

As the members of the body make one person, so before God all good men make one humanity.

SPARING TO SPEND;

OR,

THE LOFTONS AND THE PINKERTONS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

It was an evening in spring, and two young men, named Archibald Lofton and Mark Pinkerton, had just arisen from the tea-table, and were standing at the window of their boarding-house, looking out upon the passing crowd. Just opposite was a new building yet unfinished. Against this, large bills were posted; and on one of them, in letters a foot long, was the imposing name of "Mrs. Wood," as visible by the strong glare of the gas lamp, as if day were abroad. The word "CINDERELLA," in smaller letters, yet bold and distinct, was displayed a little way beneath.

"Cinderella, to-night!" exclaimed the one named Pinkerton. "I must hear Mrs. Wood again. Come, Archie, won't you go?"

Lofton shook his head, as he replied—

"I believe not, Mark. I've heard her once in Sonnambula, and that must suffice. These pleasures are rather expensive for a young man on a salary of four hundred dollars."

"What's half a dollar!" exclaimed Pinkerton, almost contemptuously. "I think a night at the opera, with such a vocalist as Mrs. Wood to witch the soul into Elysium, one of the cheapest pleasures to be found."

"It may be cheap to those who can afford it," said Lofton. "But, with me, half-dollars have never been over plenty."

"Ah, Archie, Archie!" replied Pinkerton, speaking with mock gravity, "I'm afraid you're growing in love with filthy lucre. Don't I know that you've got two hundred dollars in the Savings' Fund now? Half-dollars not over plenty! Ah, Archie, Archie!"

Lofton smiled at this sally, and replied, good humoredly—

"How long do you think it has taken me to save two hundred dollars out of my small income?"

"Ten years."

"No; but jesting aside?"

"Five years?"

"Just two years."

"What! you hav'n't lived on three hundred dollars a year for two years?"

"I have."

"Impossible! Why, I get six hundred, as you know, and have never yet been able to come out even."

"I don't much wonder at that," said Lofton.

"Nor do I, either," replied Pinkerton, with a shrug. "The salary is too small."

"It is two hundred dollars more than I receive," was the other's answer; "and yet, I have something over at the end of each quarter."

"I don't see how you manage, I'm sure."

"I pay as much for boarding as you do?"

"I know."

"Our clothes are made by the same tailor."

"What is your bill a year?" asked Pinkerton, abruptly.

"It was seventy dollars last year," answered Lofton.

"Seventy dollars! Why mine was a hundred and seventy."

"The difference of one hundred dollars—just the sum I was able to place in the Savings' Fund."

"A hundred dollars' difference," said Pinkerton, in a musing, perplexed tone of voice. "I can't understand it. You never look shabby. You're always well dressed,—though not in tip-top style,—if anything, a little behind the fashion of the day."

"Whoever attempts to keep even with that, must have a pretty deep purse," replied Lofton. "So I never permit myself to think about the fashions, beyond what is needful in order to avoid singularity."

"How many new coats did you have last year?" asked Pinkerton.

"One."

"Only one? I had three; and two of them cost thirty dollars a-piece. So there is a difference of sixty dollars in two items."

"Three coats. What in the world did you want with three coats?"

"As an Irishman would say, one of them was a cloak."

"The Spanish mantle you wore last winter?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you get a drab surtout at the same time I got mine?" asked Lofton.

"I did; and it's almost as good as new, yet. They wear for ever. But, drab surtouts are going out of fashion."

"I saw hundreds of them last winter."

"So did I. But I can't bear the look of them since the graceful Spanish cloak is worn; they look so stiff and methodistical, with their tight bodies, and rows of capes."

Lofton shook his head, as he replied—

"I don't wonder that you find six hundred dollars inadequate to your wants, if you permit a weak and truant fancy to trifle with your judgment at this rate. Your drab coat was scarcely soiled, and would have worn you, in credit, as I expect mine to do, for four or five winters to come."

"Four or five winters! Why, bless me, Archie! You don't expect to go about in that old drab coat of yours, for the next four or five winters?"

"And why not, Mark, if it is in good condition?"

"Oh, you'll make yourself ridiculous. You'll mar your prospects in life. A young man, to gain credit with the world, must show some spirit; some ambition to be like other people. This plodding, saving, pinching mode of getting along doesn't answer. It's had its day. The world is going faster than it went when our fathers were as young as we, and if we would keep pace with the general movement, we must quicken our steps. You think my thirty dollar cloak a dear bargain, no doubt?"

"A very dear bargain, in my opinion," said Lofton. "It has deprived you of just so much money; and, depend upon it, money in hand is a young man's best friend."

"Why, Lofton! What a sordid idea! I really

believe this saving spirit is going to bring the dollar so near to your eyes, that you will soon be able to see nothing else."

"I hope not. I trust ever to keep my heart above the love of money for its own sake. But to a young man, who seeks advancement in the world, money is a staff and a helper—a friend that will stand by him when other friendships fail. Yes, Pinkerton, I think your Spanish mantle, a full circle though it be, and graceful to the eye, one of your dear bargains."

"I will demonstrate the contrary," said the young man. "Know, then, that I got so out of heart, last winter, with my old drab coat, that I was actually ashamed to go to church. Two Sundays I absented myself. Then I grew desperate, and ordered a new Spanish mantle to be made in the tip of the mode. It came home on Saturday night, and, on Sunday, proud as a lord—and, excuse my vanity, looking like one—I reappeared at St. Paul's. I felt that I was making a sensation, as I passed down the aisle, and was by no means astonished, after getting fairly composed in the pew where I sit, to find more than one pair of bright eyes fixed upon me. And there was one pair, brighter and more heavenly than the rest. Ah! Archie, how often had I striven to win a glance of interest from those beautiful orbs; yet they ever looked on me, if they looked at all, with frigid indifference. It was not so, now. The impression I desired was at last made. The cloak had done the work!"

"And so the lady thought more of the cloak than the man," said Lofton.

"Not at all, my friend. One of the short-sighted and too direct inferences which men of your peculiar character of mind are apt to make. The cloak was the exponent of the man."

"Ah! I see."

"Do you, Archie? Well, I'm glad to have brightened your ideas a little. The cloak, I repeat, was the exponent of the man. It showed what was in him. Exhibited him as a man of the time—a progressive man."

"Go on," said Lofton, with affected gravity.

"That pair of bright eyes, Archie! The glances I received from them, on that morning, were worth the price of a dozen cloaks."

"Always provided you have the money to purchase them," replied Lofton.

"Faugh! You haven't a grain of sentiment, Archie! I never saw a man who seemed to take such a malicious pleasure in throwing cold water on another's enthusiasm."

"But who is the owner of those heavenly eyes that so enchanted you?"

"The daughter, of old Raynor."

"The wine merchant!"

"Yes. Angela Raynor. Isn't she a splendid creature; and worth a plum into the bargain?"

"She may be worth a dozen plums, Mark; but their falling into your basket is another matter, altogether."

"You think so?"

"I do."

"Very well. You'll see. But let me finish my story. On the next Sunday, I was at church, again. Miss Raynor was there, and quite as much interested in your humble servant as be-

fore. For some four or five Sundays, our ogling acquaintance was kept up, when, as good fortune would have it, I met her at a party, was introduced, and spent, in her charming company, the most delightful evening of my life. So much for my Spanish mantle."

"What does all that signify?" asked Lofton.

"To me, it is significant of a rich wife. Am I sufficiently explicit?"

"Quite so."

"I think even you will call my cloak a bargain, if all comes out according to present indications."

"And you are really serious, Mark, in this matter?"

"Never was more so in my life, I can assure you. I hav'n't called upon Miss Raynor yet, but expect to do so very soon. We speak on the street, and in the aisle, when passing from church on Sundays; and the way her countenance brightens when our glances meet, tells plainly enough the state of her feelings. Next Sunday, if all things favor, I'm going to walk home with her."

"Setting aside all the probabilities of success in this wise speculation of yours," said Lofton, seriously, "let me enquire as to what you know of the mental and moral qualities of Miss Raynor?"

"I ask no better index to character than the face."

"Far, very far, from a reliable index," answered Lofton.

"Reliable enough, in the present instance," said Pinkerton. "But time passes. Lend me half-a-dollar, if you please; I hav'n't a copper in my pocket—spent my last dollar to-day, for a cane that struck my fancy. Unfortunately, I let it fall on the pavement and broke the pearl top before reaching home. Wasn't it unlucky?"

"Then you're going to hear Mrs. Wood, to-night?" said Lofton, as he gave his companion the coin he had asked for.

"I am, and for two reasons. I wish to hear her again, and, moreover, expect to see Miss Raynor there. She was present at the last opera. Come, go with me."

"No; can't afford it."

"Nonsense! If I, who have to borrow the price of admission, can afford to go, surely you, who are able to lend, and whose purse is heavy with coin, may afford the same enjoyment."

"You and I may differ, perhaps, as to what constitutes ability," said Lofton.

"I should n't wonder," remarked Pinkerton, hurriedly. "But, good evening, if you won't accompany me. Time passes, and the boxes will be closed before I arrive."

CHAPTER II.

The scene at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on that evening, was brilliant and exciting. Mrs. Wood was never in better voice, and she witched all hearts by the power of her enchanting melody. Miss Raynor was there, and divided, with the fair prima donna, the attention of the more than half-bewildered Pinkerton. If, from either of these objects of strong attraction, the mind of the young man wandered, it was to think of his sober friend Lofton, and to pity him for those false ideas of economy, in obedience to

which, he was depriving himself of the pure and elevating delights of music wedded to scenic art.

And what of Archibald Lofton? Where was he? How did he pass the evening? Let us return to him. A small volume had been loaned to him that day by a friend, entitled "Mercantile Morals," with a recommendation to read it carefully.—After Pinkerton left the house, the young man drew this book from his pocket, and spent an hour in reading.

"The right doctrine," said the young man emphatically, when he at last closed the volume. "Every word of it true. The book is worth its weight in gold to any one who will heed its precepts. Spare to spend! Yes, that is the true doctrine. If we spend money now for what we don't want, we will have nothing in the future to buy what we do want; but if we spare now, we will be able to spend liberally in the future."

As he thus talked with himself, a servant came into the parlor to say that his washerwoman was below.

"Tell her that I would like to see her," replied Lofton. "Well, Bridget, have you brought home my clothes?" he said, as the woman came in.

"Yes, sir. They are in your room."

"I owe you for another month; don't I?"

Bridget nodded an affirmative.

"Two dollars?"

"Two dollars and a quarter, this month. You know there were some extra things last week."

"So there were." Lofton drew forth his purse, and while he was taking out the washerwoman's money, the latter, who had some misgivings as to whether it were just right, or politic, to charge for a few extra pieces, one who was always so prompt and cheerful in payment, said—

"I reckon we won't make any account of the few pieces over. It didn't take me long to do them, and you're always such good pay. I only wish everybody I washed for was like you."

"I'm much better able to pay for all I have washed, Bridget, than you are to do it for nothing," replied Lofton. "O no, my good woman; if there is a single piece over, let me know it. I don't like wasting money; but, to the uttermost farthing, I wish to pay what is justly another's."

"Some people waste a great deal of money," remarked Bridget, "on one foolery and another; and them's generally the ones what begrudges us even the little they agree to pay. There's one young man I could mention, if I chose to call names—but that wouldn't be just right and proper, you know—who holds his head high enough, and yet it's like drawing teeth to get a dollar out of him. He owes me, now, over five dollars. I wish, instead of wasting his money as he does, he'd save it, as you do, to pay honest debts. My little boy, only eleven years old, and who ought, by good right, to be at school, if I could afford to keep him there, is earning money in a cigar store. He told me, this very evening, that the young man, of whom I am speaking, came into the store, to-day, and spent a dollar-and-a-quarter for a little switch of a cane, with a pearl top, which he dropped on the floor, and broke a moment after it was paid for. It made my very blood boil when I heard it, and I said to myself—I'll not stand this any longer! As soon

as supper was over, I hurried off to his boarding-house, determined, if he didn't pay me what was due, to talk my mind right out to him. Well, as I was coming past the Holliday Street Theatre, who should I see going up the steps but him? I was half tempted to catch hold of his arm, and ask him for my money."

"That wouldn't have been right, Bridget," said Lofton.

"I know it wouldn't. And I'm glad I held myself back. But it's dreadful aggravatin', Mr. Lofton—dreadful. Him owing me for washing his clothes—for helping to make him look like a gentleman—and wasting two dollars in a single day, on fancy canes and theatres! Oh, its too much! I don't wonder my blood boils. But, excuse me, Mr. Lofton, I didn't mean to annoy you. Thank you for your kindness. I think I'd rather not take but two dollars. The extra pieces were small,—I wasn't long doing 'em."

"All very generous and considerate in you, Bridget," said the young man, pleasantly. "But right is right. I have to economize; but I do it through self-denial; not by getting the labor of others for nothing."

"You're a jewel of a man, Mr. Lofton; and I'm no flatterer that say it!" was the enthusiastic response of the half-Americanized Irish woman. "And I wish the world was made up of the likes o' you."

And with a low courtesy she retired.

"And this is Pinkerton!" said Lofton, as he walked to and fro, in some excitement of mind. "Spend his last dollar for a dandy cane, and then borrow the price of admission to the theatre, while his washerwoman can't get from him the poor reward of her hard labor. Too bad! Too bad! I thought better of him than this."

We must now introduce another character to the reader. About the time that Lofton was in conversation with Bridget, a young woman, plainly dressed, yet neat and tidy in her whole appearance, left one of the large houses in the upper part of Charles street, and with slow, and apparently feeble steps, passed along as far as Lexington street. Here she stood, for some moments, as if undetermined where to go. At last she moved on again, until she reached Fayette street, where the same indecision was manifested. A sudden thought, after a brief pause, changed her whole manner. With a somewhat quicker movement, she retraced her steps as far as Lexington street, along which she went in the direction of Liberty street. Half way down, she stopped at a frame house, the entrance to which was by high and narrow steps. She went in without knocking.

There was no light in the small parlor into which the street door opened.

"Who's that?" called a harsh female voice from a back room, the door of which was now thrown ajar, admitting a feeble gleam.

"Me," was faintly answered.

"Ellen. Oh! you're late to-night." There was not a single touch of womanly softness in the tones of the speaker. No response was made by the new comer, who had removed her bonnet and shawl. The former she held in her hand by

the strings, and the latter was lying across her arm, as she passed from the dark parlor, into the small sitting-room that adjoined. A glass oil lamp afforded the dim light by which this "den"—if we may thus be allowed to designate it—was but partially illuminated. As she entered, an old woman lifted to her pale, thin, timid face, a pair of glittering black eyes, and fixed them on her with a cold, yet piercing gaze. Let us describe, somewhat particularly, this old woman.

No one would have pronounced her age a year below sixty. She had, probably, added ten to three-score. Her hair, of a dark, iron-grey, combed roughly back from her forehead, was so heavy in growth, and strong in texture, as to lift somewhat untidily her plain cap from her broad temples. Her face was long, and tapered sharply towards her chin. There yet remained in her mouth a few straggling teeth, the incisors and canine projecting, when her lips were parted, very much like those of an animal. Her skin was dark, and had something the appearance of leather. Her eyes have already been mentioned as black and glittering; they had receded far back into her head, and were restless and quick in their movements. Everything about her bespoke the hard, harsh, selfish woman, congealed into so rigid a form, in old age, that no one might press against her, without sustaining injury. In person she was tall and thin.

The room in which this woman sat was narrow, its length being equal to the width of the small parlor, from which it was removed by a partition. In one corner was an old-fashioned cupboard, enclosed with doors above and below. A table, quite as ancient in style, was drawn a few inches from the wall. It contained a lamp, one of the wicks in which had been picked down, in order to lessen, by half, the consumption of oil. Sufficient light was obtained for all practical purposes, so far as the old woman was concerned, her occupation being that of knitting. Two or three Windsor chairs, from which frequent scrubbing had removed every vestige of paint, a small square pine stool, cushioned with a piece of faded ingrain carpet, with two or three unimportant articles, made up the furniture of the room.

"Your late to-night," repeated the old woman, drawing, as she spoke, a round snuff-box from her pocket, and taking a large pinch of the powdered weed. As she returned the box to its capacious receptacle, she fixed her eyes searchingly upon the young girl.

"I had to finish the dress I was working on before I could leave," was answered.

"Well, I hope they've paid you for your work. You've been there three weeks to-day."

"I haven't finished yet. There are two or three dresses more to make for the young ladies," said the girl, with something deprecating in her voice. "I shall be engaged for at least a week longer."

"Why don't they pay you at the end of each week? The money's earned," said the old woman, sharply.

"They would, I suppose, if I were to ask them."

"Then why don't you ask them? No one

should be afraid to ask for her own. I've had to do it all my life."

"It isn't usual to pay until the end of an engagement; and I'd rather not ask for my money."

"And I'd rather you would ask for it, Miss," said the old woman, drawing herself up and looking a very imperative mood personified. "I want my money," she added, speaking very positively; "and I must have it. Your board has now been running on for ten weeks; and I'm a poor woman, and can't afford to lie out of my money in this way."

"If I had not been sick, Mrs. Sly, my board would have been paid regularly. I never was behindhand with you before."

"Oh, well, that don't signify," said the old woman, impatiently. "You aint sick now. You've been at work three weeks, and have earned six dollars."

"True," was the mild, and now firm reply of the girl, who, the sharpness of the first interview, which she had dreaded, being over, was regaining something of her native firmness and independence of character. "True, and in another week, there will be eight dollars coming to me, all of which will be paid into your hands as soon as I receive it. I've always given you your money, Mrs. Sly, the moment it was due. What more could you ask? Sickiness should, at least, bring some consideration."

"Hitty tighty, my young lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Sly, in no feigned surprise. "What's coming over the girl? A nice way to talk to me, after I nursed you for six weeks like a baby. Some people would have bundled you off to the poor-house. But, it's the kind of thanks I always receive."

And such nursing! The poor girl closed her eyes, and laid her hand on her heart, that grew faint at the remembrance of those six weeks of helplessness and suffering.

The simple relation of Ellen Birch to this woman, was that of a boarder. Why one so gentle, sensitive, and altogether so maidenly in all that appertained to her, as was this young girl, should have found a home with such a woman as Mrs. Sly, may excite surprise. It is easily explained. Three years before, the death of her mother deprived her not only of her best friend, but left her alone in the world, and wholly dependent on her own efforts. A small life-annuity had been the mother's only income. On this, with strict economy, she had been able to support herself and child. Her death, when Ellen was just sixteen, left the afflicted girl not only alone in the world, but without any means of subsistence. For the last two years of her life, Mrs. Birch had rented a room from Mrs. Sly, who owned the poor tenement in which she lived.

As soon after her mother's death as Ellen was able to comprehend, with some clearness, her new relation to the world, her native independence, spurred, it may be, into quicker activity by some unmistakable givings out on the part of Mrs. Sly, led her to select the trade of a dress-maker as a means of self-dependence. Mrs. Sly favored this, and as it was necessary for Ellen to

subsist during the year of her apprenticeship, proposed to board her for what service she could perform early in the morning before going to work, and in the evening after returning home. The offer Ellen accepted with thankfulness. But, what a year of toil beyond her strength, and ill-natured exaction, it proved. It seemed as if Mrs. Sly could never be satisfied with the amount of work done for her by Ellen. Ere the day dawned, she was aroused from her pillow, and rarely escaped to her chamber before the noon of night. Even with all this, if she could have pleased Mrs. Sly, it would have been something for her mind to rest upon. But, that was hopeless, for the woman was sordid, even miserly, at heart, and her base love of money poisoned every gushing rill of human feeling in her bosom.

Slowly that year of toil and trial went by. It closed at last. The brave girl had acquired a trade—at what expense her almost colorless face, attenuated frame, and slow, feeble steps, attested but too well. Ten hours a day, in the close work-room, for one who had taken much and frequent exercise in the open air, would of itself have tried her health severely. It came near breaking down, altogether, under the added toil imposed by her relation to Mrs. Sly. That relation, the selfish old woman had no objection to continue, for the meagre fare provided for Ellen was paid for three times over by the service she rendered. The young girl, however, was too glad to be emancipated from such tyranny and labor. A new relation was, therefore, established. As she obtained work, immediately, in two or three families to which she was recommended by the dress-maker with whom she served her apprenticeship, she was able to pay a sum agreed upon for boarding, which she preferred to the thankless and health-destroying service, the term of which had just expired.

Since that time, she had boarded with Mrs. Sly, who, true to her natural instincts, had, besides half-starving the poor girl, rendered, in other ways, her life exceedingly uncomfortable. Often and often did Ellen resolve to seek a new home; but, when she tried to make up her mind to leave the house in which her mother had lived, and the room in which she died, her heart rebelled against the decisions of her judgment. Her mother's spirit seemed to linger about the old, familiar objects, and she felt her presence in the chamber where they had slept together as she felt it nowhere else. And so, bearing, forbearing and suffering, gaining earthly purification through many trials borne patiently, she remained in her comfortless home for nearly two years, when a long and protracted sickness threw her, weak and helpless as an infant, on the tender mercies of one in whose bosom the milk of human kindness had long since ceased to flow.

When, at last, she tottered forth from her lonely chamber, it was with her mind made up in regard to the future. She was indebted for boarding from the time she was taken ill. So soon as she was able to pay off what was due, she was fully resolved to seek another home. So greatly had Mrs. Sly annoyed her for the week or two before her introduction to the reader, and so utterly disgusted was she with her intense and

cruel selfishness, that she was several times on the eve of not returning again to her house. It was a state of indecision on this subject, that caused her hesitating movements after leaving the house in Charles street, where she had been working through the day. A sudden thought, flashing through her mind, it will be remembered, prompted her return to the old home.

The last words of Mrs. Sly, in which allusion was made to the poor-house, and the ingratitude she had always received for her kind acts to others, were pitched in a high, shrill tone, that completely drowned the noise of footsteps in the adjoining parlor. Twice there had been a knock at the street door, and both times the loud voice of the old virago had kept the sound from reaching their ears, nor did either observe that, failing to attract attention, some one had entered. Not until the door of the little room was pushed open, and the voice of a man said, somewhat sternly—

"Mrs. Sly! Is it possible! What does all this mean?"—

Were either aware of another's presence.

"Mr. Lofton!" exclaimed Ellen, in surprise, yet with something of joy in her tone, while her pale cheeks flushed, and her eyes brightened and filled with tears. The young man grasped her hand, and drew her into the parlor. Mrs. Sly followed with the dim oil lamp that had burned upon her table, and setting it upon the mantel-piece, passed from the room without a word, and left the young couple alone.

CHAPTER III.

The silence which followed the withdrawal of Mrs. Sly was broken by sobs, that Ellen was, just then, too weak, both in mind and body, to restrain. These were succeeded by a flood of tears. No word was spoken by the young man, until the agitation of his companion had subsided; yet, as she wept, he held her hand in a tightening grasp.

"Dear Ellen," he at length said, "what does all this mean? How dare that old wretch—"

"Oh, Archie! Archie! Don't speak so," exclaimed Ellen, interrupting him. "Don't—don't. She was disappointed; and you know—you know—"

"Disappointed about what, Ellen?" asked Lofton, seeing that she hesitated, and looked slightly confused, as if nearly betrayed into the utterance of something about which she did not wish to speak.

"Disappointed about what?" he repeated, after pausing for an answer.

But there was no reply, and her partly averted face prevented all attempts to read her thoughts in her countenance.

"What did she mean by that allusion to the poor-house?" said Lofton. "Surely, I must have misunderstood its application to yourself. Can it be possible that she referred to you, and your recent illness?" Light was breaking in upon the young man's mind. "Ellen! Dear Ellen! You must have no concealments with me in any matters that affect your comfort or happiness; these are already in my keeping, and I trust to have them in faithful guardianship so long as life shall last."

The young man spoke low, his voice eloquent with true feeling.

"Say, Ellen, is my inference correct?"

"It is," was the reluctant answer.

"Why, Ellen! Ellen! I am confounded." There was strong indignation in his voice. "Such language to you! What can it mean! How dare she speak so! You say she was disappointed. About what?"

Yet, even as he asked the question, the truth was suggested. Ellen did not reply; but he needed no confirming words from her lips. He knew, as certainly as if she had told him, that the poor girl was in debt for her board during the time of her prolonged illness, and that this was the cause of Mrs. Sly's abusive language. How hot, with anger, grew the blood in his veins. To think that this tender and beloved flower, that he would have protected from even the summer's changes, had been so cruelly assailed; had been blown on by the sharp breath of cold-hearted selfishness!

"Ellen! You must not remain here for another hour!" said he, passionately.

"Archie—Archie!" said Ellen, who had regained her self-possession, and now spoke with a calm and gentle earnestness—"Do not give way to anger. We have many lessons of patience and forbearance to learn in this life; and the more thoroughly we learn them, the wiser we will be, and the better able to act right in the time to come. Have I not heard almost these very words from your own lips, Archie? Strength, many, many times have they given me in trial. I have numerous kindnesses to acknowledge at the hands of Mrs. Sly, and her conduct now cannot make me forget them."

"She is wicked and cruel!" persisted Lofton. "Her conduct is an outrage, and cannot be excused on any ground."

"It was wrong, I know," said Ellen; "but she cannot see with our eyes—cannot feel as we do. All her inclinations are sordid, and all her motives are low and selfish. We must think of her as she is."

"But you will not remain here, surely, after what has occurred?" replied Lofton.

"I shall stay for a few weeks longer. My mind was already made up to change, after that time."

"But why not go from here at once? Why remain for two or three weeks?"

"I am not prepared to leave, now, Archie. It does not just suit me. Mrs. Sly is over her fretted state by this time. These tempers don't last long. She's sorry for what she said, I'm sure. Don't think of it any more. In three or four weeks, if I keep well, I intend looking out for a pleasanter home."

"If you keep well, Ellen?"

Lofton looked earnestly into her thin face, as his voice lingered on the words, "keep well."

"Your hand is too hot for health, now," he added. "You have been at work, to-day?"

"Yes."

"Too soon—too soon." The young man's tones were troubled. "You will never recover your former health, if you go on in this way. You haven't the strength, Ellen, for this."

"I'm getting stronger," she answered. But her own consciousness that such was not the case, betrayed itself in her tones.

"Weaker, you mean," said Lofton. "Ellen," he added, with emphatic earnestness, "this must not be. My own happiness is too intimately bound up with yours, to look on indifferently and see you destroying your own life. This season, of all others, will not permit over effort, in a weakened condition of the body. To the exhausted frame, spring often comes with new life and vigor; but there must be gentle exercise in the fresh and fragrant air, with freedom from anxious thought, or its health-giving influence will be exercised in vain."

How deeply Ellen felt the truth of these words. From the time the disease, by which she had suffered so severely, left her, up to the period when she resumed her work, there had been a daily visible improvement in her health. But, since then, the gain had been very slow, indeed, while her tasks were performed under the pressure of painful weariness. Usually, when she turned her steps homeward, at night, she had scarcely the needed strength remaining. And there was another reason, beyond the ten or twelve hours' incessant needle-work, why she failed to regain the strength she so much needed; and this was an inexcusable want of thought in the lady for whom she had been sewing for some three weeks. At seven o'clock, Ellen began her daily task, and an hour elapsed before she was called to breakfast. By this time, she usually had a faint, sick feeling, that nourishing food, taken at an earlier hour, would have prevented, but which now took away all appetite. A few mouthfuls of bread and butter, and part of a cup of tea or coffee, almost forced upon her reluctant stomach, made up her morning meal. By twelve or one o'clock, her exhausted system began to ask for nutrition, which, if then supplied, would have been grateful and health-giving. But three o'clock was the dining hour, and to the thoughtless mistress of the family, herself in robust health, it did not once occur that the pale, toiling seamstress might need a luncheon to sustain her until the regular dinner hour arrived.

It was usually half-past three, and sometimes four o'clock, ere Ellen was summoned from the apartment, where from eight to nine hours she had bent weary, often in pain, and exhausted, over her work. Sometimes she came to the table with so eager an appetite, as to be induced to overload her stomach; and sometimes with such an aversion to food, that it was with difficulty she could eat at all. There was little to tempt her at the evening meal, usually taken with Mrs. Sly; and when her head pressed her pillow, she was frequently too tired and feverish to sleep, until hours had passed away, and then her slumber was so heavy, that profuse night-sweats completed the work of exhaustion.

Yes, deeply did Ellen feel the truth of Lofton's remark. To her, the fresh and fragrant airs of spring brought no health-inspiring influence. Instead of gaining strength, too sadly was she becoming conscious, with each returning day, of a loss of bodily vigor. She made no reply to her lover's earnest appeal, and he added:

"You must go to the country for a few weeks, Ellen. It is little better than suicide to continue on as you are now doing."

"That is impossible, Archie," replied Ellen, half reproachfully. The suggestion seemed to the poor girl almost like mockery.

"Why is it impossible?" asked the young man.

There were reasons enough in Ellen's mind. To another, her reply would have been most conclusive. But, to him, she could not say that besides being in debt for boarding, she had no money to bear the expense. She was, therefore, silent to this last interrogation. It was easy enough for Lofton to conjecture the cause of her silence; and he did so, correctly. How gladly would he have offered her money sufficient to pay the sum due for boarding, and to meet the expense of a few weeks' sojourn in the country. But true delicacy of feeling prevented an offer, which a like delicacy would have certainly declined.

"It is not impossible for you to take at least a week's relaxation. Health—nay, life itself, demands this," said Lofton, earnestly.

"It will be at least a week before I can finish what Mrs. Blain wishes me to do. She is one of the first who gave me work, and I would not like to disappoint her."

"But, surely, she is human! Where the very life of another is at stake, who would put the making of a dress or two against it?"

"You are too serious altogether, Archie," said Ellen Birch, forcing a smile, yet leaning closer to him as she spoke, and feeling an inward joy at the loving interest he manifested.

"No—no—no, Ellen," he replied—"there is too much at stake for both of us. I cannot bear to see your thin face still so pale; your eyes so languid; your whole appearance that of one gradually sinking towards the grave, instead of rising to buoyant health."

His voice trembled with emotion.

"Don't let this trouble you," replied Ellen, touched by the words and manner of Lofton; "your fears magnify the reality. I shall do well enough. From so serious an illness, recovery is always slow. In a few weeks you will see a great improvement."

"Not if you go on as you are going. Improvement under present circumstances is impossible."

In many ways the young man sought to lead Ellen to refer so distinctly to her own affairs, that he could offer the aid of which she stood so much in need. But, her native delicacy so guarded her, that he failed entirely; and when they parted for the night, there was, on both sides, an anxious looking into the future, and a painful consciousness that its burdens, for at least one of them, were too heavy to be borne without the risk of dangerous consequences.

CHAPTER IV.

"You don't know what you missed last night, young man," said Pinkerton, in a tone of triumph, as he met Lofton on the following morning.

"Nor you either," replied the latter, rather coldly. He had, in his thought, Pinkerton's narrow escape at the theatre-door, from the anger of his neglected washerwoman.

"Mrs. Wood never sang so well. That every

one says. Oh! It was glorious. And you lost it all for the sake of a paltry half-dollar. Archie! Archie! You are unjust to yourself—and, shall I say it without calling a red spot to your cheeks, to that pretty little seamstress of yours. You should have gone yourself, and taken her also."

"You think so?" The brow of Lofton was slightly bent as he said this.

"I both say it and think it. The mind loses its healthy tone unless we award to it occasional recreations. What so exhilarating, and at the same time, so refining, as music?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Lofton, thoughtfully.

"Take my advice. Go this very day and secure a couple of seats. Be generous for once; and you'll never repent of it the longest day you live."

"I'll think about it," answered Lofton. The bell rung for breakfast, and the interview closed.

For the sake of Ellen, Lofton at first thought he would secure seats for the opera on that evening. But a little reflection told him that, in her feeble state, the excitement of music and acting, with the fatigue consequent upon several hours' occupation of one of the uncomfortable seats with which theatres are always provided, would do her far more injury than to remain at home. So that idea was very wisely abandoned. But, he by no means abandoned a better purpose. Earnestly he sought to devise some plan by which she could be relieved, for a few weeks, from the toil that was in danger of entirely destroying her health. The two hundred dollars, saved by such steady self-denial and careful economy—how gladly would he devote all of this, if needful, to meet the present need! But, how was he to use it, and not hurt the maidenly delicacy of one so tenderly and so worthily beloved? That was the question he found it most difficult to decide.

Breakfast over, the two young men departed to their different places of business. Pinkerton stepping buoyantly along, and still feeling the excitement of the previous evening; Lofton, with his eyes upon the pavement, earnestly pondering the ways and means of relief for Ellen Birch.

On reaching the store in which he was employed a letter was handed to Pinkerton. He knew, from the postmark and handwriting, that it came from his sister, and ere the seal was broken, or a word of the contents known, a soberer mood succeeded to the pleasant excitement of his feelings. With an uneasy foreboding, he opened the letter and read:

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—I wish I could write to you that my health was improving, but it is not. I am very weak, and, though the season of flowers and singing birds is at hand, I do not seem to gain any strength. As yet, I have not ventured to go out, even on the mildest days, lest I should take cold. The slightest cold brings back my cough, and that jars my poor frame terribly. Aunt Mary is very kind to me; kind as a mother.—Poor aunt Mary! She is in trouble. You know she had some bank stock, that paid her about a hundred and fifty dollars a year. Well, the bank has failed, and she has lost it all. Now, she has nothing to depend on but her dairy, and what she can sell from her little farm. I am, consequently, a burthen to her, and this makes

me, at times, feel very unhappy. Oh, how I wish I were able to keep her; but I am not. You have often said to me, dear brother, that so soon as you were able, you would pay aunt Mary something for my board. If you could spare her a little now, Mark; if you could send her twenty-five or thirty dollars, how much good it would do her, and how much it would lighten the weight that now lies heavy on my feelings! It goes hard with me to ask this of you, Mark; but we are brother and sister, alone in the world, and to whom can I go but to you? I do not think I will be very long here to burden any one. I feel myself growing daily weaker and weaker. But few sands remain, and they are falling rapidly. Let me lean on you a little more heavily. Let me feel your arm bearing me up, Mark. I will not know the bitter sense of dependence that now so often oppresses me, if from your hands come the few things needful to sustain this failing life.

"I cannot write a longer letter to you now. The effort has exhausted me so much, that I must close at once. May I hope to hear from you soon, dear Mark?"

"From your loving sister, LUCY."

To say that the young man was not deeply moved by this letter; to say that the instant impulse of his mind was not to respond fully to the earnest appeal of his sister, would be to do him great injustice.

"My poor, dear sister!" he sighed, as he read the letter. "How gladly would I shelter you from every storm of life! But——"

He did not finish even in thought, the sentence, but repressed the mental utterance, and in the bitterness of conscious inability to respond as he could wish, clenched his hands tightly.

"Twenty-five or thirty dollars," he said to himself, a little while afterwards, as his thoughts began to run clearer. "It does not seem a great deal; and yet, I am not the possessor, at the present time, of a tenth part of the sum; while the whole of the current quarter's salary has already been drawn. I might borrow what is needed for poor Lucy."

"A lad wants to see you," said a fellow-clerk to Pinkerton, as these thoughts were passing through his mind. The young man turned around, and there stood a boy with a piece of paper in his hand. It was a bill from his bootmaker.

"Mr. Slocum," said the boy, "wants you to send the money for this bill. He's got a note to pay."

"Tell him," replied Pinkerton, no little disturbed by a dun at this particular time, "that I can't do any thing for him to-day. I'm short myself."

"But Mr. Slocum says you must send the money. The bill's been standing for months already." The lad spoke with an impertinence of manner that was very offensive.

"Go back and tell your master that *must* is a hard word, and he'd better withdraw it," said Pinkerton, looking sternly at the boy.

"But sir——"

"Off with you!"

The shoemaker's lad turned away and left the store, muttering something to himself that Pinkerton did not hear.

The current of the young man's thoughts were

considerably changed by this untoward incident. Other unsettled bills were remembered; and, as a very natural consequence, the sense of his own wants and pecuniary deficiencies threw into shadow those of his sick and dependent sister. Still, he did not forget her; neither did he resolve to let her wants go unsupplied.

"Poor Lucy!" he sighed as the thought of her returned more vividly. "Oh, that I were rich for your sake! There is nothing in this world that I would think too good for you. How unfortunate that money matters should be with me as they are at present! I wish I had been more economical. I spend a great deal more for trifles than is at all consistent with true economy. Ah well! It can't be helped now. I must try and do better in the future."

"Mark," said a fellow-clerk, touching him on the shoulder at this moment, "don't you want a gold watch, cheap?"

Now, to be the owner of a gold watch, had, for a long time, been the ambition of Pinkerton.—Three or four times he had commenced saving up money for the purchase of one, but his weak propensity to waste small sums on trifles, never permitted the attempted accumulation to reach beyond three or four dollars, and then the whole would suddenly disappear like frost-work in the sunshine. To the clerk's question he gravely shook his head.

"You'll never meet with such a chance again if you wait a dozen years," said the other.

"Who's got it? What's the price?" asked Pinkerton. A feeling of interest in the matter was being awakened.

"Joe Purdy has it. It belongs to a friend of his, who wants money badly, and will sell it cheap."

"What kind of a watch?"

"A patent lever."

"Altogether beyond my ability," said Pinkerton. "And, besides, I am desperately poor just now."

"It can be bought for thirty dollars," remarked the other.

"Thirty dollars for a gold patent lever. You're joking."

"Not a bit of it. It's a first-rate watch, and is worth sixty dollars, if it's worth a cent. If I hadn't purchased last winter, I would take it myself. You'll never have another such an opportunity. Take my advice and secure it on the spot."

"But I haven't the money."

"Borrow it."

"Will you lend?"

"Haven't a dollar of my last quarter's salary left. But, you can get what you want from Joe Purdy."

Pinkerton shrugged his shoulders, as he replied,

"And pay him two or three per cent. a month, for the use of it. He shaves too deep for me."

"As you like about that," returned the other.

"But if you paid five per cent. a month on thirty dollars, until you drew on your next quarter's salary, you'd have the best of the bargain. Take my advice and secure the watch."

Advice so accordant with his desire to possess

the article thus temptingly set before his mind, Pinkerton felt very much inclined to follow. A sight of the watch confirmed his inclinations. Without pausing to take counsel of prudence; to think again of the wants of poor Lucy; yielding to the persuasions of others and his own pleading wishes, he bought the watch and gave to Joe Purdy, a shrewd, unscrupulous, money-loving fellow-clerk, his due bill to be paid two months thereafter for thirty-four dollars, the four dollars extra being interest at the rate of nearly seven per cent. a month on the loan of thirty dollars!

Ah! it never entered into the heart of Mark Pinkerton to conceive of the painful, almost sickening reluctance with which his sister Lucy had, under the pressure that was on her, forced herself to write to him as she had done. That he would respond, promptly and affectionately, she had no doubt. Yet, did not that take away the strong disinclination that was felt to ask him for money.

Five days had passed since Lucy wrote, and she was now in hourly expectation of a reply. Aunt Mary was looking troubled; and Lucy knew that she had cause of trouble. Oh, how it hurt her to think that she was now a burden to her kind relative! As she sat by her window, looking out, the butcher drove up, and, alighting, knocked at the gate.

"I wonder what he wants?" said Lucy to herself, as an uneasy feeling crept into her mind. She bent nearer to the window. Soon aunt Mary came out, and Lucy heard the butcher say, "Good morning, Mrs. Jones. Fine weather this. I've called down, as you wished, to look at old brindle."

The heart of Lucy gave a violent bound. Then tears gushed from her eyes. And was dear, faithful old brindle to go to the slaughter-house! The thought made her so faint, that she had to lie down. Shutting her eyes, she lay eagerly listening for every movement below. The murmur of voices, continued for some time, reached her ears. Then Lucy heard the butcher say, as he clicked the latch of the gate:

"Very well, Mrs. Jones. I'll send for her tomorrow morning; and some time during the day will bring you down the twenty dollars."

By this time the butcher was in his saddle. A word to his horse, and he was off in a brisk trot, never dreaming of the grief his visit had occasioned.

Aunt Mary's chamber was next to Lucy's. The unhappy girl soon heard footsteps slowly ascending the stairs. Her aunt's door was opened and shut. A low sob, or suppressed groan, reached her ears; then all was still. More than half an hour elapsed before the slightest movement was again observed. Then the good lady came into Lucy's room, and with a slightly shadowed, yet serene brow, sat down by the bedside, and, taking in her's the white, almost transparent hand of the pale invalid, said, with much tenderness:

"You don't look so well to-day, Lucy. I'm afraid you've been sitting up too long. Is there anything I can get for you?"

"Nothing, aunt Mary," replied Lucy, scarcely able to restrain her tears. "What did the

butcher want?" she asked, as soon as she could speak with some steadiness of voice. "You won't, surely, let him have our dear old brindle?"

"You musn't take it to heart, dear," replied aunt Mary, with far more composure of manner than she had herself hoped to obtain. "What can't be helped must be borne with fortitude. Brindle has been dry for some time; and we can very well part with her. I owe just twenty dollars for taxes, and they've threatened to sell our little place if it isn't paid. So, there is no help for us. Don't think of it, my child?"

"Oh, I can't help thinking of it!" sobbed Lucy. "Dear, good old brindle! Ah, aunt Mary," she said, after gaining a little composure, "I feel, now, as if I ought no longer to be a burden to you. It isn't with you as it was."

Gently the hand of aunt Mary was laid upon the lips of the girl, and lovingly she answered:—

"Hush! While a roof and a loaf remain to me, dear child! you will share them. Oh, never, never again wound me by uttering the words 'a burden.' It is love for you, Lucy, that throws light upon my way, that gives warmth to my heart; that brings strength and cheerfulness. Could I only call back the roses to your cheeks, I would be blessed indeed."

And, with many loving words, she sought to drive away the impression which she had, even before this, seen gradually forming in the mind of her niece.

Now more than ever did Lucy's thoughts turn to her brother. She was certain he would send her the money she had asked for; and should it come by the post that day, the sacrifice of brindle would be saved. An hour afterwards she saw the postman turn in at the gate. How her heart leaped! She was sure he had a letter for her, and she was not mistaken. The welcome missive was from Baltimore, and the direction in the hand-writing of Mark. Eagerly, and with unsteady hands, she broke the seal. There was no enclosure!

"MY DEAR SISTER LUCY:—I cannot tell you how much I am pained to hear of our good aunt Mary's misfortune, and grieved that your health continues so poorly. Your letter could not have come to me at a worse time. I haven't a dollar by me, and will not be able to draw on my salary for two months to come. Then I will certainly send you some money. Oh, I wish that I were rich for your sake!"

Thus far Lucy read, when tears blinded her. She did not sob, nor weep aloud. Her disappointment was too deep for that. But the pressure on her bosom was so great, that it seemed as if her heart would really cease its throbings.

Mark Pinkerton was the owner of a gold watch. In his selfish extravagance and pride, he dreamed not at how serious a cost he had obtained it.

On the next morning old brindle was driven off by the butcher. Poor Lucy, worse than usual, did not leave her bed during the whole day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WE'VE ONE ANOTHER LEFT.

BY FANNY FALES.

Another year is going, Fred, the wind bears up a wail,
The crisp brown leaves upon the ground are sighing in the gale;
Full threescore times I've listen'd, Fred, the farewell of the year,
It used to make me dance for joy, but now it brings a tear.

How many mem'ries kindle from the embers of the past,
And O, my heart is glowing in the light around it cast!
I see my father's cottage, on the grassy sloping hill,
The river winding thro' the wood, and by the busy mill.

The sugar maples by the spring
The woodman's axe has cleft,
But dearer things than those remain—
We've one another left.

My brothers angle in the brook, my sisters gather flowers,
Or berries red to stain their cheeks, and laugh away the hours;
My gentle mother by our hearth sings softly to her wheel;
How pleasant is the "nest at home" as evening shadows steal!

Now, for my bridal robin, twining roses in my hair,—
Close grew our hearts together, Fred, like buds that nestl'd there;
Time passes, and an angel lays our Winnie on my breast,
Like a snowy dovelet cooing, ere flying to the blest.

Darling, weep not for our Winnie,
We are not quite bereft;
Rich blessings are our own, my Fred—
We've one another left.

Then our dimpled, blue-eyed Charlie, two happy years was given,—
Ere their flight our eyes were earthward, now lifted up to Heaven;
O say not "we are childless," Fred, they're sleeping like the flowers,
Folded until the morning, Fred, they sleep love—they are ours.

Hark! the old hall clock is telling the flight of the old year!
Let's greet the heir with silent prayer; kneel close beside me here:
Thank God, tho' our two children, Fred, are gather'd to His fold,
Though many joys departed, Fred, we lov'd so well to hold;

Yet to our humble hearth He sends
New mercies morn and eve;
We've one another left, my Fred,
Then wherefore should we grieve?

Who shoots at the mid-day sun—though he be sure he shall never hit the mark—yet as sure he is that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.

NEW MORAL INFLUENCE.

The moral is the gauge of the external man, and leads, when truly developed, to a diagnosis of his spiritual state. Both the virtues and the vices of society are the necessary *ultimates* of man's condition, modified as well as developed by the circumstances which surround him. Hence the benevolent tendencies on the one hand, and the outbreaks of crime and lawlessness on the other, are the exact measures of the general state of society in any country or locality whatever. The benevolent man may see himself imaged in the one, and all his yearnings fully responded to; while the selfish, the earthly, and the malignant, may see himself equally represented in the other, however much he may pride himself in an exemption from these crimes and offences, from which he is mercifully restrained by the mere force of circumstances. Nothing can be known individually either of virtue or vice, till the hidden man is revealed, and the covered things of thought and wish are opened to the bright light of day. The tendency to this state of things is now manifested more and more continually, and the consequent judgment is more clearly, as well as more practically made known. Men judge themselves now-a-days, before the world, by the interest they feel and manifest towards a life of active charity on the one hand, or by the indifference, if not opposition, on the other hand, to the benevolent plans for ameliorating the evils that exist in the world. We believe, however, that the good is beginning to prevail fast and mightily over the evil.

We claim to look at the world from this point of view, and adduce the facts and incidents of society to sustain us in this hopeful conviction. We take the sunny side of life, and feel from the recesses of our being that the dawn of a brighter day is at hand; that the shadows are departing before the beams of morning light, while men are looking out of the windows to see the sun rise on a long-benighted world:

Among the signs of the new era are the plans of active benevolence which are now being carried out by the different religious bodies for the benefit of the poor, the suffering, the destitute, and the forsaken ones of society. The reproach hitherto cast upon religious bodies in this matter, is now about being wiped off by bold and generous efforts on their part. They are awakening to the vast importance of doing something for their suffering fellow-creatures, instead of forming merely idle wishes for their good, and abiding by the miserable system of theory without practice.

Important movements of this nature are now taking place among all denominations of the Christian world. It is discovered, at last, that while tracts, and Bibles, and missionaries are good, it is necessary to connect *material* influences with spiritual, in order to develop and to bring forth in freedom the higher benefits which are proposed for the soul. It is only amazing that all this should not have been seen before; but it is no less a cause for deep thankfulness, that men of station and energy, and affluence, are beginning now to awake to their solemn responsibilities, and to the delightful mission of elevating and blessing those

who are yet suffering from spiritual as well as from bodily destitution.

There is a plan proposed by the Episcopal clergy in this city, to erect, in one district, a mission church, a vagrant school, and a cheap lodging-house; thus forming a *parish* economy, by which all the essential objects may be most effectually secured at once. Here is the true mode of action; this is the patriarchate, or family idea, by which all the members of a social sphere, larger or smaller, may be duly cared for and benefited. In such a case there can be no homeless, houseless, desolate being within the charmed circle where this heavenly principle of government prevails. All are cared for at least, by the law of coercion and restraint necessarily imposed by such a society, where the milder and higher law of gentleness and benevolence fails to reign. The good influences are thus brought to bear upon the evil, and surround them as it were by a wall of fire. Here is a mission for both man and woman, scope both for the intellect and the affections; and no class of society, however refined or elevated by *material* influences, can engage in such a lofty mission without feeling themselves ennobled by the undertaking, while they are, at the same time, the blessed instruments of elevating and ennobling others. This is the God-like principle among men; and if it were fully carried out in this city, under proper organizations, by those who are blessed with the means and the disposition to do it, there would result a scene of beauty and loveliness, where now is naught but blight and deformity; and there would be established, moreover, the *working* of a principle stronger than all possible theory, that there *are* laws for the moral government of the world, and that these are the laws that rule in Heaven, and that also make Heaven wherever they are felt and obeyed, even upon earth.

It is delightful to think that mere theories are thus exploded, that talk and pretension alone are considered worse than useless, and that the practical working of a system is claimed before confidence is given to any plans for benefiting society. This is an advance upon the system of the day; and this insures strong ground for appeal to the generosity of men, where the true ground of appeal is really known and felt to exist. With this assurance men may go and work with confidence, in the simple trust that the means will be forthcoming to accomplish their objects, if the men themselves are wise and benevolent in pursuit of those objects. In this way the generous flame of Christian charity is kindling up in our midst, and we hope to see it result in plans of wide and diffusive beneficence of the most rational and exalted character in every district of this vast city.

The way to do good is to go to work, exhibit the results, and make the corresponding claims as you go on. There must be indeed a beginning, the necessary means to start with; but these need not be either great or extensive in the first instance. Wherever there is the benevolence to prompt the act, and the objects that are to be benefited can be found, there are the embryo means of success. Let one mind move another in such cases, and the separate living coals will come together into increased heat and life, till the fire will kindle, and

the words of hope and encouragement will glow, and the warm, genial blaze of kindness will soon give its living force. There can be no orderly resistance to such benevolent influence, for the claim is high and heavenly, and the response is measured by the force and energy with which the claim is given out. Let the pulsation only be strong enough, and it will be felt in the capillaries, or the most minute vessels of the living man.

One collateral object to be gained in all these benevolent plans on a wide scale of well-doing, is the effect necessarily produced upon the *sectarianism* of the day. Real benevolence is too wide for sectarianism, and those who now engage in plans for the good of others, must take the broad ground of a common brotherhood. There is nothing partial, private, or sectarian in the Gospel precepts, or in the institution of the true Christian Church. There may be different rituals, and different phases of the same great doctrines or principles, but charity is the common bond of union, and the propelling motive to all wise and benevolent action. Let charity prevail, and all bigotry, intolerance, and sectarianism, of whatever kind, perishes at once. There are then no longer any receptacles in the human mind to contain these evil influences, and they must flee away for ever to their native abodes of darkness and disorder. "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,"—these are evils from which we are then delivered indeed.

Another object to be gained by these plans of active benevolence, is the increased light of truth which will dawn upon the mind, and enlighten its hitherto clouded faculties. As light is contained in the heat of the sun, and springs from it, so does knowledge necessarily spring from love. In truth we can be said to *know* that only for which we have an *affection*; and hence the love of any thing, or the desire to possess it, prompts the knowledge of the means by which it may be acquired. "Where there is a will there is a way," is the common saying; and the way is that process in which the mind thinks, analogous to the road or path in which the body walks or moves. Hence, to walk in the ways of the Lord, is indicative of the *knowledge* which results from an affection for His laws, or from obedience to His will. Therefore, in active benevolence on a large scale, is felt the necessity of wider principles of thought, or of truths, to work by; and these truths are given as men advance in the higher walks of heavenly life and conversation.—*The Age, New York.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—"Will you please to permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another, the other day, in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to vacate. "She is," replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrines, and stand up."

An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

THE DEATH OF EGLON.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

In the city of Gaza, which lies on the sea-coast, there dwelt a man whose name was Egion. He was a judge among his people for many years, and possessed great riches. But the people honored him more for his justice and humanity than for his wealth, and the poor called him, among themselves, Father Egion.

When the day of his death arrived, he sent for his friends and his brethren, together with their children, and said unto them: "Behold, my end approaches! Last night the Angel of Death appeared to me, and I heard the gentle waving of his wings. Rejoice, therefore, and be joyful with me!"

Then the hearts of those that stood about him sank within them; and they looked at each other, and said: "Would to Heaven that Egion's words may, for the first time, prove untrue!"

But Egion smiled, and said: "My friends, put far from you all lamentation and vain hopes! My days are numbered! This is the third time that I have beheld the Angel of Death face to face; therefore he is no stranger to me. But this is the first time that he hath appeared unto me with a friendly countenance; therefore do I follow him with gladness and with joy."

His friends looked upon him in amazement, and held their peace.

Egion perceived that they had not understood him, and thus spake: "I will relate to you a short history of my life, and then you will understand my words.

"My youth passed smoothly away, and I knew not the sorrows of life. When I became a man, I was chosen to be a judge in Gaza, and the people extolled the judgments which I pronounced at the gates. I gained, moreover, the heart of a woman, whom the voice of the people praised as the loveliest and the noblest of the daughters of the land, and I was called the happiest of mankind. Then God visited me with a grievous sickness, which afflicted me for many months; and all the skill of the physicians was of no avail, and they said: 'He will surely die!' Then the Angel of Death appeared to me for the first time with terrible aspect, and I prayed that he might pass by.

"He did pass by. I was restored to health, and my life became more pleasant to me than ever: for my wife bore me two infants, fair as two young pomegranate trees, and each day of their lives was to me as a day of spring. Then said all the people: 'Egion is the happiest of mankind. What is there wanting to his joy, and to the welfare of his house?'

"Behold then came the sickness of Mizraim from beyond the sea; and the infants died, both the boy and the girl. And their mother fell sick, and said: 'The children are not! Ah, Egion, another world will preserve and restore them to us.' Thus she spoke and died also. And I stood alone upon my rich carpets, and my house seemed at once too spacious and too confined.

"I then called in great wrath upon the Angel of Death, and named him the Destroyer, and when he passed before me, I said: 'I will seek thee, cruel one, in the depths of the sea, that thou mayest unite me with those whom thou hast torn

from me. What is the world, and what is life now unto me?"

"So I walked forth in the night to the sea-shore; but as I passed along, I heard a sobbing and moaning in a cottage by the way-side, and I entered it; for I thought to find there companions in affliction. A woman lay upon the earth, and tore her hair; five young children were weeping around her, and asking for bread, and an aged man, bowed down with years, stood by trembling. But I was affrighted and said: 'Woman, what aileth thee?'

"Then the old man said: 'In the last tempest the sea swallowed up her husband, my son; with his little bark. The rich man, who had lent him money to purchase it, demanded payment of the debt, and as we could not pay it, he hath taken away all that he could find in our hut, and to-morrow he will drive us forth, if famine do not first put an end to our misery.' 'And why,' I asked, 'did you not bring the matter before Eglon, the judge of Gaza?' The mother then opened her lips, and said: 'Eglon dwelleth in a palace, and is the happiest man in the whole land.' 'Besides,' added the aged man, 'the debt is just, and so Eglon hath declared it to be.'

"Then did I exclaim: 'God of Heaven? is this thy justice, Eglon?' And I remained all night in the fisherman's hut, and succored them, and in the morning I said: 'Behold Eglon, judge of Gaza! Come now to my house, that I may do justice unto you.'

"From that time forth, my friends, I have known myself and the huts of poverty, and have practised justice.

"And thus I have enjoyed happiness, endured affliction, and striven to do good on earth. Amid prosperity, death appeared to me as a destroying angel; in the bitterness of my sufferings, as a jailer, bring a cup of poison to his prisoner; but now, I recognize him for what he really is—a friend about to conduct me to those I love."

When he had thus spoken, the old man turned upon his pillow, and gave up the ghost.—*Lady's Wreath*.

INTERESTING SELECTIONS.

ENEMIES OF THE OYSTER.—The enemies of the oyster are many, and all of them go about seeking what oyster they may devour. First comes the sea-crab who seats himself on an oyster and drills a little round hole in his back and makes poor oyster's back ache, which causes him to open his mouth to take a long breath, when the villainous crab runs a "stinger" down his throat, and poor oyster is in the sea-crab's stomach. Sometimes the crab files the oyster's nose off, so as to run in his stinger.

Second comes the drum-fish, who weighs about thirty or forty pounds, and is about two feet long; he is large about the stomach, and tapers off toward both ends. He is by no means a modest fish, for just as soon as his eye rests on an oyster, he starts toward him, for the purpose of making his acquaintance, and grabbing him in his mouth, smashes him into chowder, "in the twinkling of a cat's tail," and immediately looks about for his nearest relative—being opposed to having families separated, he is anxious to have

them all rest in his stomach at once. It is often the case that two or three pounds of oyster shells are found in a drum-fish's stomach.

Third comes the sea-star—everybody knows what a sea-star is, for they look just like a star. These stars have five points, but no legs; and as they do not keep horses and wagons, they find it very inconvenient to go a foot—not having any feet—so when they wish to travel, they lock themselves fast to each other until they form a large hill, sometimes ten feet in circumference, and permit themselves to be driven about by the waves of the sea, and roll away, they know not nor care not whither; but if they happen to roll over an oyster-bed, they all immediately let loose of each other, and hug an oyster, and wrap their five points about him, and hug him closely, hug him dearly, until the oysters desires him to stop, and just opens his mouth to say "hold enough," when the rascally star runs a little "nipper" down poor oyster's nose, and it is all over with him.

Fourth, comes man, with dredging irons, with scoop, shovels, and tongs, pulling him and making him into oyster soup, pie, fry, roast, and so on and so forth, eating him whole and indiscriminately, body and soul, without saving the pieces. Thus it is with poor oyster; troubles beset him on every side, and though thousands desire to have him, yet none wish to be him.—*Northern Journal*.

OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.—In childhood and youth, girls are as healthy, hardy and capable of enduring fatigue as boys, for the very good reason that nature, regarding it equally as necessary to give them good constitutions, has kindly done so; and because they run and romp in the open air, and thus obey the promptings of unsophisticated nature. Yet our *men* are much more healthy than women, or even young ladies. Take the families of merchants and business men—not the purse-proud nabob on the one hand, nor the hardy deliver on the other—and how stands the matter? The men are active, industrious, accustomed to a good degree of bodily exertion; they are busy with bales and boxes among draymen and porters; they are driving about the wharves and streets all day, their minds and bodies fully employed, and go home with a keen and well-earned appetite; while their wives and daughters, standing, of course, on the same platform of respectability as themselves, have dragged through the wearisome hours of the day in listless idleness or sedentary pursuits, and approach the table with an appetite that almost spurns the repast which other hands have prepared, and fill their anxious husband's or father's ears with complaints of a thousand ills, which, perhaps, nothing but a summer at the springs or watering-places can assuage. Poor creatures, they have not been properly educated. Fashion would put its contemptuous lips, and toss its brainless head at the idea of useful toil for the wife and daughters of a wealthy merchant! But that same fickle goddess has no objection to the father and son going into the store, and laboring all day, rolling barrels, packing and unpacking goods, which, for *them*, is all very well;

but she denies to the daughter any part in household affairs, because it is vulgar and disreputable, and consigns her to the practice of music, drawing, worsted and lace-work. What matters it if the son's hand be hard, his chest and muscles brawny, his face browned by the sun and wind, and, with these, firm health; but the daughter must be slim, fragile, pale, and delicate, with soft, white hands, to be worthy to rank with the sons of merchants, who are every day employed, just like her brother, with like results. —*Parlor Annual.*

AN INCIDENT.—A few mornings since, just as the cars had started from the depot, a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, were observed, a distance up the street, running with great speed towards the depot. One of the agents of the railroad, or some person, also observing the effort of the party, started after the train, and succeeded in giving the engineer a sign to stop for passengers. As it was the accommodation line, the train was stopped some distance on the road, and awaited the approach of the man, his wife, and daughter. They were all pretty much exhausted by the long and hard run they had, but they reached the location of the train, and by a new effort climbed a small pile of plank close at hand, and stood looking at the cars, and commenced remarking upon the appearance of the vehicles.

The man gave something like a combination of a blow and a grunt, and said, addressing his wife: "Well, I don't think they look so very dangerous, do you?"

"Why, I don't think they do," responded the lady, wiping her face; "they look rather safe and comfortable."

"La, mother," said the daughter, "ain't they pretty coaches—so many seats and windows, and so prettily painted," taking a short breath, and fanning herself with her handkerchief.

"Jump in, jump in," said the conductor.

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "we don't want to get in! we only wanted to see them!"

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; she never scolds, never contends, and never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Extend a friendly hand to the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

A member, in alluding to the bill for the benefit of married women before the Missouri Legislature, asked if it would not be better for the members to do something for the benefit of *single ladies*, and not trouble themselves with *other men's wives*.

THE EFFECTS OF CLOTHING ON SKIN EXHALATION.

Dr. Hays Kyd, in an article in the London Lancet, presents some excellent ideas on the subject of clothing. Let a person in bed be covered with sufficient blankets to promote perspiration, and let these blankets be covered with an oil or India rubber cloth, or other impervious fabric, in the morning the blankets will be dry, but the under surface of the India rubber cloth will be quite wet. The blankets, by their dryness, show that the exhalations of the body pass through them, and would pass through to the surrounding air, had they not been intercepted by the impervious outer covering. "I think," says Dr. Kyd, "the deduction is inevitable that the habitual use of an impervious covering is injurious. Its effect must be to place the body in a constant vapor bath, in which the insensible or healthy perspiration is constantly becoming condensed into the form of humidity, and being prevented from passing off in its elastic and invisible form, the perspiration is thus constantly checked, and skin eruptions must be the result."

On the other hand, however, he contrasts the benefits and evils of an outer garment of waterproof for wet weather, and concludes that the water-proof garment is the most healthy, then, by excluding the rain.

He thinks that it must be less injurious to check perspiration, in some degree, by a waterproof overcoat, than to get soaked with rain. There can be no doubt but water-proof fabrics may be made very light, and so formed as to be worn in wet weather, and yet allow some room for perspiration. But still they are not healthy, and should never be put on but in cases of extreme necessity. Any person who has worn a water-proof outer garment for some time knows by experience that it causes weakness and chills. No person should wear a garment but such as allows the vapor or perspiration which is continually exuding from the skin to pass off freely. For this reason a frequent change of entire clothing conduces to health.

Clothing should be light and warm, and not too tight. A happy change in the fashions (may it long continue) has taken place within a few years; it is the substitution of loose outer garments for the old-fashioned, tight, close, and pinching overcoats. A short tunic of vulcanized India rubber, to be thrown over the shoulders in a wet day, would be very comfortable. It might be made double, with a small entrance tube, so as to be inflated and answer for a life-preserver, in case of shipwreck, &c. Such tunics might be made light and cheap, and of such dimensions as to be carried in a person's hat or coat-pocket.

While discussing this subject, we dare not overlook the fact that too few flannels are worn in our country, especially along our eastern coasts, where sudden changes are so frequent, and where so many cold rains fall during the winter season. Children should always have their outer garments for winter made of woollen materials. Such kind of clothing is warm, and it possesses the quality of resisting the action of flame in a wonderful

manner. We often hear of children being burned by their clothes taking fire—cotton or linen clothing. The most of these accidents would be prevented if woollen clothing instead of calico was worn by children. We must not omit to mention, also, that although India rubber overshoes are excellent for walking in the street during wet weather, or when there is a thaw with snow upon the ground, they should never be worn at any other time, and should be taken off as soon as the wearer enters a house. They prevent perspiration in a great measure, and are only useful as a lesser evil than getting the feet completely wet from outside water.—*Scientific American*.

A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

The following specimen of an actual love-letter, written nearly two hundred years ago, shows the manner of making love in "ye olden tyme:"—

To the most choice Gentlewoman and ornamental of her sex, Mrs. Elizabeth Goode, daughter of Mr. Sebastian Goode, Esq., of Malden:

Mrs. Elizabeth: I have long been an earnest suitor to your honor and desires, that I might be admitted an humble suitor to your sweete self; now after many strivings and wrestlings, I have almost prevailed. My next suite is, that your dearest self would comply with your dearest parents desires and mine; they are most ready to part with a greater part of their estate for your sake, and I am most willinge to place all my joys and delights in you alone. Now it is, or will sodainly be in your sole power to dash and frustrate, or crowne all my endeavors; hereby you will make me a most happy man, and yourself (I hope) a no less happy spouse.

Well, sweet Mrs. Elizabeth, be not afraid to venture on me; as you have a most tender father, and a most indulgent mother, so let me, that I thank Providence kept for you, furnish you with a very, very loving husband. Could you read my most inmost thoughts, you would answer love with love. I here promise you, and will make good this promise againe (when that happy day comes) on holy ground, that I love and honor you.

Knowe, this is my virgin request, the first request in earnest that ever came from my lips or pen; my eyes have seen many young gallants and virgins, but Mrs. Elizabeth is the delight of my eyes. No other of your sexe have been acceptable and precious to my eyes, but you, and you only have been and still are the pearly of my eyes.

Amongst all the works of God, I delight most in beholding (the sun excepted) an amiable countenance; and such is yours, or none in these parts of England. Your face is a mappe of beauties, your gentle breast a cabinet of virtues, and your whole selfe a cluster of all the choicest delicacies; but in plain English, not your pleasing aspect, nor well-featured person, nor admired excellencies, nor weighty portion, fastened my affections on you, but your love (of this I have been long persuaded) to a man (myself I mean) so undeserving it.

As for myself, I am thought worthy of a good wife, though unworthy of you. These pretty toys called husbands, are such rare commodities in this age, that I can woe and win wives by the dozen. I knowe not any gentlewoman in these parts but would kiss a letter from my hands, reade it with joye, and then lay it up next her heart as a treasure; but I will not try their courtesies except I find you uncourteous.

My last request is, take a turne in private, then read this letter againe, imagine the penman at your elbow. Next lay your hand upon your hart, and resolve to say amen to my desires. If so, I shall accept your portion with the left hand, but your lovely person with the right. Portions I can have enough to my minde in any other places, but a wife to my minde in any place of the wide world but at Malden. I hope, therefore, no place shall furnish you with a husband but Kingston, where lives in hope your most hearty friend and servant,

THOMAS BOURMAN.

From my Chamber, Dec. 3, 1664.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE ON THE PATH OF A MONEY-LENDER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Edgar was a money-lender, and scrupled not in exacting the highest "street rates" of interest that could be obtained. If good paper were offered, and he could buy it from the needy seeker of cash at two or even three per cent. a month, he did not hesitate about the transaction on any scruples of justice between man and man. Below one per cent. a month, he rarely made loans. He had nothing to do with the question, as to whether the holder of bills could afford the sacrifice. The circle of his thoughts went not beyond gain to himself.

Few days closed with Mr. Edgar, that he was not able to count up gains as high as from thirty to one hundred dollars. Not acquired in trade; not coming back to him as the reward of productive industry; but the simple accumulation of large clippings from the anticipated reward of others' industry. Always with a good balance in bank, he had but to sign his name to a check, and the slight effort was repaid by a gain of from ten to fifty dollars, according to the size and time of the note he had agreed to discount. A shrewd man, and well acquainted with the business standing of all around him, Mr. Edgar rarely made mistakes in money transactions. There was always plenty of good paper offering, and he never touched anything regarded as doubtful.

Was Mr. Edgar a happy man? Ah! That is a home question. But, we answer, frankly, no. During his office hours, while his love of gain was active—while good customers were coming and going, and good operations being effected—his mind was in a pleasurable glow. But, at other times, he suffered greatly from a pressure on his feelings, the cause of which he did not clearly understand. Wealth he had always regarded as the greatest good in life. And now, he not only had wealth, but the income therefrom

was a great deal more than he had any desire to spend. And yet he was not happy—no, not even in the thought of his large possessions. Only in the mental activity through which more was obtained, did he really find satisfaction; but this state was only of short duration.

Positive unhappiness, Mr. Edgar often experienced. Occasional losses, careful and shrewd as he always was, were inevitable. These fretted him greatly. To lose a thousand dollars, instead of gaining, as was pleasantly believed, some sixty or seventy, was a shower of cold water upon his ardent love of accumulation; and he shivered painfully under the infliction. The importunities of friends, who needed money, and to whom it was unsafe to lend it, were also a source of no small annoyance. And, moreover, there was little of the heart's warm sunshine at home. As Mr. Edgar had thought more of laying up wealth for his children, than giving them the true riches of intellect and heart, ill weeds had sprung up in their minds. He had not loved them with an unselfish love, and he received not a higher affection than he had bestowed. Their prominent thought, in regard to him, seemed ever to be the obtaining of some concession to their real or imaginary wants; and, if denied these, they reacted upon him in anger, sullenness or complaint.

O, no, Mr. Edgar was not happy. Few gleams of sunshine lay across his path. Life, to him, in his own bitter words, uttered after some keen disappointment, had "proved a failure." And yet he continued eager for gain; would cut as deep, exact as much, from those who had need of his money in their business, as ever. The measure of per centage was the measure of his satisfaction.

One day, a gentleman said to him:—

"Mr. Edgar, I advised a young mechanic, who has been in business for a short time, and who has to take notes for his work, to call on you for the purpose of getting them cashed. He has no credit in bank, and is, therefore, compelled to go upon the street for money. Most of his work is taken by one of the safest houses in this city; his paper is, therefore, as good as any in market. Deal as moderately with him as you can. He knows little about these matters, or where to go for the accommodations he needs."

"Is he an industrious and prudent young man?" inquired Mr. Edgar, caution and cupidity at once excited.

"He is."

"What's his name?"

"Blakewell."

"O, I know him. Very well; send him along, and, if his paper is good, I'll discount it."

"You'll find it first-rate," said the gentleman.

"How much shall I charge him?" This was Mr. Edgar's first thought, so soon as he was alone. Even as he asked himself the question, the young mechanic entered.

"You take good paper, sometimes?" said the latter, in a hesitating manner.

The countenance of Mr. Edgar became, instantly, very grave.

"Sometimes I do," he answered, with assumed indifference.

"I have a note of Leyden & Co.'s that I wish discounted," said Blakewell.

"For how much?"

"Three hundred dollars—six months;" and he handed Mr. Edgar the note.

"I don't like over four months' notes," remarked the money-lender, coldly. Then he asked—"What rate of interest do you expect to pay?"

"Whatever is usual. Of course, I wish to get it done as low as possible. My profits are not large, and every dollar I pay in discounts is so much taken from the growth of my business and the comfort of my family."

"You have a family?"

"Yes, sir. A wife and four children."

Mr. Edgar mused for a moment or two. An unselfish thought was struggling to get into his mind.

"What have you usually paid on this paper?" he asked.

"The last I had discounted cost me one and a half per cent. a month."

"Notes of this kind are rarely marketable below that rate," said Mr. Edgar. He had thought of exacting two per cent. "If you will leave the note, and call round in half an hour, I will see what can be done."

"Very well," returned the mechanic. "Be as moderate with me as you can."

For the half hour that went by during the young man's absence, Mr. Edgar walked the floor of his counting-room, trying to come to some decision in regard to the note. Love of gain demanded two per cent. a month, while a feeble voice, scarcely heard, so far away did it seem, pleaded for a generous regard to the young man's necessities. The conflict taking place in his mind was a new one for the money-lender. In no instance, before, had he experienced any hesitation on the score of a large discount. Love of gain continued clamorous for two per cent. on the note; yet, ever and anon, the low voice stole, in pleading accents, to his ears.

"I'll do it for one and a half," said Mr. Edgar, yielding slightly to the claim of humanity, urged by the voice, that seemed to be coming nearer.

Love of gain, after slight opposition, was satisfied. But the low, penetrating voice asked for something better still.

"Weakness! Folly!" exclaimed Mr. Edgar. "I'd better make him a present of the money at once."

It availed nothing. The voice could not be hushed.

"One per cent! He couldn't get it done as low as that in the city."

"He is a poor young man, and has a wife and four little children," said the voice. "Even the abstraction of legal interest from his hard earnings is defect enough; to lose twice that sum, will make a heavy draught on his profits, which, under the present competition in trade, are not large. He is honest and industrious, and by his useful labor is aiding the social well-being. Is it right for you to get his reward?—to take his profits, and add them to your already rich accumulations?"

Mr. Edgar did not like these home questions, and tried to stop his ears, so that the voice could not find an entrance. But he tried in vain.

"Bank rates on this note," continued the inward voice, "would not much exceed nine dollars. Even this is a large sum for a poor man to lose. Double the rate of interest, and the loss becomes an injury to his business, or the cause of seriously abridging his home comforts. And how much will nine dollars contribute to your happiness? Not so much as a jot or a tittle. You are unable, now, to spend your income."

The young mechanic entered at this favorable moment. The money-lender pointed to a chair; then turned to his desk, and filled up, hurriedly, a check. Blakewell glanced at the amount thereof, as it was handed to him, and an instant flush of surprise came into his face.

"Hav'n't you made a mistake, Mr. Edgar?" said he.

"In what respect?"

"The note was for three hundred dollars, six months, and you have given me a check for two hundred and ninety dollars, forty-three cents."

"I've charged you bank interest," said Mr. Edgar, with a feeling of pleasure at his heart so new, that it sent a glow along every nerve and fibre of his being.

"Bank interest! I did not expect this, sir," replied the young man, visibly moved. "For less than one and a half per cent. a month, I have not been able to obtain money. One per cent. I would have paid you cheerfully. Eighteen dollars saved! How much good that sum will do me! I could not have saved it—or, I might say, have received it—more opportunely. This is a kindness for which I shall ever remember you, gratefully."

Grasping the money-lender's hand, he shook it warmly; then turned and hurried away.

Only one previous transaction had, that day, been made by Mr. Edgar. In that transaction, his gain was fifty dollars, and much pleasure had it given him. But the delight experienced was not to be compared with what he now felt. It was to him a new experience in life—a realization of that beautiful truth, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Once or twice, during the day, as Mr. Edgar dwelt on the little circumstance, his natural love of gain caused regret for the loss of money involved in the transaction, to enter his mind. How cold, moody, and uncomfortable, he instantly became! Self-love was seeking to rob the money-lender of the just reward of a good deed. But, the voice which had prompted the generous act was heard, clear and sweet, and again his heart beat to a gladder measure.

Evening was closing in on the day following. It was late in December, and winter had commenced in real earnest. Snow had fallen for some hours. Now, however, the sky was clear, but the air keen and frosty. The day, to Mr. Edgar, was one in which more than the usual number of "good transactions" had been made. On one perfectly safe note he had been able to charge as high as three per cent. per month. Full of pleasurable excitement had his mind been, while thus gathering in gain; but now, the excitement being over, he was oppressed. From whence the pressure came, he did not know. A cloud usually fell upon his spirits with the closing day; and there was not sunshine enough at home to chase it from his sky.

As Mr. Edgar walked along, with his eyes upon the pavement, his name was called. Looking up, he saw, standing at the open door of a small house, the mechanic he had befriended on the day before.

"Step in here just one moment," said the young man. The request was made in a way that left Mr. Edgar no alternative but compliance. So, he entered the humble dwelling. He found himself in a small, unlighted room, adjoining one in which a lamp was burning, and in which was a young woman, plainly but neatly dressed, and four children; the youngest lying in a cradle. The woman held in her hand a warm Bay State shawl, which, after examining a few moments, with a pleased expression of countenance, she threw over her shoulders, and glanced at herself in a looking-glass. The oldest of the children, a boy, was trying on a new over-coat; and his sister, two years younger, had a white muff, and a warm woollen shawl, in which her attention was completely absorbed. A smaller child had a new cap, and he was the most pleased of any.

"O, isn't father good to buy us all these; and we wanted them so much," said the oldest of the children. "Yesterday morning, when I told him how cold I was going to school, he said he was sorry, but that I must try and do without a coat this winter; for he hadn't money enough to get us all we wanted. How did he get more money, mother?"

"To a kind gentleman, who helped your father, we are indebted for these needed comforts," replied the mother.

"He must be a good man," said the boy.—"What's his name?"

"His name is Mr. Edgar."

"I will ask God to bless him to-night, when I say my prayers," innocently spoke out the youngest of the three children.

"What does all this mean?" asked the money-lender, as he hastily retired from the room he had entered.

"If you had charged me one per cent. on my note, this scene would never have occurred," answered the mechanic. "With the sum you generously saved me, I was able to buy these comforts. My heart blesses you for the deed; and if the good wishes of my happy family can throw sunshine across your path, it will be full of brightness."

Too much affected to reply, Mr. Edgar returned the warm pressure of the hand which had grasped his, and glided away.

A gleam of sunshine had indeed fallen along the pathway of the money-lender. Home had a brighter look, as he passed his own threshold. He felt kinder and more cheerful; and kindness and cheerfulness flowed back to him from all the inmates of his dwelling. He half wondered at the changed aspect worn by everything. His dreams that night were not of losses, fires, and the wreck of dearly cherished hopes; but of the humble home made glad by his generous kindness. Again the happy mother, the pleased children, and the grateful father, were before him, and his own heart leaped with a new delight.

"It was a small act; a very light sacrifice on my part," said Mr. Edgar to himself, as he walk-

ed, in a musing mood, towards his office on the next morning. "And yet, of how much real happiness has it been the occasion! So much that a portion thereof has flowed back upon my own heart."

"A good act is twice blessed." It seemed as if the words were spoken aloud, so distinctly and so suddenly were they presented to the mind of Mr. Edgar.

Ah, if he will only heed that suggestion, made by some pure spirit, brought near to him by the stirring of good affections in his mind! In it lies the secret of true happiness. Let him but act therefrom, and the sunshine will never be absent from his pathway.—*Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

THE MOUNTAIN PREACHER-BOY.

BY A TRAVELING NATURALIST.

PART FIRST.—THE DEBUT.

A Presbytery of the ——— Church had assembled in one of the valleys of the Cumberland Range. It was a season of spiritual drought, and the churches had suffered from famine. The members of the ecclesiastical body then collected in their semi-annual convocation, were mostly weather-beaten veterans, men who had braved the earlier difficulties of the denomination to which they were attached, when about twenty years before it had seceded from the parent stock, to erect a banner in Zion with a new device. They were in all about twenty persons, of whom a little more than half were preachers, the rest ruling elders of congregations, who were there to represent the local interests of the church sessions.

This meeting was at a solemn crisis, for the church was troubled, and the way before her was shrouded in darkness. The love of many had waxed cold. Defections had occurred; some who were once masters in Israel had withdrawn, carrying off weighty influence, and leaving perplexities behind.

Others were threatening to dissolve the church, unless radical changes were made in doctrines and polity. Alarming coldness prevailed in regard to candidates for the ministry, none having offered for several sessions, and those already in charge giving but little evidence of a disposition to advance, or an ability to labor in the work which they had professed to love. Presbytery, however, was unusually full, nearly every church session being represented, and not one of the ordained ministers absent. The deliberations were opened, as usual, with prayer by the moderator, an aged servant of God, and it was observed by those skilled in such things, that there was great liberty given him when he entreated "that the God of the harvest in infinite mercy, would send more laborers into His harvest."

The usual formalities being ended, the opening sermon was preached by the same person. His subject comprehended the character and importance of a call to the Gospel ministry, and was treated with much earnestness. The morning hour being ended, the body adjourned to early candle-lighting. A considerable crowd had assembled upon this novel occasion, and it was under

their hospitable roofs that the members found welcome reception. Few, indeed, of the mountain cabins in the vicinity but what received one or more upon that occasion, glad to be permitted to talk of the Saviour, to those who rarely had such opportunities of hearing the Gospel. Night brought them all back again to the house of gathering. It was a singularly wild and startling scene to one who has not mixed in the different phases of frontier life. The building in which the meeting was held was a plain log-cabin, the dwelling of one of the elders, and only selected on account of its being the largest in the vicinity. There were the beds and the furniture of the whole family, no unprolific one at that, stowed around a room but twenty feet square.

Upon those beds, and upon seats made by laying split puncheons upon cross logs, was seated the company of men, women and children, ministers, delegates, and all, each glad to endure a process of compression for a few hours, in the expectation of an intellectual reward.

It had been beforehand arranged that this night's meeting should be devoted to candidates for the ministry.

A call was therefore made "to all who had felt impressions to preach, to come forward and converse with Presbytery on the subject." Every one must undergo this peculiar ordeal, who inclines to enter the ministry, and there are no traditions in the church more entertaining than those which tell how the ministers who are now *burning and shining lights*, made their first awkward and unpromising exhibit before Presbytery.

The call being made by the presiding officer, three persons arose to their feet. Of the first and second, it will be unnecessary here to speak. The third had stood partly concealed in a dark corner of the room, while the others were relating the particulars which induced the Presbytery to accept them as probationers; but now he stepped forward and faced the moderator. His appearance excited a universal start of surprise even among that unsophisticated audience, accustomed to great peculiarities of dress and rudeness of manner. Let the reader imagine a person dressed in what is styled *copperas cloth*—that is, a cloth home-spun, home-woven, home-cut and home-sewed, dyed in that bilious hue which is formed by copperas, alum and walnut bark, and made into coat, vest and breeches.

To this add brogans of home-tanned red leather, tied with a leather thong, covering immense feet, made (both feet and brogans) for climbing hills, and you have the portrait of a *mountain boy*. Able at full run to scale a bluff, to live upon the proceeds of his rifle for support, and to whip any lowland fellow in the State. Such was the person who left his dark corner and came into the full blaze of the pine-knot fire. He was weeping bitterly, and having no handkerchief, the primitive arrangement for such cases provided was necessarily adopted. He stood silent for a minute, every beholder awaiting with intense curiosity the announcement of his business; then clearing his throat commenced—"I've come to Presby—," but a new flood of tears impeded his efforts to speak. The moderator kindly remarked, "And

what did you come to Presbytery for, my good friend? Take your own time and tell us all about it: don't be alarmed; be seated; nobody will hurt you: come now, tell us what you come to Presbytery for!" The stranger was emboldened by this to commence again, even the third and fourth time, but could never proceed further than "I've come to Presby—," and the storm of his soul prevailed.

Here one of the members suggested that he had better retire with some one and communicate his wishes privately, for as yet no person imagined his true errand, but rather supposed that he was laboring under some spiritual difficulty, which he would needs have settled by the meeting. But to this hint he resolutely demurred, replying, "that he'd get his voice 'dreckly, please God;" and so he did, and he rose up, straightening his gaunt, awkward form, and then such words as passed his lips, had never before rung through that assembly.

I shall not attempt, nor could I do it, for want of a report, to quote his own language; but the oldest minister present declared, years afterward, that they *scorched and burnt wherever they fell*. A sketch of his subject will be sufficient here. It seems that he had lived all his days in ignorance and sin, without an hour's schooling, without any training, either for this world or the next, without any knowledge of the affairs of humanity, having sprung up like one of the cedars on his own mountains, and with as little cultivation. Thus he had passed more than twenty years, laboring in an humble way for support, and at times pursuing the pleasures and profits of the chase.

A few months back, he had accidentally fallen in with a travelling preacher, who had lost his way among the mountains, and, by several miles travel, had set him in the track.

The minister, interested at the oddity of his appearance and his intense ignorance of everything religious, devoted the hour to a sketch of this world's condition buried in sin, his own perilous state, and the value of his immortal soul, and concluded by kneeling with him, at the root of a tree, and pleading with God for his spiritual regeneration. They parted, and met no more, but the influence of that meeting parted not. The spirit which dictated the good man's effort, abode henceforward in the temple of his heart. A voice began to whisper in his ears, "*Repent, repent, why will ye die?*" A load, a weight of mountains, pressed upon his soul. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His axe rusted by the pile; his rifle hung, dust-covered, on the wall.

The simple-hearted neighbors, ignorant as himself, pronounced him deranged; the younger portion called it love; a few, not slanderous, but suspicious, thought, in a private way, it might be *liquor*. The man himself sought religious meetings, but they were few and distant, and he heard no echo to the voice within him, and he still returned hungry and dissatisfied.

The people of a certain town will not soon forget the apparition of that awkward and ill-dressed man who visited their churches, to plant himself in front of the pulpit, and to listen to the exercises with all that attention which the crimi-

nal upon the gallows bestows upon the distant horseman, who, perhaps, brings him the expected reprieve. It was in the midst of a camp-meeting fervor that he at last found peace, and there his frantic ejaculation, "*I've got it, I've got it,*" was like the world-wide *Eureka* of the Syracusan, when his grand discovery first electrified his own breast.

Then he came home to tell his neighbors what the Lord had done for his soul. Forsaking all other duties, he wandered from cabin to cabin, and wherever he found a hearer, he called upon him to forsake his sins. His ardor increased every day.

Soon his rude but forcible illustrations began to tell upon the hearts of those simple mountaineers, as the words of a second John Baptist, crying out, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.*"

And yet he seemed to have no idea that he was called to preach. Such thought as that of entering the ministry did not enter his breast. Although his heart overflowed with the one subject, and he declared his determination to speak that subject to others, so long as he lived, yet it was only as friend counsels friend that he expected to do it, no more. How could he become a preacher? He couldn't read a hymn or a text; he hadn't means to buy decent clothing or pay for a session's schooling. But he was guided right, for he fell in with a gentleman who was botanizing among his native hills, and had the good fortune to spend a Sabbath in his company. This man, a profound observer of human nature, and a friend of his species, was struck with the peculiarities of the case, and, although no professor in a religious way, yet he felt convinced that the hand of might was here. He, therefore, advised him to apply to some religious association, before which he could lay open his heart, and be understood.

The results of this counsel we have seen in his coming to Presbytery, and presenting himself a stranger to all, in the manner before described. This history, much elaborated, he gave out with a volubility that took away the breath.

The pine-fire blazed low; the dipped and shapeless candles-simmered themselves into torrents, unobserved by the hearers, while all sat spell-bound at the recital. With uncouth gestures, words barbarous as the African's, alternately crying and laughing as he wandered from his first agony to his final triumph, and shouting until his voice rang back from the hillside, the Mountain Boy enchained each heart, until its very pulsations might be heard. There was not a dry eye in the assembly. The gray-haired moderator sobbed aloud. The more excitable joined, from time to time, in his shouts, as the words of victory rung in their ears; and when, after a sentence of great length, he declared that "glory had begun in his heart," and that "God alone had done this work within him," not one who was experienced in such announcements but declared his conviction that it was even so,—the hand of God was there.

A brief consultation ensued, and then, by general consent, George Willets was duly received as a candidate for the holy ministry. The

next event in his history will carry us more than ten years forward.

PART SECOND.—THE ACTOR.

There are no places of general convocation which I so much frequent as camp-meetings. It is true, there is a great deal about them that I cannot admire—a great deal of oddity in dress, and speech, and manners, that provokes mirth—a great deal of some other things that excites anger—but, take it all in all, for practical exhibit of religion, for unbounded hospitality to strangers, for unfeigned and fervent spirituality, give me a country camp-meeting against the world. And of all the world give me Bethel Camp-Ground as the best. Its noble spring is larger, freer and cooler than any other, as it bulges out from the sparkling sands clear over the top of the old sycamore-gum, and seeks a far-distant level below. Its oaks are larger, and sounder, and shadier, as they stand stiffly by the doorways of the tents, and guard the very entrance of the stand.

There is a sound of welcome murmured out by their fiddle-shaped foliage, when the annual August gathering occurs, and their old cast-away last year's leaves, which have disgusted their very nostrils so long, are all swept up and burnt, and they can behold the green grass coating their own old roots once more. Its very fences are stronger, its tents are tastier, and oh, far better than all that, its patrons are the very cream of Christians, and the quintessence of hospitality. Commend me to Bethel Camp-Ground always as a place for enjoyment, physical and spiritual.

It was not many years ago, that I was traversing the hills in that vicinity, in search of some rare specimens of *crinoids*, that could only be found thereabouts. My wallet hung heavily by my side, for the *crinoidea* abound all through that range, and my steps were perceptibly shortening, as I toiled up the hill which separated me from my boarding-house, when I was overtaken by a horseman, who, as soon as he approached abreast of me, dismounted, without a question, and asked me to *ride and tie* with him. The proposition was so bluntly made as to leave out all possibility of refusal, and I at once acceded to his request. On we jogged together, and before I knew what I was about, I found myself giving him a somewhat tedious report of my day's labor, even to the preciseness of specifying the peculiar species gathered.

He heard me patiently through—I laugh at myself now when I think of it—and then, with the most singular earnestness, inquired if I thought such labor redounded to the glory of God! Although taken all aback, as the sailors say, by the oddity of the association, yet I was not ill-read in the arguments of Buckland, Silliman, and Paley, and I replied that divines of the greatest eminence consider the study of nature as the study of the first revelation of God. He was struck with the remark, hackneyed as it was, and labored to draw me further out; but feeling some diffidence upon this branch of my profession, I declined further debate, and changed the handle of the conversation into his hand. He took it, and it was then all about Jesus Christ

and His religion, and how much that religion is needed in the world, and how well every kind of talent fits in the spiritual temple not made with hands, and a great deal more to the same purpose. Arriving in sight of my boarding-house, he asked me in a most humble and winning tone if I would join him in a wayside prayer; and as I could not, for the life of me, refuse, we knelt together, and he prayed for “the learned and interesting stranger,” that he might be led to the foot of the Cross, in an early day, and find, with a vision sharpened by faith, that the “revelation of grace” far exceeds “the revelation of nature” in its displays of the wisdom, power and love of God. We parted, then, neither having inquired the name or residence of the other.

A few days afterwards the Bethel camp-meeting commenced, and I did not fail to be there. I arrived just before sundown Saturday evening, and before any religious excitement had commenced. The meeting opened as usual on Friday by a sermon at night. On the next day the custom requires a morning sermon, and another at candlelight; while upon the Sabbath not less than three are expected by the crowded audiences that cover the camp-ground on that day.

The scene, as I approached it, was highly interesting, and my note-books are crammed page after page with memoranda that fairly sparkle with such leaders as—*vivid—rare—contrast of colors—clear heavens—solemnity, &c., &c.*, but it has been better described in the series styled, “Needles from my Needle-book,” in M'Makin's Courier, than I could do it, so I desist. As I rode up, I was met at the gate of the camp-ground by a crowd, black and white, who asked the privilege to entertain me and my horse with as much earnestness as hack-drivers on a steamboat wharf. Resigning myself to one with whom I had some previous acquaintance, I took a lounge with him around the enclosure, and then it was time for supper. This bounteous meal is of the flesh-pots of Egypt, being mainly composed of *hog-meat*, (pardon the title, we see no vulgarity in it here), in all shapes of cookery, mutton, beef, and hecatombs of cold chickens. The sermon was preached by a third-rate man, all the heavy calibre being reserved for next day. The same choice was made for the 8 o'clock sermon the next morning. (There is a cant phrase used in dividing our camp-meeting preachers, viz, 8 o'clocks and 11 o'clocks, the latter being the intellectual Sampsons of the occasion.) Long before the latter hour I had seated myself at a convenient point to see and hear, to see the audience, and hear the preacher.

The blowing of the horn called every one, young and old, to the stand, and by their eagerness it was plain that something was expected beyond the ordinary; and I congratulated myself upon having secured so favorable a location, to gain the full advantage of it. I should have observed that this location was directly under the pulpit, leaning in fact against it, and I was, of course, debarred from seeing the countenance of the speaker. There is some little awkwardness, too, connected with that particular seat, for if the minister chance to prove a *pulpit-thumper*, as many do, you might be suddenly aroused by

the fall of a pitcher of water, or the big Bible upon your cranium, as I have more than once beheld it.

The opening services, which are usually short at camp-meetings, were soon passed over, for it is plain that this class of preachers look upon them as lightly as Napoleon estimated the Tirailler service, and they hasten up the artillery.

The text was announced in a voice that I immediately recognized as that of my travelling friend of a few days previous. I rejoiced at the omen. His subject of discourse was embraced in the single word "Consider," and led off by the odd remark, that if we would read the Bible diligently we could find it there, so he thought it unnecessary to point out chapter and verse! It is immaterial for me to follow him through his divisions and exhibitions of the subject. My purpose is simply to show what the *Mountain Preacher-Boy*, (for it was he) had done with himself in ten years, during which he had been devoted to the calling of a minister. His first half year had been spent in school, and although his educational progress had hardly been such as his friends anticipated, yet by preaching nights and Sundays, and exhorting all the time, he had got up a revival of religion in the school which swept like wildfire, and brought in scores to the fold of the church.

At the next Presbytery he came up to beg leave to occupy a circuit, and despite of his limited acquirements,—for as yet he could barely read a text or write a copy,—that body had regard to the peculiarities of his case, and licensed him. That constituted the true commencement of his career; from this hour he was a man in the Master's work. It has been often remarked among the Methodist denomination, that the circuit is the true college of the young preacher. It proved so in the case of George Willets. His idiosyncrasy was to tell a thing as soon as he learned it; and while he could preach at night the Scripture that he had studied through the day, he made an unbounded improvement. His memory proved retentive; his idealism was highly vivid; perseverance attended him as a shadow, and unlimited love for the souls of the world kept him up and kept him going. There was never a better combination of all the essentials of a travelling preacher than appeared in George Willets.

Yet, he could never learn grammar nor arithmetic, nor any study of a metaphysical tendency. Geography he acquired by preaching missionary sermons, natural philosophy by discourses upon the evidence of God's wisdom on earth, and history by his desire to see the ancient displays of persecuting and redeeming power. Year after year passed. He could not spell, he could not compose a connected sentence, he could not parse, he could only study, and preach what he studied.

In sheer desperation, the Presbytery concluded at last to ordain him, and did so, although by a breach of the Church's rule as to literary qualifications. It happened that the occasion on which I first met him, was his first sermon since his ordination, and that for the first time in his life he was to officiate in the administration of the Lord's Supper.

The whole tenor of his discourse was to show sinners where they stand and where they might

stand. There was much eloquence, remarkable originality even to coarseness, for I recollect that one of his comparisons introduced *fighting-chickens* and their owner; powerful appeals to the human heart, which he had read as a master; but best of all, a vein of tenderness so pure, so gentle, that hundreds of us were lost in tears. The peroration was tremendous. How such a voice could come from mortal lungs I am not physiologist enough to explain, but it raised us to our feet like a trumpet, swayed us to and fro, to follow as I suppose, the directions of his hand, and at the closing appeal "for mourners to come forward and be prayed for," such a rush was made that I could not have withdrawn from my position with less than Amalek's strength, and was compelled to endure such compression as I never before experienced.

At the hour of communion-service I heard him depict the scene "on that dark, that doleful night,"

"When power of earth and hell arrayed
Against the Son of God's delight;"

and truly I had never before *seen* the face of the Man of Sorrows, nor *heard* him speak. Will the reader forgive the personal allusion, when I say, that cynic as I may be, or *may have been*, that effort brought my inmost soul to declare that "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." At night, that *mountain voice* again spoke upon us, and ere I left the next morning, a large accession in the way of new converts was joyfully announced to the congregation.

Since that period I have often sat under the ministry of George Willets, and never but to admire the inexhaustible fertility of a soil that lay fallow for so many years. Maturity of intellect is upon him. The vagaries of his youthful exercise in the pulpit have been conquered, but the eloquence, the originality, the *gentle vein* of Christian love he retains.

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE.—Mr. Everett, in his eloquent eulogy on Daniel Webster, said:—"The poor boy at the village-school has taken comfort as he has read that the time was when Daniel Webster, whose father told him he should go to college, if he had to sell every acre of his farm to pay the expense, laid his head on the shoulder of that fond and discerning parent, and wept the thanks he could not speak. The pale student, who ekes out his scanty support by extra toil has gathered comfort, when reminded that the first jurist, statesman, and orator of the time, earned with his weary fingers, by the midnight lamp, the means of securing the same advantages of education to a beloved brother. Every true-hearted citizen throughout the Union has felt an honest pride as he re-peruses the narrative, in reflecting that he lives beneath a Constitution and a Government under which such a man has been formed and trained, and that he himself is compatriot with him. He does more; he reflects with gratitude that in consequence of what that man has done and written, and said—in the result of his efforts to strengthen the pillars of the Union—a safer inheritance of civil liberty, a stronger assurance that these blessings will endure, will descend to his children."

WASHINGTON CITY ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

PRESIDENTIAL LEVEE.

Nearly all the world knows that President Fillmore and all his "illustrious predecessors" have kept, and do still keep open house on New Year's Day.

The reader, fully awake to this great fact, is in readiness therefore to accompany me to the "White House," and to shake the Presidential hand—to ask him "how d'ye," and to receive the stereotyped assurance from his own lips, that he is "very glad to see you."

But, softly! let us first array ourselves in our choicest habiliments—our very best "bib and tucker," for it is a gala-day this, and a grand occasion, and folks wear good clothes when they pay a New Year's visit to the President, and they ought to do so, for these are the decencies of life which it is proper to observe.

At 12 o'clock, noon, the doors of the Presidential mansion are thrown open to the "wide, wide world,"—and, believe me, a goodly portion of it, so far as Washington City is concerned, entered and went out therefrom on the first day of this New Year, as I was a witness to. Imagine a very large house, built of costly materials and in a costly manner, running from east to west; and suppose, further, a centre door by which we enter upon the north; and now bear in mind, too, that the present object to be performed, is to pass in, and turn to the left and pursue your way through a suit of rooms, seeing his Excellency meantime in the oval reception-chamber, and at last, reaching the far-famed "East room" in your travels, you make your egress through a window,—not *a la harlequin*, but by a temporary wooden gallery constructed for the purpose.

And now we ascend the portico, and are ready to enter; but there is a tall lady with feathers in advance of us, and we'll halt a moment till she gets by, and now we go with the stream—the stream of the populace; genteel people they are, and very civil too. I never saw more decorum in my life; and we shall be compelled to march very slow, though this we do not mind, and the opportunity for seeing the "White House" will be all the better for slow travelling. But, hark! what a tremendous din greets your ears in this ante-chamber!—'tis a band of music—the Marine Band, all in red coats, seated 'round a table, blowing trumpets and French horns, and beating drums and cymbals till everything rings again. There may be five-and-twenty of them, and the lofty ceilings reverberate to the tuneful sounds, and delicate ears are made to shrink a little—but never mind, the President is in one of those rooms ahead of us, and we shall see him directly. Slowly we enter the vestibule, and in the half-hour it takes to cross it, we may indulge in fancy's humor, if we choose to do so, and we may call to mind the forms of other men who have filled a place in their country's history, and who once darkened these doorways. This is the "Palace of the Cæsars," that we are in now, and we might remember a host of distinguished men who trod these floors, had we leisure and inclination to

make the list out; but we pass on. This vestibule may be some fifty or seventy-five feet long, and fifteen in width, and of a very lofty height. Chandeliers hang from the ceiling, and the niches in the wall have marble busts in them, but there is no furniture. I think it not improbable it may have been intended and used for a dancing-hall in other days, when gaiety was more dominant in high places than now; but I don't know. Slowly we proceed, and long we are forced to linger in the door-way of the first parlor, where we pass round short to the left. The company we are in is a very sociable one, and you could not well leave it if you should wish to do so—it positively presses, even *squeezes* you to stay, but it is a very decent and well-behaved assemblage, and their chief desire is to press forward, and this, by patience and perseverance, we shall all do presently.

One hears a great many stories of rudeness and of ill-mannered folks who attend these New Years' day levees—of intoxicated people, and of men with their coats off—but all this is clear invention, at least so far as the 1st January, 1853, was concerned, where I saw nothing of the kind, but entire order and decorum throughout that immense collection, filling up the public reception chambers of the Presidential mansion. I don't know how any improprieties could well have taken place in those halls, for at the entrance of every door, on either side, stood a couple of quiet-looking men with their hats off, who seemed to be on a sharp look-out—there were a body of police placed there to keep things straight; but they were very gentlemanly, and I have no doubt that many people scarcely observed their presence, for they effected their object more by *insinuation*, as Samivel Veller would say, than by an open show of authority.

By the way, I thought, as I have just said, a good deal of the past whilst standing, and slowly pressing through this same vestibule. I thought particularly of the brilliant days when Mrs. Dolly Madison presided so gracefully in these halls, and when the gay scene of life and beauty was thronging here upon this floor. Twenty years gone by! Fancy pictured forth the now faded forms of many a belle who once figured here, and who by her beauty and her personal charms had won the hearts of men. I almost fancied myself the peculiar costume of 1812,—the short waists and the narrow skirts, and the bare arms, and the low-necked dresses of that period. 'Twas fancy, I say, for the originals are gone. A great many of them are no more—the majority of them no doubt; and those who survive, you are to search for among the grandmas of the present day, seated in arm-chairs, with "spectacles a' nose." I met with one lately—a kind, good, chatty, grandmotherly old lady she was, who still bore traces of former beauty in her sweet countenance. She remembered those days, and she loved pleasantly to retrospect them, and more than hinted at "battles fought and victories won," in this same Presidential mansion, long time ago; bloodless battles they were, and victories over hearts.

But we have got through the vestibule at last, and so we pass through the lofty door-way into a beautiful little parlor—not so very little, either. I can't stop to describe carpeting and upholstery;

but I recollect there was a piano in the room, a rosewood piano, and over it a full-length portrait of Washington. Some people were seated upon the silk-covered lounges; but we were in a stream, and must, of necessity, float on with the breathing current. For myself, I never had so many feathers and fine ribbons about me before. I was enclosed with silks and perfumery. Four ladies hemmed me in—north, south, east and west—and when it pleased them to move forward, I moved, and when they stopped, I stopped—expecting the hour of deliverance to draw nigh in good time. One must be patient—the President is in the next room, and we shall be there presently. Turning to the left, as I said, after entering this parlor, you pass through a corner of the room, and this leads you into the “presence-chamber,” or, to speak more like a republican, into the *reception-room*. This is somewhat oval in shape, and the walls are covered with a cream-colored paper, and the windows have very sumptuous curtains to them, to be sure. Then we hear a subdued hum of voices, and we prick up our ears, and listen.

“Mr. President: Mr. Smith,” said the bland voice of the gentleman usher.

“Ah! Mr. Smith, how d’ye do—happy to see you.”

“Mr. President: Mr. Higgins.”

“Pleased to see you, Mr. Higgins—hope you are well.”

“Mr. President: Mr. and Mrs. Blooming.”

“Ah, my dear Mrs. Blooming—very happy to see you—charming day!”

“Mr. President: The two Miss Tanglehearts.”

“Ah! young ladies, your most obedient—how’s your papa?—delightful weather, this!”

“Mr. President: Madame Massacre and four daughters.”

“Hope you are well, Madame—hope you are well, young ladies—glad to see you upon the dawn of this new year.”

All this was heard, or something like it, before anything was seen. I stood in that tall doorway, a short man completely overshadowed, *umbrella’d*, so to speak, by the bonnet and et ceteras of that same lofty lady I had endeavored to escape from on coming in at the front door, but who was now my “advance guard,” or rather the van in this attack upon Presidential salutations. But this lady, with her husband, was soon presented, and then I had an eyesight of Millard Fillmore, the President of the United States; a man like other men in appearance, but clothed upon with an office of such positive dignity and greatness as makes him an interesting individual to look upon; not personally so great as others of his predecessors, who have trod the floor of this reception-room, but a man to be respected and esteemed, nevertheless. He very much resembles the engraved portraits of him, and his whole countenance was wreathed in smiles, having to say agreeable things to such an endless chain of hand-shaking humanity. I passed on, like the rest, and presently I heard the pleasant voice of “Mr. President,” still encountering the congratulations and greeting of those in my rear—a brace of fair ones, with their brother—all of whom he was “extremely happy to see.”

Mrs. Fillmore—herself an agreeable-looking lady, not dressed a particle better than dozens, or even hundreds, of others in the pressing crowd—she stood in an eddy behind the President; and I believe her daughter was there, too, that young lady whom we have read of as being once, and not very long ago, a very worthy teacher in a New York district school; but I did not observe her, though I heard the remark made that she was in the room.

Now there were a great many things to see in this room, but I could not stop and linger behind to see them. It would have been contrary to the order of the day, and would have crowded up the rooms too much, so we all poured forth, after having encountered the pressure of Presidential fingers, and received from the lips of His Excellency the positive assurance of his great happiness to see us, in the big East room.

Who has not heard of the “East room?” made ever-memorable by the story of “gold spoons” and silver candlesticks, in the days when Martin Van Buren was the President! Made memorable, too, even before that time by the vigorous assaults upon John Quincy Adams’ domestic administration at the White House, and the so-called dreadful extravagance of the times—calling for “retrenchment and reform.” And then I thought, too, of poor General Harrison, who lay upon a bier in the centre of this great hall, within one little month after his inauguration to the high place of the Presidency; and of General Zachary Taylor, yet more recently still, who, fresh from the field of his glory, in Mexico, came unwillingly hither, at the call of his countrymen, to enter into the vexed turmoil of politics, and soon, amid all these splendors and triumphs, to sicken and to die. ’Twas here, and beneath this lofty ceiling, and within the walls of this truly grand and noble apartment, they laid the old man alone in that quiet sleep of death, which came as a welcome visitor to relieve him of his troubles and his toils!

This was the East room; furnished with some degree of republican magnificence, and is only opened and used upon grand occasions. I trod up and down the apartment, less to see the furniture, or to observe my own insignificant form reflected in those huge mirrors, than to think of the past, and those thronging associations which this time-honored mansion affords. The multitude of well-dressed people promenaded here, chatting and looking about; and those same big mirrors were doubtless as well pleased, as it could be supposed a mirror should or would be, to reflect from their glassy surfaces the full-lengths of so many beautiful women; and, afterwards, we passed out, at our leisure, through the gallery, to the portico, and thence along that circular, paved walk, out of the iron gateway, into the street. And here some trotted gaily along home; some threw themselves, *avec une air abandon*, as Monsieur would say, into their carriages, or meekly clambered up into an omnibus, as I did, pursuing my way up Pennsylvania avenue, to the Capitol, where I wanted to see the iron library, and how it was getting along.

Others went off to visit the levees of the several Heads of Department, or to shake hands with

General Scott, for he had a *levee*, too; and so also had the aged Mrs. Hamilton, relict of Alexander Hamilton; he, a man of those other days I so love to contemplate, and to spend my poor words of retrospection upon.

K—y.

OH, SUMMER DAYS.

Oh, summer days! come back to me
In all your leafy pride,
As when I roamed the grand old woods,
With Mary by my side.

The wild birds sang their sweetest songs,
The brooklet murmured low;
As seated by the beech-tree's foot
We watched the waters flow;

We watched them on their winding way,
In sunshine and in shade,
While in my hand my Mary's hand
With gentlest pressure laid.

We saw by that secluded stream
The first spring flowers blow;
While feathery ferns leaned o'er its banks
To kiss the waves below.

Anear us, on the curving shore,
Full many a rustic boat
Our child sent forth, and laughed to see
His argosy afloat.

How grave he looked, when some frail bark
Lay wrecked upon the strand;
And how he danced to view the rest
Come safely home to land.

The summer woods still bear aloft
Their green leaves manifold;
The summer birds still carol clear
Their happy songs of old;

The brook still murmurs, soft and low,
The flowers are springing free;
But, oh! they are not now the same
To Mary nor to me.

THE HEART OF LOVE.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

Life has many a bliss to lend us,
Friendship's guerdon pure and high;
Fortune golden gifts may send us;
Pleasure's smile, and Beauty's eye,
Shine with warm and gentle lustre
On us, and the stars of Fame,
Like bright jewels thickly cluster
On our diadem a name.

Every good that life bestoweth
May its better portion bring;
All the sweets that summer knoweth,
All the glory of the spring,
Still may fail to woo and win us,
All earth's darkling cares above,
If the yearning heart within us
Find no answering tone of love.

But if some fond spirit groweth
Nearer as the years go out,
In the trust that never knoweth,
E'en a shadow of a doubt;

Closer, closer, closer twining,
Till the twain are twain no more,
Like twin orbs, whose wedded shining
Lights yon ether's azure shore:—

Oh! what raptured thought to cherish
E'en such dream of happiness;
What though meaner pleasures perish,
Every joy shall live in this.
If there is a blest oblation,
Bliss all other bliss above,
'Tis to pour love's free libation
To an answering Heart of Love.

Rear, oh rear the household altar,
With affection's garlands twine;
Nor let imperfection falter,—
Faultless be the gods ye shrine.
That no careless hand do break them,
Let thy heart their temple be,
And the beauty that ye make them,
Shall no dark corroding see.

So when Life's young bloom is faded,
And its sun is running low,
Still shall live the bands ye braided
In the sunshine long ago.
For no winter e'er may sever
Links of love with life entwined;
Though in spirit twain—for ever
Only one in heart and mind.

LITTLE PRAIRIE ROMANCE, MICH., 1852.

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

A PARODY.

I dread it! I dread it! and who shall dare
To chide me for dreading the dentist's chair?
I would pass it by with averted eyes,
Bedewed with tears, and embalmed with sighs;
For a thousand nerves in agony start,
And its very name will appall my heart.
Would ye know the spell? I've often sat there,
A martyr to pain in the dentist's chair.

'Tis a fearful thing for the listening ear,
Its ominous, rising squeak to hear—
To see come forth from the little drawer,
The weapons of torture, you've bargained for;
He scrapes and he cuts, and bores awhile,
Then renews the attack with the horrid file.
No one, though ever so vile, could dare
To wish his worst foe in a dentist's chair.

Those dreadful hours I remember yet,
And who that has known them can e'er forget
The thrill of dread, and the heart's quick beat,
When "appointed" to mount to that fearful seat?
Though covered with crimson and soft to view,
No beauty, or softness, can hope renew,
When the head lies back with the mouth stretched
wide,

And the dentist stands with his *songs* beside.

'Tis past, 'tis past—the pain of to-day,
But its memory still will my spirit sway;
And when age succeeds to the days of youth,
I shall still remember that dreadful tooth.
It may be folly—I may be weak—
But though folly it is, from the heart I speak:
They are many and painful the hours spent there,
And who chides me for dreading the dentist's chair?

Olive Branch.

A BASHFUL MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY CULMA CROLY.

Well, they say it "takes all sorts of people to make a world," and, on that ground, I suppose that we bashful people may lay claim to existence. *Lay claim*—did I say? When did a bashful man ever lay claim to anything, even his own eyes and nose, except in solitude, and in the innermost depths of his consciousness? There, indeed, we are as brave, as confident of our own endowments and capabilities, as any creature that beholds the sunshine. Nay, with Self sitting both as judge and jury in the *ex-parte* council of the powers within, we often reach the comfortable conclusion, that all mankind are fools, and that *we* are persecuted and unappreciated beings. But only force us into that incongruous *melee* which they call "Society," and as naturally as a dunce takes his place at the foot of his class, we creep along through the by-ways, and under the eaves, looking askance at the sons and daughters of our father Adam, as if to apologize for the accident of a common lineage with themselves.

A poet could sing,

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce could wish it less;"

and it may be a very pretty thing with the accompaniments of "a snowy brow,"—"auburn locks,"—"eyes of heavenly azure," and a few other *et ceteras*. But much as I would like to appropriate the quotation, for my own benefit, I fear the poet would have wished his lines unwritten, had he seen the rubicund hues which adorn my visage, on making my *entree* at the party last night.

Just to think of me, whiskered, and six feet high, but *feeling* as tall as Goliath of Gath, marching into a saloon filled with beauty and fashion, *with my mittens on!* I did know better; but the inward struggle I had to pass through, before I could fairly plunge into that forest of eyes, made me quite forget my outward habiliments. And then, after I had made my best bow to the company—and nearly lost my equilibrium in the exploit—to think of my being forced to make my blushes conspicuous, by enthroning myself on the piano-stool. No other seat was vacant—and for a bashful man to stand up, *all alone*, in a room full of people—it is distress.

How relieved I was, when a good lady near me said smilingly, "Mr. Green, pray give us a tune." I knew, and the company had heard, that I had some musical talent, and here was a fine opportunity of turning my back to them.

But, alas! I had brought both hands down upon the keys, with a nervous trepidation, before I observed that they were yet encased in their winter envelopes. I do wonder what sort of a jargon I made after I pulled them off! The guests were too polite to laugh, but they certainly did look astonished.

And then when I began to grow desperate, and rose abruptly from the piano, to have Mrs. Stone call out from the opposite side of the room,

"Mr. Green, you look warm. Don't stay so near the fire. Here is a seat by the window!"

I could appreciate her kindness, in wishing to

relieve my embarrassment, but *she* never suffered from bashfulness, or she would not have so much as hinted that I had a red face.

Dear me! those demure young misses in the corner, how mischievously they were noticing my movements!

I did not see, but I felt their eyes upon me, as I strode across the room, with what seemed to me, the tread of a militia-captain—feeling as though all my muscles were stiffened into wires—imagining that every joint in my frame was moving at right angles with every other joint,—and that a torrent of red-hot molten lead was rushing to my face, ears, and to the very tips of my fingers.

Did the people think that there was an earthquake when I sat down? I did. But, once seated, I grew calmer, and began to look about me.

And now I recollect that I caught myself indulging in a most ridiculous feeling. When I saw half-a-dozen young exquisites parading before me, with heads redolent of Macassar, but utterly guiltless of brains, smiling and chatting nonsense with the ladies, as if their patient listeners were perfectly charmed with their silly small talk, I did wish for the thinnest coating of that substance which rendered them so impervious to all sensitiveness. I believe that chemists call said material an alloy of zinc and copper. I wonder why the tailors do not keep ready-made suits of it, for bashful people to hire in emergencies like mine, just as they do life-preservers, and fire-proof coats.

No end to my trials! In the midst of my observations, officious Mrs. Stone must turn round suddenly, and introduce me to an intelligent female acquaintance of hers.

I was taken by surprise. After the usual preliminaries, I felt my lips performing sundry contortions and gyrations, mechanically striving to emit the suitable words. At last I ejaculated, "Good afternoon!" (it was evening) "Miss Green," (calling her by *my* name instead of hers,) "How is the health of your family?" (I did not know whether she had kith or kin in the world.) And then I precipitated myself into a chair, leaving her standing directly before me. And yet I am not ill-mannered;—and it was not I that did it, but this bashfulness that possesses me!

Yes, it is a sin as well as a shame, to be bashful. For, in parting with my hostess—the evening *did* drag to an end at last—I told one of the most wretched fibs ever uttered. The lady said:

"She hoped I had enjoyed the evening," and I replied, "Certainly, certainly, *very much, indeed!*"

Does Baron Munchausen equal that?

If I am ever inveigled into a fashionable party again, I mean to inhale chloroform immediately before my entrance.

Out upon this bashfulness! Like another faculty which Shakspeare has painted with painful, quivering truthfulness, it is "A blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom, makes him a coward, and fills him full of obstacles."

"I'll not meddle with it!"

Vain boast! Let not the bashful man expect, through his mortal career, ever to escape the ghost that stands before him, gigantic and immovable; for it is the apparition of—himself!

DISCIPLINE.

AN ANECDOTE FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

[No parent, who reads the following, can fail to be impressed with the benefits of that "Discipline," the foundation of which is mildness, gentleness, and love. Those of us who have "little Marys" and "little brothers," to rear up for usefulness, may take a hint from this finely constructed sketch, and go and do likewise.]

Little Mary once struck her brother during my absence from the house. The stick in her hand had a sharp knot, which went clear through his cheek, making an ugly gash. The blood flowed in a stream, the boy screamed piteously, and Mary was exceedingly alarmed. She had no animosity against her little playmate; on the contrary, she loved him dearly, and when her mother, who was called to the room by his screams, came in, her little daughter had thrown her arms around his neck, and was joining her cries to his, while the red blood poured full in her face. When mother had made inquiries, she took the boy away to dress the wound, and the girl went up stairs without a word, and crept under the bed. There she sat and sobbed for several hours. Her mother, discovering where she had gone, said not a word to her, believing that it was best to leave her for the present alone. Her own heart was much pained to hear her dear child's grief, but she was willing to let her suffer for a while, in hopes that it might be made a lasting lesson to her.

I came in a little while before night, and learned how matters stood. It was a season to me of great interest and responsibility. Upon my own action here might depend the future conduct of this child. Her violent temper had been often checked by punishment, and she had been frequently enough told of its evil consequences. Now it had led her to a great crime, and if not at once restrained, my little daughter might grow up wicked and miserable.

I considered awhile how I should act, and having humbly asked guidance of the Father of all, I took my seat in the room where the affair had happened, and took the knotty stick in my hand. Then I called out in a kind voice, "Sister, come here to pa." She was always an obedient girl, and she instantly crept out and come down to me. Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance as she looked in my face. She had wept until her eyes were greatly inflamed, but they were dry, and in her face was a look of the most profound humility and grief that I ever saw. She walked slowly to my side and bowed her head on my knees. I said, "My daughter, some naughty person has hurt your little brother very much. His cheek is cut open, and I think there will always be a scar there as long as he lives. Will my daughter tell me who did it?" I heard a little sob, and then she whispered, "It was me." I continued, "If the stick had struck his eye, he would have been made blind." She commenced weeping. I said, "If it had struck his temple, it might have killed him." She gave a low scream, and said, "O, pa." I continued, "Yes: the blow you struck would have killed

your brother if some one had not turned it aside. There was some one in the room who saw how angry my daughter was, and when she struck the sharp knotty stick into her brother's face, he turned it aside, and saved his life. Do you know who it was?" She looked up into my face with a look of almost happiness, and said, "It was God, pa." "Yes," I continued, "no one but God could have done it. He has saved my boy's life, but how sorry He must be that any little girl can have so bad a heart as you have. God never can love the bad girl in this world or in the next."

She wept now more bitterly than before. I took her hand, and led her into the room where her brother lay asleep. His face was bound up, and it was very pale.

I asked her softly, "Is little brother alive yet?" She started as if smitten with a horrible thought, and uttered an ejaculation of grief. This awoke the boy, who, casting his eyes about, and seeing Mary bathed in tears, reached out his arms and called her. It was electric, and hardened must have been the heart which could behold this sweet reconciliation without tears.

That night, as we bowed around the sacred altar of family service, tender hearts were ours, and the angels who watched to carry our offerings upward, saw the tear-drops glittering in the fire-light, and heard low sobs as we united to ask the seal of God's approbation upon this reconciliation on earth.—*Banner of Peace.*

PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

The Providence (R. I.) Journal laments, with rueful voice, the inordinate progress of luxury in our land; yet, while we agree with some of its remarks, we dissent from others. It speaks of a sumptuous mansion going up in this city, the parlor walls of which are to be covered with papier-mache, and this affords the ground-work of its remarks against modern luxury. We are happy to know that one gentleman has the taste and the spirit to adopt this beautiful material in the ornamentation of his building, when he can afford to do so. It is an excellent substance to withstand the drying effects of fires, &c., in our houses, and it is not so expensive as some slap-dash daubings of paint, which some people call beautiful, because gaudy.

Any person who sets up an establishment beyond his means, to have an *upish* name—one of the upper ten—acts unwisely, but those who have wealth we hate to see acting up to the usurer's mark. The Journal says:—

"The sum necessary, now, to set up a young couple in housekeeping, would have been a fortune to their grandfathers. The furniture, the plate, and the senseless gew-gaws with which every bride thinks she must decorate her home, if put into bank stock at interest, would make a handsome provision against the chances of mercantile disaster or professional failure. The taste for showy furniture is the worst and the most vulgar of all. The rich gilding, the elaborate carving, which means nothing, the ingenious upholstery, which is evidently too good for use—how they contrast with the substantial old-

fashioned tables, and with the ancestral chairs which open their hospitable arms, and offer to you the repose which they gave to your father and your grandfather. The man who would not rather have his grandfather's clock ticking behind the door, than a gaudy French mantel-clock in every room in his house, does not deserve to know the hour of the day."

The bride who expects such things should be able to furnish them, and, if not able, then it is sinful to ask for them. It is also wise to have something laid up for a "rainy day," but at the same time there are twenty times the amount of wealth in our country now that there was in the days of our grandfathers, so that is no rule. In the Hall of Records, in our city, the wills of our old Dutch progenitors are recorded, and there we find vests, coats, and breeches, minutely described and willed to "my sons Jacob and Garrett," &c. Now the editor of the Journal would not like to flourish about the streets with his great-grandfather's silk vest on, all flowered and ornamented; neither would he like to march about with his grandfather's old silver buckles on his shoes, and yet it is just as consistent to deride those who get new furniture, &c., and speak well of the old, as it would be to speak in the same manner about our new modes of dressing. There is, to be sure, a consistency in all things, but if all the men now living preferred to have their grandfather's clocks ticking behind their walls, instead of their own, no future grandsons could indulge in such a feeling. We like to see progress in building, dress, and everything that is not immoral. We do not, indeed, like to see old things thrown aside, merely because they are old, but because the new are better. We cannot find a single word to say against beautiful and finely ornamented houses, but to be vain of the possession of these, is an evil, and one which the wealthy should guard against, especially in our Republic.—*Scientific American*.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY ON TOBACCO.

Will not our young men, who love life and health, be inclined to pay some regard to the deliberate and long-tried opinion of such a medical scholar and practitioner as Dr. J. C. Warren? He has recently been questioned on the influence of tobacco upon the human system, and he gives the following faithful and decisive answer. We find it in the *Christian Register*:—

An application having been made to me for an opinion on the properties of the various forms of tobacco, I have undertaken to express the same, in the hope it may be of some use in preventing the further extension of its use.

Tobacco is well known to be a powerful vegetable poison; a few drops of the essential oil will extinguish life in man, and many animals; if taken in the stomach, in substance, a very small portion of leaf is sufficient to bring on nausea, vomiting, accompanied with great weakness, and a cold, death-like sweat; many persons have actually been killed by an incautious employment of it for medicinal purposes.

When taken into the nostrils in the form of

snuff, a portion of it enters the sonorous cavities of the face, and gradually impairs the functions of the voice; I have frequently known snuff-takers to lose the power of public speaking in an audible manner.

The most common and fashionable mode of using the noxious weed is in smoking; the smoke of verdant tobacco penetrating the innumerable air-cells of the lungs, heats and irritates, and being absorbed from them into the blood, causes headache, weakness, soreness of the eyes, and brings out pimples on the skin. I feel confident also that it occasionally produces that cancer of the lip so frequent a subject of surgical operations, and sometimes terminating in death.

The most mischievous of the forms in which tobacco is used is the taking of it into the mouth and impregnating the saliva with its acrid principle, which compels the expulsion of the saliva thus impregnated. Some persons are so unwise as to believe they may avoid the baneful influence arising from the loss of saliva, by swallowing this liquid; in this way they introduce into the system a large amount of deleterious principle. In whichever mode the operation is accomplished, its consequences are pernicious; the tone of the stomach is impaired, and indigestion, with its train of evils, is the consequence. In many persons the nervous system is affected, and the individual becomes tremulous, feeble, emaciated and sallow; in short, tobacco used in the way of mastication, is a regular slow poison, which, if it were administered by another person, would deserve and receive retribution from the laws of the land. I will only add that these statements are not exaggerated, but the result of many years' experience and observation, so that when a young man applies to me a cure of pain in the chest and symptoms of dyspepsia, I feel it my first duty to inquire whether he smokes or chews tobacco.

THE LOST AND THE LIVING.

The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another;
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother!

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed since the heart (that for years had beat against his own,) was for ever stilled, when Walter Lee brought again a fair young creature to share his widowed home. Nor father nor mother, brother nor sister, claimed any part of the orphan heart that he coveted and won. No expense or pain had he spared to decorate the mansion for her reception. Old familiar objects, fraught with tenderest associations, had been removed, to make way for the upholsterer's choicest fancies. There was no picture left upon the wall, with sweet, sad, mournful eyes, to follow him with silent reproach. Everything was fresh and delightful as the new-born joy that filled his heart.

"My dear Edith," said he, fondly pushing back the hair from her forehead; "there *should* be no shadow in your pathway, but I have tried in vain to induce Nelly to give you the welcome you deserve; however, she shall not annoy you. I shall compel her to stay in the nursery till she yields to my wishes."

"Oh, no! don't do that," said the young

stepmother, anxiously; "I think I understand her. Let me go to her, dear Walter," and she tripped lightly out of the room.

Walter Lee looked after her retreating figure with a lover-like fondness. The room seemed to him to grow suddenly darker, when the door closed after her. Reaching out his hand, he almost unconsciously took up a book that lay near him. A slip of paper fluttered out from between the leaves, like a white-winged messenger. The joyous expression of his face faded into one of deep sorrow, as he read it. The hand-writing was his child's mother's. It ran thus:

"Oh to die, and be forgotten! This warm heart cold—these active limbs still—these lips dust! Suns to rise and set, flowers to bloom, the moon to silver leaf and tree around my own dear home; the merry laugh, the pleasant circle, and *I not here!* The weeds choking the flowers at my head-stone; the severed tress of sunny hair forgotten in its envelope; the sun of happiness so soon absorbing the dew-drop of sorrow! The cypress changed for the orange wreath! Oh no, no; don't *quite* forget! close your eyes sometimes, and bring before you the face that once made sunshine in your home! feel again the twining clasp of loving arms; the lips that told you (*not in words*) how dear you were. Oh, Walter, don't *quite* forget! From Nellie's clear eyes, let her mother's soul still speak to you

"MARY LEE."

Warm tears fell upon the paper, as Walter Lee folded it back. He gave himself time to rally, and then glided gently up to the nursery door. It was partially open. A little fairy creature, of some five summers, stood in the middle of the floor. Her tiny face was half hidden in sunny curls. Her little pinafore was full of toys, which she grasped tightly in either hand.

"No, you are not my mamma," said the child. "I want my own *dead* mamma, and I'm sorry papa brought you here."

"Oh, don't say that," said the young stepmother: "don't call me 'mamma,' if it gives you pain, dear. I am quite willing you should love your own mamma best."

Nellie looked up with a pleasant surprise.

"I had a dear mamma and papa once," she continued; "and brothers and sisters so *many*, and so *merry!* but they are all dead, and sometimes my heart is very sad; I have no one now to love me, but your papa and you."

Nellie's eyes began to moisten; and taking out one after another of the little souvenirs and toys from her pinafore, she said, "And you won't take away this—and this—and this—that my *dead* mamma gave me?"

"No, indeed, dear Nellie?"

"And you will let me climb in my papa's lap, as I used; and put my cheek to his, and kiss him? and love him *as much as ever I can*, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could hear no more! his heart was full.

What! Mary's child pleading with a stranger, for room in a father's heart! In the sudden gush of this new fount of tenderness, had he forgotten or overlooked the claims of that *helpless little*

one? God forbid! "*From Nellie's clear eyes let her mother's soul still speak to you.*" Aye! And it did!

When next Walter Lee met his young bride, it was with a chastened tenderness. Nellie's loving little heart was pressed closely against his own. He was again "*her own papa!*" No, he did not "*quite* forget!"—*Olive Branch.*

A CIRCULAR FERRY.

Banvard, in his lectures on the Panorama of the Mississippi, used to tell the story of a great boatman, who, getting into one of the whirlpools of the river, spent the greater part of the night without knowing it in going round and round, passing the same house every few minutes. When the captain came up from below, he asked the man what progress they were making, and the man replied that he supposed they were drawing near New Orleans, as there was fiddling and dancing in all the houses they had passed!

We have also read a story of an old gentleman on Long Island, who, in attempting to drive home one dark night (he had probably been out to dinner) got upon the Union Race Course, and after several hours' hard driving, was very much surprised that he did not reach his destination.

Something similar occurred with one of the South ferry boats on Saturday evening. The weather was densely foggy, so that the pilots had to steer altogether by the compass.

On one of the trips of the Transit, it was discovered that in backing and stopping, not to run against other vessels, she had got turned round and came into the same slip she had departed from. She went out again, and again she was found in a few minutes in the same slip. At last, she made a third attempt to cross, and lo! with a precisely similar result. The pilot then bethought him to make a particular examination of his compass, which turned out to be incapable of motion, beyond certain points, and so explained the mystery.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ALISON'S NEW HISTORY OF EUROPE.—Alison's new work, "The History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon," has just been published in London. It is said to abound with bigoted errors, and to be unworthy the reputation of a distinguished writer. A correspondent of the Boston Atlas says that, not content with his exposed misrepresentations of the United States, in his former history, so full of stupid blunders, he has exceeded them in the present volume. His misrepresentations are no longer errors; they are little less than wilful untruths in regard to matters he could easily have been better informed upon, had he chosen to be so. Thus, for instance, the repudiation of a few new and smaller States is spoken of as of nearly all the larger States in the confederacy, and similar gross exaggerations are given in regard to other matters.

A Western editor requests those of his subscribers who owe him more than six years' subscription, to send him a lock of their hair, so that he may know that they are still living.

CHOICE READINGS.

JOKES UPON SCRIPTURE.—It is very common with some persons, to raise a laugh by means of some ludicrous story connected with a text of Scripture. Sometimes it is a play on the words, a pun; at other times a blunder; and not seldom, a downright impiety. Whatever be its form, even when lightest, it is no venial offence, leading as it does to profane contempt of God's word. Those who practice this, have never been celebrated for genuine wit. The laughter which they call forth is provoked solely by the unexpected contrast between the solemn words of Scripture and some droll idea. There is no real wit in the case; and the dullest persons in society are most remarkable for these attempts.

The evils arising from this practice are greater than appear at first. It leads, in general, to irreverence for Scripture. No man would jest with the dying words of his father or his mother; yet the words of God are quite as solemn. When we have heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with a text of Scripture, such is the power of association, that we never hear the text afterwards without thinking of a jest. The effect of this is obvious. He who is much engaged in this kind of false wit, will come at length to have a large portion of holy Scripture spotted over by his unclean fancy.

Beware of jesting with sacred things. Shun the company of any one who practises this, as you would shun a loathsome disease. Frown upon every attempt to provoke your smile by such means.—*Christian Messenger*.

NATURE.—Nature to a lover of nature is always beautiful, but there are times when she is much more than beautiful. I know not by what word to express the feeling that comes over the heart at such times, nor whether it could be expressed by many words. With hushed breath, and with palpitating heart, as one stands in some lovely place—a place made "fearful from its loveliness," the feeling comes to us. Listening to the music of the waves, with the broad expanse of heaven lighted by the sunbeams that are streaming down on the trees, and on the water, it also comes—and, when we wander on the same wave-beaten shore, at the time Night sends her messenger to banish Morning from the skies—and later, when the first star gladdens heaven, and Cynthia comes to smile on some Endymion.

Oh! nature well repays the worship of her votaries. To such as love her, what is she not? She is a loving mother, ever ready to rejoice with them; she is a true heart-friend, to whom they can pour out the breathings of their souls, and be sure to receive sympathy; she is a comforter, a consoler; if they are heart-sick or weary, no need to fear mocking from her, say what they may; nor scorn—talk they ever so much of their faults.—*Church's Bizarre*.

THE SNEERER.—There is a large class of people who employ themselves almost constantly by sneering at the efforts of others. Nothing done by a neighbor suits them. If you perform

an act of charity, they question your motives; if you exhibit skill in your profession, they pretend to regard you an over-rated man; if you produce something decidedly meritorious, they ridicule and depreciate its worth; and if you originate a thought or machine, they declare you a plagiarist. In their estimation your writings are stupid, and full of tautology; your conversation unprofitable; the work of your hands valueless. And yet ask them to do what you aimed at, and failed in, according to them, and they have not even the ability to try. They are all, in fact, what they feign you to be, and unfit for everything but fault-finding, crying down people of merit, and slandering worth. They are envious, jealous, and full of cant. Incapable of doing what you do, and therefore envious of your talent; too dull to command respect, and consequently jealous of that you receive; incompetent to produce a thought, and always ready to carp at what you express. They are of the race of Diogenes, without his ability; Cynics, without the merit of honesty of purpose. Heed them not, reader, they are harmless, when treated with contempt; and if you ask where they are to be found, look around you—your circle of acquaintance will furnish one, no doubt, of the class.—*Com. Record*.

COPLEY AND THE THREE WIVES.—A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters.

A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, wife and seven children, all included in a family piece.

"It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is a portrait of my first wife, for this one is my second."

"But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir. What can I do? She is only to come in as an angel."

"O, no, not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman. No angels for me."

The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back. When he returned, he had a strange lady on his arm.

"I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," said he; "an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture."

The painter complied, the likeness was introduced, and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses.

Not so the lady. She remonstrated. Never was such a thing heard of! Out her predecessors must come!

The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits he had obliterated.

COMPOSURE AT TABLE.—Study to acquire the most perfect self-possession. Let nothing throw you out, and you will feel the immense ascendancy it will give you in every relation of life. At table be particularly self-possessed. Should you happen to meet with an accident there, do not add to the discomfort you have created, by making an unnecessary fuss about it. The easier such things are passed over the better. We remember hearing of a very accomplished gentleman

who, when carving a tough goose, he had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish and into the lap of the lady next to him; on which he very coolly looked her full in the face and with admirable gravity and calmness, said, "Ma'am I will thank you for that goose." In such a case a person must necessarily suffer so much and be such an object of compassion to the company, that the kindest thing he could do was to appear as unmoved as possible. This manner of bearing such a mortifying accident gained him more credit, than he lost by his awkward carving.

WHAT OLD BONES AND BITS OF SKIN MAY BE GOOD FOR.—How to get a pennyworth of beauty out of old bones and bits of skin is a problem which the French gelatine-makers have solved very prettily. Does the reader remember some gorgeous sheets of colored gelatine in the French department of the Great Exhibition? We owed them to the slaughter-houses of Paris. Those establishments are so well organized and conducted, that all the refuse is carefully preserved, to be applied to any purposes for which it may be deemed fitting. Very pure gelatine is made from the waste fragments of skin, bone, tendon, ligature and gelatinous tissue of the animals slaughtered in the Parisian abattoirs, and thin sheets of this gelatine are made to receive very rich and beautiful colors.

As a gelatinous liquid, when melted, it is used in the dressing of woven stuffs, and in the clarification of wine, and as a solid, it is cut into threads for the ornamental uses of the confectioner, or made into very thin white and transparent sheets of *papier glace*, for copying drawings, or applied to the making of artificial flowers, or used as a substitute for paper, on which gold printing may be executed. In good sooth, when an ox has given us our beef, and our leather, and our tallow, his career of usefulness is by no means ended; we can get a penny out of him as long as there is a scrap of his substance above ground.—*Household Words*.

THE DAGUERRETYPE PROCESS.—The first thing to be done is to prepare a plate, composed of copper, faced with a thin coating of pure silver, and polished with the greatest possible care. On the accuracy with which this is done depends the whole thing. The plate is then exposed to the vapor of iodine, and placed in the camera, a box containing a large convex lens, by which the light is condensed, and brought to a focus on a screen placed behind it. Having remained in the camera from ten seconds to a minute, or more, according to the brightness of the day, the plate is removed, and exposed to the action of the vapor of mercury, by which the image formed on the silver is developed. In this state of the process the plate has a dark, purple color, and the picture is readily destroyed by the light. The grand difficulty to be remedied, and for which Daguerre labored so long, is to fix the image produced by the camera, and render it proof against the action of light. This is accomplished by washing the plate in a solution of the hyposulphate of soda, by which the iodine is expelled, and, finally, heating it in a bath of the

chloride of gold, by which a thin transparent coating of gold is spread over the entire plate, and all change from the effects of light entirely prevented.

EXTINGUISHING FIRES.—In some parts of Russia, a superstition exists, that to extinguish fires caused by lightning, milk is most effectual; indeed, the flames having been permitted to spread frequently to the destruction of whole villages, because it was not to be had in sufficient abundance to quench them. In some parts of Germany, also, this superstition prevails. Speaking of fires, they have in Moscow a regular establishment for extinguishing fires. It is a large building of three stories, surmounted by an elevated watch-tower, with wing of the same height, forming a square within, surrounded by excellent stables, smiths' shops, houses for engines, wagons, &c. As everything is kept in good order, when there is an alarm the whole force starts out and quenches it.

A BAMBOO STALK.—There is a bamboo in the Garden of Plants, at Paris, from which sprouted a sucker on the 14th of October. It commenced growing at the rate of nine inches a day, and maintained this ratio of progression for one month. Had it gone on much longer, it would have attained the fabulous proportions of Jack the Giant-killer's bean-stalk. As it was, it stopped short just as the point where a well-regulated fishing-pole ought to come to an end. It measures twenty-two feet, and divides the curiosity of the visitors with the bear Martin, and the South Carolina wild-cat, just imported by M. Vatte-mare.

HEALTH OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN.—In this country, health is the exception, sickness the rule. In England, the reverse is the case, as all know who have visited that country, and as all may infer who will observe the immigrants from her shores—not the laborious classes, merely, but the wealthy, the educated, and refined. They have red cheeks, full chests, stout muscles, energy of action, fine health and appetite. The reason of this is, they exercise in the open air, and they dress in a manner adapted to that exercise. An English woman of refinement thinks nothing of walking six miles, or of riding on horseback twenty.

ABSENCE.—The heart is perhaps never so sensible of happiness as after a short separation from the object of its affections. If it has been attended with peculiar circumstances of distress or danger, every misery that has been experienced, tends, by the force of contrast, to increase delight, and gives to the pleasure of reunion an inexpressible degree of tenderness.

"Mother," said a little shaver, the other day, "I know what I would do, if I was at sea, and the men were all starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should be me—I'd jump into the water." "But," said his mother, "they would fish you up." "No," said he, "but I wouldn't bite."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

In Barry Cornwall's beautiful Essay on the Genius of Shakspeare, there occurs a fine reference of the advantage of poetry, even in a practical point of view, followed by an indignant protest against the languid patronage which it now receives from a few of a certain class, and the utter neglect which it meets with at the hands of the great body of the people. He commences by saying:—"Poetry, the material in which Shakspeare dealt, has often been treated as a superfluity—as a thing unimportant to mankind, and as a luxury against which sumptuary laws might fairly be levelled. This is the opinion of men of literal understanding, who seeing no merit in poetry because it differs from science, and overlooking its logic, which is involved instead of being demonstrated, pronounce at once against it. *It is more especially an opinion of the present age; an age in which the material world has been searched and ransacked to supply new powers and luxuries to man, and in which the moral world has been too much neglected.*" In this closing paragraph lies a profound and melancholy truth, which sounds a note of forewarning as to the ultimate consequences of our modern passion for practicality. Let us at once remember that man was not intended by Providence for a mere machine, devoting his days wholly to incessant labor, and his nights in cogitating over new plans for the morrow. The moment we permit our business habits to over-ride our affections, that moment we are degenerating in the moral scale.

A life of busy, imperative routine, and that routine confined solely to the one purpose of making money, may, and does, undoubtedly, make smart, keen-eyed, far-reaching merchants or mechanics; but it takes away entirely the bloom of that inner life, which is only acquired under the warm and mellowing influence of home sunshine, softened through the medium of the social virtues. The old adage, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," is as true now as it ever was. The qualities which the world admires in what is called "a shrewd man of business," are, unfortunately, but too frequently the very qualities which unfit him for those neighborly courtesies and fireside enjoyments, those charitable constructions of the conduct of the erring, and those loving amenities, which help so happily to balance our errors and frailties in the Great Book of Life. A steady persistence in any one pursuit narrows the mind into so restricted a channel, and coops it up between such high walls of prejudice, that everything outside of these barriers is considered beyond the pale of our sympathies. Now, the first duty of a parent towards his child is to cultivate his affections, to teach them to ray out on all sides, so that they may, in due season, spread expansively abroad, with the warm, generous, vivifying power of sunbeams, and not like those beams concentrated to a focus, and shrivelling up, by their intensity, whatever they chance to be directed against.

"Labour is worship," exclaims the modern business man, and thereupon he bends himself

to his task; treads day after day the same beaten path, allows himself from five to ten minutes for his meals, speaks a few brief, abrupt words to his wife and family, again buries himself among his machinery, or his books, hoards up pile upon pile of that coin which he knows not how to enjoy, and just as he is contemplating the propriety of releasing himself from his self-elected treadmill, he dies, suddenly. Now what has been the benefit of such a man to the world at large? Will his place be left vacant in the sight of all men even for a single day? Has he scattered any flower-seeds by the way-side, which shall bloom after him? Has he flashed out one single golden sentence which shall ring in thousands of ears, and be a solace to thousands of hearts, long after that which is mortal of him is mouldering in the dust? Alas! no; he has sunk like a common pebble into the waters of eternity; a few rippling circles widening out, for a single moment, indicate the place of his exit, and then all is as placid as before.

Activity of body is, indeed, to a certain degree, necessary alike to health, and to the worldly interests of all men. But high health—high moral and physical health, so to speak, can never be acquired without a corresponding activity of soul; an occasional heart-warming by a pleasant exercise of the social feelings, and a certain sympathetic freedom. As an efficient co-operator in producing this happy condition, poetry exerts no mean influence. Even as a lever to work out certain practical results, its power has long been acknowledged and felt. We all know how soothingly an apt poetical quotation falls on the ear of sorrow; how solemnly it aspires from the lips of the humbled penitent, and how sweetly its musical and figurative sentences linger in the memory of the loved and loving. All strong passion is figurative, and speaks in the language of poetry. It gives warmth, and force, and dignity, to all great emotions; and in the shape of ballads, or lyrics, has often awakened the intense home-sympathies of a nation, or aroused it to an armed resistance of the oppressor. Sing to a wandering Scotsman the song of "Lochabar no more," and his swelling heart will yearn for the glens and the heather of his native land. Sing to an exiled Switzer his beloved "Ranz de vaches," and he will die of nostalgia unless he is enabled to breathe again the pure air of his snow-crowned mountains. The old ballad of "Chevy Chase" stirred the brave heart of good Sir Philip Sydney like the blast of a war-trumpet. The whimsical ballad of "Lilliburlero" did more to cast James the Second from the throne of England, than the arms of the Prince of Orange. The inspiring strains of the Marseillaise fired the enthusiastic patriotism of the French to a pitch of enthusiasm approaching to absolute frenzy; and what heart, among ourselves, has not beat with a quicker pulse at the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, or of the more stately strain of Hail Columbia? Who then can say that poetry, capable of producing such results, is not eminently practical?

At the close of his first course of Lectures on the Comic Writers of Queen Anne's age, Mr. Thackeray, the distinguished English author and lecturer, remarked, in substance, as follows:—"As there is not one of my friendly auditors here present but what looks with eyes and speaks with a voice, quite different from the voice and eyes of every other fellow-man, so, probably, there is not a single critic conversant with the times and the noble works of which I have been speaking to you, but may give a judgment quite different to my own; may think I have judged one author too harshly, and another too favorably, and admire or condemn strokes of genius or traits of character quite other than those which it has seemed to me right to praise or censure." It would appear from this that Mr. Thackeray has rid himself of an old notion, which still extensively prevails, that there is such a thing attainable as uniformity of opinion. The explosion of this antiquated error has prepared him for the exercise of a rare virtue, *toleration* of differences of opinion. He seems just as willing and just as much to expect, that others should entertain opinions differing from his, as that they should have eyes and features and countenances different from his own.

It would be well for the world were this old and still prevalent error—the expectation of, and the endeavor after, uniformity of opinion—as completely exploded in the minds of all, as it seems to be in the mind of Mr. Thackeray. Uniformity of opinion is an impossibility—a thing unattainable. For ages it has been thought to be attainable, and the labors of thousands have been directed to the accomplishment thereof, especially in the department of religion or theology; but we cannot persuade ourselves that men will ever think alike on any point not susceptible of mathematical demonstration, and not falling within the jurisdiction of the senses. For such a persuasion we might assign several reasons. We might appeal, for example, to the facts established by the history of the past. We find that a period of six thousands of years has proved utterly insufficient to produce any approach to uniformity in men's opinions. The advance in point of mental activity and vigor of the time in which we live, has brought us no nearer to this much-longed-for consummation. Indeed, it would appear that, so far from intellectual cultivation tending to uniformity of opinion, it tends rather to the reverse. The more cultivated is the mind of a people, the more numerous are their moral, political, philosophical and religious sects. The only periods in which anything like general uniformity ever prevailed were periods of intellectual stagnation, when the absence of thinking wore the appearance of thinking alike. When these periods of mental slavery and stagnation came to an end, and intellectual activity became general, then sects multiplied, and controversies increased.

It seems, also, to be a well-established fact, that men are endowed, from birth, and aside from any influences of education, with mental constitutions as diverse as their physical countenances; and that these differing mental constitutions will infallibly lead to differing ways of look-

ing at points of speculation, and, consequently, to different opinions. To this difference in original mental endowment let there be added that of the state of society in which any individual may live, the difference in the persons by whom he is surrounded, of the books he may read, and of a thousand other circumstances, and it seems evident that there must always, or for ages, be quite an amount of diversity of opinion. These influences produce a somewhat similar effect upon the mental vision, to that produced upon the bodily optics by looking through colored glasses. There are, also, moral as well as intellectual differences among men. These will exert an influence in the formation of opinion.

For these, and other reasons, we deem it sufficiently evident that uniformity in human opinions is not to be looked for. The grounds of diversities, past and present, will continue to operate for ages, if not always. So long as the world stands, there will probably be widely differing sects. Let us not, any longer, therefore, look for uniformity, and spend our lives in labors for an impossibility; but let us rather seek to attain *tolerance* of that diversity which God seems to have assigned. And remembering how seldom controversy changes the opinion of either party, and what a sacrifice of time and temper controversy so frequently occasions, let us be guided more and more by the wisdom of Solomon's advice, and let contention alone before it be meddled with. * *

From the "Life and Memorials of Daniel Webster," recently published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., we glean a few interesting anecdotes:—

The following was related by Mr. Webster, at a dinner-party. He said he called one day to see Mr. John Adams, the compatriot of Washington, and second President, who was a large, fat man, and at times had great difficulty in breathing. He made this call a little while previous to his death. He found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in feeble health. He said to Mr. Adams, "I am glad to see you, sir, and I hope you are getting along pretty well." To which Mr. Adams replied, after taking a long breath, in the following figurative language: "Ah! sir, quite the contrary; I find I am but a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time; it sways and trembles with every wind, and has, in fact, gone almost to decay; and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend to make any repairs."

A gentleman, who travelled a short distance with Mr. Webster, in a private carriage, thus describes his mode of reading by the way. "He read the books through with great rapidity, catching at a glance what each page unfolded, and mastering their contents within a quarter of the time which I should consume. He did not, however, like the Emperor, tear out the pages as fast as he perused them, and from the window of his carriage scatter them to the winds. To me it was instructive to see him read a book. He first went over the index, and apparently fixed the frame-work of it in his mind; then he studied with equal earnestness the synopsis of each chapter. Then he looked at the length of the chapter.

Thus, before he began to read it, he took an accurate survey of its parts. Then he read it, passing rapidly over whatever was commonplace, and dwelling only on what was original and worthy of note."

In preparing a new edition of his works, says Edward Everett, he thought proper to leave almost everything to my discretion—as far as matters of taste are concerned. One thing only he enjoined upon me, with an earnestness approaching to a command. "My friend," said he, "I wish to perpetuate no feuds. I have sometimes, though rarely, and that in self-defence, been led to speak of others with severity. I beg you, where you can do it without wholly changing the character of the speech, and thus doing essential injustice to me, to obliterate every trace of personality of this kind. I should prefer not to leave a word that would give unnecessary pain to any honest man, however opposed to me."

If, remarks Mr. Everett, in his eulogy on Mr. Webster, the character of our congressional discussions has of late years somewhat declined in dignity, no portion of the blame lies at his door. With Mr. Calhoun, who, for a considerable portion of the time, was his chief antagonist, and with whom he was brought into most direct collision, he maintained friendly personal relations. He did full justice to his talent and character. You remember the feeling with which he spoke of him at the time of his decease. Mr. Calhoun, in his turn, entertained a just estimate of his great opponent's worth. He said, toward the close of his life, that of all the leading men of the day, "there was not one whose political course had been more strongly marked by a strict regard to truth and honor than Mr. Webster's."

Professor Shurtleff, of Dartmouth College, says of him: "Mr. Webster, while in college, was remarkable for his steady habits, his intense application to study, and his punctual attendance upon all the prescribed exercises. I know not that he was absent from a recitation, or from morning and evening prayers in the chapel, or from public worship on the Sabbath; and I doubt if ever a smile was seen upon his face during any religious exercise. He was always in his place, and with a decorum suited to it. He had no collision with any one, nor appeared to enter into the concerns of others, but emphatically minded his own business."

It is an excellent study for the American mind, to cast an occasional glance over the kingdoms and principalities of Europe, and observe with an attentive eye their political condition. Linked closely to them by commercial intercourse, but widely separated from them, not only by the intervention of the Atlantic, but also by the happier difference of our institutions, we are yet bound to them by the common brotherhood of humanity, and by the mixed origin of a portion of our own citizens, many of whom still claim close kindred with natives of foreign lands. Indeed, the great mass of the American people being Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, or Celtic blood, they must needs at all times feel an abiding interest in the political and social condition of those who still inhabit the country of their fore-

fathers. To all who speak the German tongue, the course of Austria, as the most prominent member of the Germanic sovereignties, must always be regarded with solicitude not unmixed with a natural anxiety. Proud, imperious and despotic, in spite of bankruptcy, and almost utter political decrepitude, she has yet been enabled through the fearfully crushing policy of Swartzenburg, to recover from the terrible shock of the Hungarian revolution, and to plant the throne upon a firmer basis than it was before. No outbreak of the people in favor of more liberal institutions is likely now to be successful for many years to come. Even Kossuth, living in retirement in England, seems to despair of rousing either his own or the neighboring nations to resistance; and his magical words, which were at one time as trumpet-blasts infusing martial ardor into the hearts of the humblest of his countrymen, now die away into a mournful requiem, as if they were chanting the death of that spirit of liberty for which he has done and suffered so much. It is the fashion, now-a-days, to call Kossuth an enthusiast, and to sneer at his impracticable views. The latter we may, in part, admit, but his sincerity no one ought to dispute. Grant him an enthusiast, what is enthusiasm but intense earnestness of purpose? Peter the Hermit was an enthusiast; Mohammed was an enthusiast; Cromwell was an enthusiast; and the great results they achieved were almost wholly in consequence of possessing this fervid principle of action. All great men, who have written their names in the world's history, were more or less tinctured with enthusiasm, of which steadiness of purpose, resoluteness of will, and the power of rising superior to reverses, are among the chief attributes.

France, active, eager, refined and unstable; "everything by turns and nothing long;" Red Republican yesterday, Conservative to-day, and Monarchical to-morrow; France who hailed the downfall of Louis the Sixteenth, who worshipped Mirabeau, and accorded the most imposing funeral honors to the blood-thirsty tiger, Marat; France, who foreswore religion, and cast herself at the feet of the Goddess of Reason; who sent up one long shout of enthusiastic applause when gigantic Danton dared foreign invasion, and flung down, as the gage of battle, the head of a king; who accepted the sway of Robespierre, and yet rejoiced at the manner of his death; who rent the air with acclamations when a Republic was proclaimed, and welcomed, with perhaps equal sincerity, the establishment of an imperial throne; who idolized Bonaparte and glory, and yet longed for peace and the Bourbons; who, wearying of the Bourbons, sought repose under a Republic with 'that strange anomaly, a citizen king at its head; who, disgusted at length with her citizen king, flung herself into the arms of a republicanism again, and courted freedom and a dreamy happiness under the mild, but incapable presidency of the poet Lamartine; who, fearing to trust herself to the rule of the honest and energetic Changarnier, sought out one of the proscribed family of Bonaparte, and elevated him from poverty and obscurity to become the chief of a great nation; that France, who listened with

delight to the oath of office by which Louis Napoleon swore to yield obedience to the provisions of the constitution, and who saw, without venturing a rebuke, that solemn oath shamelessly violated, is now prepared to rejoice at the re-establishment of the imperial dignity, and to put on the gilded fetters of her new master. How long it will be before a new harlequinade changes the trick of the present pantomime into another wholly different, time can alone determine. Judging, however, the future by the past, we cannot imagine that a people, who have so long delighted in feats of ground and lofty tumbling, will be content to remain for any very great length of time without attempting another general overturn.

In England, the Derby ministry having adroitly thrown overboard the principle of protective policy under which they at first claimed the right to hold office, were permitted to carry on the complex machinery of government, aided by a bare working majority, and the apathetic indifference of the people, who had long been wearied of Whig inanity, and were disgusted at having so often yielded to the allurements of promise, never intended to be fulfilled. It will thus be seen that the political tendencies of the principal European powers are decidedly retrogressive. In the Papal dominions, the friends of Mazzini meet with no mercy. Austria has her foot firmly planted upon the neck of her Italian subjects. Tuscany is cowering abjectly beneath the vindictive policy of her Grand Duke. Germany despairs of re-awakening the old fervor for more liberal institutions. England is stationary, while France is exhibiting another phase of her accustomed versatility by bowing down at the footstool of the new Napoleon.

The increasing commercial prosperity of our country is significantly shadowed forth by the important expeditions lately organized by the government at Washington, for the purpose of opening new fields to the enterprising activity of our merchants. Japan, almost a "terra incognita" by reason of her long and obstinate isolation from the rest of the world, is to be invited to join in the brotherhood of nations, by opening her ports for the purpose of bartering such commodities which she is known to possess in abundance, for others of which her people have always stood in need. Backed by a powerful and well-appointed fleet, it is not improbable that this novel mode of diplomacy may prove successful; though from the known character of the Japanese government the eventual issue, without resorting to force of arms, appears more than doubtful. Whether we should be morally justified in opening a trade with any foreign nation by the cannon's mouth, is a question which would admit of more argument than we are disposed to give to it at the present time. But while we hope that no such appeal to force will be found necessary, we cannot help expressing our fears that it will be found the only way by which the jealous seclusion of the Japanese can be effectually broken down. The interests of common humanity require that they should be made to extend the ordinary courtesies of hospi-

tility to those unfortunate mariners who chance, by ill-fortune, to be wrecked on their shores. Hitherto they have not done so. All such unhappy persons as have chanced to be shipwrecked on that coast, have been rudely seized, bound with thongs, and carried in triumph to the capital, where they have been thrust into wicker cages, and exhibited to the rude gaze of the populace like so many wild beasts; their keepers being made answerable, by their own lives, for the safety of their charge. Many have been thus kept in lingering confinement for months; some of them for years; and none have been suffered to return to their own homes by the free act of the Japanese government. That this is a wrong done to common humanity, no one will deny, and the sooner it is redressed the better. But the coercive opening of the Japanese ports, for mercantile purposes, is another question, and involves a very different and far more difficult line of argument. While, however, we express our sincere belief that a reciprocity of trade would be as beneficial to the people of Japan as to ourselves, the means by which these commercial relations are to be brought about, conjures up the hope that no step may be hastily taken, which will tarnish in the slightest degree our national honor, or traverse the golden rule—"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Dr. Redfield has recently published a work entitled "Comparative Physiognomy, or Resemblances between Men and Animals." That many or most of his resemblances are fanciful, seems to be a very general impression. That he may have carried a favorite idea, and one somewhat original, too far, is in accordance with what we see of human nature almost daily. But long before the publication of this book on the resemblances between men and animals, there were some, we know, whose observations and reasonings thereon had led them some length on the way to conclusions similar to those of the author of "Comparative Physiognomy." They had observed that man possessed, in a greater or less degree, all the qualities for which different races of animals were distinguished. They had observed that there was no attribute of brute nature which has not its type in the human. They had observed, too, that the predominating qualities in men and in animals stamped upon their possessors a countenance or physiognomy in accordance with these predominating qualities. There is, therefore, an antecedent probability in favor of the existence of some *real* resemblances between men and animals, especially where the more striking dispositions or traits of character are similar. There is, according to the premises of these observers, quite an amount of antecedent probability that there should be found some resemblance in feature or expression of countenance between men whose characteristic qualities were fierceness, or veracity, or tenderness, or skill, or foresight, or heedlessness, or gluttony,—between such, we say, and tigers, wolves, brooding birds, bees, ants, and other tribes. Dr. Redfield may have been led by a favorite notion to imagine resemblances where there were not any, or not any which unbiased observers could discern; but

that there are real resemblances in feature or expression of countenance, we are well prepared to expect.

It seems, however, but of minor consequence whether or not there are any physiognomical resemblances between men and the lower animals.

It is of much more practical importance that there are resemblances, not all imaginary but real, in respect to qualities and traits of disposition. It is of importance to know that our own nature is, in part, reflected in that of the lower animals. It is of some importance to know that almost all the qualities for which each single tribe of animals is distinguished, meet unitedly in man. Each attribute or propensity which, in the lower animals, is duly regulated by *instinct*, may instruct us as to our duty to regulate the same by *reason* and *conscience*, and each quality which seems unduly indulged in some of them, may or should be a warning to us. Several of the animals may serve a purpose similar to that which the wise man made of one of them, when he said, "go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." After the same mode of instruction, some might be sent to the beaver to learn a lesson of patient industry; others to the bee, to learn forethought and a proper providence for the future; and others to the faithful companion and servant of man, the dog, to admire and imitate his fidelity and devotedness.

Thus, in the lower orders of being may we find monitors, not unworthy of reading to us lessons of admonition. We may see in them qualities worthy of admiration and imitation—things which may serve to remind us what we ought, or what we ought not, to be. We may take to ourselves shame and confusion of face, when we consider that with all our boasted reason and higher endowments, we do not control and regulate our propensities within those due bounds, which the animals accomplish by instinct. It should be a lesson not unheeded by us, that while a limit is set by their Maker to *their* propensities, to us has been left the noble and virtuous labor of restraining *ours* from vicious excesses by the voluntary exercise of our higher powers. Our passions and propensities were not bestowed upon us to enslave us, or impel us wherever they will; they were given us to be instruments of usefulness and good, when properly restrained by the counteracting principles of our nature, which we find in prudence, reason and conscience. In these principles there exists a power of regulation and restraint, would we only call it forth resolutely into exercise. Let it inspire a wholesome shame and penitence that we fail to exercise our powers of self-control so often: and that we so frequently sink ourselves to a depth of degradation unknown to the brutes. * *

Occupying, as we do, in the conduct of this Magazine, the happy position of a neutral between the two great political parties into which the country has so long been divided, we can, at times, venture the expression of opinions addressed to the good sense of both, without, we trust, the imputation of leaning in an undue degree towards either.

The calm, dispassionate judgment of every re-

flecting American, has already pronounced the election of General Pierce as significantly denoting the desire of the great body of the people, to put an emphatic check upon the agitation of those questions, which have hitherto served only to produce acrimonious feuds, and sectional jealousies. Of the causes which led to this extraordinary junction between the moderate men of both parties, it becomes not us to speak. It is sufficient for us to know, that by means of this combined movement, General Pierce obtained the electoral vote of nearly every State in the Union. The question now arises, under the circumstances thus attendant upon the choice of the President-elect, what ought to be his course of policy?

Occupying the chair by a fusion of parties, General Pierce has it in his power to form an administration as strong in its operations, as it would be happy in its effects. It is not, of course, to be expected, that he will act in any way inconsistently with the known policy of his party; for that would be to do violence to his own convictions. But we may indulge the hope, that in carrying out his own political views, he will yet do so with as much regard for the differences of opinion held by those who assisted to elect him, as shall leave them as little as possible to regret in having, by their co-operation, aided in making him the president of the nation, rather than that of a party. If, therefore, President Pierce will assume, boldly, the independent position to which, by the nature of his election, he is fully entitled; if he will choose his cabinet from among moderate men of his own political complexion; if he will restrain with a firm, yet gentle hand the ultraists; if he will uphold the integrity of the union; carry out the compromise-laws to the best of his ability; keep the aggressionists in check, and, while seeking no new territorial acquisitions, strive to maintain, so long as it is compatible with the national honor, amicable relations with other countries; he will make himself a name to be gratefully remembered in history, and at the close of his executive career, may return to the calmer walks of life, with the consciousness of carrying with him the warmest regards of all those whose love of country rises superior to the narrow prejudices of mere sectional or party predilections.

The selections, by several of our more recent debutants in fictitious literature, of characters, in whom crime and its consequences form the most prominent attraction, is a circumstance greatly to be lamented. We have before spoken of this, and our thought is again turned to the subject by seeing in the "Bizarre," published in our city, some remarks on a recent work by Miss Chesebro',—"The Children of Light,"—in which remarks the "Hagar" of Alice Carey is incidentally referred to as the subject of a previous notice. Speaking of these young authors, the editor says:—"In a young, forming country, marching onward to a stupendous destiny, we could wish, that two such geniuses, qualified by nature to illuminate, to guide, to mould, might fling themselves into the current of our national tendencies, and thus write from the inspiration of youth and

hope, instead of brooding over themes of sin and despair. Let us, in all respect and kindly wishes, beg of our distinguished authors to think of this!"

A mother said to us, after reading one of these books, "I could not place that volume in the hands of my daughter." And yet, the book is by a young American woman. What a commentary! It gives us no pleasure to refer, in such terms, to writers whose ability we have ever been ready to acknowledge. And we do it only with the hope of inciting to higher, purer, and healthier literary efforts.

The minute dissection of morbid states of mind; the presentation of subtle and ingenious arguments against the truths of revelation, even though the arguments be met by what the writer thinks clear refutations; the exposure of theories that strike at the ground-work of social happiness in their repudiation of marriage and its sanctities, condemned though they be,—all these, if they do not prove absolutely injurious to minds prepared to absorb evil and reject good, are far less efficient in the work of moral and social elevation, than brighter, healthier, and more hopeful pictures of life. By the latter, despondency is cheered, and the mind being opened to the influx of truth ever seeking for a way of entrance, false ideas are thrown into the shade through those common perceptions of right which come to every one. This is a truth which our young writers should lay to heart, if they are really desirous of doing good by means of the talents with which God has gifted them.

A correspondent sends us an account of some curious experiments with a ring. We have no opinions to offer on the subject, not having turned our thoughts very intently to the consideration of this class of phenomena. If we are to believe our eyes, however, a ring attached to a string, as described below, will take a circular or pendulum movement, according to the position of the person who holds it, or the proximity of other bodies, animate or inanimate:—

DECEMBER 24th, 1852.

MR. ARTHUR—I have been trying experiments, to-day, with a thread fastened to a key. I tried on metals. I faced south, holding the thread before me, between the thumb and finger. Over gold, the key had a circular motion; over silver, it had an east and west pendulum motion; over copper, brass, tin, &c., a south-east and north-west pendulum motion; over iron and steel, a north and south pendulum motion.

I placed a twenty-dollar gold-piece on the floor. In going around it, the key swung in ellipses, lengthening with the distance, still pointing inwards towards the piece, till at length it appeared as a pendulum motion, pointing still towards the coin. I also went up stairs, some nine feet, a floor between: and when the piece of gold was moved, I could follow and find the spot over it by the movements of the key. I buried the gold in earth with similar results. I find the pendulum motion towards the coin quite distinct at the distance of twelve or fifteen feet. The day is wet; I do not leave the room. The position of the body is of course only for more ready illus-

tration; facing north or any other way will do as well.

I shall be pleased if you will give these experiments a place in your paper. I think they will prove of great use in prospecting for gold, or other minerals. Over water, the movements are in very sharpened ellipses.

Very respectfully, yours.

The elevation of the laboring classes is an object towards which much effort has been directed, both by individuals of the classes named, and by philanthropic men in other stations in society.—The object is a worthy one. We sympathize with all who are laboring to effect it. Some of the leaders in philanthropic enterprises, having this end in view, we highly esteem.

But we are often driven to doubt the judiciousness and effectiveness of some of the efforts which are made in this direction. We are often disposed to pronounce some of the sympathy and efforts which we witness put forth in behalf of the laboring classes as utterly misdirected, in consequence of a misapprehension as to what constitutes the true and most desirable elevation of these classes. We think that there are mistaken views prevalent, leading to misdirected sympathy and misdirected labors.

To raise the class in the scale of intellectual, moral and social existence, ought to be the object, and not to enable individuals to leave that class for another, higher in rank, but not possessing greater means of happiness. For in what does the happiness of man in every class consist? In regular employment, *labor* of some kind, with sufficient inducements to its diligent performance; in freedom from anxiety as to the necessities of life; independence of mind; in the self-respect arising from a consciousness of important duties well performed; in the respect and esteem of those around us; in domestic affections and duties; in intellectual and social pleasures; in the solid satisfaction arising from beneficent and kindly offices; in the hopes and the present happiness of a religious faith and a filial spirit. What material of happiness has man in *any* class which is not comprised in one or other of these? And which of these is not now possessed by many among the laboring classes? Which of them might not be placed within the reach of all? All that Providence does for any of us is to place the *materials* of happiness within our reach; every individual is left to avail himself of these Providential *data*, according to his prudence, judgment and industry. Were such views more extensively prevalent, we think that efforts for the good of the laboring classes would be more judicious and more effective. * * *

A leading medical practitioner at Brighton, England, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge, within the last six months.

The London News states that the scarcity of silver arises from the demand for silver which exists in India, whither immense quantities have been sent.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1853.

CHARITY.—ITS OBJECTS.

BY MRS. SARAH HEPBURN HAYES.

The great Teacher, on being asked "Who is my neighbor?" replied, "A man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," and the parable which followed is the most beautiful which language has ever recorded. Story-telling, though often abused, is the medium by which truth can be most irresistibly conveyed to the majority of minds, and in the present instance we have a desire to portray in some slight degree the importance of Charity in every-day life.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of indiscriminate giving, and many who have little sympathy with the needy or distressed, make the supposed unworthiness of the object an excuse for withholding their alms; while others, who really possess a large proportion of the milk of human kindness, in awaiting great opportunities to do good, overlook all in their immediate pathway, as beneath their notice. And yet it was the "widow's mite" which, amid the many rich gifts cast into the treasury, won the approval of the Searcher of hearts; and we have His assurance that a cup of cold water given in a proper spirit shall not lose its reward.

Our design in the present sketch is to call the attention of our own sex to a subject which has in too many instances escaped their attention; for our ideas of Charity embrace a wide field, and we hold that it should at all times be united with justice, when those less favored than ourselves are concerned.

"I do not intend hereafter to have washing done more than once in two weeks," said the rich Mrs. Percy, in reply to an observation of her husband, who was standing at the window, looking at a woman who was up to her knees in the snow, hanging clothes on a line in the yard. "I declare it is too bad to be paying that poking old thing a half-a-dollar a week for our wash, and only six in the family. There she has been at it since seven o'clock this morning, and now it is almost four. It will require but two or three hours longer if I get her once a fortnight, and I shall save twenty-five cents a week by it."

"When your own sex are concerned, you women are the *closest* beings," said Mr. P., laughing. "Do just as you please, however," he continued, as he observed a frown gather on the brow of his wife; "for my part, I should be glad if washing days were blotted entirely from the calendar."

At this moment the washerwoman passed the

window with her stiffened skirts and almost frozen hands and arms. Some emotions of pity stirring in his breast at the sight, he again asked, "Do you think it will be exactly right, my dear, to make old Phoebe do the same amount of labor for half the wages?"

"Of course it will," replied Mrs. Percy, decidedly; "we are bound to do the best we can for ourselves. If she objects, she can say so. There are plenty of poor I can get who will be glad to come, and by this arrangement I shall save thirteen dollars a-year."

"So much," returned Mr. P., carelessly; "how these things do run up!" Here the matter ended as far as they were concerned. Not so with "old Phoebe," as she was called. In reality, however, Phoebe was not yet forty; it was care and hardship which had seamed her once blooming face, and brought on prematurely the appearance of age. On going to Mrs. Percy in the evening after she had finished her wash, for the meagre sum she had earned, that lady had spoken somewhat harshly about her being so slow, and mentioned the new arrangement she intended to carry into effect, leaving it optional with the poor woman to accept or decline. After a moment's hesitation, Phoebe, whose necessities allowed her no choice, agreed to her proposal, and the lady, who had been fumbling in her purse, remarked:—

"I have no change, nothing less than this three-dollar bill. Suppose I pay you by the month hereafter; it will save me a great deal of trouble, and I will try to give you your dollar a month regularly."

Phoebe's pale cheek waxed still more ghastly as Mrs. Percy spoke, but it was not within that lady's province to notice the color of a washerwoman's face. She did, however, observe her lingering, weary steps as she proceeded through the yard, and conscience whispered some reproaches, which were so unpleasant and unwelcome, that she endeavored to dispel them by turning to the luxurious supper which was spread before her. And here I would pause to observe, that whatever method may be adopted to reconcile the conscience to withholding money so justly due, so hardly earned, she disobeyed the positive injunction of that God who has not left the time of payment optional with ourselves, but who has said—"The wages of him that is hired, shall not

abide with thee all night until the morning."—*Lev. 19 chap. 13th verse.*

The husband of Phoebe was a day laborer; when not intoxicated he was kind; but this was of rare occurrence, for most of his earnings went for ardent spirits, and the labor of the poor wife and mother was the main support of herself and four children—the eldest nine years, the youngest only eighteen months old. As she neared the wretched hovel she had left early in the morning, she saw the faces of her four little ones pressed close against the window.

"Mother's coming, mother's coming!" they shouted, as they watched her approaching through the gloom, and as she unlocked the door, which she had been obliged to fasten to keep them from straying away, they all sprang to her arms at once.

"God bless you, my babes!" she exclaimed, gathering them to her heart, "you have not been a minute absent from my mind, this day. And what have you suffered," she added, clasping the youngest, a sickly, attenuated-looking object, to her breast. "Oh! it is hard, my little Mary, to leave you to the tender mercies of children hardly able to take care of themselves." And as the baby nestled its head closer to her side, and lifted its pale, imploring face, the anguished mother's fortitude gave way, and she burst into an agony of tears and sobbings. By-the-by, do some mothers, as they sit by the softly-lined cradles of their own beloved babes, ever think upon the sufferings of those hapless little ones, many times left with a scanty supply of food, and no fire, on a cold winter-day, while the parent is earning the pittance which is to preserve them from starvation? And lest some may suppose, that we are drawing largely upon our imagination, we will mention, in this place, that we knew of a child left under such circumstances, and half-perishing with cold, who was nearly burned to death by some hops, (for there was no fuel to be found) which it scraped together in its ragged apron, and set on fire with a coal found in the ashes.

Phoebe did not indulge long in grief, however she forgot her weary limbs, and bustling about soon made up a fire, and boiled some potatoes, which constituted their supper—after which she nursed the children, two at a time, for awhile, and then put them tenderly to bed. Her husband had not come home, and as he was nearly always intoxicated, and sometimes ill-treated her sadly, she felt his absence a relief. Sitting over a handful of coals, she attempted to dry her wet feet; every bone in her body ached, for she was not naturally strong, and, leaning her head on her hand, she allowed the big tears to course slowly down her cheeks, without making any attempt to wipe them away, while she murmured:

"Thirteen dollars a year gone! What is to become of us? I cannot get help from those authorized by law to assist the poor, unless I agree to put out my children, and I cannot live and see them abused and over-worked at their tender age. And people think their father might support us; but how can I help it that he spends all his earnings in drink? And rich as Mrs. Percy is, she did not pay me my wages to-night, and now I cannot get the yarn for my baby's stockings, and

her little limbs must remain cold awhile longer; and I must do without the flour, too, that I was going to make into bread, and the potatoes are almost gone."

Here Phoebe's emotions overcame her, and she ceased speaking. After a while, she continued—"Mrs. Percy also blamed me for being so slow; she did not know that I was up half the night, and that my head has ached ready to split all day. Oh! dear, oh! dear, oh! dear, if it were not for my babes, I should yearn for the quiet of the grave."

And with a long, quivering sigh, such as one might heave at the rending of soul and body, Phoebe was silent.

Daughters of luxury! did it ever occur to you that we are all the children of one common Parent? Oh, look hereafter with pity on those faces where the records of suffering are deeply graven, and remember "*Be ye warmed and filled,*" will not suffice, unless the hand executes the promptings of the heart. After awhile, as the fire died out, Phoebe crept to her miserable pallet, crushed with the prospect of the days of toil which were still before her, and haunted by the idea of sickness and death, brought on by over-taxation of her bodily powers, while in case of such an event, she was tortured by the reflection—"what is to become of my children?"

Ah, this anxiety is the true bitterness of death, to the friendless and poverty-stricken parent. In this way she passed the night, to renew, with the dawn, the toils and cares, which were fast closing their work on her. We will not say what Phoebe, under other circumstances, might have been. She possessed every noble attribute common to woman, without education, or training, but she was not prepossessing in her appearance; and Mrs. Percy, who never studied character, or sympathized with menials, or strangers, would have laughed at the idea of dwelling with compassion on the lot of her washerwoman with a drunken husband. Yet her feelings sometimes became interested for the poor she heard of abroad, the poor she read of, and she would now and then descant largely on the few cases of actual distress which had chanced to come under her notice, and the little opportunity she enjoyed of bestowing alms. Superficial in her mode of thinking and observation, her ideas of charity were limited, forgetful that to be true it must be a pervading principle of life, and can be exercised even in the bestowal of a gracious word or smile, which, under peculiar circumstances, may raise a brother from the dust—and thus win the approval of Him, who, although the Lord of angels, was pleased to say of her who brought but the "box of spikenard"—with tears of love—"She hath done what she could."

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA.

It is stated that while a steamship of the same size of the Ericsson would consume on an average sixty to seventy tons of coal in the twenty-four hours, the latter would be fully supplied during the same time by six tons, thus effecting a saving in this article of nine-tenths, so that a voyage round the world can be made without stopping at any intermediate place for fuel.

THE PURITAN FATHERS.

The term Puritan was a common name given to all those persons who, from conscientious motives, though on different grounds, disapproved of the established religion of England. Their objection to the Church lay principally in its forms and ceremonies, and they desired what they believed to be a more free, pure and spiritual form of worship—a worship which should approach nearer the Apostolic age. Those Puritans, of which the Plymouth colony formed a part, originally resided in the counties of Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire. In 1602, two churches were established under the Rev. John Robinson and Elder David Brewster. After their separation from the established Church, they were immediately subjected to great persecution. King James I. determined to make them abandon their principles, or leave the kingdom, and with the greatest cruelty was this promise performed by James and his successors, until they had expelled a host of the bravest and best men in England. It seemed to be no part of the policy of their persecutors to drive them from their country; the purpose was answered much better, if they could retain them within the reach of their malice, and the utmost vigilance was employed on the part of the Government to prevent their escape. Goaded on all sides, they escaped in straggling parties, during the year 1608. Husbands separated from their wives, parents from their children, pastors from their people; they escaped by *stealth*, as opportunity presented, and commenced their "*mournful exodus*," not as turbulent malefactors, but as pilgrims and fugitives from a relentless tyranny, to where they could worship God in peace, and educate their children in a Christian manner.

The pilgrims settled at Leyden, in Holland, and here they were subjected to many injurious restrictions. Their children were exposed to many temptations from the people around them, and were fast assuming the character and manners of the inhabitants. They were also reduced to great hardships to procure even the necessities of existence, and their children were also subjected to very exhausting labor with themselves for this purpose. Such was the condition of these poor pilgrims. They were first persecuted, then seized, robbed, insulted and imprisoned by the government officials, and after they succeeded in making their escape to Holland, they were surrounded by strangers, with corrupt morals, that were fast depraving their children.

During the time they were passing through these troubles, they heard of the new and comparatively unpeopled world at the West, and they conceived that in the far-off wilderness, separated from the persecutions and vices of Europe, they might build for themselves and children a *home*, and under God find a refuge for their principles, and an asylum for liberty. But they were poor; they possessed not means of transporting themselves and families across the broad Atlantic, and they were compelled to enter, for a term of seven years, into a joint-stock company with certain capitalists, who supplied the money for their *persons and time*, while the pilgrims themselves

were barely able to purchase provisions for the voyage. This joint-stock company has often been mentioned by the slanderers of the pilgrims, and mistaken as proof that "New England colonization was a commercial speculation." If this was true, the speculators remained at *home*, while the poor pilgrims were driven to very hard conditions in order to obtain the *means* to reach their wilderness-home.

After much trouble, they obtained a grant from the London Company (or Virginia) for a tract of land, and then prepared to leave for America. Many of their friends assembled to bid them farewell, some of whom came the distance of fifty miles. After a sleepless night, spent in prayer and mutual exhortation, and almost broken-hearted, the still confiding band knelt around their beloved pastor, and with "streaming eyes and throbbing bosoms commend each other to God." The sails were loosed, and to have a little of this world's *pomp* with the sadness of the scene, as the vessel, the *Speedwell*, started on her course, a volley of musketry, and three pieces of cannon wafted their last adieu and their sad farewell to friends which many of them would see no more for ever.

They left Delft Haven, in Holland, August 1st, 1620, and sailed for Southampton, England. Here they were joined by the *Mayflower*, bearing a number of business men of London, who had formed a partnership with those from Holland. The *Speedwell*, however, proved unseaworthy, and the whole company, numbering, in men, women and children, one hundred and one persons, sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, on the 16th of September. After a long and tedious voyage, they descried the bleak hills of Cape Cod, on the 19th of November, and for a month they laid at anchor. In the meanwhile, they entered into a solemn political compact, and elected John Carver their governor for the first year.

Thus, in the cabin of the *Mayflower* was formed the first American Constitution, commencing in "The name of God, Amen," and setting forth the object of the enterprise to be religious and civil freedom—forty-one signing the compact. What would have been their feelings could the veil of futurity have been raised from their eyes and the stupendous results which have flowed from this compact been exhibited to them! They then explored the country around for a number of days to find a suitable place for a settlement. The harbor of Plymouth was sounded and found fit for shipping, the shore well watered and wooded. They landed, and commenced a settlement, December 22d, 1620. They named the place New Plymouth, and soon after obtained a charter.

The colony was divided into nineteen families, each family building its own cottage. On Sunday, Dec. 31st, they attended public worship for the first time on shore. They commenced their settlement in the midst of winter, with very scanty allowance of provision, while between them and Europe was an ocean now impassable, their ship having returned. On the coast there was not a white man nearer than Virginia. They were soon exhausted by hardship, and enfeebled

by want of proper food. At one period, in the depth of winter, the sickness was so universal that but six or seven were left with strength to minister to the suffering, and they, exhausted with watching and anxiety, "tottering forth sometimes with two or three corpses in a day," were compelled to dig out, with great difficulty, a spot of frozen earth to bury their dead. By the end of March, forty-four of the one hundred and one were buried.

"A fearful path they trod,
And dared a fearful doom,
To build an altar to their God,
And find a quiet tomb."

Few such scenes have been exhibited or experienced by suffering humanity—a small band like this leaving their country, the scenes of their childhood, and the society of friends held most dear, to seek an asylum for a more free, pure religion—a place where every man is to stand in equality with his fellows—and this band laying the foundation for a system of Government that has spread until European dynasties have only two or three footholds on the continent. A form of government, in which the obligations which man owes to his God and to his fellows, is blended, and man as *man* is more elevated towards what his Creator designed him to be, than in any other portion of the world. "American democratic liberty had its birth-place, its nursing and early training in a Puritan Church; and if we discover no sympathy between Puritanism and Liberty, we must account as best we can for the birth of such a child, and the undying love which made it the idol of such a people. The forms of the Church democracy were at once copied in the town-meeting; and these town-meetings became the joint nurses of freedom, bringing like churches, the *individual man*, into prominence and activity, and breathing into and over all things the spirit of the people. Every struggle against despotism was sustained by the Church, and the stirring eloquence of old Fanenil Hall itself was but the utterance of an inspiration caught from the New England pulpit."

Such was the beginning—the world knows the results—liberty and intelligence for the mass of the people, in both civil and religious principles.

This influence, which has had such an effect upon the politics of Europe in days past, will, we trust, in days to come, *regenerate* the world, and the blessings of civil and religious liberty become the birthright of the inhabitants of both hemispheres. And as the anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims returns, from year to year, we should bring to mind the struggles, trials and misfortunes which they passed through to establish a system of government that has brought to us such blessings. The Jews made much account of the return of the days so memorable in the history of their nation, and we should also strive to keep fresh in our minds the great period in the colonization and settlement of our own country. A. F.

WESST WADSBORO', VT., DEC. 22, 1852.

The Bedford Times states that at the recent horticultural show in that town, the judges decided that a bundle of white carrots were the best parsnips, and gave the prize accordingly.

THE CHILDHOOD OF WALTER SCOTT.

[From Donald MacLeod's excellent life of Sir Walter Scott, just published by Charles Scribner, we take an interesting chapter.]

Young Walter's very infancy does not pass without peril and adventure: neither does it flow by without great tenderness and gentle sympathies; the child loves and is loved.

His nurse is consumptive, yet conceals it from his parents, until alarmed for herself, she goes to consult a famous professor, Dr. Black. The doctor of course reveals the state of the woman's health to Mr. Scott, and little Walter is consigned to a buxom peasant woman, much to his improvement. She was living in 1810, and loved to boast of her *laddie* being now a *grand gentleman*.

All goes on well until Walter is eighteen months old, and he begins to toddle about. One night he is very wakeful after proper hours, will not consent to be put to bed, runs about the room, with little clothing on him, gets under tables and behind chairs, and at last is caught, not without difficulty, and is tucked up into his crib. In the morning he has a high fever, which lasts three days, and threatens to burn the infant life out of him. Good Dr. Rutherford, his grandfather, and other wise physicians, attend him. A bath being ordered, it is discovered that he has lost the use of his right leg; no dislocation nor sprain can be proved; there is no swelling, no discoloration, nor distortion, only he cannot walk. When regular physicians can do nothing, empirics were called in and their nostrums tried; but all is in vain; and, as a last resource, little Walter is dispatched to Sandy Knowe, his grandfather's farm, to see if he can recover the use of his right leg in the country.

That he might not inconvenience the family, a maid was sent with him, to take especial care and charge of him. But she, poor girl, had left her heart in Edinburgh with some wild scape-grace of a fellow who had promised her more than he ever intended to perform. She therefore hated her infant charge, as the cause of her separation from her lover. This soon grew to a delirium; and one day she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the house-keeper at Sandy Knowe, that she had carried the child up to the crags, being strongly tempted by the Evil One to cut his throat with her scissors, and bury him in the moss. On this confession, Alison took charge of the child, Betty was dismissed, went back to Edinburgh, and from there to a lunatic asylum, where she died.

Sandy Knowe lies at the foot of a field of crags, on the summit of which stands the ruined castle of Smailholme: from it, the view embraces Mertoun, seat of the Hardens, a sweep of the rapid Tweed; the hoary abbey of Dryburgh, circled by ancient yews; the purple peaks of Eildon, where true Thomas of Ercildoune met with the fairy queen, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. Eastward you see the desolate grandeur of Hume Castle; westward the glorious ruins of Melrose; and, in the distance, are the many-colored clouds floating over the mountains of Ettrick and of Yarrow. "It is here," he says, "that I have the first consciousness of existence."

Walter was getting to be some three years old, without exhibiting any locomotive powers; and we see two comes that might very well be painted if Wilkie were here to do it.

Among other quackeries, some old woman had directed that whenever a sheep were killed, the little fellow should be stripped naked, and wrapped in the reeking hide, by way of cure for his lameness. In advanced age, he remembered himself in this rude dress, with his grandfather and a brave old soldier, Sir George MacDougal, of Makerstoun, trying to make him crawl. A very good picture it would make, to draw the ancient knight in old-fashioned military coat, in small cocked hat, deeply laced with gold, embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and "milk-white hair," upon all-fours on the carpet, creeping backwards, and slowly drawing his heavy gold watch by the chain, followed by the quaint infant, so oddly swaddled in sheep-skin.

No less pleasing would that family group be, told of by Mrs. Duncan, of old Mrs. Scott, sitting with her spinning-wheel at one side of the fire, in a clean, clean parlor; the old grandfather, a good deal failed, in the elbow-chair opposite, and a little boy, lying on the carpet at the old man's feet, listening to what Aunt Jenny was reading from the Bible, or other good book.

Tibby Hunter, a servant at Sandy Knowe, remembered him well; and in 1836 she still had the cover—"the bones," she called it—of a psalm-book, which Master Walter gave her. "He chose," she said, "very large print, that I might read it when I was *vera auld*—*forty year auld*; but the bairns pulled the leaves out, lang syne."

Tibby further testifies that Walter was "a sweet-tempered bairn, and a darling with all about the house;" and that the ewe-milkers loved to carry him with them when they went to their daily task, and he "was very gleg (quick) at the up-take, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by the head-mark as well as any of them."

Then, too, there was the cow-baillie, auld Sandy Ormiston, who used to set him on his shoulders, and carry him off to the pasture where the cattle fed, and tell him stories of the old times. Sandy forgot him one day among the knolls, and a violent thunder-storm came on, and Aunt Jenny thought suddenly about him, and ran out in the tempest to bring him home. She found him lying on his back in the heather, looking up at the lightning, and clapping his tiny hands, and crying out "Bonny, bonny!" at every flash.

About this time the grandfather died, but the grandmother still sat in the "ingle neuk" with her spinning-wheel, and waited patiently until the thread should break, and the angel of God bring the message of death to her.

Aunt Jenny was there, too, teaching Walter ballads of Hardyknute, and bits from the history of Josephus, reading them patiently over and over again, until the child could repeat them by heart. Indeed he learned the ballad too well for old Doctor Duncan, who was the minister of the parish, and had "thin legs, cased in clasped gambadoes," and a long face like the Knight of La Mancha, and who used to say when Walter interrupted his sober converse by shouting out the deeds of Hardyknute, "One may as well speak in

the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." A good old man the doctor, and had known Pope and other worthies of the age of Queen Anne.

Sheep-skins reeking from the slaughtered cheviot or "muirland tup," being found very unavailing for the cure of the unfortunate right leg, it was determined to try sea-bathing; and Aunt Jenny and her nephew bade a temporary adieu to Sandy Knowe, and sailed for Bath. Meantime, the outdoor life at the grandfather's and the impatience of the child had partly effected what the sheep-skin had failed in doing, and Walter began to stand a little, and by-and-bye to walk and run, though still after a lame fashion.

They stopped to see the shows of London, and then went down to the watering-place, where they spent a year, trying the pump-room and the baths, and whatever else was customary, without, however, benefiting the lameness. Here Walter acquired the rudiments of reading from an old lady who kept school near their lodgings. John Home, the persecuted author of Douglas, was at Bath, and was very kind to Aunt Jenny and to the little lame boy. Uncle Robert, the captain, came too, and carried his nephew off to the theatre, where he saw "As You Like It," and was scandalized that Orlando should quarrel with his brothers. "What!" he roared out, to the disturbance of his neighbors, "a'n't they brothers?" At four or five years old, fraternal bickering was strange and incomprehensible to him.

Then, always in company with Aunt Jenny, Walter returned to Edinburgh, and to his father's house, in George's Square; for a little after Walter's birth they had moved from the College Wynd, which was esteemed unhealthy. Here Mrs. Cockburn saw him, and was sufficiently struck by him to make him the subject of a letter to her parish minister. She thought the boy "a most extraordinary genius."

He was reading to his mother a description of a shipwreck when the visitor came in. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands, "There's the mast gone," said he; "crash it goes! They will all perish." Then turning to the strange lady, he said, "That is too melancholy; I had better read you something more amusing." She, however, preferred some conversation with him, and asked him about Milton and other books that he was reading. He did not think it right that Adam, when just come into the world, should be so well-informed, and supposed it to be the poet's fancy. But when told that the first man came perfect and fully developed from the hand of God, he yielded. "Aunt Jenny," said he, at night, "I like that lady." "What lady?" asked Aunt Jenny. "Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself." "Dear Walter," said Aunt Jenny, "what is a virtuoso?" "Oh, don't ye know? Why it's one that wishes and will know everything."

There is something in this speech from the mouth of a child but six years of age. The good lady could not sufficiently admire him, and, indeed, found in him some qualities which he did not probably possess. "He has acquired the perfect English accent," she says. But if that were true, he very soon lost it, and never again acquired it; but we like to think that there never

was a time when the kindly *burr* was not heard upon his Scottish tongue, for was it not in his Scottish heart?

Another lady, Mrs. Keith, of Ravelstone, remembered the child sitting before the house, when a poor, emaciated, wo-begone creature came to ask charity. As the beggar retired, the servant told Walter how thankful he should be that he was placed in a situation which shielded him from such want and wretchedness. The boy looked up with a half-wistful, half-incredulous expression, and said, "*Homer was a beggar!*" "How do you know that?" asked the other. "Why, don't you remember?" answered Walter.

"Seven *Romas* cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread!"

The critics, at least the more indulgent ones, will, it may be, forgive the *Roman* to a child of seven.

Sea-bathing was thought to be good for him, and he was taken to Preston Pans, where he made two famous acquaintances. The first was Captain Dalgetty (in reality an ensign), a relic of the German wars, and afterward embalmed in the Legend of Montrose. Walter and the captain used to fight the American war over between themselves, as this was just at the period of the struggle of the Colonies for Independence.

The other acquaintance was Mr. George Constable, whose peculiarities furnished material for Monkbarns, the antiquary. In one thing, however, he differed from the old abuser of *womenkind*; Walter suspected him strongly of being in love with Aunt Jenny, who was still very handsome, having the finest eyes and teeth known to her nephew. From this acquaintance he first heard of Falstaff and Hotspur, and a deal of curious information. In fact, Walter appears to have liked him far more than Aunt Jenny did; for he never got further than philandering, and Aunt Jenny, with her fine eyes and white teeth, passed on her way,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Uncle Thomas became the manager at Sandy Knowe after the death of the grandfather; and when Walter went back there from Preston Pans, promoted him from old cow-bailie Sandy's shoulder, to a bit of a Shetland pony smaller than many a Newfoundland dog. He loved it as he loved all animals, and cherished it; and the day came long, long after, when he set a little game grandchild of his own upon the back of a lineal descendant of that same small pony.

But Walter's independent child-life by sea-side and among the heather, with loving cow-baillies and quaint Dalgetties and uncle Thomas, the giver of ponies, and the grandmother with her spinning wheel by the fireside, and, above all, dear Aunt Jenny, with her fine teeth and eyes, and Monkbarns philandering about her, all this is well nigh over; and the boy must go back to Edinburgh and live with brother and sister, and learn what a strict Scotch Calvinist Sunday means. He must begin to think of school and the world, and to have "*his neeb weel keepit down to the buik.*"

It was a very different household from the one of Sandy Knowe, where the boy was lord and master, and as Tibbie Hunter said, "a darling with all about the house." The mother was partial to the lame child, but after all he was no

longer the only one. That "severely strict" Sabbath seared itself into the child's memory, with its long sermons, and no permitted lighter reading but Bunyan's Pilgrim, and Gesner's Death of Abel. In the week one got along better, reading aloud to the mother bits of Pope's Homer, Allan Ramsay's Evergreen, and reciting old ballads of the Border, and songs about "Auld Watt of Harden," and the sweet "Flower of Yarrow." But there was brother Robert, bold and haughty, and often conspicuously tyrannical to Walter, yet loved ardently by the boy. He was a bit of a poet, wrote readable verses, and sang them agreeably enough. A midshipman, he could "spin many a yarn" of bold adventure and perilous escape; but when in bad humor, he exhibited "what was the man-of-war's discipline, and kicked and cuffed without mercy." After a time he went off to the East Indies and died there.

John, the second brother, some three years older than Walter, was a soldier, who rose to be Major, and died in 1816.

There was also the "unfortunate sister Anne," who was in an increasing condition of bodily injury. One day the gate of an iron railing slammed to and crushed her fingers; on another occasion she was nearly drowned in a pond or ancient quarry hole; at last her cap took fire, and so severely hurt her, that during her twenty-seven years of life she never entirely recovered.

Thomas was the favorite brother, a good, clever man, who became paymaster to the 70th regiment, and died in Canada. Brother Daniel appears to have been perfectly worthless and as perfectly incurable. Unsuccessful throughout life, he died in 1806, when just returned from the West Indies.

Among these Walter gets on as well as he may, to his ninth year, at which period it is decided that his child-life must end.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY KARL THEODORE KORNER—TRANSLATED BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

Good night!

Be thy cares forgotten quite!
Day approaches to its close;
Weary nature seeks repose.
Till the morning dawn in light,
Good night!

Go to rest!

Close thine eyes in slumbers blest!
Now 'tis still and tranquil all;
Hear we but the watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest.

Go to rest!

Slumber sweet!

Heavenly forms thy fancy greet!
Be thy visions from above,
Dreams of rapture,—dreams of love!
As the fair one's form you meet,
Slumber sweet!

Good night!

Slumber till the morning light!
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its sorrows with its ray!
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! Good night!
Good night!

A CHAPTER ON PORTRAITS.

BY BARRY OCKNALL.

Of all the Souvenirs, and Keepsakes, and Bijoux—of all the Christmas-boxes, Amulets, and Gems, Anniversaries, and Forget-me-nots, (flowers of cold weather)—of all the presents with which we should choose to commemorate a birthday, or a festival, or to offer to one whom we regard, as an indication of good-will or friendship; we think we should select a portrait; a portrait, perhaps our own. It should not be cast in gingerbread, which would be too provocative; nor in brass, which would be out of character; nor in paper, for we are already but too inflammable; neither should we desire to ride on boys' shoulders, triumphant in pipe-clay, smeared over with blue and scarlet, immortal as plaster could make us, amongst Dukes of Wellington, and Napoleons, amongst dumb Paul Pry's, and silent parrots. An humbler lot be ours. We should scarcely choose to look out from a snuff-box, blazing with brilliants, for it would be too imperial, and we might, for the first time, forget ourselves.

We have said that it should, perhaps, be a portrait of ourself (selves); but we recall our words. We are inclined to abandon that agreeable notion. At all events, it should not *always* represent our own features, to the exclusion of philosophers and heroes. We would not invariably usurp the place of Shakespeare and Bacon. We do not love ourselves so immeasurably. Some face, however, which we love or respect, it should ever be; in preference even to a hamper of Johannisberg, or a case of Lafitte, or a haunch of the bravest buck that ever nipped the grass of a Scottish moor.

There is something delightful in the intercourse which we hold with another's likeness. It is himself, only once removed; he is visible, not tangible; we have his moiety. In a picture of history, there is often, indeed, more to admire than on the mere face of one individual, man or woman. There is more room for the skill of the artist; it is better adapted to exemplify a moral. But the *sentiment* that chains us to the other, is wanting; we are not *familiar* with it. One is a brave matter, a splendid thing; the other is a *person*, and becomes our friend. We would never worship, as some do, the complicated strife of arms, and legs, and shoulders; or think only of the way in which each is subdued by the painter, and made, by the wonders of light and shade, to represent a great event. We would rather look upon the eyes of some Italian "Dama," whom Titian or Giorgione painted long ago without a name, and catalogued only as "Portrait of a Lady;" or face one of Titian's piercing heads, (a noble of Venice or Rome,) than sit down before the most elaborate composition of history, or see brought out in dazzling array before us, all the battles of Alexander, or all the triumphs or processions of the Cæsars.

We were exceedingly struck by the delicacy of two or three friends, who conspired lately to give an old acquaintance pleasure on his return from a distant part of India. His wife had been obliged to come to England for her health, and

his friends secretly caused her portrait to be painted, in order that on his return to Madras or Bengal he might find the *likeness*, at least, of her who was dearest to him in the world. It is thus that the form and features of the child are made known to its pining parents afar off. It is thus that the faces which we loved to look upon are redeemed from the grave, and sent to us, across deserts, and woods, and mountains, or over a thousand leagues of water. This is the greatest boast of art, as well as the most delightful victory. It annihilates space, if not time, and makes the absent happy.

An historical scene is a fiction merely. Be it ever so true to nature, it is still the fiction of *the painter*. But a portrait is truth itself. No imagination can compete with it; it is either the very thing we desire, or nothing; all depends on its truth. Even in a portrait, to use the term, of inanimate nature, what assemblage of cataracts, and hills, and forests; what glories of sunset or meridian may compete with the little landscape, which restores to us the scene of our own quiet home, which brings before us our childhood, the tree under which we have played, the river beside which we have slept or sported? Art, which never addresses itself, strictly speaking, to our reason, is valuable only in proportion as it operates upon our feelings; these are seldom (and then but little) excited by the mere invention of a painter; we rather sympathise with *his* difficulties: we congratulate him upon *his* success: we say, "How admirably has he grouped those figures! How finely are the light and shade distributed! what grand expression! what dramatic effect!" We look upon the artist as a hero; he has done so much—for his own fame. But he who gives us the very smile which won or warms our hearts, the frank or venerable aspect of our friend or father, the dawning beauty of our child, or shows us the tender eyes with which the wife or mother looks love upon us from a distant region,—*he* seems to have thought of *us* rather than of his own renown, and becomes at once our benefactor and our friend.

It is very pleasant, to our thinking, to traverse some country mansion, where the portraits of its former owners hang up side by side with each other; frail records, it is true, of vanity and glory! We love to trace them upwards into absolute barbarism; to mailed, bearded, ferocious warriors, powerful, and—forgotten. And among them, it is hard if we cannot detect *one* whom learning or science has honored—a poet, a monk, or a philosopher; perhaps one even whom Love has made immortal. We once saw such a one. There he was, with nobility on his forehead, and sadness in his eye,—the humbled inheritor of a proud name, the impoverished master of thousands! Can we help pitying such a sufferer? We see him, and pass on—we see another—and another—and another; but he still remains fixed in our memory; "*hæret lateri lethalis arundo*;" and we turn back, after viewing all the rest, once more to sympathise with him alone. We say, "Rich one! are you there still?—*still* pale, and dumb, and melancholy? Had the foul fiend so seized upon you, that not even the flattering painter could take the sorrow from your eye—the

sting that had ran piercing through your heart? 'Faith, you are fallen, indeed.'

Let not the reader suppose, from what we have said, that we are wanting in a due respect for the illustrious painters who have conferred honor upon art; we love or admire them all. We can pore over a book of prints, even, and forget ourselves among the old masters of the Italian school of painting. We can begin with Giotto, and go on untired, to the last of the school of the Carracci. There is great fervor, and (so to speak) devotion of spirit in some of Giotto's works. Did the reader ever see his two saintly heads, in the possession of Mr. Rogers, the poet? There is great skill and some grandeur in Massaccio, and infinite beauty in Perugino. Then, there are the quaint loveliness of Leonardo da Vinci,—the frowning power of Michael Angelo,—the splendors of Giorgione and Titian,—the suavity of Correggio,—and the life, and spirit, and beauty,—the grace, and intelligence, and unequalled propriety of Raffaele! There, too, are Guido's pale heads, and Domenichino's divine expressions!—the stern realities of Annibal,—the touching looks of Fra Bartolomeo,—the halcyon skies of Claude,—and the stormy landscapes of Salvator Rosa! In a word, all that beauty and power, or the spirit of religion and love have dictated,—all that great Nature herself has taught, are therein assembled, to delight whomsoever has the taste to value them. The most radiant visions open themselves upon us;—the grandeur of the old world—the fantastic eloquence of the new—the creation of Adam—the visage of Cæsar—Cleopatra and her asp—Roman temples, Egyptian pyramids,—angels, and hierarchs, and prophets—warriors of all times—women, lovelier and more amiable than the rainbow,—all are brought back before us by a power greater than that of Prospero's wand. And can we refuse our homage? No; we gaze, and acknowledge that, even in its degradation and decline, Italy had still some spirits able to perpetuate her glory, and, in some degree, even to elevate her name!

The great painters, to whom we have adverted for the purpose of recording our respect for art in general, were painters of history or landscape. But they could at times abandon their professed employment, and sketch the likeness of their mistress, or of their friend, or of some excelling beauty of their age and nation; such as artists, above all others, delight to honor. The Transfiguration was done by Raffaele for the sake of eternal renown (which it has won), but the Fornarina was a work of love; and the artist's own portrait (more than once painted by himself, and given to his friend or patron), is well worthy the double commendation that men have conspired to bestow upon it. It is a masterly deed, twice honored, for its own merit, and for the principle of gratitude in which it had its origin.

Few of the great Roman artist's pictures have been more admired than his portraits of Leo, and Julius the Second. There is so much of integrity in the design, so much truth in the detail, that no one who gazes can for a moment doubt but that they are the true representations of those famous men. Raffaele's life was employed on works of imagination, such as no one else has

equalled; but he could descend from the "dignity of history," as it is called, and submit to transcribe a faithful lesson of nature, like one of a less gifted intellect.

We can scarcely imagine, indeed, a thing much more pleasant to an artist, than to be brought face to face with some famous person, and permitted to examine and scrutinize his features, with that careful and intense curiosity that seems necessary to perfecting a likeness. It must have been to Raffaele at once a relaxation from his ordinary study, and a circumstance interesting in itself, thus to look into faces so full of meaning as those of Julius and Leo, and to say, "That look, that glance which seems so transient, will I fix forever. Thus shall it be seen, with that exact expression (although it lasted but for an instant), five hundred years after he shall be dust and ashes!"

Shall we go on? No. All, or most of what we had to say, is said; and now—it is time to stop.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN MUSIC.

O Decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis! O laborum
Bulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve
Rite vocanti.—HOM.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their many progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong;
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign,
Now rolling down the steep again,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.
GRAY.

The great Edmund Burke thought that there was a direct connection between the mental impression produced by the sensation of softness and smoothness, and the idea of the beautiful. Whoever, says he, compares his state of mind on feeling soft, smooth, variegated, unangular bodies, with that in which he finds himself on the view of a beautiful object, will perceive a very striking analogy in the effects of both, and which may go a good way towards discovering their common cause. Feeling and sight in this respect differ in but a few points. The touch takes in the pleasure of softness, which is not primarily an object of sight; the sight, on the other hand, comprehends color, which can hardly be made perceptible to the touch; the touch, again, has the advantage in a new idea of pleasure resulting from a moderate degree of warmth; but the eye triumphs in the infinite extent and multiplicity of its objects. But there is such a similitude in the pleasures of these senses that I am apt to fancy, if it were possible, that one might discern color by feeling (as it is said some blind men have done) that the same colors and dispositions of coloring, which we found beautiful to the sight, would be found likewise most grateful to the touch. But, setting aside conjectures, let us pass to the other sense of hearing.

In this sense, Mr. Burke proceeds to say, we find an equal aptitude to be affected in a soft and delicate manner, and how far sweet or delicate

sounds agree with our descriptions of beauty in other senses, the experience of every one must decide. Milton has described this species of music in one of his juvenile poems, (*l'Allegro.*) Milton was well versed in the art of music, and no man had a finer ear, with a happier manner of expressing the affection of one sense by metaphors taken from another. The description is as follows:—

"And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

It is curious to observe how the metaphysical philosopher, and such a philosopher as Mr. Burke, too, can look at this exquisite passage simply with a view to its scientific illustration of his theory. Let us parallel this, he says, "with the softness, the winding surface, the unbroken continuance, the easy gradation of the beautiful in other things; and all the diversities of the several senses, with all their several affections, will rather help to throw lights from one to another to finish one clear consistent idea of the whole than to obscure it by their intricacy and variety." Now, there can be no question that in the above passage Milton has, in a very admirable manner, and (considering the age of the poet at the time) in a truly marvellous manner, contrived artistically to suggest the idea of unbroken and yet varied continuance of pleasant sound, or (for nothing can better the phrase) of linked sweetness long drawn out. But the most astonishing line of the whole is that in which he sets forth the art—not at all interrupting the delicious description while he does so—the art which is used to produce this pleasing bewilderment of the senses:—

"With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running."

Observe the fearlessness with which he uses epithets that seem to be in contradiction to the qualities to which they are applied, but to which imagination willingly assents, though mere prosaic reason could not; and all this helps to work out the general effect of intricacy, joined with continuity—of prolonged sweetness not only without monotony, but with all the added pleasure that belongs to variety.

According to Mr. Burke's theory, there is but one character of music which suggests the idea of the beautiful, and that is the point which makes his theory unsatisfactory, as it is opposed to the ordinary convictions of mankind. "I shall add," he says, "to Milton's description one or two remarks. The first is, that the beautiful in music will not bear that loudness and strength of sounds which may be used to raise other passions; nor notes which are shrill, or harsh, or deep; it agrees best with such as are clear, even, smooth, and weak. The second is, that great variety, and quick transitions from one measure or tone to another, are contrary to the genius of the beautiful in music. Such transitions often excite mirth, or other sudden and tumultuous passions; but not that sinking, that melting, that languor, which is the characterised effect of the beautiful as it regards every sense."

It seems here that the philosopher, in endeavoring, as he says, to "settle a consistent idea of beauty," has restricted it within a much narrower range than truth would warrant. As far as music is concerned, who can doubt, for example, that in Handel's "Messiah" there is beauty in the magnificent chorus, "the Government shall be upon His shoulders;" as well as in the exquisite air of "Every Valley?" The character of the beauty is different in each, but they are *both* beautiful. He who doubts it upon Mr. Burke's theory, might as well doubt that there is beauty in the Belvidere Apollo, and suppose that the Venus of Medicis, which Byron says "fills the air around with beauty," alone deserves the homage of those who seek the beautiful in marble. But they are both beautiful, and the Apollo has the higher beauty of the two.

There are various characters of beauty in sound as well as in form. There is the beauty which we associate with dignity and majesty, and to which a great volume of sound is necessary, and there is also the beauty of soft melody which gently steals upon the senses and the heart, making us exclaim with the gentle Jessica—

"I ne'er am merry when I hear sweet music."

Nor can it be admitted by those who relish (as who does not?) the waltz music of Beethoven, that there cannot be beauty in music which has great variety and quick transition from one measure to another. Liveliness is not the quality which strikes most in this music, but richness and beauty of expression. It is not brilliancy, it is not airiness, but a kind of conversational interchange of musical thought; and the melody is as full and satisfying as in music of a much more ambitious character.

So far as regards music, Mr. Burke seems to have in some measure confused the sentiment of tenderness with the idea of beauty, and no doubt there is a close connection between them. Nay, Shakspeare's mention of music is generally in connection with its softening or soothing effect:—

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers lame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."

But there is a sense of the beautiful connected with the grand as well as with the tender, and when the loudest notes of the organ roll in musical thunder through the gloriously-beautiful arches of Westminster Abbey, the fervor which such strains inspire has as close a connection with a sense of the beautiful as the touching melody of some alto-voice in the anthem, which melts us into tears.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—A person, whose general health is good, can cure any slight derangement of the stomach by total abstinence; and it is much better to refrain from food than to take medicine. The habit of dosing yourself with soda and peppermint, when you have eaten imprudently; or, with bitters, to procure an appetite; or Rochelle powders, is all bad for the health, very bad. A well-regulated diet and proper exercise will prevent the necessity of any of these nostrums; and when an excess has been accidentally committed, omit the next meal, and that will generally cure you.

A CHILD'S FIRST LETTER.

To write to papa, 'tis an enterprise bold
 For the fairy-like maiden scarce seven years old;
 And see! what excitement the purpose hath
 wrought
 In eyes that when gravest seem playing at
 thought!

The light little figure surprised into rest—
 The smiles that *will* come so demurely repressed—
 The long-pausing hand on the paper that lies—
 The sweet puzzled look in the pretty blue eyes.

'Tis a beautiful picture of childhood in calm,
 One cheek swelling soft o'er the white dimpled
 palm
 Sunk deep in its crimson, and just the clear tip
 Of an ivory tooth on the full under-lip.

How the smooth forehead knits! With her arm
 round his neck,
 It were easier far than on paper to speak;
 We must loop up those ringlets: their rich falling
 gold
 Would blot out the story as fast as 'twas told.

And she meant to have made it in bed, but it
 seems
 Sleep melted too soon all her thoughts into dreams;
 But, hush! by that sudden expansion of brow,
 Some fairy familiar has whispered it now.

How she labors exactly each letter to sign,
 Goes over the whole at the end of each line,
 And lays down the pen to clap hands with delight
 When she finds an idea especially bright.

At last the small fingers have crept to an end:
 No statesman his letter 'twixt nations hath penned
 With more sense of its serious importance, and few
 In a spirit so loving, so earnest, and true.

She smiles at a feat so unwonted and grand,
 Draws a very long breath, rubs the cramped little
 hand;
 May we read it? Oh, yes; my sweet maiden,
 maybe
 One day you will write what *one only* must see.

"But no one must change it!" No, truly, it ought
 To keep the fresh bloom on each natural thought.
 Who would shake off the dew to the rose-leaf that
 clings?—
 Or the delicate dust from the butterfly's wings?

Is it surely a letter? So bashfully lies
 Uncertainty yet in those beautiful eyes,
 And the parted lips' coral is deepening in glow,
 And the eager flush mounts to the forehead of
 snow.

'Tis informal and slightly discursive, we fear;
 Not a line without love, but the love is *sincere*.
 Unchanged, papa said he would have it depart,
 Like a bright leaf dropped out of her innocent
 heart.

Great news of her garden, her lamb, and her bird,
 Of mamma, and of baby's last wonderful word;
 With an ardent assurance—they neither can play,
 Nor learn, nor be happy, while *he* is away.

Will he like it? Ay, will he! what letter could
 seem,
 Though an angel indited, so charming to him?
 How the fortunate *poem* to honor would rise
 That should never be read by more critical eyes!
 Ah, would for poor rhymesters such favor could be
 As waits, my fair child, on thy letter and thee!

Household Words.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY MILNES.

Believe not that your inner eye
 Can ever in just measure try
 The worth of hours as they go by;

For every man's weak self, alas!
 Makes him to see them while they pass,
 As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if, with earnest care, you would
 Mete out to each its part of good,
 Trust rather to your after mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
 That leave your spirit bowed and bent
 In sad unrest and ill-content.

And more, though free from seeming harm,
 You rest from toil of mind or arm,
 Or slow retire from pleasure's charm—

If then a painful sense comes on
 Of something wholly lost and gone,
 Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done—

Of something from your being's chain
 Broke off, not to be linked again
 By all mere memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
 Nothing that altogether dies
 Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour
 May die as dies the natural flower,
 A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
 Is to develop, not destroy,
 Far better than a barren joy.

THE BLIND BOY TO HIS BROTHER IN CHURCH.

I am not blind, dear brother, now,
 For though I cannot see—
 Though darkness overspreads my brow—
 The Gospel shines for me.

List, brother, list! each holy word
 Is graven on my mind;
 I could not see, but then I heard,—
 Brother, I am not blind!

Father! to whom all suppliants kneel,
 I ask not worldly sight;
 O, hear a poor blind boy's appeal
 For more of Heavenly light!

PRESENTIMENTS.

BY D. P. THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "LOCKE AMSDEN,"
ETC.

"Whence the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That oftentimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone that naught can drown or still,
'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest?
Whence doth that marmur wake, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus? 'tis mystery all!"

Among all the branches of the supernatural, there is no one which has been so little discussed by philosophical writers as that generally known by the term *presentiments*. And yet there is no one among them all better entitled to our consideration from the many and well authenticated instances which may be cited to prove their existence; nor is there any one of them, at the same time, so difficult of explanation, on natural principles, when that existence is established. It is this difficulty, probably, which has deterred many learned men from attempting a solution of the mystery, while it is the secret reason, we apprehend, why many others pass the subject with a slur, placing the presage to the account of despondency of mind or nervous timidity, and professing to look upon its fulfilment as nothing more than one of those remarkable coincidences which are often occurring in the ordinary events of life. This is doubtless an easy way of getting along with what we will not believe, and cannot explain; but it so happens that by far the greatest proportion of the recorded cases of presentiments (by which term we mean forebodings which are realized—not false presentiments) have occurred among a class of men the most noted for firmness and courage, and the least subject, by nature and discipline, to be affected by superstitious fears or nervous weakness. Scarcely an important battle has been reported, by the details of which it has not appeared that some of the slain, though the bravest of the brave, and never before troubled with such impressions, have confidently foretold the death that awaited them.

The brave and chivalrous General De Kalb, who fell at the battle of Camden, at the eve of that memorable engagement, told his brother officers that he felt, for the first time, that his hour had come, and, making his last requests, rode into battle, and soon received in his heart the fatal bullet that brought his towering form to the earth.

The gallant General Pike, the night before the storming of the British fortress at Little York, in the war of 1812, made his preparations for death, and wrote a letter, giving directions for the future education, &c., of his beloved daughter, under the avowed impression that he was not to survive the expected battle, though, as commanding officer, he was not necessarily to be exposed to danger. The battle came—the fortress was blown up by the retreating foe, and a small stone, thrown to the distance of a quarter of a mile, struck Pike, who was sitting on a stump, apparently out of the way of all harm, and caused his immediate death.

Our lamented Ransom, as we are informed by an officer of his regiment who fought by his side; the night previous to the terrible battle of Chancellorsville, talked of home and family, and the me-

lancholy thought of falling so far away from them in a strange land, in a manner which convinced all that he had been seized with an overpowering presentiment of his approaching fall.

Hundreds of these instances might be cited from the annals of war, but, deeming it unnecessary, we will proceed to another class of cases.

It was once our fortune to be thrown into a social circle, in which were the near relatives of some of those who perished in the conflagration of the Richmond theatre, in 1812, which so widely scattered the weeds of woe among the first families of Virginia. Two or three remarkable instances of presentiments were told us as having been felt and avowed previous to the fire by those who became victims; but we have treasured up one more peculiar than the others, because, instead of being followed by the death of him who was the subject of the premonition, it was the direct means, in all human probability, of saving him and a family of accomplished daughters from destruction. The play announced for that night was an attractive one. The gentlemen, to whom we allude, had proposed to his family to attend the theatre with them, and several times, through the day, spoke of the pleasure he anticipated in witnessing the performance. But, towards night, he became unusually thoughtful; and, as the appointed hour drew near, he took a seat with the ladies, and commenced reading to them a long and interesting story, evading all conversation about the theatre. This he continued until interrupted by one of the wondering circle, who suggested that it was time to start. Again evading the subject, he went on reading till he was a second time interrupted, and told they must go immediately or they should certainly be belated. Finding he could not put them off till too late to go, as he had hoped to do, he turned to them, and earnestly asked it as a favor that they would all forego the promised pleasure of the play-house, and remain with him at home through the evening. Though deeply surprised and sorely disappointed, yet they dutifully acquiesced, and, in the course of the evening, while engaged in their quiet fireside entertainment, they were aroused by the alarm of fire; and in a few minutes more by the appalling tidings that hundreds were perishing in the flames of the burning theatre, in which, but for the request which had seemed so strange to them, they too would have been found to be numbered among the victims. The next morning, the gentleman told them, in explanation of his conduct the evening before, that as the hour set for the performance approached, he became unaccountably impressed with the idea or feeling that some fearful calamity was that night to fall on the company assembled at the theatre; and that the premonition, in spite of all his efforts to shake it off, at length became so strong and definite, that he secretly resolved to prevent them from attending, and would have done so, even to guarding the doors of his house with loaded pistols.

One more instance must we relate in illustration of our subject, which is that of an adventure which was once related to us by an intelligent, truthful and highly-valued personal friend, and which we will give in his own words:—"Some

years ago," he said, "I was journeying horseback through a part of the wild and sparsely settled country lying west of the Mississippi, with about two thousand dollars in silver and gold, stowed away in my saddle-bags. After having travelled one afternoon till nearly sunset, without seeing a single hut or inhabitant, and while anxiously casting about for some shelter for the night, I had the good luck, as I then esteemed it, to overtake a very honest-looking squatter, of whom I enquired, the distance to a tavern. He said it was fifteen or twenty miles, quite too far for me to think of going that night, but if I would go with him to his cabin, which was a mile or so off the road, I should be welcome to such accommodations as he and his wife could furnish me. Being taken by the plausible and apparently kind manner of the man, I thankfully accepted his offer, accompanied him to his log hut, and was hospitably provided with refreshments; when I retired to my bed, which was on the lower floor, and adjoining the room occupied by my entertainers. With my saddle-bags which I had unwisely let the man handle, placed under part of my pillow, I soon fell asleep with feelings of the utmost security, having no sort of suspicion that my entertainers were not kind and worthy people. After sleeping awhile, I awoke restless and uneasy, why I know not; I thought I must be sick, and fell to examining my pulse, &c., but could detect in myself no symptoms of illness. Besides I soon found my uneasiness was not like that of any physical illness. It was a feeling of apprehension—a vague, yet strong impression that some great evil or danger was impending over me. I tried to reason myself out of such folly; but instead of succeeding, soon found the strange feelings growing too intense to permit me to keep in bed any longer. And accordingly I arose, crept stealthily to the door opening into the other room, and listened. I could soon distinguish the voices of the man and his wife, who seemed to be engaged in a low and somewhat flurried conversation, of which I at length caught enough to convince me they were planning my death, and the manner of disposing of my body afterwards. I hastily crept back, dressed myself, and drawing out my pistols, sat down on the bed, and awaited the result. Presently the door was cautiously opened, and I caught a glimpse of the man entering, with an axe in his hand; and approaching on tip-toe towards me. Instantly cocking my pistols, I called to him to stop or I would shoot him dead on the spot. He was evidently taken by surprise; for, tacking about with the quickness of thought, he hastily skulked out of the room. After watching with my pistols in my hands, till the first appearance of daylight, I made my escape, unheard, from the house, mounted my horse, and departed with all possible speed. Gaining the road, I rode on, and in about five miles, instead of fifteen, came to a tavern, where I ascertained that the man, at whose house I had stayed, was strangely suspected of having decoyed several other travellers to his cabin, in the manner he had me, and murdered them for their money."

The foregoing instances of presentiments, selected from the hundreds of others which might

be cited, not only because they were remarkable and striking in themselves, but because they occurred to men whose characters for firmness and intelligence clearly exempted them from all suspicion of having been the victims of any of those mental infirmities which lead to so many false presentiments or groundless forebodings among those of an opposite character—the foregoing instances, must drive all candid and reflecting minds, we think, to one of two conclusions; either, first, that the presentiment is an intimation of coming events which Providence, directly, or through the agency of His special spiritual messengers, gives to mortals to warn them of the threatened evil, that they may avoid it, or that they may have an opportunity to prepare to meet the fate which they are not to be permitted to escape;—or second, that these presentiments are caused by the operation of those mysterious spiritual sympathies by which one mind, it is said, sometimes becomes apprised of, or, at least, affected by, what is silently passing in another mind; so that one man may thus be darkly informed of the plottings which are going on against him in the mind of another, and even to the extent that a mortal may, in the same manner, receive impressions of approaching evil from attendant spiritual beings, who may be hovering around, and looking upon us in commiseration, in view of the doom which they see is about to overtake us.

These are the two conclusions, from which we, at least, find ourself compelled to choose. Which is the most correct one? While most of those who are guided by the simple faith of the Christian, in its literal teachings, will probably adopt the one first named, there are many, we apprehend, inclined to believe in the correctness of the latter, conceiving it to be in accordance, probably, of some fixed law of Providence, which, though but imperfectly revealed to us, may be equally well calculated to carry out His designs. And who can say that it is not so:

"For knowledge strives in vain to feel her way
Amidst these marvels of the mind."

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—The Italians were the first people in Europe who excelled in the art of making artificial flowers; but of late years the French have been most ingenious in this branch of industry. Ribbons folded in different forms and of different colors were originally employed for imitating flowers, by being attached to wire stems. This imitation soon gave way to that by feathers, which are more delicate in texture, and more capable of assuming a variety of flower-like figures. But a great difficulty was encountered in dyeing them with due vivacity. The savages of South America manufacture perfect feather-flowers, derived from the brilliant plumage of their birds, which closely resemble the products of vegetation. The blossoms and leaves are admirable, while the colors never fade. The Italians frequently employ the cocoons of the silk-worm for this purpose; these take a brilliant dye, preserve their color, and possess a transparent, velvety appearance suitable for petals. Of late years the French have adopted the finest cambrio for making petals, and the taffets of Florence for making the leaves.

SPARING TO SPEND;

OR,

THE LOFTONS AND THE PINKERTONS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER V.

"Mrs. Sly," exclaimed Lofton, turning quickly from his desk, on hearing his name uttered.

He had but a short time before reached the store in which he was employed.

The old woman, dressed for the street, in a faded Scotch plaid cloak and a rusty, plain black mode bonnet, stood before him with a troubled expression on her hard features.

"Ellen Birch is very ill, sir!" The voice of the woman was subdued in tone, and indicative of no little anxiety.

"Very ill! What ails her?" asked Lofton hurriedly and in alarm.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Lofton. But she's been going on very strangely all night. I think she's come out of her head. And she's got an awful high fever."

"Has the doctor seen her?" inquired the young man.

"No, sir. I—I—didn't like to—I don't have any doctor of my own."

"But why didn't you call in Dr. Baker at once?"

"Well, I—I thought I'd see you first," stammered the old woman.

"Is any one with her now?"

"No, sir. She's a little quiet, and I thought I'd run down and tell you."

"Go back then, quickly," said Lofton, impatiently; "I'll be there with the doctor in a few minutes."

The old woman turned away, but, ere she had reached the door, Lofton passed her at a rapid speed. Fortunately, he reached the office of Dr. Baker just in time to see him before he went out on his morning round of visits. The doctor accompanied him to the house of Mrs. Sly, which they reached before the old woman's arrival. Ellen still slept; or, as Mrs. Sly had said, was quiet. Her eyes were closed; there was a marked, rather painful contraction of forehead, and her lips, unnaturally compressed, had now and then a slight nervous movement.

Doctor Baker, who had attended Ellen during her recent illness, stood gazing at her wan, suffering countenance, for some moments, without speaking. Then, with a shake of the head, he sat down beside her and laid his fingers on her pulse. As he did so, the sick girl opened her eyes, fixed them first on the doctor, then upon the face of her lover, and then let them wander, as if searching for some one else about the room. At this moment Mrs. Sly came in. Instantly a look of fear darkened the countenance of Ellen, and she shrank closer down in the bed. Both the doctor and Lofton noticed the sudden change. It needed not the few incoherent sentences that fell from her lips, to tell them that the mind of the poor girl wandered.

The only information Doctor Baker could get from Mrs. Sly, bearing on the case, was that Ellen had awakened her in the night, by overturning a

chair, and that on going to her, she had found her wandering about the room and talking to herself in a strange way. The straight-forward relation by Lofton, of what had occurred on the evening before, and his impression that Ellen had gone to work much too early since her illness, afforded the doctor sufficient data to understand the condition of his patient.

Such prescription as the emergency required being ordered, the doctor said in a low voice to Lofton:

"This case is an exceedingly critical one, and by no means to be trusted in the hands of this woman. A faithful nurse is as much needed as a skilful physician. And good nursing this sick girl will not receive here—at least not at the hands of Mrs. Sly. Has she no friend or relative who would take care of her during her illness?"

"She has no relative," replied Lofton.

"Then it would be better to have her removed to the Infirmary than trust her here."

"Oh no," said the young man quickly. "That need not be. I will have her placed in the hands of one who will be as kind to her as a mother. But, can she be safely removed?"

"Yes; provided it be done as soon as possible to-day. This fever will exhaust her rapidly. Tomorrow, it might be attended with extreme peril."

"I will have her removed within an hour," said Lofton. "Will you see her again this afternoon?"

"I had better do so. Where will I find her?"

"I will call on you at two o'clock, in your office, and give the right direction. Mrs. Sly," he added, turning to the old woman and speaking aloud—"I wish you to have Ellen's clothes, and all that belongs to her, packed in her trunks. In less than an hour I will be here in a carriage for the purpose of taking her away."

"Mr. Lofton!" The old woman was about to remonstrate, when the doctor said—

"I have ordered the removal, Mrs. Sly, and it must take place immediately."

"But is it safe, doctor? Isn't she too ill?"

"She is too ill to remain here, madam," replied the doctor, fixing a stern look on the old woman, who did not misunderstand the meaning of his words.

Soon after, Lofton and the physician left the house together.

On Mulberry street, some distance beyond Pearl street, and then quite in the suburbs of the city, stood a small two-storied brick house, a little back from, and with its gable end to, the street. It was a half-house, so called. In front was a neat flower-garden, enclosed by white palings, the diamond-shaped tops painted green. Every thing in and around this house bore the stamp of neatness. The front door opened directly into a small parlor, furnished very plainly. On the floor was a rag carpet, woven into regular stripes of black, red and yellow, which, crossing each other at intervals, produced a good effect. A bureau, a mahogany breakfast-table, on which lay an old family Bible, six green Windsor chairs, a small mantel looking-glass, a pair of brightly polished andirons, shovel and tongs, and a pair of brass candlesticks, made up the furniture of this room.

In the chamber directly over the parlor, sat a woman whose countenance showed her to be past the prime of life. She was engaged in sewing; not on a garment for herself, but on work for which she was to be paid a price—for Mrs. Wilson, although she owned the comfortable house in which she lived, had no income beyond what her industry secured. The opening of the gate caused her to lift her head and look from the window.

"Mr. Lofton! I declare!" said she, both pleasure and surprise in her tones. And she laid aside her work quickly and went down stairs, in time to open the door for him ere his hand had lifted the little brass knocker that was polished to the extreme of brightness.

"Good morning, Archie! How d'ye do?—walk in. I'm right glad to see you! But what's the matter? You look sick or in trouble."

"I am in trouble," replied the young man, as he seated himself in Mrs. Wilson's little parlor. "Ellen is sick again."

"Why, Archie! I'm sorry to hear that. Is she very sick!"

"Yes. Dangerously so, Doctor Baker says." The young man's voice choked. In a moment he recovered himself, and added, "She went to work a great deal too soon, and now she is in a relapse. Her mind has been wandering all night."

"Archie!"

"I've come to see you about her," said Lofton.

"Well, Archie, any thing in my power to do for Ellen, shall be done. You know I have always liked her. She's a good and true-hearted girl."

"The doctor says she's too ill to be trusted with Mrs. Sly."

"It never was a good place for her," replied Mrs. Wilson. "Mrs. Sly is not the right kind of a woman. If she is so ill again, she ought to be removed, by all means."

"The doctor has suggested the Infirmary; but, indeed, Mrs. Wilson, I cannot bear the thought of that."

Mrs. Wilson shook her head.

"Won't you let her be brought here?" said Lofton, almost imploringly. "Oh, if you would, it might be the means of saving her life! I will pay you more for nursing her than you can earn with your needle. Oh, my good friend, forgive me for asking so much; and do not deny my request."

"It was already on my lips to make the offer," said the kind lady, smiling, yet with dimming eyes.

"What a mountain you have taken from my heart!" ejaculated Lofton, seizing the hand of Mrs. Wilson.

Of all that passed between them, we need not pause to speak. Mrs. Wilson immediately accompanied Lofton, and assisted in the removal of the sick girl to her own house.

"Is every thing that belongs to Ellen in these trunks?" inquired Lofton, when sometime afterwards he returned with a porter to have them taken away.

"Yes, as far as I know. But—"

"But what?" asked Lofton, seeing hesitation and perplexity on the countenance of Mrs. Sly.

"She owes me twelve dollars for board, and if I let them go, where is my security? She'll die,

maybe, and then who am I to look to for my own?"

"Wretch!" was the involuntary and indignant exclamation of Lofton. "And it was for this that you threatened to send her to the poor-house, ha! But"—and he took out his pocket-book—"here's your money. Not a word!" he added sternly, as the instantly changed woman began some cringing apology. "There is your own—take it! And now Stephen," speaking to the porter, "take these to the house of Mrs. Wilson, in Mulberry street. You know where it is."

Remaining long enough to see the trunks fairly in the porter's possession, Lofton then returned to the store, from which he had been absent over two hours.

"Where have you been, Archibald?" one of his employers enquired, as soon as the young man re-appeared. Absence, during business hours, was a thing not permitted in the establishment, unless for causes beyond those of ordinary occurrence. Knowing this, Lofton felt that justice to himself required a clear statement of his reason for being away. His employer listened with a good deal of interest, and when he had concluded, asked the name of the person in whom his clerk had been so much interested. On hearing it, he said—

"Ellen Birch. Isn't she a dress-maker?"

"She is," replied Lofton.

"Oh, I remember her very well, now. She has worked for my family, off and on, during the last few years. And she is so very ill?"

"Yes, sir; Doctor Baker considers the case exceedingly critical."

"I'm really pained to hear it, Archibald. She's an excellent girl. My wife and daughters are much attached to her, and will be grieved to hear of her sickness. Where did you say she had been removed?"

"To Mrs. Wilson's, in Mulberry, a little beyond Pearl street."

"I'll remember that. Some of my family will see her immediately, and do all they can for her comfort. Dr. Baker is attending her?"

"Yes, sir."

"She couldn't be in better hands. How long have you known her, Archibald?"

"A long time, sir."

"And, excuse my freedom, are no doubt under an engagement of marriage with her?"

"It is true, sir."

"A wise choice, my young friend. She will make you an excellent wife. Don't let her illness trouble you too much. A good physician and good nursing will, I am sure, soon bring all right again. You have my full permission to be absent, while she remains so very sick, as often as may be needful."

Briefly but earnestly Lofton expressed his grateful thanks for this kind interest on the part of his employer, and once more resumed his daily tasks.

CHAPTER VI.

From this time, during a period of three months, there was a steady draught on the sum which Lofton had accumulated; but the diminution gave him pleasure, not pain. A source, it

proved, of deep gratification that he was able to procure for Ellen, during a long and dangerous illness, the comforts of a home, and the loving care of one who nursed her with the tenderness of a mother. As the sick girl began to recover strength, and her mind to acquire something of its wonted activity, her native independence and maidenly delicacy threw a shadow over her feelings, and produced something of reserve towards her lover. Gradually she learned, through guarded answers to her questions, both from Lofton and Mrs. Wilson, all about her removal from the house of Mrs. Sly, and her present actual dependence on the generosity of the young man, to whose prompt interference she was indebted for life itself.

Ellen had so far recovered as to be able not only to sit up a greater part of each day, but to walk a few squares, leaning on the arm of Lofton. Strength was coming back rapidly. Already, a faint flush might be seen on her cheeks, and the brightness of returning health in her eyes. It was now midsummer. Earlier than usual, one afternoon, and ere the twilight succeeding the long day had closed in, Lofton called upon Ellen. He opened the little parlor door without knocking. There she sat, near the window, sewing, while on the table beside her were portions of a new silk dress, the rich materials and fashionable style of which left him in no doubt as to the nature of her employment. The work from a customer. The flush on her cheek, which he had marked, at his last visit, with so much pleasure, was gone; and lines of weariness were too visible on her brow.

"Why, Ellen!" he said, in a tone of surprise, "what is the meaning of this? You are not well enough to go to work yet."

"I'm gaining strength very fast, Archie," she replied, smiling cheerfully. "It's over two months, now, that I've been idle, and a burden to others—" her voice slightly faltered on the word "burden," while her eyes drooped beneath the earnest gaze of her companion—"and I shall feel better to be doing something, if it is ever so little. Mrs. Brown was here, yesterday, and urged me so strongly to make this dress for her, that I couldn't well refuse."

"Mrs. Brown has neither feeling nor consideration!" said the young man, with more than his ordinary warmth of speech.

"I would rather make it than not," replied Ellen, showing some slight confusion of manner. "I feel a great deal stronger, and must begin to do something."

"You began too soon before, and against all my earnest persuasion. The imprudence came near costing you your life. Do not, let me beg of you, Ellen, act so unwisely again. Send the dress back to Mrs. Brown, and tell her that you find yourself too weak to finish it. If she be a true woman, she will take no offence."

"But I think I am well enough," persisted Ellen.

"No, child, you are not," said Mrs. Wilson, now coming into the room, and replying to her last sentence, "and I have told you so before. But she has a woman's will, Archie, and a pretty strong one."

"Now, don't say that, Mrs. Wilson," quickly spoke up Ellen, slightly coloring. She felt that, to the ear of her lover, there was something disparaging in the remark.

"I do say it, child," returned Mrs. Wilson. "Haven't I been talking to you all day, and telling you how wrong it was to attempt this work with your present strength?"

"But, Mrs. Wilson," urged Ellen, "you know my reasons for wishing to make this dress. You know—you know—"

Ellen did not finish the sentence. Her face was still more suffused, and she bent it so low upon her bosom, that its expression was concealed.

"I know," returned Mrs. Wilson, thrown a little off of her guard by excitement of feeling, "that Mrs. Sly has no claim on you so imperative that life itself must be put in jeopardy to secure the payment."

"Mrs. Sly!" ejaculated Lofton. "And, pray, what claim has she upon Ellen?"

"Oh! Mrs. Wilson," said Ellen, in real distress, "how could you speak so?"

Mrs. Wilson was silent. She felt that she had done wrong in thus referring, in the presence of Ellen's lover, to the existence of an embarrassing pecuniary obligation. Lofton comprehended all in a moment, and said—

"Let both of your hearts be at rest on this subject. Mrs. Sly has not the shadow of a claim on Ellen."

"I believe you are in error, there," answered Mrs. Wilson, who, not choosing to understand Lofton, went on to explain somewhat particularly the state of affairs between Ellen and Mrs. Sly, dwelling, as she did so, with some prominence, on the previous sickness of Ellen, as the cause of her indebtedness.

"Not the least in error," said the young man, smiling, when Mrs. Wilson ended her explanations. "Mrs. Sly has no claim, not even to the value of a barley-corn, upon Ellen."

The young girl raised her suffused face and looked reproachfully at Lofton. The meaning of his last remark she clearly understood. Far deeper than this reproachful glance, the eyes of the young man penetrated, and saw radiant and beautiful a look of grateful, confiding love.

Silence succeeded, and a gradual calming down of excited feelings. Then Lofton related his closing interview with Mrs. Sly, and on concluding the narrative, turned to Ellen and said abruptly—"What would you have done, had you been in my place?"

"Just as you did," replied Mrs. Wilson, before Ellen had time to frame an answer. "And, now that we all understand each other, let us give a little thought to the future. It is plain that Ellen's health will be permanently injured if she persist in doing as she did before. Now that she has agreed to make this dress for Mrs. Brown, I do not positively object to her finishing it, provided she work only a few hours each day. But, I should regard the taking in of any more work, for at least a month or six weeks to come, as positively wrong."

"But, Mrs. Wilson," interposed Ellen, "I cannot live in idleness, I cannot—"

"You are, for the present, under our guardianship, my child," said Mrs. Wilson, laying her hand tenderly on that of the young girl. "Leave to us the care of thinking and acting for you in the present. When able to walk alone, we will restore all your freedom. Can you not trust us? Have you not faith in our love for you?"

"Oh yes—all faith—all trust!" answered Ellen, betraying strong emotions. A flood of tears came to the relief of her oppressed feelings, and she wept for a time freely. How weak and dependent she now felt. Bravely had she striven to stand alone, while the thought of leaning upon her lover for support, was something from which her mind shrunk with an instinctive sense of delicacy. Yet, in her earnest struggle, she had fallen to the earth, and his was the hand that raised her up—his the arm that still sustained her.

The barriers of reserve were all broken down. Though formally betrothed to each other, yet no marriage day had been named, because the circumstances of Lofton were not such as to justify the step. Both were young and both willing to wait the better time coming in the future. Such being the case, a certain maidenly reserve had marked the intercourse of Ellen with her lover. But the evening they spent alone after the interview just described, was one marked by a different tone of thought and feeling from any that had gone before. Circumstances utterly beyond her control had left Ellen helpless. His arm was instantly reached forth to protect and to sustain her. She had leaned upon it in utter weakness, and now that her step still faltered, she could not refuse the support so earnestly and so lovingly proffered. And as her thoughts took new forms, while she listened to all his more freely uttered plans for the future, and saw herself leaning still in her weakness upon him, a deep interior joy warmed her bosom. She felt herself drawn nearer to him; felt her life blended, as it were, with his. A higher respect for his manly intelligence, and a higher confidence in his manly virtues, were also inspired. In her almost abject weakness, new strength had been born.

When Lofton parted from Ellen on that evening, there was something of despondency and impatience in his heart.

"Oh, that my income were larger!" he exclaimed, throwing out his hands as he gained the street, after leaving the house of Mrs. Wilson. And then, with bowed head, in deep meditation, he took his way homeward. Earnestly, as he walked along, did he ponder the present and the future. He still had nearly one hundred and fifty dollars in the Savings' Fund. With a salary of only four hundred dollars, and but a hundred and fifty dollars a-head, would it be prudent to take so important a step as marriage? This was the distinct proposition in his mind. It was very far from being decided, when he reached his boarding-house. The hour was late, at least for him. On entering the parlor, he found no one there but Pinkerton, who was walking the floor with uneasy step.

"I'm glad you've come at last, Archie," said the young man. "I've been waiting for you all

the evening. Just walk up to my room. I have something very particular to say to you."

"Nothing wrong, I hope," remarked Lofton, who saw that his friend was much disturbed.

As soon as they were in the room, Pinkerton drew a letter from his pocket, and, handing it to Lofton, said—

"Read that."

The letter was from his sister, and the contents were as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER MARK—I feel a little stronger to-day, and aunt Mary, after a good deal of persuasion, has consented to let me bear the fatigue of writing. She has propped me up in bed with pillows, and opened the large Bible before me, on which to lay my paper. I have grown very, very weak, brother. It may be, that I shall never have strength to write you again. And I want you just to answer this, if it is ever so briefly. It is nearly three months, now, since your last letter came. What a long time it has seemed! the longer that I had so many reasons for wishing to hear from you. Oh, I should like so much to see you, Mark. Can't you leave business for a week, and make us a visit? Aunt Mary will be delighted, and I—oh, I shall weep for very joy. Do come, brother! I don't think I have much longer to live in this world. You don't know how much I have failed. I hardly think you would know me.

"Should I never see you again, Mark, let this be my dying request,—*Don't forget aunt Mary!* She has been all to me that a mother could have been. I mentioned, in my last letter, that she had lost her bank stock. Deprived of the income it yielded, she has since been in much embarrassment, and, at times, greatly depressed in spirits. How my heart aches for her! *Don't forget her, Mark, when I am gone.* I feel too weak to write any longer. Try, won't you, to come and see me? Oh, I want to look upon your face again before I die. Do come, dear brother!

"From your loving sister,

"LUCY."

Lofton read this letter through, and then lifting his eyes to the face of Pinkerton, which showed great disturbance, said—

"You will see your sister, and that immediately."

"I must see her. Poor Lucy! I had no idea that she was failing so rapidly."

"Under the circumstances, there will, of course, be no difficulty in your obtaining a week's leave of absence."

"O no. There'll be no difficulty on that score. But—" Pinkerton paused.

"But what?"

"Want of funds is the great trouble. The fact is, Archie, I can't think of going to see Lucy with less than a hundred dollars in my pocket. Twenty to bear my expenses, and the rest for her. I blame myself sharply for not having sent her a supply of money weeks ago. She wrote to me of aunt Mary's loss, and how oppressed she was by a sense of dependence. I had no money then, and was embarrassed by sundry small debts. It is little, if anything, better now. Still, matters have reached a crisis,

and I must get the needed sum, if I borrow it. You have money in the Savings' Fund. Lend me a hundred dollars for six months. I will pay you good interest. I would not ask the favor, were not my wants so imperative."

"My own wants, Mark," replied Lofton, "are nearly as imperative as yours. I have now but a hundred and fifty dollars in the Fund, and shall, in all probability, use the whole of it within three months from this time."

"Imperative as mine!" exclaimed Pinkerton, greatly excited, and with something rude and contemptuous in his voice. "And in your cold calculation, you will let the pleading voice of a dying sister quiver on the air in vain?"

"No, Mark," returned Lofton, calmly; "I will not do this. Against you, if against any one, will lie the charge."

"What do you mean?"

"Your real wants are no greater than mine, while your income is larger. Am I to blame that no part of your earnings have been reserved, through self-denial, for an only sister, wasting away by disease, dependent and helpless? The little that I have saved, I shall want in a very short time, and for a purpose quite as near my heart as yours. To put it out my power to serve this purpose, I would think criminal; and for the reason that another's very life may depend on my ability to extend, aid, and comfort. Borrow somewhere else; or get an advance on your salary, which a representation of your pressing need will readily secure. But, don't urge me farther; for I regard the fulfilment of my own obligations in life as my first duty. A sense of this may narrow my views, somewhat; may lead me to feel little inclined to aid others in fulfilling their neglected obligations—but so it is."

Though the words of Lofton were full of rebuke, yet his tone and manner, which were unimpassioned, and even kind, allayed, rather than excited the feelings of Pinkerton, who rather coldly apologized for his hasty remark, and then changed the subject. Lofton soon after retired to his own room. Half the night he lay awake, pondering the questions excited by his recent interview with Ellen. And equally wakeful was Pinkerton. Never had the latter felt so deeply disturbed in mind. He loved his sister as much as it was possible for a man like him to love any one. There were many early memories that bound her to his heart; and when these were stirred, he thought of her with real tenderness. They were stirred, now, even in their remotest chambers. Had he possessed thousands of dollars, and the sum were needed for her comfort of mind or body, in his present state all would have been freely given. But, he had nothing. In useless trifles, and vain self-indulgence, all and more than all of his income had been spent; and now, when half of what he had foolishly wasted in a twelve-month would have filled the heart of his dying sister with gladness, he had nothing for the emergency.

CHAPTER VII.

The meeting of Lofton and Pinkerton, on the next morning, was attended by a certain coldness and reserve. Not that the former wished to appear

cool, or the latter to seem offended. Both, in memory of their recent conversation, and the causes leading thereto, felt a measure of sobriety, and this showed itself in their exterior.

A careful review of his pecuniary affairs, and a summing up of his resources, which had been made by Pinkerton during the sleepless hours of the preceding night, in no way lessened the embarrassment of his situation. More than once, in asking for small advances on his salary, his employers had expressed surprise that a young man, with no one but himself to support, should, being in the receipt of six hundred dollars a year, be under the necessity of making such a request. And the last time he did so, it was hinted that he must make a bad use of a part of his money.

Under these circumstances, again to ask an advance, and especially of so large a sum as one hundred dollars, he felt to be doubtful policy. He could, it is true, urge the serious illness and dependent condition of his sister. But, a certain feeling of shame deterred him from this. Were he to do so, his neglect of that sister could hardly, without falsehood, be concealed—and he had, naturally, too high a regard for truth to make of it so direct a violation. This mode of raising the desired sum was, therefore, after due deliberation, abandoned. Other efforts to borrow were then made. But, none of his applications during that day were successful. In fact, a week elapsed before he was able to get the sum of fifty dollars, and then, obtaining leave of absence for a few days, he started for the village where his sister resided. Had Lofton needed four times the sum, he could have obtained it in an hour; but Pinkerton's credit was not held in very high estimation, and people who had money did not much care to lend it to a young man of extravagant habits, who was never over-prompt in meeting his little obligations.

We now transfer our readers to the pleasant little village of L—, the residence of Lucy Pinkerton. Her letter to her brother was no overdrawn picture. The last sands in time's hour-glass were falling. The effort to write, as aunt Mary Jones had feared, exhausted her very much; and, to the increasing uneasiness of her kind relative, she did not rally again from the prostrate condition in which it left her. On the day following, she remained in a half-sleeping, half-waking condition, noticing little that passed, and only speaking in answer to some enquiry. On the second day, she was something brighter, but did not attempt to sit up even in bed. On the third morning, in coming early into her room, Mrs. Jones was both pleased and surprised to find her propped up with pillows—the work of her own hands—her face all a-glow, and her eyes bright.

"Why, Lucy dear! How are you, this morning?" said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, I feel so much better, aunt Mary. I've been awake ever since day dawn, and now, I'm just waiting for the sun to look over the mountain. I dreamed all night about Mark. I'm sure he'll come to-day."

"Don't set your heart too much on that, child," said aunt Mary. If Mark started by the very next stage after getting your letter, he could

only arrive to-day. You may receive an answer saying that he will be here to-morrow, or next day; but I wouldn't count on anything beyond, for fear of disappointment, and you are too weak to bear even that."

As Mrs. Jones spoke, something of the light faded from Lucy's countenance. She answered: "I'm sure he will come to-day. He wouldn't linger a moment after getting my letter, for I told him—"

Lucy checked herself.

"Told him what, love?" Mrs. Jones leaned over, and laid her hand softly on the white forehead of the invalid.

But Lucy did not answer. Slowly her long lashes drooped, until their dark fringes lay upon her colorless cheeks. A little while she communed with herself, and then her calm, deep, spiritual eyes rested again upon the face of her relative.

"That, if he did not come immediately, he might not look upon my living face."

Did the voice falter that uttered these words? No: it betrayed nothing of human weakness—no mortal dread. Afar off, Death had seemed to Lucy a very king of terrors. But, as he came nearer and nearer, and less of earthly atmosphere intervened, the distorted image gave place to a form of angelic beauty. The valley into which we must all descend, looked down upon from some far distant mountain, was dark and fearful: but rays of heavenly light were now piercing every gloomy recess, and she saw it but as a safe passage to a world of joy beyond.

Aunt Mary Jones was not self-deceived in regard to Lucy. That the time of her departure was near at hand, she knew by many unerring signs. How gently, and earnestly, and guardedly—even while her own heart grew faint as she thought of the coming separation—had this excellent woman sought to lift the mind of Lucy upward into the contemplation of things heavenly. Yet, even as she did so, the pupil often became the teacher. Far above the uplifting word of aunt Mary, would soar the spirit of Lucy.

Never before had the sick girl spoken in such direct terms of her approaching death. At the first utterance, Mrs. Jones felt a thrill along every nerve. But after a slight effort at self-composure, she was able to say, in a voice of tender encouragement:

"And you really think, my dear child, that the change is so near at hand?"

"It cannot be very far off now, aunt Mary," was calmly replied. "This poor body is nearly worn out. It scarcely obeys the smallest demand for action."

"And your heart beats evenly?"

Lucy took the hand of her relative, and laid it against her breast.

"Is not the motion undisturbed?" she asked, smiling. "Yet, why should it be disturbed?"

"True. Angels will attend you."

"I feel their presence already," said Lucy. "Oh, why should I be fearful?—why should I shrink and tremble? I shall sleep sweetly, and awake; and the awaking will be my resurrection into eternal life. An earthly night—a heavenly morning! As a child lays its weary head on its

mother's bosom, and falls away into sweet slumber, so will I sink to rest. A brief season of blessed unconsciousness, and then refreshed and happy as that child, I will awake in a world of spiritual light and beauty. Will it not be so?"

"It will, my child! It will!" replied aunt Mary. Her voice betrayed her struggling emotions.

"A world, whose excellence and beauty are dimly shadowed forth in our natural world, where things visible give faint images of things invisible. A world wherein are the real things which have so many lovely types in this. How often have you told me of that world, dear aunt; and how, of late, I have loved to hear you speak of it. All is to me a blessed reality. It does not seem as if I were going to a strange country. As if I were about launching my bark on a dark river, flowing towards an unknown shore. All such gloomy images have ceased to haunt me. My heart blesses you, dear aunt, for the beautiful faith into which you have led me. I lean my head upon it as a downy pillow—I repose on it, as on a couch."

"May you sleep your last sleep on it sweetly, peacefully, confidently!" said Mrs. Jones, so low that her voice was almost a whisper. And she pressed her lips to those of her fading flower, whose odor was exhaling to Heaven.

From this state, thoughts of her brother soon drew Lucy down again to the earth. Natural affection still held over her its potent influence, and so far as Mark was concerned, appeared to grow stronger and stronger the nearer her departure came. As time wore on, and the hour approached when the stage from Baltimore usually came in, Lucy's expectation grew disturbing in its intensity. Her kind relative saw this, and tried to divert her mind from the narrow and too rapid current in which it was flowing: but her effort was fruitless. She thought only of Mark and the joy of the meeting soon to take place.

"What time is it now, aunt Mary?" she asked, late in the afternoon, as Mrs. Jones came into her room.

"Nearly six o'clock," replied Mrs. Jones.

"Is it so late?" There was disappointment in Lucy's voice.

"Yes, dear."

"The stage sometimes gets here as early as five, does it not?"

"It is hardly ever later," answered Mrs. Jones.

"I wonder if it is in?" A shadow of disappointment was already gathering on her face.

"I think it most likely. Yes—it is in, Lucy—and must have arrived half an hour ago, for there goes Wilkins, the driver, now, on his way home."

How quickly the already gathering shadows darkened on the face of Lucy Pinkerton. She made no exclamation—uttered no word of disappointment—seemed not to feel acutely—slowly the long, dark lashes fell upon her cheeks.

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" said Mrs. Jones, speaking to herself, as she stood looking sadly down upon the pure, white face of Lucy—"if your love had been even as the shadow of her love, that summons would have brought you here to-day."

Then, stooping down and touching with her lips the forehead of the sick girl, she whispered—

"Don't let your thought dwell upon this too

intently. I did not expect him to-day. But, to-morrow, he will no doubt be here."

There was a motion of the lips, and a slight quivering of the eyelids, as if Lucy were about to look up and speak. But neither lips nor eyes unclosed. As aunt Mary still bent over and gazed tenderly down upon her, two tears came stealing out from beneath the closed lashes, and then a low sob struggled up from the grieving heart of the failing invalid. With the wise instinct of a loving woman, Mrs. Jones uttered a few words, hoping thereby to unseal the fountain of tears. They were not spoken in vain. The trickling drops were succeeded by a gushing stream, and the pent-up waters flowed forth, relieving the oppressed bosom. Briefly, the weak frame of Lucy quivered with excess of feeling. Then all was calm again.

"I am but a foolish child, aunt Mary," she said, after entire self-possession was restored, "and you will forgive my weakness. You warned me against building too much on the coming of Mark to-day. But I had set my heart so on seeing him, that I felt certain he would be here. The bitterness of my disappointment is over, now, and I can wait patiently. To-morrow he will come."

It was on the lips of Mrs. Jones to say that, even in this expectation, she must not be too sanguine; but she could not find it in her heart to utter the words.

The reaction upon Lucy's excited state of mind, during this day, came, as reaction ever follows undue excitement of any kind. When, after leaving her for half an hour to attend to some household duties, Mrs. Jones returned to her chamber, she found Lucy in a very low and prostrate condition. The food she had prepared for her was not even tasted, and, during the whole evening, she remained in so low a state as to excite in the mind of her relative the most painful anxiety.

CHAPTER VIII.

Morning found Lucy again in a state of lively expectation. The fear that Mark would not come, naturally caused doubts to arise in the mind of Mrs. Jones. But these, often as they were on her lips, she could not gain her own consent to utter.

The day wore on. It was three, four, five, six o'clock, and still, though the ear of Lucy was alive to every sound, she listened in vain for the foot-fall or voice of the expected one.

"Is the stage in yet?" inquired Mrs. Jones of a neighbor, who went by.

"Laws, yes; ever so long ago," was the answer.

With a heavy heart, aunt Mary went up to the chamber of Lucy. What an eager, questioning look was in the eyes of the sick girl as she entered. The good woman tried to appear unconcerned; but was not able to hide her feelings.

"Oh, aunt Mary! Hasn't he come?" And as she made the eager inquiry, she arose from her pillow with a strength born of mental excitement.

It needed no lip-language to strike her hopes to the ground. She read in the countenance of aunt Mary that the waning day had mocked her fond expectation, and sunk back with a sigh upon her pillow. And now, to keen disappointment,

was added a sharper pain. Was Mark, indeed, so indifferent as this? Did he so poorly return the sisterly affection, that as a spring of water in her heart was ever gushing forth and flowing towards him? There had been enough, and more than enough, in the conduct of Mark, to have long ere this excited similar doubts and questions. But, the unselfish love of Lucy had ever been fruitful in assigning reasons for the brother's apparent neglect. Now, even love itself could offer no excuses.

From the excitement of confident hope, the sick girl rapidly sunk into the same low state, that followed her disappointment on the previous evening. Earnestly did Mrs. Jones seek, by trying to lift the thoughts of Lucy upward into the perceptions of things heavenly and eternal, to prevent this exhausting re-action. But the wings of her spirit fluttered only for a brief season in these higher regions, and then drooped feebly.

The morning that succeeded did not find Lucy Pinkerton as bright and full of expectancy as on the two preceding days. She did not mention the name of her brother, although it was very plain to her aunt that the thought of him was ever present in her mind. Frequently it was on the lips of Mrs. Jones to say—"Mark will certainly come this afternoon,"—and she confidently expected him—but every time the utterance was about being made, she checked herself. He might not come, and, therefore, it would be wiser not to excite, more than was already the case, the mind of Lucy. If he failed to arrive, the disappointment would be keen enough as it was.

And so the hours of another day moved steadily on, until evening came again. The sun went down behind the distant mountain; the hush of twilight succeeded; darkness came brooding over the earth—but Lucy and aunt Mary were alone. Silent both had been for many minutes. Lucy lay with her eyes closed, and, as the dim lamp-light fell upon her face, looked as if she were sleeping her last earthly sleep—as if her struggling spirit had freed itself from mortal entanglements, and was already breathing the pure air of the inner world. Aunt Mary was near, and almost bending over her. The lips of the sick girl moved—her eyes unclosed—in a low voice she murmured:—

"There is One who sticketh closer than a brother."

"Yes, dear child!" was answered—"One whose love for us exceeds the love of a mother for her nursing child. He never leaves us nor forsakes us. Lean on Him, dear love!—lean heavily—His arm is around you; He will be your all-sufficient strength in weakness."

Lucy's eyes closed, and she was silent for a time longer.

"Tell Mark," said she, speaking again, "that my latest thoughts were of him. Tell him, that I have prayed for him daily, that he might be kept free from evil. If I could only look upon his face and hear his voice before I die! But I will not hope for that now. He cannot arrive before the close of to-morrow, and ere then, aunt, I shall be gone."

From that time, through all the night that followed, the dying girl gave no sign of external

consciousness. A lonely and heart-stricken watcher, Mrs. Jones remained at her side until morning broke, and the sun looked in and, kissing the white lips of the sleeper, awoke her. She smiled as she opened her eyes, and said that she had been dreaming a pleasant dream.

"I thought I was dying, and, as the time approached, I was conscious of the presence of two angels. They sat near my head conversing, and they talked of heaven, of its beautiful scenery, its inhabitants and their employments, its spiritual joys and celestial beatitudes. In their thoughts I saw the images of wonderful things, to describe which, there is no power in human language. As they conversed I remained in a state of elevation, and had no consciousness but of Heaven and life eternal. And thus it was until I lost myself, as it were, in a sweet slumber, from which awakening, I found myself in a chamber so much like this one, that it appeared the very same, yet all had a heightened and living beauty. I was lying, it seemed, upon this very bed. Beside me, now in full vision, stood the two angels, and as they extended their hands, they said to me—'Your life on earth has closed, and you have now arisen into the world of spirits. Come with us, and we will show you our beautiful land and its people!' I was so filled with a glad surprise at these words, that I awoke. Oh, aunt!—was it not a sweet dream?"

"Yes, love, a sweet dream and a true dream," answered Mrs. Jones. It was only by her utmost effort that she retained her calmness. "Even so will be your tranquil passage. You may not be conscious of angelic attendants; yet they will be with you, and, even as in your dream, keep your thoughts on heavenly life. You will sleep tranquilly, and afterwards be welcomed by angels."

A sob choked the utterance of aunt Mary, and she was silent. Ah! How could she speak thus, and not feel the bitterness of her approaching bereavement? How could she think of Lucy's death, and not, at the same time, think of the sad, lonely, grieving days that were to follow? She did think of them, and when she turned from the bedside of Lucy, she went back to her own room, and wept.

It was now too evident that the dying girl had but few hours to live. The physician called as usual, but was grave and silent. An unimportant prescription was made, and then he retired, with little expectation of looking again upon the living face of his patient. As the day wore on, Lucy gradually sunk lower and lower, while her mind, for the most part, was completely indrawn. About four o'clock in the afternoon, she aroused up, and asked the hour. On receiving an answer, there was a slight change in the expression of her countenance. From that time she gradually revived; and though she said nothing, it was plain that her mind was active.

About five o'clock, as aunt Mary sat by the bedside of Lucy, holding her hand, and looking sorrowfully upon her death-stricken face, the latch of the garden gate was lifted, and the heavy tread of a man was heard below.

"Mark!" exclaimed Lucy, suddenly opening her eyes.

"No, love," replied aunt Mary, quickly, for already she had glanced from the window—"it is the postman."

"A letter for Lucy," said a neighbor, who had been staying with them through the day, and now came up. She retired, as Lucy grasped the missive—

"From Mark! It is in his own hand. Read it for me, aunt Mary. What does he say?" Her utterance was confused and rapid.

Mrs. Jones broke the seal, and read—

"MY OWN DEAR SISTER—To-morrow I will be with you. Oh! how your letter has afflicted me. From the moment it came to hand, I have been straining every nerve to get away. I was certain yesterday that I should start to-day; but was sadly disappointed. Now, all is arranged, and I will leave in the stage to-morrow. I never dreamed that your health was failing you so rapidly. Is it indeed so bad? Were you not in a mood of despondency at the time of writing? I try to think that you were. I write hurriedly. To-morrow you will see me. Good by—keep a brave heart.

"Ever yours,

MARK."

The eyes of Lucy were tightly closed, while aunt Mary read this letter. On looking up, the latter saw a change in her countenance, that caused her to drop the paper from which she had been reading.

"Lucy, dear! Lucy!" she said, tenderly, yet in a troubled voice, as she drew an arm beneath her neck, and pressed her white face against her bosom. "Lucy, dear. What ails you?"

The lips of the dying girl moved. Aunt Mary bent down her ear.

"Too late! Too late!" was the low whisper that scarcely stirred the air.

Another day had nearly waned. As promised, Mark Pinkerton left Baltimore on that morning, and was now within a few miles of the village in which his earlier days had passed. Soon, every object that met his eyes wore a familiar aspect. There was the fine old woods in which he had gathered nuts; the fields over which he had so often roamed with Lucy when both were happy children; the silver brook, running as clear and merrily as when they sat upon its grassy bank, with their white feet plashing in its crystal waters. And there was the lazy mill-race into which Lucy had fallen, and from which he had dragged her forth with a boyish heroism, that made him, for the time, an object of admiration to the whole village. How little of change was written on things around him, though years had passed since the thoughtless, innocent days of childhood. Everything he looked upon had power to awaken former memories, to stir his heart with tender emotions, and to reprove him for his selfish neglect of an only sister.

"Dear Lucy!" he murmured, as a flood of old feelings and old recollections rushed back upon him; "how could I have grown so indifferent? How could I have thought so much of self and so little of you? I am angry with myself. I am more than half ashamed to look into your face. But, dear heart! you were always so forgiving and so forgetful. I will kiss away the tears my

wrong to you have occasioned, and never again shall word or act of mine cause them to brighten on your cheeks. Hereafter, I will deny myself for your sake. I will practice Lofton's economic virtues—if I can."

The last part of the sentence was uttered, after a slight pause, and left some strong impressions of doubt on Pinkerton's mind as to his ability to exercise the promised self-denial.

Soon the stage came rumbling into the village. The moment it paused at the usual stopping-place, the young man, who was unencumbered with baggage beyond a light valise, sprung from the old vehicle, and hurried off in the direction of Mrs. Jones' cottage. In a few minutes he was there. Doors and windows were all closed, and as he passed quickly along the narrow garden path, he was suddenly oppressed with a strange feeling; and now, for the first time, came the thought that Lucy might be dead! A chilling sensation ran along every nerve. Momentarily, his heart ceased to beat, while his breath was suspended. Then, as he laid his hand on the door, his heart bounded on again, and his chest heaved in constricted respiration. He entered. The room was shrouded in white! He was alone with his sister. But the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken. With the dawning of day her spirit had awakened into eternal life!

CHAPTER IX.

A sadder, perhaps, in some respects, a wiser man, Mark Pinkerton returned to the city, after staying in his native village until the clouds of the valley were laid upon the mortal remains of his sister. Never, in all his after years, did his thoughts go back to this period of life, without a feeling of painful self-reproach, made sharper by a few plainly spoken words from the lips of aunt Mary Jones, that could not be forgotten, and were never forgiven, and which, moreover, were made the self-justifying excuse for his disregard of Lucy's dying injunction.

Return we, now, to Archibald Lofton. On the morning after the interview with Ellen Birch, which has already been described, the young man went to the store in which he was employed, in a more sobered and thoughtful mood than usual. The question, as to whether he would be justified, or not, in marrying under present circumstances, was still debated, and still as far from being decided as at first.

"How is Ellen getting?" enquired one of his employers—the same who had previously shown so kind an interest in the young girl—pausing at the desk where Lofton was writing.

"She's a great deal better, I thank you," was answered.

"I'm much pleased to hear it."

The two were silent for a few moments.

"How much salary are we paying you now?" enquired the merchant.

"Four hundred dollars," said Lofton.

"Four hundred." The merchant stood musing for some time. "Four hundred," he repeated, as if speaking to himself. "I think you're worth more than that, Archibald," he added, in a cheerful voice. "Suppose we say six hundred?"

"Oh, sir!" Lofton was taken by surprise. "If you could increase my salary to that sum you would make me one of the happiest of men!"

"Would I, indeed!" The merchant smiled. He understood what was in the thought of his clerk. Lofton looked slightly confused, and let his eyes fall to the ground.

"Six hundred it is," said the former. "We will let the increased salary date from the commencement of the current quarter. And may you be as happy, my young friend, as your heart can wish."

The merchant turned away, and Lofton bent low over his desk, not, for the time being, to resume his duties, but to think over the new and brighter aspect which his affairs had so suddenly assumed.

How slowly the hours went by! It seemed to Lofton as if the day would never come to an end. At last, he was by the side of Ellen, clasping her hand tightly in his, and telling her of his good fortune. Before they parted, that evening, an early day was fixed for their marriage, so early, that only time for needful preparation on the part of Ellen remained. If her health had been good, Lofton would have deemed it wiser to defer so important a step for at least a year, or until he could have saved enough to buy furniture for a small house, that they might, in beginning the world, have a home of their own. But it was otherwise. To leave her, any longer, self-dependent, would be risking too much.

So it was arranged, as the most prudent course for the young couple, to take a room which Mrs. Wilson offered them in her house, and to board with her at the moderate weekly rate of six dollars—just one half of Lofton's income. The addition of fifty dollars, in the current quarter, to the young man's salary, enabled him to raise his deposit in the Savings' Fund to the previous amount—two hundred dollars, while the balance of the quarter's income—one hundred dollars—procured him a wedding-suit, and a few articles of chamber furniture to give a somewhat neater and more comfortable appearance to the apartment Mrs. Wilson had assigned them.

And so this young couple began their new life. No brilliant wedding had they; none, with gay parties, welcomed them into the matrimonial world. A few friends gathered, one quiet evening, in Mrs. Wilson's small parlor, and there the impressive words were said, that sealed their life-long contract. Among those present was young Pinkerton. He was, in fact, groomsman on the occasion. Lofton's refusal to lend him money, although it fretted him at the time, did not estrange him from one whose many good qualities he well knew, and whose sterling integrity of character he could not but admire. Since the death of his sister, Pinkerton had in some things changed, though he was scarcely more prudent than before in matters of personal expenditure. For a while, he was sober-minded; but this external mark of the bereavement he had suffered, was fast wearing off.

Not until the wedding night had Lofton's friend been at the house of Mrs. Wilson. Its small size, out of the way location, and poverty of furniture, were noticed; and he could not but wonder at

Lofton's choice of such a place as the home of his bride. On meeting him next day, he said—

"In the name of wonder, Archie, how came you to choose that little old salt-box as a cage for your pretty bride?"

"She will be as happy there as in a palace," answered Lofton.

"Oh, nonsense! Don't talk to me after that fashion. I know too much of human nature. And do you really mean to shut her up there with that old woman? She'll die of melancholy."

"Not she," was smilingly answered. "Oh no. She'll sing as gaily in that cage, as you are pleased to call it, as if the wires were of silver or gold. As for the old woman, of whom you speak half-indifferently, no mother could have shown a wiser love for a child than she has shown for Ellen. They have lived happily together for months, and, if need be, will live as happily together for years."

"But, why did you go away out there, Archie? Why didn't you bring your wife to your old home, if not prepared for housekeeping? That is near the centre of the city; and there your wife would have some chance of making the acquaintance of people in good standing. She'll see nobody where she is. You'll be lost, man, both of you."

"No danger of our being lost, Mark," said Lofton, smiling again. "We'll wait patiently; and, if there is buoyancy in us, will come to the surface in good time. With my present income, I could not afford to pay nine dollars a week for boarding, and that is the lowest for which a good room can be obtained at Mrs. Elder's."

"And what are you going to pay Mrs. Wilson for her elegant accommodations?"

"Six dollars."

"Well, that is a difference of only three dollars a week," said Pinkerton. "And I'm sure, Mrs. Elder's room is worth twelve in comparison."

"Only three dollars a week? And how much will that amount to in a year, Mark?"

"About a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Worth saving, in my opinion."

"Not at the sacrifice you are making," said Pinkerton.

"I'm making no sacrifice," was calmly answered.

"Perhaps you are not," said the other, a little impatiently. "You can live anywhere,—in a barn, for that matter, if money is to be saved thereby. But you must remember, Archie, that a young wife may have different views and feelings altogether."

"I am happy to say," replied Lofton, "that my young wife has no views nor feelings on this subject that differ from my own. She knows the extent of my resources, to the uttermost farthing; and she knew them before we were married. All this was talked over and definitely settled in advance. The manner in which we have commenced life is in every way accordant with previous arrangements."

"Upon my word! A regular business transaction! You exhibited your bank account, and she emptied her purse into her lap, that you might see how many shillings it contained. The ruling passion! You don't mean to say that you have married for love?"

Lofton smiled as he answered—

"We are neither of us rich. I am a humble clerk, on a very moderate salary, and she was only a poor seamstress. In contemplating marriage, we were sensible enough to take eating, drinking, raiment, and such like matters into consideration, and had forethought enough to settle a range of expenditure in the beginning that would leave a little margin. We shall probably increase our deposits in the Savings' Fund at least three dollars a week; or, at the rate of a hundred and fifty dollars a year. And this we both think better than paying that sum extra to our present expenses, in order to get into such 'good society' as Mrs. Elder's boarding-house offers."

"And you really talked all this over before your marriage?" said Pinkerton, with more than a mere affectation of surprise.

"We certainly did; and when you contemplate marriage, let me advise you and your intended to imitate so good an example. It may save you future disappointments, embarrassments, and perhaps ruin."

"I would hardly like to throw such a wet blanket over the girlish fancies of my lady-love," replied Pinkerton, with a toss of the head. "In fact, I shall not attempt matrimony until some brighter prospects open before me. Not, in fact, until I am in business for myself, as I hope soon to be. There is no such thing as maintaining a respectable establishment on a clerk's salary, and none other I shall ever regard as good enough for the woman who consents to become Mrs. Pinkerton! When I take a wife, you may be sure of one thing—I will never hide her away in a little salt-box, as if I were ashamed of my bargain."

For a moment there was a flush on the countenance of Lofton. But his brow quickly grew clear again. He answered:—

"We did not marry in order to exhibit ourselves before the world. Such a thing as making a sensation, never entered our thoughts. We married, because we loved each other, and because the relation would bring a nearer and mutual dependence, from which would arise the purest happiness. We married on our own account. We regard ourselves as private citizens; not actors on a social stage. For such things we have no taste, and could not, therefore, derive any pleasure therefrom. Depend upon it, Mark, we shall find a higher satisfaction in acting, as we think, wisely and prudently, than you will ever find in flaunting before the world, at a ruinous cost, for which more critical fault-finding than praise will be awarded. Those who seek to maintain appearances beyond their ability, usually do it at a heavy sacrifice. It not only costs money, but character."

"How character, Archie?"

"Society is exceedingly critical, and not over charitable."

"Well?"

"A couple who, at the start in life, maintain, for the mere sake of appearances, a style of living beyond their real ability to support, are noted and censured. Many a young man's prospects have been ruined by the impression such want of common prudence has made. I have heard people talk, and so have you; in fact, have

talked myself, and so have you. It is easy to condemn such things. The part of true wisdom is to avoid the errors we see in those around us."

"You're a philosopher, Archie," was Pinkerton's reply, uttered in mock gravity. "But I am an every-day man of the world. I cannot profit by your wise saws and leaden wisdom; which you must excuse me for saying, have a rather musty savor—are rather Poor Richardish, so to speak."

"It would be better for some people, you among the number, Mark," said Lofton, "if they were to gather a little musty wisdom from Poor Richard. It might save them from disappointment, ruin, and heart-ache in the future."

"So I have heard you say before. Well, twenty years hence, we will compare notes. I cannot but smile as I think of the comparison."

"I hope neither of us will be made sadder thereby," returned Lofton.

"I hope not. But, as I intimated a little while ago, Archie, I've serious thoughts of entering into business."

"Where's your capital? How much have you saved?"

"Capital! Savings! I've half a mind to get downright angry with you. Capital saved from six hundred a year! Did you imagine I thought of opening a Jew's shop down in Second street?"

"O no. But, when a man talks of going into business, it is but natural to enquire how much capital will be at his command."

"If I go into business, I will have capital at command. You may be sure of that," said Pinkerton.

"You will form a co-partnership?"

"Exactly. I've had two or three conversations with a gentleman who has about ten thousand dollars. He is anxious to get into business; and, between you and I, thinks the ability of your humble servant ranks A No. 1. Of course, I encourage that opinion, as in duty bound."

"Who is the person to whom you refer?"

"I don't think you know him. His name is Ackland."

"A resident of Baltimore?"

"For the past two years."

"Does he know anything of business?"

"He's a first rate book-keeper. Beyond that, his capital is the best part of him. And I'd just as lief it would be so. Whenever I enter into business, I want a controlling influence. I'll find the customers, and see that goods are sold."

"It is well for a man to have a good conceit of himself," Lofton said, with the slightest perceptible sarcasm in his tones.

"I wouldn't give sixpence for a person who had no conceit of himself," was very promptly answered. "If a man doesn't know what is in him, the possession of ability will not avail much towards his advancement in life. I have no faith in your slumbering giants."

"Ten thousand dollars is the amount of cash capital your friend can bring into the business?" said Lofton.

"It is; and, upon that as a basis, almost any amount of business can be done."

"How much?"

"A hundred thousand, if you please."

Lofton shrugged his shoulders, and bade his friend good morning.

"I've really frightened him," said Pinkerton, speaking to himself. "Poor, plodding, penny-wise Lofton! You'll never fill a very large space in the world's observation. Ah, well! All men have their uses. There must be the foundation stones in a building, as well as the heaven-piercing spires. Those who are content to nestle close to mother earth may do so. But I am of another genius."

CHAPTER X.

"And what of Angela Raynor, the beautiful creature who had so captivated the fancy of Mark Pinkerton?" we hear it asked. "How is their little love matter progressing? Is Mark in a fair way to secure the young lady's hand and the father's money?"

There is a little story connected with that affair, reader, and you shall hear it. We will go back a few months. It was a pleasant night in Spring, and Miss Raynor, who had been disappointed about going to the opera, sat alone, reading, or trying to read.

"Is your mother at home, Miss Angela?"

The young lady looked up, and Bridget, the washerwoman—not yet forgotten by the reader—stood just within the entrance of the room.

"She went out after tea," replied Angela. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"I don't know as there is," returned Bridget, sighing as she spoke. "I wanted jest to say a word till ye'r mother. But, I can come round again in the morning."

"You want some money, I suppose," said Angela, in a kind, encouraging way. "Isn't that it?"

"It's you that says it, Miss," returned the Irish woman. "Faith! An' the like o' me are always in want of money."

"How much is coming to you, Bridget?"

"I'm only owed for two weeks' washing; and I'm ashamed to ask for my money so soon. If some of the gay young chaps that go dandying about in Spanish mantles and whisking their little sticks, as if they were great lords and jentlemen, would pay me up, I'd have no call to come bothering here oftener than once a month."

The eyes of Angela Raynor brightened with interest at this remark of the washerwoman.

"It isn't possible," said she, "that gay young men, who sport their Spanish mantles, are in debt to you for washing their clothes?"

"Deed then and it is possible, my young lady. I could give you the names of two or three, if it was just proper and right, who've been owing me for weeks and weeks, and it's like drawing an eye-tooth to get a dollar out of them."

"That isn't right," said Angela.

"Right, indeed! It's wrong, downright and downright; and my blood fairly boils over some times, when I think of it. I was on my way to the boarding house of one of these high-goers last evening, intending to catch him, if possible, before he went out, when who should I see, as I was passing the theatre in Holliday street, but my fine gentleman walking up the steps, as grand

as may be! I tell you, Miss, but I was strongly tempted to grip tight hold of him and demand my money."

"Why didn't you do it? I wish you had," said Miss Raynor, carried away by a quick feeling of indignation at the injustice to which the poor woman had been subjected.

"It wouldn't have been right, Miss."

"I don't know about that. It would have taught him a good lesson," replied Angela.

"It would have disgraced him, Miss. And it's bad to disgrace a young man. He's clever enough, and kind enough, and I believe never refused to pay me when he had anything in his pocket. But, he wastes his money in tom-fooleries—on canes and gewgaws, and then has nothing for his poor washerwoman when she calls. It's too bad, though."

"I should think it was. And so, while in debt to you, he indulges himself in the opera."

"He jist does that same, Miss."

"A nice young man truly! And pray, Bridget, what is his name? Do I know him?"

"Well, as to that Miss Angela, all I can say is, that I once saw him attending ye home from church."

"Me!"

"Sure and it was so, if I am to believe me eyes."

"Why, Bridget! Of whom are you speaking?"

A warm flush covered the young lady's face.

"I rather think I'd better call no names," replied the cautious Irish woman. "The least said the soonest mended, you know."

"A young gentleman, who wore a Spanish mantle last winter?" Angela looked Bridget now steadily in the countenance.

"I've said he wore one. But they're very common you know."

"Dark hair and eyes, and a fresh complexion?"

"I suppose so."

"Tall and slender?"

"If ye'll have it so, Miss Angela!"

"A young clerk?"

"Yes."

"And his name is Pinkerton?"

"Now, Miss Angela, I never said that. It was you, for all the world."

"Come, Bridget," said the young lady, in so earnest a voice, that she betrayed to the quick-witted Irish woman the interest she felt in the young man. "I want you to say yes or no to my questions. Is the young man of whom you are speaking named Pinkerton?"

"It is, Miss, and I'm sorry to say it. But I'm sure he's not quite so bad as my words might seem to make him out."

"How much does he owe you?"

"Six dollars, just lacking a quarter."

"And you've asked him for it?"

"Troth, I have that same; and more nor once." Angela sat musing for some time. Then recollecting herself, she said—

"Mother owes you for two weeks?"

"Yes, Miss."

"At how much a week?"

"A dollar and a quarter."

The young lady drew a purse from her pocket, and counting out the money, handed it to Bridget,

who, after overwhelming her with thanks, and begging that she would forget all about what she had said of Mr. Pinkerton, took her departure.

But, this business of forgetting is never a very easy matter. As for Angela, she did not even try the experiment. Committed, though her feelings were in favor of the young man, love had not progressed to a state of blindness. For a short time, all the elements of her nature were in agitation; then her heart grew calm and her mind clear. She thought of Pinkerton still—not to love, but to despise him.

On the Sunday following, Mark Pinkerton, who had become a very regular church-goer, was early in his accustomed seat at St. Paul's. The house was pretty well filled before his charmer made her appearance. How suddenly his heart quickened its motion as she brushed past the end of the pew in which he was seated, and took her place at a convenient angle beyond! The usual adjustment of dress over, Mark waited for the stealthy glance, which, for weeks, had visited him on these occasions. But, strange enough, Angela did not in the slightest manner indicate her consciousness of the young man's proximity. Nor once during the service of the morning, did she permit him so much as to get even a glimpse of her face.

All this, to Pinkerton, was very strange and very unaccountable. Instead of enjoying the music, or profiting by the services, he spent the whole time that he remained in church in bootless speculations as to the meaning of Angela's unusual conduct. Never before had the good Dr. Wyatt seemed so tedious. When, at last, the closing act of worship was over, Pinkerton stepped into the aisle, and lingered, as he had been wont to do, in the expectation of having Angela pass to his side on her way to the door. But he lingered in vain. The onward moving crowd in which he was involved gently bore him toward the vestibule of the church; and though he glanced back continually, his eyes were not gladdened by a vision of his beautiful Angela. In the vestibule, at last, he made a pause, and there helped to make up one of the little eddies of expectant young beaux, usually to be found at church doors while the congregation is passing forth. Here he waited for several minutes. At last his time came. Miss Raynor, leaning on her father's arm, appeared. The hand of Pinkerton went instantly to his beaver.—She did not notice the act of courtesy. He moved a step or two in advance of her.—At the very instant her eyes were attracted to something beyond. A moment longer, and she was upon the pavement, while he shrunk back, surprised, mortified and alarmed. He had felt certain of his conquest. Already, in imagination, his hand had toyed with the gold in her father's coffers; already he had seen himself bearing off in triumph the beautiful heiress, while a crowd of disappointed suitors envied him his prize. And had all this been a cheating dream! No wonder he was alarmed as well as mortified.

How far from Pinkerton's thoughts was the real cause of this sudden change in the conduct of the young lady! He imagined a hundred reasons; but never dreamed of the true one.

And now what was to be done? Resign the lady on this first indication of a change in her

feelings? Oh, no! Mark Pinkerton was not the man to yield so rich a prize without at least a struggle to retain it. In varied plans and speculations the day was passed. Evening came, and he debated the propriety of calling on Miss Raynor. But, after considering the pros and cons, finally concluded not to risk a direct and definitive rebuff.

Monday found Pinkerton with some new views. Self-esteem had suggested that Angela was only in a coquettish mood. That she wished to tease him a little, so as to bring out the true character of his regard for her. To think this, was to believe it; and to believe it, was at once to determine his course of action. Mrs. Wood sung in opera that night. Miss Raynor, who was passionately fond of music, would no doubt be there. He resolved to attend also, and by a well-managed indifference excite her alarm. Accordingly, he occupied a place in one of the boxes, not very far from where the young lady was seated with her father. During the whole of the first act, he did not once turn his eyes towards Angela; but affected to be entirely absorbed in the music and the performance. Before the second act was half through, an occasional stealthy glance towards a certain part of the house, betrayed his anxiety to know how far this well-acted indifference was affecting the young lady for whose special benefit it was assumed. The result was neither flattering nor satisfactory. Miss Raynor not only seemed altogether unconscious of his presence, but was in her usual good spirits. Her exquisite enjoyment of the music and acting was not to be mistaken.

Mark Pinkerton was still more puzzled. During the performance of the third act, he made sundry little efforts to attract Angela's attention. But it was all in vain. To all external appearances, she seemed not to be aware that he was in the house.

"What can it mean?" These were the young man's oft-repeated words, as he went thoughtfully homeward that night. "What have I done to her? Who can have injured me in her good opinion?"

On the next night he attended the opera again—it was the last of Mrs. Wood's engagement. Miss Raynor was there, and sat in the box adjoining the one occupied by Pinkerton. Once their eyes met, and the young man bowed and smiled. He received a slight nod in return, and a look as cold as an icicle; nor were the eyes of Miss Raynor again turned towards him during the whole evening.

"I'll call and see her," said he, desperately. "There's something wrong. Some jealous rival has slandered me."

He did call on the very next evening. On sending up his name, the servant returned with word that Miss Raynor was slightly indisposed, and asked to be excused.

Worse and worse. What could it mean? On the next Sunday, Pinkerton occupied his usual place in church, and so did Angela Raynor. At the close of the services, he managed, in passing forth to the street, to get by her side.

"Shall I have the pleasure, Miss —"

"Excuse me, if you please," was the cold in-

terruption of his offer to attend her home, as she turned away quickly and haughtily.

And so ended his love affair in that quarter. He did not attempt to renew the acquaintance. The cause of Miss Raynor's sudden change of manner towards him, ever remained a profound mystery. How deep would have been his humiliation had the truth been known! The lover was discarded because he had neglected to pay his washerwoman!

CHAPTER XL

The heart-wound in the case of Pinkerton was not very deep; although he suffered rather severely from disappointment and mortification, and sunk a few degrees in his own estimation. Possessing too little self-denial to base his future worldly well-being on present industry and economy, he had very deliberately resolved to look out for a rich wife. This was the first promising affair. The disaster came at the very moment when he felt that all doubt of a successful issue was over. He had aimed high, but the arrow failed to reach the mark. He was not long in bending his bow again. This time, he was less ambitious; and there was, perhaps, a little more heart in the case. Still, worldly considerations had their influence.

The new flame of Pinkerton's was a Miss Flora Allen, only daughter of James Allen, Esq., attorney-at-law. Miss Allen had a very pretty face, was passably well-educated and accomplished, moved in "good society," and possessed a due regard for all of its fashionable requirements. She had begun to feel a little concerned about the matrimonial future, when young Pinkerton came in her way. He was good-looking, dressed well, and talked well; moreover, some one had spoken of him as a young man of no ordinary business capacity, and likely to rise in the world rapidly. On the other hand, the Allens belonged to what was called a "good family," though it must be owned, that some members thereof had acted very badly. Indeed, the maternal grandfather of the young lady had once been tried for the embezzlement of public moneys, and only escaped a term in the State prison through a flaw in the indictment; while an uncle on her father's side, after betraying the sister of his most intimate friend, shot him in a duel. Still, the "family" was a "good one," and Pinkerton felt that an alliance therewith, was something quite desirable. Moreover, if common report was to be credited, Mr. Allen, though not the possessor of large wealth, owned several pieces of property in good locations, that were destined, in time, to be very valuable. His practice at the bar was considered lucrative.

The advances of Pinkerton in this quarter, though encouraged by Miss Flora, were not countenanced by the proud father, who was very far from thinking an alliance with a poor clerk, of obscure extraction, in the least desirable. He belonged to a "good family;" and so did the mother of Flora, who was equally averse to any plebeian connexion for her daughter.

Opposition in the case had its usual effect. Flora only gave her heart away more fully, while Pinkerton, from meeting with coldness from the

parents, very naturally came to set a higher value than at first upon the young lady. And so the spark at first kindled was soon blown into a flame. Acting on first impulses, an offer of marriage was made, and promptly accepted by the young lady; though, with the understanding, that Pinkerton was to use every possible means to gain the consent of her father, who would, she knew, most positively object to their marriage.

The first approach of Pinkerton to the proud lawyer was met by angry insult. Mr. Allen flung him off with a bitter contempt, that smarted on the young man's feelings like the bite of a serpent. He felt, for the first time in his life, the towering insolence of that mere family pride which bases itself on the elevation of ancestors above the few common people around them, at a time when "giants in the land" were few, and when conceit of personal superiority fed itself on what would now be considered very meagre aliment.

"I shall never go to your father again," was the young man's positive assertion when next he found himself alone with Flora Allen. "I hold myself to be a man, and worthy an alliance with the proudest and the best. He chose to insult me; but I will not again repeat the opportunity."

Flora soothed her lover as best she could, promised eternal fidelity; and ended by saying that she would marry him with or without her father's consent, should opposition continue. The fact is, Flora liked the spirit of the young man; and was much better pleased at his manly indignation against her father, than if he had shown a more conciliatory temper.

Thus stood affairs at the time of Lofton's marriage; and the reader can very well understand why Pinkerton felt desirous of getting into business for himself. To marry under present circumstances, was not to be thought of for a moment. On six hundred dollars a year, he had not been able to meet even his own expenses, and was now at least three hundred dollars in debt. To add a wife to the cost of living—and that wife the daughter of James Allen, Esq.—would have been folly indeed. The consummation of his dearest wishes was not, therefore, of possible attainment, until he could rise above the condition of clerk, and take the appellation of merchant. The young man, possessing a capital of ten thousand dollars, of whom he had spoken to his friend Lofton, was quite as anxious to begin the world for himself as Pinkerton. He had but few acquaintances in the city among business men: was by no means shrewd or "pushing;" and had, from some cause, formed a very high opinion of Pinkerton's talents for merchandising, and ability to influence custom—an opinion which the latter took every opportunity to strengthen. And, in truth, Pinkerton was a young man of no mean business capacity. He had in him all the elements of a thrifty merchant, lacking patience. Everything moved too slow for him. He was too eager to grasp results; to draw sight drafts, so to speak, on the future. As a clerk, so was he likely to be as a merchant—ever anticipating his income.

In due time, the proposed co-partnership was

formed, and Baltimore street saw, one morning, an additional sign, in gold and blue smalt, bearing the names of Pinkerton & Ackland, while the new firm was announced in the "American" and "Patriot," and circulars sent off through the mails to various country merchants whose custom Pinkerton hoped to influence.

With ten thousand dollars as a cash capital, our young beginners found no difficulty in obtaining all the goods they were disposed to buy. Everybody wanted to sell them. With a handsome store, a handsome assortment of goods, the reputation of having double the cash capital really possessed—for common report wonderfully magnifies these things, sometimes—and a forward, active, soliciting manner on the part of the leading business member of the new firm, sales were made, in the first year, of something over forty thousand dollars' worth of goods; and, what was a little remarkable, considering the anxiety felt by Pinkerton to sell, very few bad debts were made.

The fact that his daughter's lover was in business for himself, and in connection with a man of "large capital"—we quote from common rumor—failed to remove objections to the proposed alliance from the mind of Mr. Allen. All this did not make purer the "blood" that coursed through the young man's veins. And, moreover, Mr. Allen was a close observer, and shrewd enough to know that success is the exception, and not the rule, for young men who make a bold start in business, even with a few thousands to back them. A bankrupt son-in-law, he said to himself, would be no flattering addition to his family circle. And so he continued to set his face like brass against the proposed union.

What, then, was to be done? Our lovers were quite independent in their way of thinking; and this kind of thinking usually shows itself in independent action. The unexpected amount of business done by the new firm quite lifted Pinkerton above the earth. He saw himself on the high road to fortune, and at no very great distance from the glittering goal. The first business year had passed. The estimate of profits had been made, and the business for the next year beautifully and flatteringly displayed on paper. How rapidly and rejoicingly did the blood go dancing through the young man's veins! Everything looked promising beyond his warmest anticipations. He already felt like a rich man. Not a dollar of personal debt, beyond a new current tailor's bill, was against him anywhere. Every old claim had been cancelled, even to the six dollars, lacking a quarter, due Bridget, the washerwoman. How stands his individual account on the books of the new firm? asks some one. Let us see. Sixteen hundred dollars! That does look rather formidable. So we think; and so thought Mr. Ackland, his partner, to whose debit just six hundred dollars had been passed during the same period of time. What did Pinkerton do with so much money? How did he, with only himself to support, manage to get rid of so large a sum. It is easily explained. A few hundred dollars went to pay off old obligations. Then it cost something for the handsome gold watch and diamond ring which he gene-

rously presented to his lady-love, and for the horse and buggy that so frequently bore them away from the hot and dusty city to drink the pure, breezy air of the pleasant environs. The reader, from this hint, will find no difficulty in gathering additional items to make up the imposing aggregate.

What was to be done by the lovers, we have asked, seeing that Mr. Allen would not consent to their union? That question it was easy to decide. Get married without his consent! And this it was now resolved to do. Pinkerton considered himself perfectly able to take a wife, and to maintain her in the style in which his wife should live. On announcing this intention to his partner, that gentleman received the intelligence rather coldly. Already he had been turning over in his thoughts, and not with much pleasure to himself, the large sum which Pinkerton had drawn out during the year; and he was not altogether satisfied, either as to the necessity for such an important abstraction, or as to the use which had been made of the money. "If," he very naturally said to himself, "it takes sixteen hundred dollars a year to support him as a single man, it will take at least double that sum to meet his expenses as a married man."

But the cogitations of Mr. Ackland, as they did not find their way into verbal expression, had no effect upon Mr. Mark Pinkerton, who, having made up his mind to get married, at once forwarded all due arrangements for the important business. Being a merchant, and in the process of "coining money," he felt it not only due to his own position, but to that of his intended bride, also, to set up, in the beginning, an establishment of his own. To this end, he took a house in Courtland street, at a rent of four hundred dollars—a pretty good rent in that day—and furnished it at a cost of over two thousand dollars. For the greater part of this sum, the cabinet-maker, carpet-dealer, and upholsterer, very readily took his notes payable in six months. The next act was to run away with Flora Allen, get the matrimonial knot tied, and then introduce her into her new home, all of which was done in the usual romantic way, and all of which became town talk for the ensuing nine days.

To James Allen, Esq., and his high-born lady, the event was not altogether unexpected. Though common rumor credited them with sundry most unparental and unchristian speeches on the occasion, we believe they wisely forbore to give utterance to anything very savage, or to commit themselves in broad declarations that might, at some future time, have to be recalled. Yet it is not to be concealed, that they were greatly indignant at the event, and considered themselves and their family eternally disgraced by so low-born an alliance.

Of course, Flora wrote home immediately on her marriage, humbly asking forgiveness for an act which was unrepented of; and, of course, her letter remained unanswered. She would have been surprised, and, perhaps, a little disappointed, had it been otherwise. Too quick a reconciliation would have stripped the affair of more than half of its romance. The reconciliation came in due time, though not with a good grace. Pinkerton was

ever made to feel that the blood flowing in his veins was not worthy to mingle with the blood of an Allen!

CHAPTER XII.

In most cases, with marriage, early friendships begin to decline. Two young men, for instance, may be warmly attached, and desire still to maintain old relations. They introduce their wives; but one, or both of the ladies, perceive something uncongenial in the other—or, one regards the other as inferior in social rank, taste, or intelligence. For a short time they meet formally; and then mutually turn from each other—or, in the very outset, pride on the one side shrinks sensitively back, and the first introduction and cold compliments are the beginning and end of their social intercourse.

Pinkerton had always felt an attachment for Lofton; and the feeling, different as they were in their tastes, habits and principles of action, was reciprocated by the latter. After Lofton's marriage, his friend often called to see him, in the evening, or on Sundays, and the more frequently he met Mrs. Lofton, the more did he become charmed with the beauty of her character. While her mother lived, the education of Ellen had been as carefully attended to as very limited means would permit. Mrs. Birch was a woman of cultivated mind, and had moved at one time of life in a circle of great refinement. Though restricted in her circumstances, she had never permitted low and vulgar influences to come so within the reach of her daughter, as in any way to deprave her native delicacy of feeling; while, at the same time, she had taught her to set a true value upon those homely virtues, which one in her station would be called upon to exercise. Under so wise and loving a teacher, Ellen had learned her lessons well, the more so, that within her lay inherent all the germs of a true woman. From the time of her mother's death, until her marriage, Ellen had found little time for mental improvement. But, after her marriage, as her husband had a fondness for books, an hour or two every evening were spent in reading. Possessing a clear and active mind, the young wife soon began to feel the elevating and expansive power of knowledge. She seemed to be raised into a higher and purer atmosphere, where she not only breathed deeper and more freely, but had a wider range of vision, in which were new objects, the sight thereof filling her with a new delight. And, as this went on, her sweet young face took in a higher type of beauty, and her graceful form grew erect with a dignity all its own.

Soon, to Pinkerton, she was no longer the half-despised, and only tolerated sewing girl—tolerated because she was the wife of his friend—but an intelligent, graceful woman, commanding the respect of all who came near enough to perceive her true character. And yet she was so retiring, so gentle, that, like the humble violet, she was unnoticed, except by the few who were willing to believe that beauty and perfume may sometimes lie hidden along by-paths, and in the world's untrodden places.

Nearly up to the time of Pinkerton's marriage, Lofton continued to reside with Mrs. Wilson, both

he and his young wife deeming it most prudent yet to live within their moderate income, and thus be steadily accumulating something, small though it might be, against the time when heavier expenses would come. As to what this thoughtless, or that proud individual might say of their style of living, it was a matter that did not trouble them in the least. They knew their own resources, and wisely narrowed every thing down to a prudent limit.

A number of times had Pinkerton spoken of Mrs. Lofton to his bride to be, and once, when they were walking on a Sunday afternoon, in the western part of the city, he prevailed on Miss Allen to call with him upon his friends.

"Not here!" exclaimed the young lady, drawing back, as Pinkerton laid his hand on the little gate through which they were about to enter.

"Yes. This is the place," replied the young man, smiling. "You mustn't judge too directly from appearances. Remember what the poet says:—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene."

At this moment, Lofton having seen them from the window, opened the door of Mrs. Wilson's little "salt-box," and advanced to meet them. Retreat—and Miss Allen had contemplated retreat—was now impossible; so, assuming a well-bred, dignified indifference, the young lady permitted herself to be escorted into the poor little parlor, where sat the wife of Archibald Lofton.

Too much dimmed by pride and vain self-conceit, were the eyes of Flora Allen, to see anything in Mrs. Lofton but a low-minded, vulgar young woman, the wife of a poor clerk. Her air of superiority, and her evident uneasiness at finding herself in such a place, were so apparent, that Mrs. Lofton felt oppressed and almost suffocated by her presence. She tried to enter into conversation, but could find little to say. Half-an-hour of constrained intercourse followed; and then, in obedience to a glance from Miss Allen, Pinkerton made a movement to go.

"Why, Mr. Pinkerton! How could you have taken me to such a place?" was the exclamation of Miss Allen, the moment they were in the street. "I wouldn't have been seen going in there for the world. And such stupid people! Ha! ha! And this is the charming, intelligent creature you have been telling me about. Why, she hardly spoke three words all the time we were in the house, and they had no more meaning in them than the words of a child."

"You saw her to a disadvantage," said the young man, venturing a feeble defence. "She is rather timid and unused to company. Evidently, we took her by surprise."

"So I should think. I compared her, in my own mind, when we went in, to a startled rabbit. But what can be expected of one in her position? Your 'gem of purest ray serene,' Mr. Pinkerton, turns out a mere bit of crystal."

"I trust to see the day, Flora, when you will think differently," returned Pinkerton.

"More than I do, I can assure you. No, no; my fancy doesn't run on these kind of people, and never did. They are all well enough in their place. Very good for service that you need. But, as companions, no—no." And the young lady

curled her lip in sharp scorn, and tossed her head with a proud air.

Pinkerton was silenced, and partly convinced. We mean, his estimate of Mrs. Lofton was dimmed. For the time-being, he felt that she was a very common-place woman; good enough as a seamstress, or as the wife of a poor, unambitious, plodding clerk; but in no way fitted to take a place in good society—in no way fitted to be the companion of his accomplished Flora. On meeting with Lofton a few days afterwards, he said to him:—

"I'm really getting out of all patience with you."

"What about?" was the natural enquiry.

"Why will you keep that nice little wife of your's cooped up in such a miserable out of the way place? It is not just to her. She's fitted to shine in almost any society."

"Necessity knows no law," was the quiet answer.

"There's no necessity for this," said Pinkerton, decidedly—"none in the world. You're able to take your wife into a respectable boarding-house down town, where she would be brought into the company of people who have a position in society. Even if she make desirable acquaintances now, she has no decent place in which to receive them as visitors. You are not just to her. You are hiding her under a bushel. It is a downright shame!"

"You really think so?" remarked Lofton, not attempting to repress the smile that broke over his face.

"I do, in all seriousness," was answered.

"As I have said to you before, Mark, we'll bide our time," coolly replied Lofton. "We can wait. As to people who think it not worth while to visit us, because we do not live in a style beyond our means, why, we shall have to dispense with their acquaintance. To secure it on the terms you propose, would be to make it cost, we think, more than it is worth. It would never compensate for the annoyance, mortification and anxieties of debt. If respectable people demand so high a price for their friendship, we shall decline the purchase."

"You are incorrigible!" exclaimed Pinkerton.

"So you have said before. And it will be very remarkable, if I don't continue, at least in this respect, incorrigible to the end. And so I must bid you good morning. Business waits."

Lofton understood, clearly enough, what was in the mind of his friend. He had not failed to observe the impression his humble style of living made upon the accomplished Miss Allen; nor hesitated in his conclusion, that whatever might be her own impression of herself, she was not, at least in his estimation, a true lady.

CHAPTER XXII.

About the time of Pinkerton's marriage, an advance from six hundred to one thousand dollars having taken place in Lofton's salary, our prudent young couple felt themselves warranted in doing what, from the first, they had desired to do—commence housekeeping. Near to the dwelling rented by Pinkerton, was another far less ambitious. It contained two rooms on the first

floor, two in the second story, and two attic rooms, besides a kitchen in the basement. There were no entries in the house, the street door opening into the parlor, and the stairs ascending from one corner of the room adjoining. The rent of the house was nine dollars a month. Furnished for the small sum of four hundred dollars—just the amount that Lofton had saved, and which was now spent with genuine pleasure—it presented nothing very elegant, either as to the exterior or interior. Yet, the good taste displayed in the few articles of furniture purchased, gave so pleasant an air to the house, that few would have imagined the smallness of the outlay that produced so agreeable an effect, and gave to the new dwelling-place of our young friends an appearance so homelike and comfortable. How marked a contrast did the two dwellings of Lofton and Pinkerton exhibit. The one furnished, mainly, with an eye to effect; the other attired in only the few things needful and comfortable, that were to be purchased for the moderate sum of four hundred dollars. And there was another important difference; a difference that told strongly in favor of the small house and meagre stock of furniture. Every article of household use and comfort was paid for in the latter case, while in the former every thing was owed for. Nor can the fact be disguised, that in this difference lay the ground-work of much serene enjoyment on the one side, and disquiet on the other.

The house in which Lofton shut himself in from the common gaze—his home—how the word thrilled sweetly along every nerve, even to his innermost spirit!—humble though it was, met fully all his present desires, and in occupying it he had no troubled questionings on the score of its cost, as compared to his means. And so of his neat, but scanty furniture. Every article was his own. It was otherwise with Pinkerton. Much as he had tried to argue himself into the conviction that he was “coining money,” and therefore fully able to pay four hundred dollars rent, he had not been altogether successful. He knew that it was a piece of extravagance on his part, not to be justified on any plea. As to his furniture, the fact that the whole was purchased on time, left no chance whatever for self-approval: while the ever-present remembrance that at the end of a few rapidly fleeting months, over two thousand dollars, in addition to his current expenses, now considerably increased in amount, must be drawn from his business, produced at times absolute unhappiness. The beautiful apples he had grasped so eagerly, were already turning to ashes in his hands.

“What are these?” asked Lofton of his wife, on returning home one evening, a day or two after the marriage of Pinkerton. She had handed him a tasteful envelope, to which was attached a piece of white ribbon. It contained cards of the newly married couple.

“Indeed! This is a piece of condescension I had not expected,” said the young man.

“Nor I,” returned his wife.

“It means, I suppose, that they desire us to call?”

“Yes; that is the meaning.”

“And yet, Ellen, I do not believe they wish to

number us among their intimate friends. Indeed, I am sure that Mrs. Pinkerton does not. She belongs to one of the proudest families in the city—and yet, how little have they on which to foster pride.”

“Pride usually sustains itself on very meagre aliment you know,” was the smiling answer.

“True enough. At home on Thursday—so the cards say. Shall we call?”

“Just as you wish, Archie. Mr. Pinkerton is your friend; if you desire intimate social relations with him, we must make them a bridal visit. They have indicated their wish to have us do so, by sending their cards. If the tender is a false one, we will soon know it; if sincere, the acquaintance may have its uses and pleasures. I am ready to do just as you desire.”

“We will call then,” said Lofton. “For years, Mark and I have been on terms of friendly intimacy. I shall be well pleased to have that intimacy still continued; and if you and Mrs. Pinkerton can find in each other anything to inspire a mutual attachment, so much the better.”

The next day being Thursday, when Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton were “at home,” to their friends, a bridal call was made. It was a very formal matter; the want of heart in Mrs. Pinkerton being covered by a well-assumed exterior, and the utterance of stily chosen words, that meant anything or nothing. She did not say to Mrs. Lofton—“I am happy to see you;” or, “I am happy to make your acquaintance.” No—“I had the pleasure of meeting you some few months ago,” was entirely non-committal, and so was the charming smile with which the words were spoken. A few common places were uttered on the one side, and responded to on the other. Some cake was eaten and wine drunk, and then Mr. and Mrs. Lofton retired, each with a certain pressure on the bosom that neither felt as at all agreeable, while the cause of it was hardly susceptible of explanation.

“Well, what do you think of it all?” said the former, on gaining their unambitious home, and seating themselves in their little parlor.

“They are commencing the world in a showy style, certainly,” replied Mrs. Lofton.

“It’s Pinkerton all over,” said her husband, shaking his head. “I’m sorry for him.”

“Why sorry?”

“He’s only making trouble for himself. Though I know nothing of his personal affairs, yet I am just as sure as that we are sitting in this room, that the whole of that furniture is yet to be paid for.”

“He would hardly be so foolish as that,” replied Mrs. Lofton.

“He’s foolish enough for anything, where show and appearance are concerned. I never knew a man so weak in this respect. He never has been and never will be satisfied to live in a style warranted by present resources. Were he a lord, he would emulate the style of a duke; if a duke, nothing below the establishment of a prince would suit him. He has many good qualities; but this defect of character must ruin everything in the end. The result is inevitable.”

“Do you think Mrs. Pinkerton will return our call?” asked Ellen.

"I have my doubts. We are not the kind of people whose society she would enjoy. Neither is our style of living up to the mark she regards as respectable. But we will see."

A few days after Pinkerton's marriage and showy advent into the social world, the firm, of which he was a member, received advice of the failure to take up a note by a country merchant who owed them three thousand dollars. Here was a damper to the young man's business enthusiasm. If doubts had already visited him as to the prudence of his course in buying costly furniture on credit—and he had not escaped such troublesome visitors—these doubts were now increased to convictions.

"But," said he, rousing himself from a train of rather gloomy reflections, which had intruded themselves, "what's done can't be helped, and it's folly to sit down and cry over it. I've bought the furniture and it must be paid for. That burden disposed of, everything will go on smoothly enough afterwards. It won't be just the thing for me to draw so much money out of the concern; but, no doubt, I can borrow a part of it when the notes come due, and so throw the heaviest portion some months still in advance."

Time wore on. The country merchant had actually failed, and the loss was total—three thousand dollars. The man was a rogue, and had made away with everything. Mr. Ackland was very nervous about the matter, and said a number of things that were not altogether pleasant to the ears of his partner, who, in view of the immediate maturity of his personal obligations, felt particularly uncomfortable.

"What are these?" asked Mr. Ackland, one morning, holding in his hand three or four bank notices, each bearing the name of Mark Pinkerton. His brow was slightly contracted, and on his face was a rather troubled expression.

Pinkerton glanced over the notices, and then replied, in a careless way—

"Oh! They have nothing to do with the business. I'll take care of them. They were given in settlement of my furniture bills."

Mr. Ackland made no reply. But he was far from feeling satisfied. Shortly afterwards, he had the ledger open at Pinkerton's account, and, pencil in hand, was footing it up. With a grave face, and a shake of the head, he closed the book, muttering—

"Eleven hundred dollars in six months! This will never do for me—never."

A week from that time, one of these notes, for the sum of five hundred dollars, became due, and on a day when the firm had over four thousand to meet. It was quite as much as the business could do to bear its own burdens. So Mr. Pinkerton did not think it wise, especially as he was beginning to understand something of his partner's feelings on the subject of his heavy personal expenses, to let the firm provide for his obligations. But, out of the business, he had no resources. What, then, was to be done? His first effort to raise the sum required was after this wise. He drew a note at four months, for five hundred dollars, payable to his own order, and took it to a certain note-broker. The broker

looked at the note, turned it over and over two or three times, and then shook his head.

"Can't you get the money for me?" asked Pinkerton.

"I'm afraid not."

"Why?"

"How can you ask the question? It isn't strong enough."

"I guess I'm perfectly good," said Pinkerton, with some dignity of manner.

"No doubt of that, sir; none in the world," answered the broker. "But we can't convince any man who has money that it is safe to lend it on the security of a single name—the more particularly when the paper is not legitimate."

"Not legitimate! What do you—"

"Oh, I mean not business paper. 'That's all. Of course, this is a mere made note—not based on any commercial transaction; and such notes, to be taken at all, must be half covered with the best of names."

"You can't get the money for me?"

"I'm afraid not."

Pinkerton looked disappointed and perplexed.

"I'll tell you what I think can be done," said the broker.

"What?" The countenance of Pinkerton brightened.

"Bring me the note of Pinkerton & Ackland, drawn in your favor, if you choose, and there will be no difficulty."

"That can be done, you think?"

"O, yes. No doubt of it. The firm is regarded as one of the most substantial in the city. There'll be no difficulty with their note."

Pinkerton departed. He did not like this proposition. To create an obligation for the firm, out of the business and for his own use, and this secretly, was too clearly wrong to be thought of. But what was he to do? From what source was money to be obtained? Another broker was tried, but the individual note, unendorsed, would not go down. The young man now began to feel much worried in mind, and much less confident touching the potency of his name in money circles.

The extremity became pressing. Although Pinkerton could not think of signing the name of the firm to a note of his own creating, after much debate with himself, he resolved to draw a note in favor of Pinkerton & Ackland, and endorse it with the signature of the firm. This, although it did not materially change the moral character of the transaction, was felt to be a safer proceeding, as he could take up the note when it became due, and thus conceal from his partner all about the endorsement. A note was accordingly made, signed and duly endorsed. This he took to the broker upon whom he had first called. That worthy examined the note, and again shook his head.

"What's the matter? Won't that do?" said Pinkerton.

"It may do—but—"

"But what?"

"It isn't in the right shape. 'It should have been signed Pinkerton & Ackland.'"

"The security is just as good. The firm is as much bound in one case as in the other."

"I know. Still we always like the drawer's name to be strongest."

"It will be lifted just the same."

"I don't in the least doubt that, my young friend; and, if I were going to discount the note myself, would not hesitate a moment. But I deal with a shrewd, cautious, worldly-wise class of men, who, when they lend their money, refuse paper unless braced up by the strongest security. You want this money to-day?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll try for you. But you mustn't be disappointed should I fail."

"How soon may I call?"

"In an hour."

"Very well. I will be here."

"If you must have the money to-day," said the broker, detaining him, "it is hardly wise to lose time. On a firm note, the discount is sure. The offering of this may have a bad effect. Had you not better draw a new note?"

Pinkerton lingered and hesitated.

"Here are blanks," urged the broker, who wished to make his commission with as little trouble as possible, and who knew where Pinkerton & Ackland's note would be taken. "I understand the transaction entirely. You wish a little money for your private use, and don't want to draw it out of the business."

"That's just it," said Pinkerton, in a half-confidential tone of voice. "You know I have been taking myself a wife, and a wife always brings some extra expenses."

"Exactly." The tempter smiled and nodded. "I understand it all. Here's a blank note. Draw to your own order, and sign it Pinkerton & Ackland, and it shall be cashed for you in half an hour."

Thus urged, the young man yielded. He drew, signed and endorsed the note, as proposed, and then went back to his store, feeling by no means comfortable, the more particularly as fifteen hundred dollars more would have to be raised in the next two or three weeks.

In due time, Pinkerton received from the broker the net sum of four hundred and seventy dollars: thirty dollars having been abstracted from the five hundred to cover discount and broker's commission.

In order to lift the remaining notes given for furniture, Pinkerton, who did not deem it wise or prudent to draw even a portion of what was needed from the business, resorted to a like expedient. Notes of the firm were created and discounted. He was over the difficulty for at least four months to come, and hushed for a time all troubled questions as to the future, by saying, "Let the morrow take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

As the time for the maturity of these notes drew nearer and nearer, our imprudent young friend began to feel uneasy. The transaction was not to be justified on any plea whatever. It was in direct violation of common principles of right involved, though not expressed, in the provisions of that co-partnership under which he was doing business. The fact that he had used the name of the firm in order to obtain money for his private use, should it become known to Mr. Ackland,

would not only destroy that gentleman's confidence in him, but might lead to a dissolution. And a dissolution, with such a reason assigned, would ruin his prospects in life. It had never been his intention, from the first, that his partner should know anything about these notes. How this was to be prevented had not been clearly seen when they were given; but he had flattered himself that no trouble need arise on this account. As the time for their payment drew near, his mind dwelt almost constantly on this perplexing subject. It seemed but a little matter to prevent the bank notices from coming under the eyes of Mr. Ackland—and only this was needed to make all safe. But so many contingencies were in the case, that it was scarcely possible for four notices to be left at the store, and each one of them escape observation. If Pinkerton had deemed it prudent to take one or more of their clerks into his confidence; or to have ascertained in what banks the notes were to be deposited for collection, and then had an understanding with the runners thereof as to the delivery of the notices, the affair might have been managed very well. But this was a dangerous kind of business, and might put him into the power of men not to be trusted.

So time went on, until the first day of the month, in which these notes came due. Very hard had Pinkerton tried, during the previous week, to induce his partner to go to New York on business. Some very desirable goods were to be sold at auction on the second, third, and fourth of the month; but Mr. Ackland could not be induced to leave his place at the desk, where, he steadily affirmed, he was of far more use than in buying goods, a department in the business with which he was not familiar.

It was Pinkerton's place to attend these sales, at which were many new styles of goods just coming into market. But he dared not leave home. Were the existence of these notes, amounting to over two thousand dollars, to be discovered during his absence, there was no telling how disastrous the consequences might be. Failing to induce Ackland to go, he plead severe indisposition, and despatched a clerk to attend the sale in New York, whose purchases were far from being as judicious as those of his more experienced principal would have been.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ALWAYS HAPPY—ALWAYS CHEERFUL.—"Why this constant, happy flow of spirits?" "No secret, doctor," replied the mechanic, "I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done many things during the day to please me, and I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkind to anybody." What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful.

HUMOROUS.

THE DOCTOR AND THE SEXTON.—A good story is told of a doctor, in Beverly, who was somewhat of a wag. He met, one day, in the street, the sexton, with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough.

"Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cough? How long have you had that?"

"Look here, Mr. —?" said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for interments?"

"Nine shillings," was the reply.

"Well," continued the doctor, "just come into my office, and I will pay for it. I don't want to have you round so anxious about my health!"

The sexton was soon even with him, however. Turning to the doctor, he replied—

"Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has been since you began to practice."

Since the above conversation, neither party has ventured a joke at the expense of the other.—*Lynn News.*

"NO PAUPERS HERE, EITHER."—In the town of Plymouth, this State, there is a hotel which has long been kept without any "medicine." During the up going travel to the White Mountains, last summer, a Southron stopped at this hotel—one who was not going up altogether for a look at Nature's grandest scenes, or a draught of cold water from the mighty alembics of Argene-cook. He sent from his rooms for a bottle of Bardolph's "best wine," to which summons the landlord replied that he kept no wine. The answer brought the Southern gentleman himself down.

"Landlord, haven't you got *any* kind of liquor?"

"I don't keep liquors at all," replied the landlord.

"Don't keep liquors! How in the name of common sense do you *accommodate* travellers without it? I want some, and I had a right to expect that you kept it. I shall tell all my friends to stop somewhere else, where there is better accommodation."

"Tell 'em what you please," replied the independent landlord, "but don't forget to add that there *isn't* a pauper here, either."—*Concord (N. H.) Indicator.*

A countrywoman was carrying on a very ample process against a neighbor in one of the small courts of Germany. The attorney of the opponent pestered her with so much chicanery and legal subtleties, that she lost all patience, and interrupted him thus:—

"My lords, the cause is simply this: I bespoke of my opponent, the carpet-maker, a carpet with figures which were to be handsome as my lord the judge, and he wants now to force me to take one with horrible caricatures, uglier even than his attorney. Was I not right in breaking off the bargain?" The court laughed at the comparison, the attorney was stupefied, and the woman won her suit.

NEW BOOTS.—Our friend Lucius Hart, says

the Knickerbocker, tells a capital story of the ingenuity exercised by a little boy, in calling attention to his first pair of new boots:—The little fellow would draw up his pantaloons, and display the whole of his boots; then walk up and down the room, with eyes now on the shining leather, and now upon a friend of his father's, who was present; but it was a bootless effort. At length, however, he succeeded. Sitting in front of both, he exclaimed—

"Father, ain't three times two six?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, then," said he, pointing to each of their feet, "if three times two is six, *there's just six boots in this room.*"

DEFINITION OF DOGMATISM.—"Robert, my dear," said Jenny, with the deferential air of a scholar, "Robert, what did Mr. Carraway mean when he said he hated dog—dogmatism?"

Topps was puzzled.

"Robert, my dear," Jenny urged, "what in the world is dogmatism?"

Now it was the weakness of Topps never to confess ignorance of anything to his wife. "A man should never do it."

Topps had been known in a convivial season to declare, "It makes 'em conceited." Whereupon Topps prepared himself, as was his wont, to make a solemn, satisfying answer.

Taking off his hat, and smoothing the wrinkles of his brow, Topps said,

"Humph! what is dogmatism? It is this, of course—dogmatism is *puppyism come to its full growth.*"

An Irishman, in the course of a discussion touching the superior natural productions of various countries, said—

"You may talk as ye plaze about it, but Scotland is the finest counthry in the wuruld for natural productions."

"How so?" cries one.

"Impossible!" exclaims another.

"Give us your reason!" demands a third.

"Why, gentlemen," said he, "don't ye see that Scotland has got a whole *river of Tay* running through it."

Hear how the editor of the Vermont Mercury talks to the borrowing individuals:—"Got a paper to spare?" "Yes, sir; here's one of our last. Would you like to subscribe and take it regularly?" "I would, but I am too poor!" That man has just come from the circus, which cost him fifty cents; lost time from his farm fifty cents; liquor, judging from the smell, at least fifty cents—making a dollar-and-a-half actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it! That's what we call "saving at the spigot, and losing at the bung-hole."

A worthy minister, noted for his wit, on being asked what kind of a person the wife of Mr. — was, replied, "I will give you her *grammatical* character. She is a noun substantive, *seen, felt, and heard.*"

"I GRIEVE I SHOULD HAVE SINNED, FATHER."

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

I draw aside the curtain white,
To breathe the evening air:
It is a glorious winter night—
The scene is passing fair.
The pleasant breath of evening meek
Falls softly o'er me now;
It gently fans my burning cheek,
And cools my throbbing brow.

The crown that girts night's ebony brow
With radiant jewels bright,
Throws on the slumbering world below,
A flood of silver light.
The moon looks down with loving glance,
But her pure and saintly ray
Brings the thought that I have sinned, Father,
That I have sinned to-day.

The world is wrapt in slumber, but
'Twere vain to think of rest.
Ah! can I, dare I seek my couch,
Unpardoned and unblest?
A heavy weight is on my heart,
I kneel, but cannot pray;
For I feel that I have sinned, Father,
That I have sinned to-day.

Though there are those who say it is
A light and trivial thing;
That this across my brow or path,
No shade or thought should fling—
Not friendship's zeal, nor flattery's art,
Can truth's keen sting allay;
I grieve that I have sinned, Father,
As I have sinned to-day.

I'm weary of this load of sin;
When will the summons come,
To share the light and purity
That fills the spirit's home?
Where the eye no more may fill with tears,
The lip no more may say,
"I grieve I should have sinned, Father,"
As I have sinned to-day.

NASHUA, N. H., December 27th, 1852.

THE MOORISH HOME OF LOVE.

BY THOMAS E. VAN BIBBER.

Near Cordova, Abdarahmah
For his Zehra built a city,
Which full many a Moorish ditty
Calls the golden Home of Love.

Aqueducts, on swelling arches,
Brought cool water from the mountains;
Every street was full of fountains,
Every palace had its grove.

On the house-tops, vines and citrons
Limes and oranges were planted,
Where sweet maidens nightly chanted
Love-songs to the evening-star.

And whilst with flowing raven tresses,
And fingers tinged with rich vermillion,
Sweet Zehra sat in her pavillion,
And soothed the king with her guitar,

The harp, the lute, the sounding cymbal
Awoke the Zambra's merry measures,
Awoke young knights to love's soft pleasures,
And bade them cease to dream of war.

THE CORN ON THE TOE.

'Twas on Midsommer-day, and my spirits were
light,
When old Jasper departed to buy me a kite;
But so long did he tarry it made my heart burn,
For I thought to myself, "He will never return!"
At last he came creeping and crawling along,
When I gave in a passion the reins to my tongue,
Cried I, "You old sluggard, what makes you so
slow?"
"Master William," said he, "I've a corn on my
toe."

Now I heeded not then to acknowledge the truth,
The rebuke that old age had imparted to youth;
For I thought that old Jasper was peevish and
plain,
And that I of his sloth had some cause to com-
plain.
My heart beat apace, and I felt I was right;
For the wind was abroad, and I wanted my kite;
Jasper crept like a snail when he set out to go,
And I knew not, not I, he'd a corn on his toe.

As we go on the journey before us, alas!
How peevish we are with the people that pass,
How prone to suspect that their deeds are unfair,
How quick to condemn, and how slow to forbear;
We censure at times where we well might com-
mend,
And oppress the tried spirit we ought to befriend;
For the being we blame some affliction may know,
Though it may not, perhaps, be a corn on his toe.

Since the days of my boyhood reflection has taught
That more freely we others condemn than we
ought;
And experience has led me, when thinking alone,
To regard other's feelings as well as my own.
If now an old servant, once active and free,
Is not quite so quick as I wish him to be,
Why I try to forbear to complain; for I know
Whether he has or not, I've a corn on my toe.

How galling it is when words have been strong,
Our rebuke sharp and angry, and bitter and long,
To find, when the truth of the matter is known,
That, in spite of our passion, the fault was our
own.

Whoe'er he may be that may serve you, poor soul!
Meet your messenger still with a prudent control:
Be not hasty to blame if he move rather slow,
For, perhaps, the poor fellow's a corn on his toe.

In a world where so much affliction is found
We should look with an eye of forbearance around,
Not indulging suspicion; and make it our plan
To pity, and pardon, and guide where we can.
It is hard, when the spirit is burden'd with pain,
To be blamed for the evils we cannot restrain;
For a grief in the mind, as we most of us know,
Is a thousand times worse than a corn on the toe.

Now, I would not gloss over the crimes of the
breast—
There are vices and follies that must be suppress—
But we surely are wrong when to censure we run,
Where we are not quite certain a fault has been
done.

Let our maxim be this—that we calmly endure
When another afflicts us, until we are sure
That he feels when his duties are done rather
slow,
Neither care on his spirit, nor corn on his toe.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CERVANTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

About 1614, at Toledo, in a poor room, furnished with a bed, a few chairs, a plumed hat, a pistol and a sword suspended against the wall, a man with long hair and thick moustaches, meagre and worn with suffering, was sitting beside a rickety table, covered with letters and books. This was Don Miguel Cervantes, then paymaster in the army of Philip III, thanks to the patronage of Fernandez de Castro, Count de Lemos. As we have just learned, this place and this patronage alone only prevented his dying of hunger.

But the author of *Don Quixote*, thinking only of his book, looked on himself at this moment as the happiest of men. He had just received five translations of it in different languages of Europe, and thirty letters, in which the most illustrious writers of Germany, Italy and France, placed him on a level with Homer, Virgil and Ovid.

Forgetting that he was shivering with the cold and that he had not breakfasted, he wrapped himself proudly in his ragged cloak, leaned his lame arm on his old sword of Lepante, and paced his chamber as if he were strolling on the summit of Parnassus.

Very soon a woman entered, beautiful, notwithstanding her sadness, in her rich wavy hair, double necklace of beads and woollen robe.

"Here is glory for you, Catherine!" exclaimed the poet, throwing to Donna Cervantes his noble prizes of books and letters.

"Glory?" replied the Senora, turning away her tearful eyes; "a shining medal, of which here is the dark reverse."

And she handed her husband three letters. The first was from his editor in Madrid; it announced that *Don Quixote* was bought only to be ridiculed, and that the author owed him two thousand reals, for want of which he must close his shop.

"Blind and ungrateful country!" said Cervantes, dropping into a chair. "Translated and admired throughout all Europe, neglected and despised in my native country! What a recompense for blood shed on ten battle-fields, and a captivity of ten years among the barbarians!"

In the second letter, the Count de Lemos informed him that his enemies had denounced him as appropriating the State funds, and that the king was about to deprive him of his office.

"Another blow from my Zoile Avellaneda!" said the hidalgo, shrugging his shoulders, and opening the third billet.

It was from the proprietor of the house, who summoned him to pay his rent or quit.

"This is the reason why I have returned empty-handed," said the Senora, blushing with mortification: "we are refused all credit. You will be compelled, great man," added she, forcing a smile, "to breakfast on this crust of bread dipped in oil."

What cared the soldier of Lepante, the author of *Don Quixote*? He thought only of the neglect of his *chef d'œuvre*, and of the methods of bringing it to light.

"I have it! I have it!" cried he, suddenly, after a few moments of reflection. "I will compel Spain and the king himself to become interested in the knight of *La Mancha*!"

His wife looked on without comprehending him. He embraced her with a sort of delirium, and began to labor, gnawing his morsel of bread.

Two days and two nights his pen ran over the paper. He stopped only to laugh or dance with joy, as if he had discovered a treasure.

Three weeks afterwards, the anonymous pamphlet of the *Busca Pié* appeared at Madrid, and caused to be sold in forty-eight hours three hundred copies of *Don Quixote*.

How was this revolution wrought? We are about to learn this from the Count de Lemos, who enters gloomily and severely the house of his protégé.

Cervantes, exhausted by labor, was in bed. His wife, who was touching her guitar, rose suddenly as she saw the great nobleman.

"Fly!" said the latter, offering his purse to the writer; "fly quickly before the alguazils arrest you."

"Arrest us!" exclaimed Donna Catherine in terror.

"Yes. There has just been published at Madrid a pamphlet which will complete your ruin, by proving that *Don Quixote* is a bitter satire; that under the names of imaginary heroes, it portrays the king of Spain and the principal personages of his court."

"Ah! this pamphlet has made a noise then," demanded the dreamy and ironical poet, from his pallet.

"An infernal noise! It is this which has caused the order for your arrest."

"Wonderful!" said Cervantes; "at last I have succeeded. When *Don Quixote* was only a good work, no one deigned to read it. It becomes a bad one and every body devours it. Its author needs only to be a martyr in order to arrive at the apogee of glory. Let them come and put me into irons. It was I who wrote the *Busca Pié*."

"You!" said Lemos, comprehending the despair of his friend. "Then the pamphlet is only a falsehood; and I can save you by declaring all to the king!"

"Take care how you do so!" exclaimed the poet. "This would be to plunge myself and my book again into darkness. Leave us both to our renown by scandal and persecution. It is neither your fault nor mine, if crime succeeds better than talent!"

The count admired this sublime raillery, and promised silence to his protégé.

"When all Spain shall have read *Don Quixote*," said he, "it will be time to prove that it is only a *chef d'œuvre*!"

That very evening Cervantes was confined in the prison of Toledo.

But the public blindness and the hatred of his rivals were more powerful than the stratagem of his genius. After some days of curiosity, *Don Quixote* was rejected on finding it inoffensive; and Avellaneda inflicted a final blow by the audacious publication of a second part of *The Knight of La Mancha*, a coarse and monotonous rhapsody, in which Cervantes was treated as an old cripple,

poor, peevish, gossiping and slanderous, amid the applause of all the masters of criticism and literature of the times.

The rumor of these abuses reaching the cell of the poet, he resumed his pen; and in the gloomy walls of a prison, by the dim light of its lattices, and amid the sound of the bolts which separated him from the world, Cervantes wrote the genuine sequel of Don Quixote, that second part even more admirable than the first.

He received, then, a second visit from the Count de Lemos, who, more ingenious than himself, formed thus his plan of revenge.

Attacked by an obstinate malady of the eyes, and condemned for a month to darkness, Philip III. had demanded of this great nobleman a skillful reader to beguile his loneliness, and had himself designated, as the subject of this amusement, the Don Quixote of Avellaneda, the only one he knew.

One morning, therefore, the envoy of the Count de Lemos, introduced by him, installed himself by the dim light of a feeble lamp in the dark chamber of the grandson of Charles V., the son of Philip II., this king who had never laughed, and who was now more gloomy than ever.

The first sitting was cold enough, notwithstanding the lively eloquence of the reader, who accented and varied his subject as if he had improvised it. Nevertheless, the king expressed himself satisfied.

The next day, the interview was more interesting. The reader was so inspired, that Philip III. thought himself the spectator of a comedy. He saw and heard Don Quixote, Sancho, all the personages of the story, as though they had acted and spoken in the very room. He declined to smile, and to express his approbation.

The third sitting broke the ice. The king, captivated, forgot the hour, and suffered to escape a burst of laughter which astonished the echoes of his chamber. The reader, encouraged, redoubled his energy, and Philip III., laughing heartily, exclaimed, like a simple mortal, "This is delightful! It is a masterpiece!"

This news made a great sensation in the palace, and throughout Madrid. "The king has laughed! he has laughed aloud! It is the Don Quixote of Avellaneda which has wrought this miracle! Honor and glory to Avellaneda!"

And the latter plumed himself on his triumph, in the court and in the city. He saw himself congratulated by the king, and elevated to all the dignities of glory and genius. As to poor Cervantes, the old cripple, Zoile and his friends had never lavished upon him more abuse and epigrams.

The only regret of Avellaneda was that he could not become acquainted with and embrace the individual who had so successfully interpreted his work. But introduced and carried off each day by the Count de Lemos, the reader stole away from their ovations with incorruptible modesty.

The sittings continued, increasing in length and animation. The king no longer had ears but for Don Quixote and its interpreter. He forgot Spain and the Indies, his ancestors and etiquette, his ennuis and his sorrows, for the exploits of the good knight, the proverbs of Sancho, the adventures of Dulcinea, and the government of Bara-

taria. There were prolonged fits of hilarity, passages repeated, bon mots quoted, and applied by the august invalid to the courtiers. In short, his majesty was as happy as the poorest in his empire.

The effect of all this was to hasten the king's recovery. His return to his palace and first reception took place a week sooner than the allotted time. All Madrid expressed its joy by fetes, and Avellaneda ruined himself in magnificent clothing to present himself before Philip III.

The great day arrived, an immense crowd defiled before the monarch, now restored to his subjects. Conducted by the Duke de Lerma, prime-minister, draped like a potentate in his embroidered cloak, armed with a magnificent copy of his Don Quixote, Avellaneda bent his knee before his majesty, and presented the book which had had the honor of diverting him.

"Say of curing me," replied the king, "and ask of me what you will."

Avellaneda claimed the place of Cervantes at Toledo with a higher rank and double salary—and Philip III. was about to have granted all with a word—when the Count de Lemos approached with a man, poorly clad, at sight of whom everybody exclaimed:—

"Cervantes here!"

"Yes, Cervantes," replied the count; "the author and the reader of the true Don Quixote, of that which has charmed you twenty days, sire, and to which the Senor Avellaneda is entirely a stranger. Pardon me for having dared to liberate on parole one of your prisoners, and for seizing the opportunity to reveal a talent which has been calumniated."

At the same time, Cervantes placed in the hands of the king the manuscript which he had read to him, and Philip III. recognized the passages which made him laugh at the remembrance of them.

To laugh thus, was to pardon. Cervantes then related that it was himself who had written the pamphlet of the *Busca Píe*, that there was not an offensive word in Don Quixote, and that his only crime was to have been denounced by the Senor Avellaneda and his friends.

"Very well!" resumed the king, at last opening his eyes, "you have twice restored my sight; ask of me what you please."

"The printing of my book at the expense of the State," modestly replied the poet, "with the notes and commentaries of foreigners who have appreciated me better than my countrymen."

"I promise you this honor," said Philip, giving him his hand to kiss; "and the Senor Avellaneda, who has taken your work, may also take your place—in the prison of Toledo."

Thus was Cervantes avenged, and his unworthy plagiarist punished. But, alas! the king himself could not control destiny.

Avellaneda recovered freedom and riches, while the man of genius became again poor and forgotten. And it was not until a century and a half after his death, that Spain at last fulfilled the promise of Philip III., by publishing a national edition of Don Quixote, enriched with all the tributes of Castilian science, arts and industry.

FANNY CLAYTON'S VALENTINES.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

The youth of Fanny Clayton was marked by no particular gift, except what has been aptly termed "a fatal facility at rhyming;" a quality which she chiefly cultivated for purposes of amusement. Not to be despised is the ability to amuse innocently a leisure hour, provided the diversion is of a nature that leaves the mind refreshed and invigorated for serious duties. But Fanny Clayton had no such commendable object in view; her only definite aim being *fun*, by which she understood entertainment to herself and a slight degree of mystification and annoyance to her friends. It was so delightful to do a little harm! Being an orphan, she was dependent upon the kindness of two unmarried relatives, an uncle and aunt, who were, we regret to say, sometimes the victims to her love of mirth and mischief.

When Fanny was fourteen, the rage for valentines (it is a migratory epidemic,) invaded the village where she resided, and her scribbling faculties were largely employed by her associates to give piquancy to their mysterious missives. After laboring so much for the public good, in a private way, Fanny thought she was justly entitled to do something for herself. She had a favorite in the village, one Charles Thompson, a youth some years older than herself, and it was to his address that, with some surprise at her own audacity, she penned the following valentine:

I know a little maiden and she has a little tongue,
And it is very active too, for anything so young,
And says a thousand foolish things as e'er were said or sung.
This maiden now is seated at her desk to write a line.
And she means to send the missive as a playful valentine;
(I hope you do not think the note is anything like mine.)
She hopes an answering token will seek her rustic hall,
When the crescent moon is shining, so very young and small;
But yet she will not break her heart if she gets none at all.

As the day was rainy, she reluctantly consigned this precious epistle to the letter-bag, which Peter, the black boy, carried daily to the post-office, and awaited, with what patience she might, the expected response. To her deep mortification, the notes received that day were all manifestly the efforts of girlish roguery; not one of them bore the slightest resemblance in penmanship to the bold though unformed hand of the incipient collegian.

"He is no longer a boy," thought Fanny, regretfully. "His Greek and Latin have driven all nonsense from his head, and he despises my childish trifling."

A flood of tears, half-penitence, half-petulance, showed how keen was her sense of his neglect. It was not many days, however, before she discovered, by a little feminine free-masonry, that Charles Thompson had received no valentine whatever, and of course was entirely ignorant of her own. Relieved at last by the harmless, though abortive termination of a frolic that seemed likely to prove more serious than she anticipated, she was for a season rebuked into something like discretion.

The return of the valentine season, however, brought with it a desire for revenge upon the supposed agent of her disappointment. She imputed to her uncle the suppression of her note, and re-

solved to play upon a partiality of his for the widowed mother of her favorite, (now a freshman at Harvard.) In the privacy of her room, she had just finished the embroidery of a very pretty pair of slippers, and to this praiseworthy effort she appended one more questionable, being a card inscribed, in a hand carefully disguised, with the following lines:

Sole-less shoes, from a heartless dame;
Bootless the effort to learn her name:
Wear them ever when you are the same.

The whole was carefully enveloped and consigned, with many injunctions of secrecy, to the errand-boy of the village. In a very short time, she was called by her uncle to admire his beautiful present, and to aid him to decipher the inscription.

"Who in the world could be the writer?" Fanny at length suggested. "I think she *may* be Mrs. Thompson."

"Decidedly; I think so too," chimed in aunt Dorothy, thus unexpectedly bringing her matronly gravity to aid the roguery of her niece. And even uncle Joshua (the ungrateful!) readily joined in the general voice, that the forward lady might be Mrs. Thompson.

Before evening, the slippers, by the aid of the ready son of Crispin, were fitted to adorn his feet.

"And now for the answer," said the good man. "I would like to have you look at it, Fanny. And first let me tell you that it is not the fashion for ladies to be very free in their advances to single gentlemen." He looked earnestly at Fanny, who colored deeply. "The writer of this," he continued, laying his hand on the card of the morning, "deserves some slight reproof for her temerity. Don't you think so?" (Another keen glance.)

Fanny answered meekly, "Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, what do you think of this?"

"I have *soled* the shoes, but I think the dame
Must have lost her heart ere she changed her name,
And will choose, of course, to retain the same."

"The same?" repeated Fanny. "Pray which do you mean, the name or the shoes?"

"Both," replied her uncle; "I shall send them back to her."

And notwithstanding her faltering objections, the slippers were never again seen upon her uncle's feet, and she felt little doubt that he had sent them back, as he termed it, to the dignified Mrs. Thompson, who must be mortally offended.

Very soon afterwards the lady removed to Cambridge to be near her son, and formed an acquaintance there which resulted in a second marriage. Fanny wondered whether the severe attack of rheumatism from which her uncle suffered about the same time, could have had a sentimental cause. The physician said it was connected with an affection of the heart.

There was not, however, a total cessation of intercourse between the families, as will fully appear from the fact, that in a few years after the imprudent writer of the anonymous valentines did actually become Mrs. Charles Thompson: bestowing her virgin hand as a New Year's gift. The 14th of February brought to the blushing bride two communications, one a letter of the ordinary size, and the other a package somewhat larger.

"Only look, husband," she exclaimed in sur-

prise, "a valentine from aunt Dorothy! Who would have thought it?"

And removing the envelope of the note, she saw revealed to her wondering gaze, her own first valentine, with the original seal unbroken.

"This is for you, Charles," she said, laughing, and then opening the bulkier package, she discovered, as she had begun to suspect, the slippers wrought so beautifully by her own fingers in earlier days, and this brief inscription from her uncle:

"DEAR FANNY—These slippers will fit your husband to a charm. I would have liked to wear them for your sake, but you had cut the cloth too narrow, and old feet crave an abundance of room. I enclose my lines in answer to your valentine. They are my first efforts at poetry, and I assure you they cost me a great deal of trouble. You see we were all right in thinking that my mysterious correspondent *might be* Mrs. Thompson.

"Ever yours, JOSHUA CLAYTON."

Tears followed the laughter with which Fanny at first received these singular love-tokens; tears of thoughtful gratitude for the watchful care that had guarded her early years, and on many graver occasions than those herein described, had checked the excesses of an impulsive temperament. She had long since learned, by happy experience, how much better it is to do a little good, than a little harm.

MAN'S CONFLICT WITH HIMSELF.

The conflict of man with himself is the one most frequently recurring, and most painfully interesting characteristic of his nature. He dare not follow his own forces. He must direct and master them, or they will tear him to pieces. He has steeds of the sun to draw him, and there is no alternative but a steady course by means of a tight rein, or a headlong career, in which not even the horses are masters, for in such a case there is no master at all. It has been usual in most ages to seek for the interpreting law in the simple phenomena. Thus the Manichean declared that man had a double nature; one of the flesh and evil, another of the spirit and good; and the object to be achieved, according to his apprehension, was simply the eversion of the former by the latter. According to this view, therefore, man was a combination of two sets of forces, both of which were to struggle for, and one of which was to gain, the mastery. Everything, in consequence, which could degrade, weaken, and utterly subdue the wants and desires of the body, and make their force as nothing compared with the wants and desires of the soul, was a step towards the fulfilment of the great object of a worthy existence. Thus every man was born into the world to wage a perpetual war; the antagonism was inevitable, continual and designed. His natural and necessary condition was one of internecine conflict. He himself was at once assailer and defender. He contended as with his own two hands, one against the other. His own emotions and desires formed the mutually op-

posed armaments, and his own wretched heart the convulsed and bloody battle-field. Man having within himself a good and a bad nature, his creation, double in the same manner, must have been the joint work of a good and evil power. This conviction, arising from the apparent phenomena of the case, exercised, as a theory, a strong retro-active influence upon the interpretation of the phenomena. So that, irreconcilable phenomena led to the supposition of irreconcilable originating powers, and the existence and influence of these embittered the strife of the phenomena, and made peace impossible.

The error here arose from seeking a philosophy; not *from* the phenomena, but *in* them. The interpretation, if it deserved such a name, was a mere statement and aggregation of the apparent facts. It declared that there were two sets of tendencies and powers in our nature, opposed to each other, and that one of these, as the better, ought to triumph, to the subjugation and prostration of the other, as the worse. But it failed to show by what power one of these sides of the double nature triumphed. Was it by a power residing in itself? or was it by a power extraneous to and in a measure independent of itself? And, if so, was not that power superior to the material forces as well as the spiritual? and that being the case, was the true interpretation of the phenomena to be found simply in themselves, in the supposed fact that there were two sets of mutually opposing forces in our nature, which had to fight it out between them, or in the fact that there were but two sets of differing, but necessarily opposed, forces which were to work, not in mutual conflict, but in common subordination to a higher power than both, the power of the Will?

To us, believers in one wise and good creating Power, it is impossible to conceive of so absurd a thing as a nature formed for the express purpose of fighting with itself—as impossible as it would be to conceive of the human race being created for the perpetual purpose of mutual warfare, and the ultimate purpose of one half destroying the other half. Society is to work by apparent and often real conflict to a harmonized issue; and our nature is to be worked as an integer into an integral result. We can only believe in a nature of harmonious powers. The harmony, indeed, must disappear if each power endeavors to play the concert by itself, and not in subjection to the guiding time of the leader. But if the Will be on the seat of direction, not one single tone of our nature, but is necessary and harmonious in its own place and measure. There is no such thing, in such a case, as eradication or destruction—subordination is everything. This may be regarded as substantially Paul's doctrine. In the conflict of natural forces, so terrific when left to themselves, which he powerfully and truly describes, salvation is of grace—that is, of the Will elevated by Divine influence, or the grace of the Christian guidance and teaching, into the possession of authority. To this Will, man in his whole nature, spiritual as well as material, is subject; and his spiritual tendencies, so far from being the ones to be entrusted with exclusive and undirected sway, require direction themselves, as much as the material.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

By moral and religious education, we do not mean that training in mere moral and religious "wordiness," or facility of talking on moral and religious subjects, which too often passes for such. We mean, rather, the entire processes and results of all those influences which can be made to operate on the heart to form it to love and duty, and which are greatly independent of precept and of doctrine.

Let us consider what is the work to be done by our moral and religious training. No one will contend that it is merely to fix a number of certain forms of words in the memory. But, perhaps, fewer reflect that it cannot be either merely to fix certain ideas of moral and religious doctrine in the intellect. May we not define its true aim to be that of awakening in the heart those feelings towards moral and religious objects, which, like attractions drawing towards the great load-stars of existence, shall ever keep the life and the motives right and steadfast?

Now these great load-stars of the moral and religious feelings, it seems to us, may be stated thus: Right action, or virtue; knowledge; high and noble characters, comprehending also the ideal of noble life; God; immortality. If the feelings of love and approval, reverence and aspiration, were excited in the soul towards these venerable objects, we suppose most persons would allow that a large amount of moral and religious training had been effected. The great problem, then, for the parent and the teacher, is *how to awaken* these all-mastering attractions of the soul. And how is this to be done, but by unveiling the hidden nature of these great objects, and showing those high and interesting properties in them, which surround them, to the reverential mind, with a halo of beauty and worth? It should be considered that there is a *natural* order in which these objects must be presented. Some cannot be appreciated but by means of the very feeling which has been awakened towards others. Our moral culture must *begin* with endeavoring to awaken the love and approval of right actions, and of intelligence. And then will not a reverence for worth and intelligence, in the nobler specimens of humanity, be a fit preparation to raise the mind to veneration for and worship of the perfect God?

Moral culture must then terminate, not commence, with religion. The first work of the moral and religious teacher is to present the actions of a true and noble life before the mind in such a character as to call forth towards them love, approval and aspiration. Let the lives and characters and qualities of noble human beings be presented to the mind—their beauty and usefulness set forth, and the deformity and mischief of the opposite pointed out—let love, and approval, and aspiration be thus called forth to "the excellent ones of the earth," and this will prepare the way for appreciating, loving, imitating and adorning the higher excellences of a Divine Being. Love and reverence to parents, or other human beings, is the fitting preparation for,

or means by which the feeling may be raised into veneration for and worship of God. Unfortunately, moral and religious education has been supposed to be something much differing from the above, and consequently there has been a perpetual attempt to rear in the soul the apex of the moral pyramid, wanting any base upon which it can repose, and filling the memory with a form of words. Let the *Love of Goodness* be kindled to a flame, and all that is excellent will naturally follow.

HOME.

Home is a foretaste of Heaven! At least, so I could not help thinking, while the fire-dogs glowed with the bright flames that jutted against their ruddy cheeks. Everybody looks forward to the time when he shall have a *home*. No matter what it is, or where the spot; no matter how rich, or how poor; the golden atmosphere that hangs about the name home, is the medium through which we view the object itself. A garret, or a palace; a hovel or a hall; pinching poverty, or wasteful wealth; to our hearts it is ever the same, only let it be home. The name itself is a magnet; and our brightest hopes—like glittering steel filings—are caught up by it as by instinct. It binds us by cords that are stronger than bars of iron; by mystic powers above all worldly rules, beyond all systems, irresistible and ever-enduring. What statutes so binding as the unwritten code of the fireside?

Home, thought I, taking a new start in my musings, is not altogether, *without doors*—and with this thought, I began to paint the *inner* Home Life, that fuses all our thoughts, in its mystic crucible, into thoughts of love. A wife!—a young wife!—all love! The little cottage is full of sunshine. There never surely were such smiles before; never such musical laughter boding up all the way from the heart. She reads to you when you are restless and ill; and you read to her in turn, when she is weary with the never-broken round of household cares. She watches your breathing when you are curtained in the sick room—binds up your head with damp and cool bandages—places a wine-glass of fresh flowers on the little stand beside your bed; and talks to you in the low music of her soft and melting voice. She is as airy as a sprite, and as graceful as a fawn; yet she is none too ethereal to repay your love with genial sympathy, and welcome words, and patient, self-denying deeds. She does her hair in papers to please your boyish whim, but never breaks a link of the chain that binds her heart to the home-hearth. She chats with you of Montaigne, Suckling, and Spenser, and sweet Jeremy Taylor; and drinks in your syllables when you talk to her of Cordelia and Corinne, of Jean Jacques, and Coleridge and Keats; yet you never harbor the suspicion that she is a *blue*. And she always dresses so charmingly, too! Nothing can surpass, for a sweet and unpretending grace, those summer morning costumes, in which she trips out through the open door, and slips her dainty hand through your arm for an early walk. Her throat is as fair as the fairest alabaster; and the scarlet just

tinges her cheeks with matchless beauty; and as she looks at you so lovingly from out those large, dark, dreamy eyes, you almost unconsciously draw her closer to your side, and press your lips to the forehead of your child-wife.

Home is Heaven—say you to yourself—as you draw your boots off at evening, and in slippers sit down to hear the simple story of her day's life. She draws her chair beside your own, and looks, alternately, at the glowing fire, and into your delighted eyes. Foolish little creature!—you tell her; she sees only *herself* in your eyes! It is conceit! And she will shake her head at you so playfully, and lay her little white hand over your mouth so lovingly, and in such a childish tone tell you that you are her “naughty boy,” that she makes you love her ten times the more, in very spite of yourself.

As you sit before the gleaming hearth, you read to her from large books of travels, or from charming and simple poems, or from some sad and touching tales; and when you suddenly look up, you unexpectedly see the tears swimming in her eyes. You stop to ask her what it is that so saddens her; but the sunshine suddenly breaks out in the midst of the April rain, and she only laughs at you for your inquisitive folly. And then you tell her, half seriously and half in jest, that woman is just what *she* is now—half smiles and the other half tears. For your impudence you get a kiss, and struggle valiantly to free yourself from her embrace. But your release is only on condition that *she* is excepted from your remark. And in a sudden impulse again, you confess that there is no truth at all in the libel you have just uttered. Your friends wonder how it is, that some men can stumble on such a mine of happiness as you have; and in the midst of their compliments and self-reproaches, they get urgent invitations to visit you as often as they will. And then they protest that your dear Maggie is so charming; and has so much grace; and presides at table with such simple dignity! They will tell you, when you stroll with them out on the piazza, they would have married long ago, if they could have been assured of— You interrupt them at this point. You know that it had better remain unspoken. It is flattery you can bear but little better than Maggie herself.

Your and your wife's hearts are knit by a new tie—stronger, deeper, fuller than any you have yet known. She shows you her infant; and begs, by the tender look of her moistened eyes, that you will love it for her sake. Ay, you respond, and for its own, too! It is a girl. It comes to you like an angel in a dream. It has the innocent yet mysterious smile of a seraph. You lean over it while it sleeps, and your heart goes up to God in a psalm of thanksgiving.

The New York Mirror gives the following good advice: “If a man complains to you of his wife, a woman of her husband, a parent of a child, or a child of a parent, be very cautious how you meddle between such near relations, to blame the behaviour of one or the other. You will only have the hatred of both parties, and do no good with either.”

CARELESS WORDS.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

Five years ago, this fair November day,—five years? it seems but yesterday, so fresh is that scene in my memory; and, I doubt not, were the period ten times multiplied, it would be as vivid still to us—the surviving actors in that drama! The touch of time, which blunts the piercing thorn, as well as steals from the rose its lovely tints, is powerless here, unless to give darker shades to that picture engraven on our souls; and tears—ah, they only make it more imperishable!

We do not speak of her now; her name has not passed our lips in each other's presence, since we followed her—grief-stricken mourners—to the grave, to which—alas, alas! but why should not the truth be spoken? the grave to which our careless words consigned her. But on every anniversary of that day we can never forget, uninvited by me, and without any previous arrangement between themselves, those two friends have come to my house, and together we have sat, almost silently, save when Ada's sweet voice has poured forth a low, plaintive strain to the mournful chords Mary has made the harp to breathe. Four years ago, that cousin came too; and since then, though he has been thousands of miles distant from us, when that anniversary has returned, he has written to me: he cannot look into my face when that letter is penned; he but looks into his own heart, and he cannot withhold the words of remorse and agony.

Ada and Mary have sat with me to-day, and we knew that Rowland, in thought, ~~was~~ here too; ah, if we could have known another had been among us,—if we could have felt that an eye was upon us, which will never more dim with tears—a heart was near us which carelessness can never wound again;—could we have known she had been here; that pure, bright angel—with the smile of forgiveness and love on that beautiful face—the dark veil of sorrow might have been lifted from our souls! but we saw only with mortal vision; our faith was feeble, and we have only drawn that sombre mantle more and more closely about us. The forgiveness we have so many times prayed for, we have not yet dared to receive, though we know it is our own.

That November day was just what this has been—fair, mild, and sweet; and how much did that dear one enjoy it! The earth was dry, and as we looked from the window we saw no verdure but a small line of green on the south side of the garden enclosure, and around the trunk of the old pear tree, and here and there a little oasis from which the strong wind of the previous day had lifted the thick covering of dry leaves, and one or two shrubs, whose foliage feared not the cold breath of winter. The gaudy hues, too, which nature had lately worn, were all faded; there was a pale, yellow-leaved vine clambering over the verdureless lilac, and far down in the garden might be seen a shrub covered with bright scarlet berries. But the warm south wind was sweet and fragrant, as if it had strayed through bowers of roses and eglantines. Deep-leadened and snow-white clouds blended together, floated lazily through the sky, and the sun coquet-

ted all day with the earth, though his glance was not, for once, more than half-averted, while his smile was bright and loving, as it had been months before when her face was fair and blooming.

But how sadly has this day passed, and how unlike is this calm, sweet evening to the one which closed that November day! Nature is the same. The moonbeams look as bright and silvery through the brown, naked arms of the tall oaks, and the dark evergreen forest lifts up its head to the sky, striving, but in vain, to shut out the soft light from the little stream, whose murmurings seem more sad and complaining than at another season of the year, perhaps because it feels how soon the icy bands of winter will stay its free course, and hush its low whisperings. The soft breeze sighs as sadly through the vines which still wreath themselves around the window; though seemingly conscious they have ceased to adorn it, they are striving to loosen their hold, and bow themselves to the earth; and the chirping of a cricket in the chimney is as sad and mournful as it was then. But the low moan of the sufferer, the but half-smothered, agonized sobs of those fair girls, the deep groan which all my proud cousin's firmness could not hush, and the words of reproach, which, though I was so guilty myself, and though I saw them so repentant, I could not withhold, are all stilled now.

Ada and Mary have just left me, and I am sitting alone in my apartment. Not a sound reaches me but the whisperings of the wind, the murmuring of the stream, and the chirping of that solitary cricket. The family know my heart is heavy to-night, and the voices are hushed, and the footsteps fall lightly. Lily, dear Lily, art thou near me?

Five years, and some months ago,—it was in early June,—there came to our home from far away in the sunny South, a fair young creature, a relative of ours, though we had never seen her before. She had been motherless rather less than a year, but her father had already found another partner, and feeling that she would not so soon see the place of the dearly-loved parent filled by a stranger, she had obtained his permission to spend a few months with those who could sympathize with her in her griefs.

Lily White! She was rightly-named; I have never seen such a fair, delicate face and figure, nor watched the revealings of a nature so pure and gentle as was hers. She would have been too fair and delicate to be beautiful, but for the brilliancy of those deep blue eyes, the dark shade of that glossy hair, and the liveness of that fragile form; but when months had passed away, and, though the brow was still marble white, and the lip colorless, the cheek wore that deep rose tint, how surpassingly beautiful she was! We did not dream what had planted that rose-tint there—we thought her to be throwing off the grief which alone, we believed, had paled her cheek; and we did not observe that her form was becoming more delicate, and that her step was losing its lightness and elasticity. We loved the sweet Lily dearly at first sight, and she had been with us but a short time before we began to wonder

how our home had ever seemed perfect to us previous to her coming. And our affection was returned by the dear girl. We knew how much she loved us, when, as the warm season had passed, and her father sent for her to return home, we saw the expression of deep sorrow in every feature, and the silent entreaty that we would persuade him to allow her to remain with us still.

She did not thank me when a letter reached me from her father, in reply to one which, unknown to her, I had sent him, saying, if I thought Lily's health would not be injured by a winter's residence in our cold climate, he would comply with my urgent request, and allow her to remain with us until the following spring—the dear girl could not speak. She came to me almost tottering, and wound her arms about my neck, resting her head on mine, and tears from those sweet eyes fell fast over my face; and all the remainder of that afternoon she lay on her couch. Oh, why did I not think wherefore she was so much overcome?

Ada L.—and Mary R.—, two friends whom I had loved from childhood, I had selected as companions for our dear Lily on her arrival among us, and the young ladies, from their first introduction to her, had vied with me in my endeavors to dispel the gloom from that fair face, and to make her happy; and they shared, almost equally with her relatives, dear Lily's affections.

Ada—she is changed now—was a gay, brilliant, daring girl; Mary, witty and playful, though frank and warm-hearted; but it made me love them more than ever. The gaiety and audacity of the one was forgotten in the presence of the thoughtful, timid Lily; and the other checked the merry jest which trembled on her lips, and sobered that roguish eye beside the earnest, sensitive girl; so that, though we were together almost daily, dear Lily did not understand the character of the young ladies.

The warm season had passed away, and October brought an addition to our household—cousin Rowland—as handsome, kind-hearted, and good-natured a fellow as ever lived, but a little cowardly, if the dread of the railery of a beautiful woman may be called cowardice.

Cousin Rowland and dear Lily were mutually pleased with each other, it was very evident to me, though Ada and Mary failed to see it; for, in the presence of the young ladies, Rowland did not show her those little delicate attentions which, alone with me, who was very unobtrusive, he took no pains to conceal; and Lily did not hide from me her blushing face—her eyes only thanked me for the expression which met her gaze.

That November day—I dread to approach it! Lily and I were sitting beside each other, looking down the street, and watching the return of the carriage which Rowland had gone out with to bring Ada and Mary to our house; or, rather, Lily was looking for its coming—my eyes were resting on her face. It had never looked so beautiful to me before. Her brow was so purely white, her cheek was so deeply red, and that dark eye was so lustrous; but her face was very

thin, and her breathing, I observed, was faint and difficult. A pang shot through my heart.

"Lily, are you well?" I exclaimed, suddenly.

She fixed her eyes on mine. I was too much excited by my sudden fear to read their expression, but when our friends came in, the dear girl seemed so cheerful and happy—I remembered, afterwards, I had never seen her so gay as on that afternoon—that my suspicions gradually left me.

The hours were passing pleasantly away, when a letter was brought in for Lily. It was from her father, and the young lady retired to peruse it. The eye of Rowland followed her as she passed out of the room, and I observed a shadow flit across his brow. I afterwards learned that at the moment a thought was passing through his mind similar to that which had so terrified me an hour before. Our visitors remarked it, too, but little suspected its cause; and Mary's eye met, with a most roguish look, Ada's rather enquiring gaze.

"When does Lily intend to return home, S—?" she enquired, as she bent, very demurely, over her embroidery. "I thought she was making preparations to go before Rowland came here!" and she raised her eyes so cunningly to my face, that I could not forbear answering—"I hear nothing of her return now. Perhaps, she will remain with us during the winter."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ada, and her voice expressed much surprise. "I wonder if I could make such a prolonged visit interesting to a friend."

"Why, Lily considers herself conferring a great favor by remaining here," replied Mary.

"On whom?" asked Rowland, quickly.

"On all of us, of course;" and to Mary's great delight she perceived that her meaning words had the effect she desired on the young man.

"I hope she will not neglect the duty she owes her family, for the sake of showing us this great kindness," said Rowland, with affected carelessness, though he walked across the apartment with a very impatient step.

"Lily has not again been guilty of the error she so frequently commits, has she, S—?" asked Ada, in a lower but still far too-distinct tone: "that of supposing herself loved and admired where she is only pitied and endured?" and the merry creature fairly exulted in the annoyance which his deepened color told her she was causing the young man.

A slight sound from the apartment adjoining the parlor attracted my attention. Had Lily stopped there to read her letter instead of going to her chamber? and had she, consequently, overheard our foolish remarks? The door was slightly ajar, and I pushed it open. There was a slight rustling, but I thought it only the waving of the window-curtain.

A half hour passed away, and Lily had not returned to us. I began to be alarmed, and my companions partook of my fears. Had she overheard us? and, if so, what must that sensitive heart be suffering?

I went out to call her; but half way up the flight of stairs I saw the letter from her father lying on the carpet, unopened, though it had been

torn from its envelope. I know not how I found my way up stairs, but I stood by Lily's bed.

Merciful Heaven! what a sight was presented to my gaze. The white covering was stained with blood, and from those cold, pale lips the red drops were fast falling. Her eyes turned slowly till they rested on mine. What a look was that! I see it now; so full of grief—so full of reproach; and then they closed. I thought her dead, and my frantic shrieks called my companions to her bedside. They aroused her, too, from that swoon, but they did not awaken her to consciousness. She never more turned a look of recognition on us, or seemed to be aware that we were near her. Through all that night, so long and so full of agony to us, she was murmuring, incoherently, to herself—

"They did not know I was dying," she would say; "that I have been dying ever since I have been here! They have not dreamed of my sufferings through these long months; I could not tell them, for I believed they loved me, and I would not grieve them. But no one loves me—not one in the wide world cares for me! My mother, you will not have forgotten your child when you meet me in the spirit-land! Their loved tones made me deaf to the voice which was calling to me from the grave, and the sunshine of his smile broke through the dark cloud which death was drawing around me. Oh, I would have lived, but, death, I thought, would lose half its bitterness could I breathe my last in their arms! But, now, I must die alone! Oh, how shall I reach my home—how shall I ever reach my home?"

Dear Lily! The passage was short; when morning dawned, she was *there*.

HINTS TO YOUNG MUSICIANS.

Always play as if a master heard you.

Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults.

Learn betimes the fundamental laws of Harmony.

Be sure and accomplish whatever you undertake.

Practise regularly every day. Let nothing interfere with this.

When you are playing, never trouble yourself about who is listening.

Only when the form is entirely clear to you, will the spirit become clear.

In every period there have been bad compositions, and fools who have praised them.

You must not circulate poor compositions; nor even listen to them, if you are not obliged to.

If any one lays a composition before you for the first time, for you to play, first read it over.

Never dilly-dally about a piece of music, but attack it briskly; and never play it half through.

Play in time! The playing of many virtuosos is like the gait of a drunkard. Make not such your models.

Be not frightened by the words Theory, Thorough-Bass, Counterpoint, &c.; they will meet you friendly, if you meet them so.

Have you done your musical day's work, and do you feel exhausted? Then do not constrain yourself to further labor. Better rest than work without spirit and freshness.

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE.

DYEING.—It is very old; indeed in all ages brilliant colors have excited admiration, and even the uncultivated savage has evinced a passion for the beautiful and bright hues to be found in the feathers of birds and other natural objects. The origin of dyeing, or producing colors by artificial means, is of great antiquity, for Moses speaks of stuffs dyed blue, and purple, and scarlet, and of sheep-skins dyed red. Among the Greeks, dyeing seems not to have been much practised; the woollen clothes usually worn by them were of the natural color of the sheep; but the wealthy preferred colored dresses, of which scarlet was much esteemed: still purple was more highly valued, and was the distinguishing mark of the greatest dignities, being reserved for princes only. The most famous of their purple dyes was that called Tyrian, which is said to have been drawn from a certain shell-fish, a species of *murex*, common on the shores of the Mediterranean; but the quantity of purple juice afforded by this animal is exceedingly small, and consequently garments stained with it were of great price. The Romans were equally severe in restricting the use of purple to the highest rank; and it does not appear that the number of their dyes and dyed colors were considerable, although colored dresses were not rare among them. The art of dyeing slowly improved in modern times, until the application of chemistry, by throwing on it peculiar light, has of late advanced it to a degree of perfection formerly unknown; and this has afforded great resources to the ingenuity and industry of man.

THE MOST ANCIENT OF CORN MILLS.—In the remotest parts of Scotland, until very lately, a custom existed amongst the poorest classes, which may very well illustrate the manners of the most simple nations of antiquity. Barley, well dried by the fire, was put into a hemispherical cavity worked out of a block of stone, where it was beaten for a short time by a wooden mallet, until the husk was pretty well separated; a small quantity of the bruised barley was next taken up in the hand and cleaned, by blowing gently with the mouth, and then it was put into the pot for broth. Those who are not accustomed to trace the progress of inventions, have no idea of the slowness with which they are improved. It seems very easy to grind corn into flour, yet, in all probability, ages elapsed before this was properly effected. The *quern* used in the highlands of Scotland was, perhaps, a legacy left by the Romans, who were accustomed to carry hand-mills in their camps, as seen in the Trajan column, or it may have been used by the Celtic nations in the East, at a period preceding that of the earliest records. It is the simplest, and, no doubt, the most ancient of all corn-mills; but it has been discovered among the inhabitants of the Himalayan regions, where many Celtic customs may be traced.

HOW TO OVERCOME SELFISHNESS.—The best way to overcome the selfishness and rudeness you sometimes meet with on public occasions, is, by

great politeness and disinterestedness on your part; overcome evil with good, and you will satisfy your own conscience, and, perhaps, touch theirs. Contending for your rights stirs up the selfish feelings in others; but a readiness to yield them awakens generous sentiments, and leads to mutual accommodation. The more refined you are, and the greater have been your advantages, the more polite and considerate you should be towards others—the more ready to give place to some poor, uneducated girl, who knows no better to push herself directly in your way.

A GOOD LIFE.—The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations.

SLEEP.—Indulgence in sleep is not only baneful to the health and incompatible with the true enjoyment of life, but it is detrimental to one's worldly interests. "The industrious man is always an early riser; the early sound of the hammer, denoting the artisan to be at work, appeases the apprehensions of the creditor," says Franklin, "and he walks contentedly by, permitting his money to remain in the hands of his debtor, until he finds it convenient to pay; while the sluggard not only has a difficulty in procuring countenance and credit in his trade, but suffers in his reputation, unlike his early and industrious neighbor, and for this reason alone has not the same chance of making his way in the world."

HOSIERY.—All hosiery is to be judged of by the fineness of the thread and the closeness of the texture, which, in the case of stockings especially, may be partly appreciated by weighing, as it were, the articles in the hand. In ribbed stockings a deception is sometimes practised, against which it is necessary to guard. The spaces between the ribs, which ought to be formed by an inversion of the stitch, contains no stitch at all, but an open range of threads pervious to the weather, and utterly destitute of durability. As the ribs of stockings exposed to sale are necessarily almost in contact, the fault cannot be detected without introducing the hand and opening the tissue, when it will be instantly apparent, and, indeed, will exactly resemble the flaw caused by a dropped stitch in a stocking in wear.

A double salt of hyposulphite of gold and of soda, known by French daguerreotypists as the "salt of gold," has been lately obtained, says the "Lumiere," by a French chemist, M. Engler, of the greatest purity and perfectly white.

LAST HOURS OF WALTER SCOTT.

[From Donald Macleod's *Life of Walter Scott*, just published by Scribner, we take the following—the passage of Scott from this world to the next.]

Amid kindest attentions from all whom they met, or dealt with, they went on their melancholy road, and the invalid was placed again in his carriage on Wednesday, the 11th of July. For the first two stages he lay torpidly upon his pillows, but as they descended the vale of Gala, the old, beloved scenes aroused him; he murmured, "Gala Water: Buckholme; Torwoodlee;" and when they rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildon hills arose before him, his heart leaped up within him; and when in a few more moments he saw the towers of his own Abbotsford, he sprang up and uttered a cry of joy.

The river was in a flood, and, not being able to cross the ford, they were forced to take the longer road around by Melrose bridge, and while within sight of his home, it took the strength both of Lockhart and the doctor to keep him in the carriage. Past the bridge, the road loses sight of Abbotsford for a couple of miles, and during these he relapsed into a state of torpor; but when they reached the bank that looks upon his home, his excitement returned and became almost ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and helped to carry him into the dining-room, where he sat half-stupefied for a moment, and then, as his eye rested on his old friend, he cried, "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" Then his dogs came round him and fawned upon him, and licked his hands, and the broken old knight sat there caressing them, sometimes with smiles, but oftener with tears; and so he fell asleep.

The next day he was better, and they wheeled him in a Bath chair out into the garden, surrounded by his grandchildren and his dogs. The flowers and trees which his own hand had planted and trained, seemed to infuse new life into him, and, when he had enjoyed them for a while, he asked to be taken to his room again. So they wheeled him for an hour or so about the great hall and library, he saying more than once, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more." He was very gentle, and lay down again as soon as his watchers thought he had need of rest.

Next morning, being still better, the exercise was renewed, and after it, he sat for a while in his great arm-chair, looking from the window out upon the Tweed. He asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. "From what book, Sir Walter?" "Need you ask?" said the old man, "there is but one." Then he listened with gentle devotion to those sacred words chronicled by the Beloved Disciple. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." When he had heard the whole chapter, he said, "Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again."

In reading to him some poems from his old favorite, Crabbe, on the third day, it was perceived

that he had lost his memory, even of verse. Poems that he had known by heart, were now perfectly new to him; and so on the following day. But he remembered well all that was read to him from the Bible, as well as some little hymns from Dr. Watts, which his little grandson repeated, standing by his knee. In the afternoon, it was on Sunday, after Mr. Lockhart had read the evening prayer of the Episcopal Church, he bade him add the office for the visitation of the sick.

Monday found him very feeble, and he remained in bed; but he revived on Tuesday, and was wheeled out into the sunshine once more. There he soon fell asleep, and so remained for half an hour. Then starting up, he flung the plaids from his shoulders and said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room and fetch the keys of my desk." The instinct of labor was upon him, and he would take no refusal; so they carried him up, and placed him in his old position at his desk. He smiled and thanked them, adding, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little while to myself." His daughter put the pen into his hand, and he strove to close his fingers upon it, but the work of those fingers was finished; they refused their office; the pen fell from the hand that could no longer wield it, and dropped upon the paper. He sank back in his chair, and out, from under those thick grey brows, the big tears swelled and rolled fast and heavy down his cheeks.

He motioned to be taken back into the garden, and, when there, dropped asleep. When he awoke, Laidlaw remarked to Lockhart, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." The poet looked up: again the tears gushed from his eyes, and he said, "No Willie! no repose for Sir Walter but the grave!" Then a little after, "Friends, don't let me expose myself; get me to bed. That's the only place now."

He never left his room again. For a few days he was able to sit up for an hour or two at noon; and then that passed; and he lay still upon the pillows. Then followed some days of painful irritation, and forgetfulness of friends. Only once a well-known voice aroused him, and he said, "Isn't that Kate Hume?" But the hour was at hand when "the golden bowl must be broken." He gradually declined, and his mind wandered back to an earlier, stronger day. Sometimes he seemed administering justice as a sheriff; sometimes giving directions about his trees, and once or twice his fancy was at Jedburgh, and "*Burk Sir Walter!*" came sadly from his lips.

Generally his mutterings were holy words; words from the Bible or Prayer-book; psalms in the Scottish version, or bits of the magnificent Catholic hymns. Oftenest of all, the watchers heard the solemn cadence of the *Dies iræ*, and last of all came from those fading lips these lines:—

Stabat Mater, dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Broken-hearted, lone and tearful,
By that cross of anguish fearful,
Stood the Mother by her Son.

Often he blessed his children and bade them farewell, and so lingered on until Monday, the

17th September, when the eye grew clear and the calm sense returned for the solemn adieu to earth.

When Lockhart was called from his bed to attend him, he said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and his son-in-law inquired if he would see his daughters. "No, don't disturb them," he replied. "Poor souls, I know they were up all night; God bless you all!"

He never spoke again: scarce showed any signs of consciousness, but gradually passed away. His sons arrived on the 19th, but too late to be recognized, and so they kept their mournful watch until the noonday of the 21st. Then slowly, gentle as the setting of a calm sun, without pain or sense of suffering, he breathed his soul imperceptibly away.

At half-past one "the silver cord was loosed;" the mirror, held before the lips, was taken back untarnished; and the warm sun shone through the open windows; and a soft autumnal breeze just sighed amid the foliage of Abbotsford; and the ripple of the Tweed rose with distinctness to the ears of the mourners, as they knelt around the couch, and Walter bent down over the body of his father and kissed and closed his eyes.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

Friends of my youth—bright thoughts in the ocean of existence—where has Time's resistless wave borne ye?

Dwell ye in the green isles of peace and plenty? Float ye still on the wandering billows, chasing the bubbles, whose prismatic hues dazzle ye until ye grasp them, and then become as empty air, leaving you in gloom?

Dwell ye in the caverns of despair, whose walls are hung with the sea-weed of mourning? Travel ye through the dark waters, beneath a sky of unbelief, no polar star of faith to guide ye? Or rest ye in the rose-tinted shell of ease, with the coral blossoms of happiness weaving their rosy hues with the mermaid's song of love, until thy whole heart is melody?

Have not some of that happy band climbed the rainbow ladder reaching to the skies, sleeping on the clouds of eternal joy? Have not some, like the water rays, been drawn into the celestial orb, wearing its crown of glory?

Through the vista of life, hung with spring's white blossoms and autumn's fading leaves, I still see your blooming faces. Have they all changed? Oh! Time indestructible, leavest thou not one immortal in youth and beauty? No.

No tender green leaf hangs on the tree when all its brothers have turned gray. The wind does not scatter them alike. The crimson, brown and gold, fall in no rotation, some yesterday—to-day—to-morrow; but when the winter cometh all lie buried in his cold winding-sheet, his hoarse voice chants to them, the rain patters with dismal sound, and frost-wreaths are twined to their memory, that vanish with the morning's sun.

Katy, our wild-bird of the woodland, has

folded her wings in peace, and in the nest of content sings to her fond mate and little brood, with patient love.

Ally, the butterfly of the meadow, fluttered but a few brief summers, and then, poised on her golden wings, flew towards the shining stars, and has never since then returned to us.

George, the deer of the forest, with his large, dark eyes, the fleetest of our merry group, has forsaken his old haunts, forgotten the clear streams of youth, and wanders alone through life's strange wilderness.

Hal, the working, busy bee, among our hive of drones, gathers no more honey from life's flowers, but turns the pollen into gold.

Lina, the gentle dove, who mourned with cooing sound the sorrows of her mates, has left her violet bowers to dwell in foreign homes, and dons the brilliant dress of other birds, and wounds, with arrows from her eyes, unguarded hearts. Her wings are silvered now, and notes of admiration are the only melody she hears.

Ah! when the bud rests dreaming in its leafy cradle, who shall prophesy what the unfoldings will be?

I alone am left in our childhood's home, a solitary tree on the prairie of existence. Yes, lonely I stand at the gateway of life, looking through the evening mists into the meadow of eternity beyond.

CINCINNATI, January 12th.

THE QUAKER AND PARSON.—A Quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tithes, Yea and Nay went to him, and demanded the reason why he troubled him, as he had never had any dealings with him in his whole life.

"Why," says the parson, "it is for tithes."

"For tithes," says the Quaker, "I prythee, friend, upon what account?"

"Why," says the parson, "for preaching in the church."

"Alas! then," replied the Quaker, "I have nothing to pay thee; for I come not there."

"Oh, but you might," says the parson, "for the doors are always open at convenient times;" and thereupon said he would be paid, seeing it was due.

Yea and Nay thereupon shook his head, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded why he put such disgrace upon him, and for what he owed him the money?

"Truly, friend," replied the Quaker, "for trimming!"

"For trimming," said the parson, "why, I was never trimmed by you in my life."

"Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed if thou hadst pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well as thine."

A boy in the country writes to another in the city to come and visit him. He proposes to him to get his father's consent, and says it might be done in this way:—"Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come."

SHAM DIGNITY.

Among the thousand deceptions passed on our sham-ridden race, let me direct your attention to the deception of dignity, as it is one which includes many others. Among those terms which have long ceased to have any vital meaning, the word dignity deserves a disgraceful prominence. No word has fallen so readily as this into the designs of cant, imposture and pretence; none has played so well the part of scare-crow, to frighten children of all ages, and both sexes. It is at once the thinnest and most effective of all the coverings under which duncedom sneaks and skulks. Most of the men of dignity, who awe or bore their more genial brethren, are simply men who possess the art of passing off their insensibility for wisdom, their dullness for depth, and of concealing imbecility of intellect under haughtiness of manner. Their success in this small game is one of the stereotyped satires upon mankind. Once strip from these pretenders their stolen garments—once disconnect their show of dignity from their real meanness—and they would stand shivering and defenceless, objects of the tears of pity, or targets for the arrows of scorn. But it is the misfortune of this world's affairs, that offices, fitly occupied only by talent and genius, which despise pretence, should be filled by respectable stupidity and dignified emptiness, to whom pretence is the very soul of life. Manner triumphs over matter, and throughout society, politics, letters and science, we are doomed to meet a swarm of dunces and windbags, disguised as gentlemen, statesmen, and scholars. Coleridge once saw at a dinner-table a dignified man, with a face as wise as the moon's. The awful charm of his manner was not broken until the muffins appeared, and then the imp of gluttony forced from him the exclamation: "Them's the jockeys for me!" A good many such dignitarians remain undiscovered.

It is curious to note how these pompous gentlemen rule in society and government. How often do history and the newspapers exhibit to us the spectacle of a heavy-headed stupiditarian in official station, veiling the strictest incompetency in the mysterious sublimity of carriage, solemnly trifling away the interests of the State, the dupe of his own obstinate ignorance, and engaged, year after year, in ruining a people after the most dignified fashion! You have all seen the inscrutable dispensation known by the name of the dignified gentleman; an embodied tediousness, which society is apt not only to tolerate, but to worship; a person who announces the stale commonplaces of conversation, with the awful precision of one bringing down to the alleys of thought, bright truth, plucked from its summits; who is so profoundly deep and painfully solid on the weather, the last novel, or some other nothing of the day; who is inexpressibly shocked if your eternal gratitude does not repay him for the trite information he consumed your hour in imparting; and who, if you insinuate that this calm, contented, imperturbable stupidity is preying upon your patience, instantly stands upon his dignity, and puts on a face. Yet to this man, with just enough knowledge to "raise himself from the

insignificance of a dunce, to the dignity of a bore," is still in high favor even with those whose animation he checks and chills: why? Because he has, all say, so much the dignity of a gentleman! The poor, bright, good-natured man, who has done all in his power to be agreeable, joins in the cry of praise, and feelingly regrets that nature has not adorned him, too, with dullness as a robe, so that he likewise might freeze the volatile into respect, and be held up as a model spoon for all dunces to imitate. This dignity, which so many view with reverential despair, must have twinned "two at a birth," with that ursine vanity mentioned by Coleridge, "which keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance." The Duke of Somerset was one of these dignified gentlemen. His second wife was the most beautiful woman in England. She once suddenly threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss which might have gladdened the heart of an emperor. The duke, lifting his shoulders with an aristocratic square, slowly said, "Madam, my first wife was a Howard, and she never would have taken such a liberty."—*Whipple.*

A BOY'S LOVE.

A circumstance soon occurred which brought us nearer to each other, and cemented our attachment. Just at dusk, and before the candles were brought in, the servant ushered two of Alice's female friends into the room, and it was soon resolved that we should have a game at forfeits, whilst my sister was appointed dispenser of the penalties. At the end of the game, therefore, she was blindfolded and began to name the punishment which each one was to receive before the forfeits could be reclaimed. Now, I had several blunders in the game, and had several forfeits to pay; and it so happened that most of my penalties were connected in some way with Alice. Once I had to take her hand, and dance with her three times round the room; then, again, I was ordered to go down on my knees before her, and wait there till she bade me rise; and these pretty appointments done more to further our love than any words could have done. My last punishment was to kiss all the girls in the room; when I came to Alice, my heart sank within me, and I dared not embrace her. The thought of so much bliss overcame me, and I stood for a moment gazing upon her with passionate and irresolute eyes. She saw my confusion, and looked so kindly and sweetly upon me, that I was reassured in an instant; and, obeying the wild impulse of my heart, I flung myself upon her bosom, and wept aloud. There was a terrible stir in the room after this strange explosion, and every one but Alice thought I was hurt, or that I was suddenly taken ill. I do not know how I got out of the scrape, but I remember feeling Alice's warm lips upon my forehead, whilst my arms were clasped around her, and I cared very little for anything else. Soon after this our little party broke up, and Alice accompanied my sister and me to the end of the lane, on our way home.—*January Serie's Life at Home and Abroad.*

VARIETIES.

Conversation, however light, should never approach the confines of impurity.

The best cough drop for young ladies is to drop the practice of dressing thin when they go out in the night air.

Boys are like vinegar—the more ‘mother’ there is in them, the sharper they become.

A manuscript catalogue of the music in the library of the British Museum has been completed, and fills fifty-seven folio volumes.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship? Because it's a little for'ard of the *main-hatch!*

There are some that live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws on a river; they do not go, but are carried.

But for pride, many a man who sits in the poor-house porch to-day, might have rested in the shadow of his own household tree.

Our government lands cost one dollar an acre on an average, and champagne two dollars a bottle. How many a man dies landless, who during his life has swallowed a township, trees and all!

There is nothing like digging into the past, if you would dissipate romance. Who would have supposed that epaulettes were originally padded protection against sabre cuts?

Mr. Chisholm says the best time to select a wife is in the morning. If a young lady is at all inclined to sulks and slatternness, it is just before breakfast.

A French paper says the latest novelty with the Russians is cigarettes, containing tea instead of tobacco. It says the practice is becoming quite fashionable, and tea has at least the merit of being less narcotic.

He who betrays another's secrets because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy the sacred name of friend—a breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

Economy is a good thing, and should be practised by all, but it should show itself in denying ourselves—not in opposing others. We see persons spending dollar after dollar foolishly one hour, and in the next trying to save a penny piece off a wood-sawyer, coal-heaver, or market woman. Such things are disgraceful, if not dishonest.

The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendars;—you will there find a hundred youths executed to one father of a family. Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children. He is afraid to make shame their inheritance.

There is no grief without some beneficent provisions to soften its intensity. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good

deeds, like the moonbeams of the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom, a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

The Wheeling Argus says: “A humorous old gentleman, standing on the river bank yesterday, said he expected the next thing would be to make the trips from Baltimore to Wheeling, so quick, as to be able to hear the applause of the crowds at the former city, on the crowd leaving for the West. He is one of the ‘progressive’ old men.”

Willis, in one of his letters to the Home Journal, says:—“Whatever republican love for us there may be among the creoles in other parts of the island, there is no trace of it to be found in the scornful lip of the Havana gentleman recognizing an American. A coffee-house in the suburb, the walls of which were painted with caricatures of us, gives a key to the feeling most prevalent in the metropolis.”

The monks of Saint Bernard, after exercising so long and so nobly the rites of hospitality among the snows of their lofty solitudes, are preparing to abandon their establishment, which will shortly be rendered useless by the opening of the tunnel of Menouvre; the good brethren will establish themselves beside this tunnel, and again proffer their world-renowned hospitality to travellers on this new route.

ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.—Mr. B., a well-known Metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand. “I want,” said she, “that you should print it over again. It is gettin’ a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn’t wot they wos. How much do you ax?” “Fifty cents.” “Can you have it done in half an hour?—wish you would: want to be gettin’ home; live good ways out of town.” “Certainly.” When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents. “Lor’ sakes a-massey!” exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, “how good you’ve fixed it!—it’s e’enmost as good as new! I never see nothin’ so curious as what printin’ is!”

TAKEN AT HIS OFFER.—A friend, says the editor of the Waterford Sentinel, was taken at his offer a day or two since. He publishes the following:—We shall insert no marriage notice, unless accompanied by the sum of one dollar.—*Exchange.*

We will insert all such notices for a kiss of the bride.—*Waterford Sentinel.*

A few days after, a plump-looking colored girl entered his office, for the purpose of informing her friends, and the colored gentry generally, that she had taken to herself one Sambo, “for better or for wus.” The editor replied that he should have to charge her twenty-five cents. She hesitated a moment, and then opening a paper, pointed to the article in question. The editor blushed, and the bride turned *pale*, but whether they kissed, deponent sayeth not.

ON THE ATMOSPHERE.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

NATURAL PHENOMENA DEPENDING ON THE PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—Snails, periwinkles, limpets, and other univalve shells, adhere firmly to the rocks by the pressure of the air, the fish forming its shell so as accurately to fit the surface of the rock, and then shrinking within it so as to create a vacuum.

Exp't. 1. If we place a limpet adhering to a piece of rock, in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, we shall presently see it fall by its own weight.

It is owing to the same cause that bivalve shell-fish keep themselves so firmly shut. In this case the shells may be easily separated by grinding a hole, and admitting the air.

To the pressure of the atmosphere is to be attributed the power possessed by the fly and some other animals of walking up the walls, and on the ceilings of rooms, the insect producing a vacuum within its feet. This mechanism was first detected in the Gecko, a kind of lizard found in Java. The rapidity with which the fly forms and destroys these vacuums is interesting, and cannot be rivalled by the utmost efforts of human skill. Spiders not being endowed with this mechanism, walk with difficulty along the walls and ceilings of houses clinging to the asperities on such surfaces, which, failing them, of course, precipitates the insect to the ground. It has been calculated that a fly in travelling six feet creates and destroys 10,000 vacuums. If a fly be deprived of its feet, or of the extremities of its legs, on which the apparatus is situated, though it can walk without apparent difficulty on a horizontal surface, such as a table, it is quite incapable of climbing an upright surface, such as that of a wall, or of walking on the ceiling.

The sucker or stone-lifter used by boys, depends for its operation on the pressure of the atmosphere. It consists of a circular piece of leather, two or three inches in diameter, to the centre of which a piece of string is attached. The leather being soaked in water, and pressed with the hand or foot on the surface of a smooth flat stone, on pulling at the string a vacuum is created in the centre, and hence the stone may be lifted from the ground, although it weighs several pounds.

It is a common thing to see children amuse themselves by sucking a thimble. They place a thimble on their arm, and create a vacuum under it with their mouth, the pressure of the atmosphere fastening the thimble on their arm. The child is amused with the adhesion, and is thus led to repeat the experiment.

The strong cohesion which takes place between two plates of glass when wetted is caused by atmospheric pressure, as is evident from the plates spontaneously separating in the exhausted receiver or artificial vacuum created by the air-pump. In quarries, the powerful adhesion of large flag-stones to each other is well known to the workmen, and the ease with which they separate when winded, or when the air can be got between them.

Exp't. 2. If all the air be expelled from a

common bellows, and if the pipe and valve (or clapper) be then closed, on raising the handle, a vacuum is created, and it will be found difficult to separate the boards.

In frosty weather a scantiness of water is experienced in fountains and springs. This is erroneously accounted for, by supposing that the water freezes in the bowels of the earth. But the most intense frost of a polar winter will not freeze the ground more than two feet in depth, whilst a very moderate frost will consolidate its surface, and render it impervious to the atmosphere. When this happens, the water which was filtering through its surface is all arrested, and kept suspended in the capillary pores of the ground, and the supply of water is thus cut off until a thaw ensues, when the ground again becomes soft and pervious to the atmosphere, the water filtering through its surface, as before, and the scarcity disappearing. This scanty flow of water in springs and wells during frost is, therefore, caused by a deficiency in atmospheric pressure, the air being prevented by the frost from gaining any access to the water in the pores of the ground.

These instances are sufficient to show the important part which the atmosphere performs in the production of many common and very interesting natural phenomena.

AMOUNT OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—It has been shown that the pressure of the air will support a column of water 34 feet in height, and a column of mercury 30 inches in height, mercury being 13.5 times heavier than water. Now, by the law of fluid pressure, the height of the column of water and mercury supported by the air will be exactly the same whatever be the diameter of the columns. In order to facilitate the measurement, let the area of the base of each of the columns be one square inch. If, now, both columns be weighed, we shall find the weight of each to be precisely the same, about 15 lbs. It follows, that the weight of a column of air, reaching from the earth's surface to the extreme limits of the atmosphere, and which is one square inch in section, weighs about 15 lbs. This column of air sustains both the columns of mercury and water, and acts as a counterpoise weight to their pressure. The atmosphere, therefore, presses on all bodies with a force of 15 lbs. to the square inch.

From the above facts, it is plain that the weight of the whole atmosphere is equal to that of a covering or sea of mercury 30 inches in depth, enveloping the earth, and the weight of which has been calculated to be equal to the weight of a solid ball of lead, 60 miles in diameter. It is also evident that every square inch of the human body is subjected to a pressure of 15 lbs. But the body of an ordinary sized man exposes a surface of from ten to eleven square feet; therefore, the pressure of the atmosphere on the entire surface of the human body must be equal to $11 \times 144 \times 15 = 23,760$ lbs., or more than 10½ tons! It is because the human body is full of the air which presses on it, that we are not crushed to pieces by this enormous weight, just as a sponge is not crushed by the weight of the

superincumbent water when immersed in the depths of the ocean.

VARIATION IN THE PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—The pressure of the atmosphere is a variable quantity. This will be evident to any of our readers who will only take the trouble to watch the mercurial column of the barometer for a few days or weeks, when it will be found to vary from 28 to 31 inches in height, indicating, of course, a corresponding change in the weight of the atmosphere. These ordinary variations are found to have a marked effect on nature. When the atmosphere presses heavily, the mercury rises in the barometer, the clouds are borne high, and we have fine weather. When the atmosphere presses lightly, the mercury falls, the clouds descend towards the earth, and we have rain or snow. At such times, the smoke of cities descends into the streets, especially if there is no wind, or forms a closely overhanging canopy of murky clouds above them, and all abroad is a scene of moisture, gloom, and discomfort.

The barometer is an admirable prognosticator of the approach of winds, falling long before the wind rises; hence it is a valuable instrument at sea, apprising the mariner of the approach of storms long before they make their appearance on the horizon, so that he is able, by making a timely preparation, to turn aside their desolating effects. The fall of the mercury, on the rising of the wind, is owing to the lateral velocity of the current of air diminishing its downward pressure.

In the mercurial barometer, the column varies in height from 28 to 31 inches. This range is too small to render the ordinary changes in the atmosphere appreciable, and various contrivances have been resorted to in order to enlarge the range. It must be obvious that the water barometer is too inconvenient for general use on account of its size, it being requisite that the tube should contain a column of water 34 feet in height, in order to act as a counterbalance to the pressure of the atmosphere. There is, however, a water barometer in the hall of the Royal Society in London. The range of this water barometer is upwards of three feet, and it is found to give large and violent undulations long before any change is perceptible in the mercurial column. The water barometer in the Royal Society's rooms, at London, leaps up and down at every breeze, and in its way enables us to see as well as measure the slightest variation in the pressure of the atmosphere.

HEIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—Various attempts have been made to ascertain the height to which the atmosphere extends all around the earth. These commenced soon after it was discovered by means of the Toricellian tube that air is possessed of gravity or weight. Were the density of the atmosphere every where the same as at the earth's surface, this matter might be easily settled, for in that case it would reach no higher than 26,100 feet, or nearly five miles. This calculation is easily affected, and it involves a knowledge of the following data.

Shortly after the invention of the barometer, it was found that the mercury descended 1-10th of an inch in the tube for every rise of 87 additional

feet of elevation above the earth's surface. From this observation the ratio of the specific gravity of a cubic inch of air to that of a cubic inch of mercury may be deduced; 1-10th of an inch of mercury having clearly the same weight as 87 feet or 1,044 inches of air. Consequently, one inch of mercury weighs as much as 10,440 inches of air. Taking, therefore, as the average height of the mercury in the barometer to be 30 inches, it is evident that the height of the aerial column supported by the mercurial column, will be inversely as the ratio of their specific gravities, and we shall have the following proportion:— $1 : 10440 :: 30 : 313260$ inches, or 26,100 feet = 5 miles nearly. From this we infer that the column of air supported by the mercurial column would be five miles high, provided its density were the same throughout its entire length.

But, owing to the elasticity of the air, its density is in proportion to the force by which it is compressed, and consequently it is more dense near the earth's surface than in the upper regions of the atmosphere, being pressed by a greater number of superincumbent strata, the atmosphere expanding with the decreasing pressure at every successive elevation; and since no limits can be assigned to the expansion, it is impossible to ascertain precisely how high the air extends above the earth.

By experiment, made on refraction and twilight, it has been found that the refractive power of the air ceases at the height of about 45 miles, so that at that elevation there must be either a vacuum or something approximating towards it. The height of the atmosphere is, therefore, estimated at about 45 miles.

It has been calculated, that if a cubic inch of air were taken from the surface of the earth to a height of 500 miles, it would expand itself so as to fill a sphere as large as the orbit of Saturn! Even at a height of 80 miles, the air is so rare as to be imperceptible when subjected to the nicest experiments.

Hence, by taking a flaccid bladder up in a balloon, or to the top of a mountain, the external pressure being lightened, the air in the bladder expands and fills it.

In like manner, on descending into the denser strata of air, near the earth's surface, the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere overcomes the elastic pressure of the air enclosed in the bladder, and causes it to shrink again to its former dimensions.

If, whilst at the top of a lofty mountain, we cork an empty bottle, and, on arriving in the valley, we go to a vessel containing water, and inverting the bottle, uncork it under the water, a considerable quantity of water will instantly enter the bottle, proving the increased rarity of the air on the top of the mountain.

EFFECTS OF CHANGES IN THE DENSITY AND PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON THE HUMAN BODY.—It does not appear that we are much affected by the ordinary changes in atmospheric pressure at the earth's surface. The uneasy and opposite feelings at different states of the barometer, are to be attributed to changes in the moisture, temperature, and electrical state of the atmosphere, than to the mere alteration in the state

of its pressure, the result of its increased or diminished rarity or density. When, however, the pressure of the air is much altered, as in the diving-bell, or at great elevations on mountains or in balloons, the change produces a marked effect on the feelings, and in some cases proves very hurtful.

In the diving-bell the air is much condensed, being influenced not only by the usual atmospheric pressure, but also by the upward pressure, or buoyancy of the water, which is equivalent to the pressure of an additional atmosphere, for every additional 33 feet of depth to which the bell is sunk. The upward pressure of water is equal to its downward pressure, and, therefore, the amount of pressure in the bell at the depth of 33 feet must be doubled, or equivalent to the pressure of a column of water 66 feet high. Hence, on descending into the water in the diving-bell, the condensation of the air in the bell produces painful feelings of pressure on the head, the ears, and about the chest, in some persons; whilst others experience sensations of sprightliness and excitement like gentle intoxication.

Peculiar feelings are also experienced on ascending to great heights in mountainous districts, where the pressure of the atmosphere is light, and the air much rarified or expanded, the breathing becoming difficult and laborious. Travellers, and even the most practised guides, frequently fall down suddenly, as if struck with lightning, when approaching lofty summits, chiefly on account of the thinness of the air which they are breathing, and some minutes elapse before they recover.

In the elevated plains of South America, the inhabitants have larger chests than those of the lower regions; an admirable instance of the animal frame adapting itself to the circumstances in which it is placed.

At lofty elevations, where the atmospheric pressure is light, an expansion of the blood-vessels and muscles of the human body takes place, owing to the removal of the ordinary pressure. At great heights, the air in the human body has sometimes become so much expanded as to force the blood from the pores, as though the individual had been cupped all over.

MEASURING OF HEIGHTS BY THE BAROMETER.—Although the barometer does not enable us to measure the exact height of the atmosphere, yet it is of great service in assisting our measurement of heights within certain limits, or at different degrees of elevation in the atmosphere. The pressure of the air decreasing as we rise in the atmosphere, the mercury necessarily falls in the barometer according to a law which has been calculated and reduced to tables; and, having these tables of the fall of the mercury, we can ascertain the height of the mountain by the height of the column of mercury in the barometer.

The mercury in the barometer falls 1-10th of an inch for every 87 feet of ascent. This number is not rigidly exact, but sufficient for common purposes. Hence, if a barometer, whose mercurial column stood at 30 inches, were taken up to the top of St. Paul's, London, a height of 404 feet, the mercury would fall to about 29 3-5

inches. Again, if we ascend to the top of a high hill, and take a barometer with us, and find that the mercury has descended in the tube 14 inches, we may conclude that the hill is 1305 feet in perpendicular height.

De Luc's barometer fell to 12 inches when he was at the height of 20,000 feet in his balloon.

ON AERONAUTICS OR AIR-NAVIGATION.—The notion of the possibility of raising a man or a machine in the air, was very widely disseminated in the ancient world; but, till the year 1783, no rational principle appears to have been conceived, by means of which this idea could be practically acted upon. Flying by means of artificial wings was long thought of, and, notwithstanding the conclusive arguments brought against it, there are still persons who are foolish enough to maintain the probability of its being accomplished; whilst the religious and profane historians of every nation have recorded instances of persons being carried through the air, both by the agency of spirits and mechanical inventions.

In the year 1783 the discovery of the art of aërostation was all at once announced in France. Two brothers, Stephen and John Montgolfier, natives of Annonay, and masters of a considerable paper manufactory there, constructed and raised the first balloon into the atmosphere. The idea was suggested by observing the natural ascent of smoke and clouds, and their design was to form an artificial cloud, by enclosing the smoke in a paper bag, and making it carry up the bag along with it. They, therefore, burnt straw under the aperture of a balloon or paper ball, and the rarified air passing into it, raised it to the ceiling. On repeating the experiment in the open air, it rose to the height of about seventy feet.

Soon after this, one of the brothers arrived at Paris, where he was invited by the Academy of Sciences to repeat his experiment at their expense. Accordingly, he constructed a large balloon of an elliptical form; the usual success attended the exhibition, the machine swelled and rose, charged with between four and five hundred weight.

On the 19th of September, 1783, this experiment was repeated before the king and court at Versailles, with a balloon 60 feet high, and 43 feet in diameter, painted with water colors, and finely decorated. Along with this machine was sent a wicker cage, containing a sheep, a cock and a duck, the first aerial voyagers, who were sent up, *without leave asked!* All came down safe, with the exception of the last, whose wing was hurt, "But this," says M. de St. Fond, jealous for the honor of the balloon, "was done by a kick received from the sheep, half an hour before the ascent, in the presence of ten witnesses;" he also assures his readers, that they may safely discredit the rumor that the cock had broken his head, and he adds, "it is vexatious to see the public papers thus assert things without proof, which, in such cases, ought always to be guaranteed by the signatures of those who send them." This machine rose to the height of about 1,440 feet, and, after remaining in the air about eight minutes, fell to the ground, at the distance of 10,200 feet. Machines constructed of paper, and raised into the atmosphere in this manner, on the prin-

ciple of the rarefaction of common air, by heat, were called Montgolfiers, after the name of their inventor, to distinguish them from the hydrogen balloons, which were made immediately afterwards.

The first persons who offered to leave the earth entirely, were the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilatre de Rosier; and they performed this feat at the Chateau de la Muette, near Passy, November 21, 1783, in a Montgolfier. They met with no inconvenience during the voyage, which lasted about 25 minutes, during which time they had passed over a space of about five miles. From the account given of the voyage by the Marquis d'Arlandes, it appears that they met with several different currents of air, the effect of which was to give a very sensible shock to the machine, and that they were in some danger of having the balloon burnt altogether, as the Marquis observed several holes made by the fire in the lower part of it, which alarmed him considerably. However, the progress of the fire was easily stopped by the application of a wet sponge, and all appearance of danger ceased. This voyage of M. Pilatre and the Marquis d'Arlandes may be said to conclude the history of those ærostatic machines which were raised by fire.

At the same period that the original discoverers of ærostation were thus astonishing France, the lightness of hydrogen gas was discovered, and Messrs. Charles and Roberts resolved to employ it in the inflation of a balloon. On the 1st of December, 1783, these gentlemen ascended from the Tuilleries, in a hydrogen of 26 feet in diameter, made a most successful voyage, and descended in perfect safety, at a distance of 27 miles from Paris; persons skilled in mathematics being conveniently situated to observe the height, velocity, &c., of the balloon. After coming down, Mr. Charles re-ascended alone. At his departure the sun was set in the valleys, but on attaining an elevation of about 9,000 feet, the sun again became visible. He says, "I was the only illuminated object, all the rest of nature being plunged in shadow." In a little time afterwards he pulled the valve, and accelerated his descent. When within two or three hundred feet of the earth, he threw out two or three pounds of ballast, which rendered the balloon again stationary, and, soon after, he gently alighted in a field, about three miles distant from the place where he re-ascended.

March 2, 1784, M. Blanchard made his first ascent from Paris, in a hydrogen balloon. He added wings and a rudder, but found that they were useless.

All these ascents had hitherto been conducted with the most perfect safety; but, on the 15th of June, 1785, the enterprising Rosier, and his friend Romain, after ascending to a height of above 3000 feet, were precipitated to the ground, and dashed to pieces, in consequence of their balloon taking fire. Among the greatest dangers to which æronauts are exposed, is that of a too rapid and premature descent. To guard against such accidents, M. Blanchard constructed the parachute or open umbrella, by means of which the æronaut, in case of his balloon sustaining injury, can safely desert it in mid-air, and drop,

without sustaining harm, to the ground. During an excursion which he undertook from Lisle, about the end of August, 1785, and in which he traversed a distance of not less than 300 miles, M. Blanchard let down a dog, from a vast height, in the basket attached to a parachute, and the animal falling gently through the air, reached the ground unhurt.

Since that period the practice and management of the parachute has been carried much further by other æronauts, and particularly by M. Garnerin, who has repeatedly descended by this machine from the region of the clouds.

September 21st, 1802, M. Garnerin descended successfully from a balloon by means of a parachute, near the small-pox hospital, St. Pancras, London. The height from which he descended was so great, that he could scarcely be distinguished. "At first," namely, before the parachute opened, "he fell with a great velocity, but as soon as it was fully expanded, his descent became very gradual and gentle."

Three voyages have been undertaken since the commencement of the present century, for purposes professedly scientific. In 1804, M. Guy Lussac and A. Biot ascended, at Paris, to a height of 13,000 feet, provided with a suitable philosophical apparatus. During the same year, M. Guy Lussac ascended, alone, to an elevation of 23,000 feet above the sea level, which is the greatest altitude above the earth's surface ever attained. Hundreds of ascents have been made since this period, but without giving rise to any novelties worth relating; indeed, ballooning has become a popular amusement, and æronauts employ their experience as a means of private gain and public exhibition.

Although, originally great expectations were entertained of ærostation, hitherto the discovery has yielded little practical benefit. The balloon is now a toy in which ascents are made to amuse a crowd; that which was honorable risk so long as anything could be gained to science, is now mere fool-hardiness, and will continue to be so until some definite object is proposed, and some probable means of attaining it is suggested.

CHANGE OF COLOR IN FISH.—The change of color in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living black burn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes within half an hour of a light color. Keep them living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white, but put it into a dark colored or black vessel, and, although on first being placed there, the white-colored fish shows most conspicuously on the back ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-colored as the bottom of the jar, and, consequently, difficult to be seen. No doubt this facility of adapting its color to the bottom of the water in which it lives, is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies.

An English advertisement reads as follows:—"To be sold, 121 suits in law, the property of an attorney about to retire from business. Note—The clients are rich and obstinate."

ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

(From "The Boy-Hunters, or Adventures in Search of a White Buffalo," by Captain Mayne Reid, just from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, we take an interesting chapter.)

The boys now returned to their tent, impressed with curious feelings by the scene they had just witnessed. They lay down upon the grass, and entered into a conversation, of which bears and alligators formed the subjects. The latter, however, with their singular and revolting habits, came in for the greater share of their talk. Many odd stories in relation to them were known to all, even to the little Francois; and Basil, being an old hunter among the swamps and bayous, was acquainted with many of the habits of these animals. But Basil was not much of an observer; and he had only noticed such peculiarities as, from time to time, were forced upon his attention by the incidents of the chase. Lucien, however, had more closely observed their habits, and had also studied them from books. He was, therefore, well acquainted with all that is known to the naturalist concerning these animals; and, at the request of his brothers, he consented to while away the twilight hours, by imparting to them such information about them as he himself possessed.

"The alligator," began he, "belongs to the order *sauria*, or lizards. This order is again divided into several families, one of which is termed *crocodilida*, or crocodiles; and the family of crocodiles is subdivided into three genera, each of which has several species."

"How many species in all?" demanded Basil.

"There are not more than a dozen varieties of the whole crocodile family—at least, there are not more known to naturalists."

"Then I was thinking why there should be all this division and subdivision into orders, families, genera, and species, for a dozen varieties of the same animal, and these all so like each other in shape and habits. Are they not so?"

"They are," answered Lucien, "very similar in their characteristics."

"Then, why so much classing of them? It appears to me to be quite useless."

"The object of this classing is to make the study of their natural history more easy and simple. But you are right, brother, in the present case; it appears quite useless, and only renders the thing more complex and obscure—Where there are many varieties or species of a family or order of animals, and where these species differ widely from each other in appearance and habits, then such minute classifications become necessary to assist one's memory; but I say again, brother, you are quite right as to the present case. There is no need for the numerous divisions and subdivisions which have been made of the crocodile family."

"Who made them, then?" asked Francois.

"Who!" exclaimed Lucien, with some warmth; "who but *closet* naturalists, old mummy-hunters of museums! Bah! it makes one angry."

As Lucien said this, his usually mild countenance exhibited an expression of mingled indignation and contempt.

"What is there in it to make one angry?" inquired Basil, looking up at his brother with some astonishment.

"Why, to think," answered Lucien, "that these same closet naturalists should have built themselves up great names by sitting in their easy chairs, measuring and adding up, and classing into dry catalogues, objects which they knew very little about; and that little they obtained from the observations of others—true naturalists—men like the great Wilson—men who toiled and travelled, and exposed themselves to countless dangers and fatigues for the purpose of collecting and observing; and then for these men to have the fruits of their labors filched from them, and descanted upon in dry arithmetical terms, by these same catalogue-makers. Bah!"

"Stay, brother; Wilson was not robbed of the fruits of his labors! He became famous."

"Yes, and he died from the struggles and hardships that made him so. It reminds me of the fabled song of the swan, brother. He told his beautiful tale, and died. Ah! poor Wilson, he was a *true* naturalist."

"His name will live forever."

"Ay, that it will, when many of the *philosophic* naturalists, now so much talked of, shall be forgotten, or only remembered to have their quaint theories laughed at, and their fabulous descriptions turned into ridicule. Fortunately for Wilson, he was too poor and too humble to attract their patronage until his book was published. Fortunately for him he knew no great Linnæus or Count Buffon, else the vast stores which he had been at so much pains to collect, would have been given to the world under another name. Look at Bartram."

"Bartram!" exclaimed Francois; "why, I never heard the name, Luce."

"Nor I," added Basil.

"There it is, you see. Few know his name; and yet this same John Bartram, a farmer of Pennsylvania, who lived a hundred years ago, did more to spread, not only a knowledge of American plants, but the plants themselves, than any one who has lived since. Most of the great gardens of England—Kew among the rest—are indebted to this indefatigable botanist for their American flora; and there were few of the naturalists of that time—Linnæus not excepted—that were not largely indebted to him for their facts and their fame. They took his plants and specimens—collected by arduous, toilsome, and perilous journeyings—they put names to them—noble and kingly names—for king-sycophants most of them were, these same naturalists—they *described* them, as *they* call it—such descriptions, indeed! and then adopted them as their own discoveries. And what did they give John Bartram in return for all his trouble? Why, the English king gave him fifty pounds to enable him to travel over thousands of miles of wilderness in search of rare plants, many of which, on reaching England, were worth hundreds of pounds each! This was all the poor botanist had for enriching the gardens of Kew, and sending over the first magnolias and tulip trees that ever blossomed in England! What did the scientific naturalists do for him? They stole his histories

and descriptions, and published them under their own names. Now, brothers, what think you of it? Is it not enough to spoil one's temper when one reflects upon such injustice?"

Both Basil and Francois signified their assent.

"It is to such men as Hearne and Bartram, and Wilson, that we are indebted for all we know of natural history—at least, all that is worth knowing. What to us is the dry knowledge of scientific classifications? For my part, I believe that the authors of them have obscured rather than simplified the knowledge of natural history. Take an example. There is one before our eyes. You see those long streamers hanging down from the live oaks?"

"Yes, yes," replied Francois, "the Spanish moss."

"Yes, Spanish moss, as we call it here, or *old-man's-beard* moss, as they name it in other parts. It is no moss, however, but a regular flowering plant, although a strange one. Now, according to these philosophic naturalists, that long, stringy, silvery creeper, that looks very like an old man's beard, is of the same family of plants as the pine-apple!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Francois; "Spanish moss the same as a pine-apple plant: why they are no more like than my hat is to the steeple of a church."

"They are unlike," continued Lucien, "in every respect—in appearance, in properties, and uses; and yet, were you to consult the dry books of the closet naturalists, you would learn that this Spanish moss (*tillandsia*) was of a certain family of plants, and a few particulars of that sort, and that is all you would learn about it. Now, what is the value of such a knowledge? What is it to compare with a knowledge of the appearance, the structure, and character of the plant—of its properties and the ends for which nature designed it—of its uses to the birds and beasts around—of its uses to man—how it makes his mattress to sleep on, stuffs his sofas and saddles and chairs, equal to the best horse-hair, and would even feed his horse in case of a pinch? In my opinion these are the facts worth knowing; and who are the men who publish such facts to the world? Not your closet naturalists, I fancy."

"True, very true, brother; but let us not vex ourselves about such things; go on, and tell us what you know of the crocodiles."

"Well, then," said Lucien, returning to his natural tone and manner, "as I have already said, the crocodiles are divided into three genera—*crocodiles*, *gavials*, and *alligators*. It is Baron Cuvier who has made this distinction; and he rests it more upon the shape of the head and the set of the teeth, than upon any real difference in the appearance or habits of these animals. The crocodiles have long, pointed, narrow snouts, and a large tooth in each side of the lower jaw, which, when the mouth shuts, passes into a groove in the upper. 'These are the *true* crocodiles,' says M. Cuvier. The gavials have also long, pointed, narrow, roundish snouts, but their teeth are nearly equal sized, and even. The alligators, on the contrary, have broad, pike-shaped noses, with teeth very unequal, and one large one on each side of the lower jaw, that, when

the mouth shuts, passes, not into a groove, as with the crocodile, but into a hole or socket in the upper jaw. These are M. Cuvier's distinctions; which he takes a world of pains to point out and prove. He might, in my opinion, have spared himself the trouble, as there are so few varieties of the animal in existence, that they might have been treated of with greater simplicity as so many species of the genus 'crocodile.'

"Of the true crocodiles, there are five species known. Four of these are found in the rivers of Africa, while the fifth is an inhabitant of the West Indies and South America. The gavial is found in Asia, particularly in the Ganges and other Indian rivers, and is the crocodile of those parts. The alligator belongs to America, where it is distributed extensively both in North and South America. In the Spanish parts it is called 'caiman,' and there are two species well known, viz., the spectacled caiman of Guiana, and the alligator of the Mississippi. No doubt, when the great rivers of South America have been properly explored, it will come to light that there are other varieties than these. I have heard of a species that inhabits the Lake Valencia, in Venezuela, and which differs from both the American species mentioned. It is smaller than either, and is much sought after, by the Indians, for its flesh, which these people eat, and of which they are particularly fond. It is probable, too, that new species of crocodiles may yet be found in Africa and the islands of the Indian Ocean.

"Now, I think it is a well-ascertained fact that all these varieties of the crocodile family have pretty much the same habits, differing only where such difference might be expected by reason of climate, food, or other circumstances. What I shall tell you of the alligator, then, will apply in a general way to all his scaly cousins. You know his color—dusky-brown above, and dirty, yellowish-white underneath. You know that he is covered all over with scales, and you see that on his back these scales rise into protuberances like little pyramids, and that a row of them along the upper edge of his tail gives it a notched, saw-like appearance. You notice that the tail is flattened vertically, and not like the tail of the beaver, which is compressed horizontally. You observe that the legs are short, and very muscular—that there are five toes on the fore feet, slightly webbed or palmated, and four on the hind feet, much longer and much more webbed. You notice that his head is somewhat like that of a pike, that the nostrils are near the end of the snout, the eyes prominent, and the opening of the ears just behind them. His eyes have dark pupils, with a lemon-colored iris; and the pupils are not round, as in the eye of a man, but of an oval shape, something like those of a goat.

"All these things you may observe by looking at an alligator. But there are some things about the structure of the animal which are peculiar, and which may not strike you so readily. You observe that his jaws open far back, even beyond the ears, where they are hinged or articulated into each other. Now, this is a peculiar formation, and the effect is, that when the alligator

opens his mouth, his neck becomes somewhat bent upwards, giving him the appearance of having moved the upper instead of the under jaw."

"Why, I have often heard that that was so," remarked Francois.

"Many have thought so, and said so, since the time of Herodotus, who first propagated this absurd idea. It is not the fact, however. It is the lower jaw that moves, as in other vertebrated animals; but the appearance I have described leads to the mistake that has been made by careless observers. There is another point worth speaking of. The opening of the alligator's ear is guarded by a pair of lips, which he closes the moment he goes under water. His nostrils, too, are protected by valves, which he can also close at will. There is also a peculiarity about his vertebrae. These are so jointed to each other that he cannot turn without describing a circle with his body. He can move his head but slightly to one side or the other; and this is a fortunate circumstance, if not for him, at least for his enemies. Were he able to turn short round, or twist himself about, as serpents do, he would be a most dangerous creature to encounter. As it is, the great length of his body, combined with the shortness of his legs, and the impossibility of his getting round quickly, renders him an easy antagonist on land, provided you keep out of reach of his great jaws, and beyond the sweep of his powerful tail. This last is his true weapon of offence or defence; and as it is not restrained by any vertebrae, he can use it with such effect as to knock the breath out of a man with one single flap. Many of the habits of the alligator are known to you—how the female lays eggs as big as those of a goose, and buries them in the sand, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun. Sometimes she cannot find a sand bank to suit her purpose. She then raises a circular platform of mud mixed with grass and sticks. Upon this she deposits a layer of eggs, and covers them over with several inches of mud and grass. She then lays a fresh tier of eggs, covering these also with mud, and so on until she has laid her whole hatching, which often amounts to nearly two hundred eggs, of a dirty, greenish-white color. In the end, she covers all up with mud, plastering it with her tail until it assumes the appearance of a mud-oven or beaver-house. All this pains she takes to protect her eggs from the raccoons and turtles, as well as vultures and other birds, that are very fond of them. She haunts near the spot while the eggs are hatching, so as to keep off these enemies. When the young are out, her first care is to get them to the water, out of the way of such dangers. This seems to be their first instinct, too; for no sooner are they free from the shell than they are seen scuttling off in that direction, or following their mother, many of them having climbed upon her back and shoulders."

"But, brother," interrupted Francois, "is it true that the old males eat their own young?"

"Horrible though it be, it is perfectly true, Francois. I myself have seen it."

"And I," said Basil, "several times."

"The first care of the mother is to get them to

the water, where she can better conceal them from their unnatural parent; but, notwithstanding all her precautions, many of them fall victims, both to the old alligators, and the larger tortoises and birds. As soon as the young ones have learned a little sense—if I may so speak—they elude their monster fathers and uncles, as they are nimbler in their movements, and can keep out of reach of their great jaws and tails. I have often seen the small alligators riding upon the backs of the larger ones, knowing that the latter could not reach them in that situation."

"They appear to eat anything that comes in their way," remarked Francois.

"They are not very particular as to that. Fish is their favorite food, I believe, but they will eat any land animal they can kill; and it is believed they prefer it in a state of putrefaction. That is a doubtful point. They have been known to kill large animals in the water, and leave them at the bottom for several days; but this may have happened because they were not hungry at the time, and were merely keeping them until they should get an appetite. The process of digestion with them, as with all reptiles, is very slow; hence they do not require such quantities of food as the warm-blooded animals—mammals and birds. For instance, they bury themselves in the mud, and lie asleep during the whole winter without any food."

"You say fish is their favorite food, Luce," said Basil; "now, I think they are fonder of dogs than any thing else. I have often known them to come where they had heard the yelping of a dog, as if for the purpose of devouring it. I have seen one seize a large dog that was swimming across the Bayou Boeuf, and drag him under, as quick as a trout would have taken a fly. The dog was never seen again."

"It is very true," replied Lucien, "that they will eat dogs, as they will any other animals; but their being particularly fond of them is a point about which naturalists differ. It is true they will approach the spot where they hear the yelping of a dog; but some say that this is because it so much resembles the whining of their own young, and that it is these they are in search of."

"But I have seen both the males and females make towards the dog."

"Just so. The males went to devour the young, as they thought, and the females followed to protect them. Great battles are often fought between the males and females on this account."

"But how is it, Luce," inquired Francois, "how is it they can catch fish that appear so much swifter than themselves?"

"Very few kinds of fish are swifter. The alligator, by means of his webbed feet, and particularly his flat tail, which acts on the principle of a stern oar to a boat, and a rudder as well, can pass through the water as swiftly as most of the finny tribe. It is not by hunting it down, however, but by stratagem, that the alligator secures a fish for his maw."

"By what stratagem?"

"You have often noticed them floating on the surface of the water, bent into a sort of simi-circular shape, and without moving either body or limb."

"Yes—yes; I have noticed it many a time."

"Well, if you could have looked under the water then, you would have seen a fish somewhere upon the convex side of the semicircle. The fish would be at rest; no doubt watching the surface for his own prey—such flies or beetles as might come along. Thus occupied, he does not heed the great dusky mass that is gliding slowly towards him, and which presents no threatening appearance; for the head of the alligator is at this time turned away from his intended victim. Although apparently asleep, the alligator knows what he is about well enough. He floats silently on, until he has got the fish within sweep of his great tail, that is all the while bent like a bow; and then, taking sure aim, he strikes the unconscious prey a 'slap' that kills it at once—sometimes throwing it directly into his jaws, and sometimes flinging it several feet out of the water!"

"When on land, the alligator strikes his prey in a similar manner. As he gives the blow, his head turns so as to meet the tail half-way—the whole body thus forming a semicircle. Should the prey not be killed by the blow of the tail, it is flung right into the jaws of the monster, where it is sure to be despatched in a trice."

"But, brother," inquired Basil, "why do the alligators eat stones and such substances? I have seen one that was opened, and his stomach was nearly quarter full of stones as big as my fist, and pieces of sticks and glass. They looked as if they had been there a long time, for the sharp edges were worn off. This I never could understand."

"No wonder, for wiser naturalists than we do not know the reason of this. Some think it is upon the same principle, and for the same reason, that birds and other creatures swallow gravel and earth—to assist the process of digestion. Others have affirmed that it is for the purpose of distending the stomach, so as to enable the reptile to bear his long fast while torpid during the winter. This latter reason I look upon as very absurd, and worthy only of the fabulous Buffon. For my part, I believe that the rubbish usually found in the alligator's stomach is collected there by accident,—swallowed, from time to time, by mistake, or along with his prey; for his organs of taste are far from being delicate, and he will devour any thing that is flung into the water, even a glass bottle. These substances, of course, remain in his stomach—perhaps accumulating there during his whole lifetime—and as, like most reptiles, his stomach is very strong, they do him little, if any, injury. We must not judge of an alligator's stomach as we would that of a human being; nor, indeed, of any of his organs. If our brain is seriously injured, we die; but an alligator's brain may be altogether removed, even in the most violent manner, and the animal will crawl off and live for days after. Instances have been known of alligators having had their brains blown out by a shot, and yet for hours after they would give battle to any one who might approach them. Their brain, like that of all reptiles, is exceedingly small—proving them lower in the scale of intelligence than birds and mammals."

"But, Lucien, you tell us that the habits of the crocodile family are alike, or nearly so; how comes

it that the African crocodiles are so much more fierce, as we have heard, often attacking and devouring the natives of Senegal and the Upper Nile? Our alligators are not so. It is true they sometimes bite the legs of our negroes; and we have heard also of some boys who have been killed by them; but this was when, through negligence, they came in the animals' way. They do not attack one if they are left alone. We, for instance, are not a bit afraid to approach them with only a stick in our hands."

"That is, because we feel certain they are too clumsy on land to get at us, as we can easily leap out of the reach of their tails and jaws. How would you like to swim across that bayou at this moment? I dare say you would not venture it."

"Not a bit of it—you are right there."

"And if you did, you would, in all probability, be attacked before you could reach the opposite shore. But our alligators are not now what they were a hundred years ago. We know, from the best authority, that they were then much more fierce and dangerous, and often attacked men without provocation. They have grown afraid of us, because they know that we are dangerous to them; and they can easily distinguish our upright form and shape from those of other animals. Look how they have been hunted by men during the mania for alligator leather, and see how many of them are still killed for their oil and tails. It is quite natural, then, they should fear us; and you may notice they are much more timid near the plantations and settlements than in the wilder parts. I have no doubt—and I have so heard it—that there are places in the great swamps where they are still dangerous to approach. Those who assert that the African crocodiles are more fierce, do not draw their conclusions from facts. The caimans of South America—and these are alligators—are quite as fierce as the crocodiles. I have read many accounts of their attacking the natives of Guiana and Brazil, and devouring them, too. Much of this is fabulous, no doubt; but there are some stories of the kind well authenticated."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.—A free exposure to the light, and to the sun's influence, has a great effect in diminishing the tendency to disease. The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, from its superior healthiness. It has been found, in public buildings, etc., that those are always the most healthy which are the lightest and sunniest. In some barracks, in Russia, it was found that, in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which happened on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays; all other circumstances being equal,—such as ventilation, size of apartments, number of inmates, diet, etc.,—so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. In the Italian cities this practical hint is well known. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun, while, on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthy, and even dangerous.

The family that occupies the back rooms the most, should select a house having the sun on them. *So vice versa.*

ELMA'S MISSION.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

"Ever, evermore!" repeated a young man, bending with a smile over the fair face that rested on his breast.

"Yes! evermore!" softly breathed the smiling lips upon which he gazed, and evermore shone from the melting, heavenly eyes.

"And you believe all these bright fancies you have been telling me of, darling?" asked the young man.

"Ah! yes—they are truth to me; they dwell in my heart of hearts—they belong to the deepest and sweetest mysteries of my being. I gaze out through the glory upon life, and I see no coldness, no darkness—everything is colored with bright radiance from the eternal world. It is happiness that gives me this beautiful view. I have known that the world was filled with love, but I have never so clearly seen it before. And sure I am that if I were to die now, this same splendor of love would still be poured through my soul; for it is myself, and I cannot lose it. If you were next week in Europe, far from me, would not your inner world be illumined with love and hope?"

"It certainly would!"

"And can you doubt the durability, the truth and reality of this inner-life? Can this clay instrument be of any moment farther than it serves to develop life, in this, our first school?—we should not confound the earthly dwelling with the free man who makes it his temporary home. Ah! Horace, I feel, I am sure, you will some day enjoy all these ennobling thoughts with me, and then existence will also be to you sublime."

An expression of radiant hope flitted over the young man's face, and he kissed the soft lips and eyes of his betrothed, while he murmured, "I would suffer the loss of all happiness on earth, I would bear every stroke the Almighty might inflict, if I *could* believe as you do, of a life beyond this. I am no unbeliever, you know. I read my Bible daily, but beyond this world everything to me is misty and dark. I shudder at the ghastliness of the grave, and would forget that I cannot always clasp your warm heart to my own. You were surely sent to be my good angel, to teach me all that is gentlest and best in my nature, and this holy love *must* last evermore. I have always smiled at the idea of love at first sight, but when I first saw your face, Elma, none ever was so welcome; yet if you had not proved all that your face and manner promised, I should not have fallen in love. I half-believe matches are made in Heaven—ours will be Heaven-made, if any are. You think human beings are made for each other, as the saying is, do you not?"

"Yes!" returned Elma, smiling, "I *hope* we are made to be partners in this world, and a better one, but how can I know it? When my happy womanhood first dawned, I had wild, sweet dreams that here on earth I and many others would surely meet the true half that belonged to us—one with whom every thought would find a response. I have met many whose views are like mine, and yet whose natures are so different that we could not see each other's souls; perhaps if

they had loved me, I could have seen more clearly—but my rebellious heart went forth to meet you, although I tried so long to turn away—although I trembled to think the religion of our natures was so unlike."

"I once thought, love, that I should never win you—it was your pale lips and the mournful intensity of your look, when we met after a long absence, that gave me new hope, and I have often wondered, Elma, why you gave so unhesitating an assent, when you had for months at a time avoided me at every opportunity."

"It was because my views had changed in a manner—although still believing in the fitness of two out of the whole universe for each other, I began to think that on earth these very two might each have a mission to others, and others to them, which would more fully call out their characters, and perhaps develop the dark traits necessary to be conquered—so that perfect harmony might be evolved from chaos. It once seemed to me, with the views I held, that it would be a sin for me to unite my destiny with one who did not sympathize with me on all points. But the sad fate of Augusta Atwood made me reflect deeply—she was my bosom friend, and never did mortal go to the altar with brighter hopes—never did human being love more unreservedly. She whispered to me as I arranged her hair on the morning of her bridal:—'This seems to me like the beginning of my heavenly life—there is not a height or depth of my soul that Charles' nature does not respond to—I *know* that we two are truly one.' And so it seemed for two happy years—his character took every one by surprise, perhaps, himself, and now Augusta is a miserably neglected wife, toiling on like an angel to reap good from her desolated earth-life. Yet we see that her mighty love was not a true interpreter. No doubt her lover was sincere at the time in believing that they not only felt, but thought alike. I have known many instances, very many, where two, perhaps equally good and true, have thought themselves fitted for each other, and none else, yet on the death of one, they have found a companion who was still more especially made for them. Thus we see that this is a matter where there appears to be little certainty and many mistakes. Doubtless, there are some few blessed ones who truly find their better-half; but in this sinful, imperfect state of life, we cannot believe that we are in an order sufficiently harmonious to have this a sure thing. Perhaps one-third of the women in the world never even loved half as well as they felt themselves capable of loving, simply because no object presented himself who could call forth all the music of a high and noble nature."

"So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unguaged,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsts and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

"But, Elma, my child, it is not pleasant to me that you should have a single doubt that *we* are not dearer to each other than any other mortals could ever be in this world, or the beautiful one you love to dream of."

"I am telling you, Horace, the thoughts that have been in my mind—I only feel now that you are good and gifted, and I love you more than I ever dreamed of loving." Digitized by Google

"And you, sweet, are the breath of my life. It is heavenly to know that God has given you, and you alone, to be the angel ministrant of my oft tempestuous life, you have risen like a star over my cloudy horizon—may the light of the gentle star shine on my path, until it leads me unto the perfect day!"

"Only the light of the Sun of Righteousness can do that," returned Elma; then with a tear glistening on her lash, she added, "I hope God will help me to be good and pure, that I may be a medium of good, and not evil to you."

Most blessedly passed the days to that hopeful maiden; it was a treasure full of all promise to have, not only the happiness of her lover, but as she trusted, his best good committed to her charge, next to God. When she knelt in the morning hour, her prayer was ever a thanksgiving—she lifted up the gates of her soul that the King of Glory might come in, and His radiant presence permeated her whole being—she left to Him the control of her life, all the strange mysteries of heavenly policy, which she felt and knew would ultimate in perfecting her too worldly nature—and she went forth, angel-attended, to her duties, fusing into them this effluent life that dwelt so richly within her. Every word of kindness and love that dropped from her soft, coral lips, bore with it a portion of the smiling life that overflowed her spirit. When she arose, her constant thought was, "Another day is coming, in which the work of progress may go on—I may perhaps this day conquer some evil, or do some humble good, that will fit me to be a still better angel to Horace, and which shall beautify my mansion in the Heavens."

At length the bridal day came, and fled also like other days, save that a sweeter brightness enwrapped the soul of Elma; so six months or more flitted away in delicious dream-life, for outward things made a comparatively slight impression; Elma lived and loved more than she thought. But one morning reflection and pain came together; the latter led in the former, a long forgotten friend, and the young wife asked herself how far she had travelled onward and upward since the bridal days, since her path had been all sunshine;—she bowed her head and wept bitterly. "Not for me, at least," she sighed, "is constant happiness a friend,—not yet am I fitted to enjoy the highest harmony of life. 'Therefore, burn thou holy pain, thou purifying fire!' It is meet I should be wounded where my deepest joys are lodged. I see that it is the lash of pain which must drive me through the golden gates. Yes! I will arise, and thank my Father that He has not been as unmindful of my eternal well-being as I would be myself, if left to wander only among flowers of love and gladness."

And what was this grief that awoke the bride from her blissful dream? It would seem the merest nothing to the strong man of the world, to the gay woman who glides superficially through existence. But many a young bride will understand how it might be more sorrowful than the loss of houses and lands. It was the husband's first frown, his first petulant word; it was the key that opened Elma's understanding to the true state of the past. She could no longer blind her

eyes, as she had done, to a certain worldliness in her husband, and which had also reached her through him. This morning, that revealed so much, Horace had impatiently exclaimed, as Elma held forth her Bible to him, as usual,—

"I have not time for that now, child!" and hastily kissing her, he put on his hat, and went forth to his business.

A pale anguish settled on Elma's face as she sunk upon a chair.

"Is this the beginning of sorrows?" she murmured; "he never spoke to me so before, perhaps he will often do so again. If it had been about anything else, I think I could have borne it better! Oh God! is the angel leaving our Paradise?"

And she thought over and over again of this worldliness in her husband, and his want of the high standard in religion that was so dear to her—she felt that she was, in a measure, deceived in him—surely once he seemed to dwell in an atmosphere that was more spiritual. Yes! Elma was deceived in him, but Horace had not deceived her. In the happy glow of his successful love, he had caught the warmth of Elma's thoughts; they had charmed his imagination, in a measure commended themselves to his understanding, and made a temporary impression upon his heart, so that he went out among men with a more benevolent spirit than he had ever done before. But truth, to be abiding, must be sought after with an eager thirst; and it came to Horace crowned with flowers; he condescended to take the charmer in, and obeyed her for awhile, then she was forgotten, he thought not why, and he imperceptibly returned to the real self which Elma had never before had an opportunity to become acquainted with.

Three years went by—Horace was a devoted husband, no being on earth was to him so perfect as his wife—no human being had ever exerted over him the quiet, holy influence that belonged to Elma,—she had gradually accomplished infinitely more than she suspected, yet many a time, and oft, had he caused her grieved tears to fall like rain. Many a time had despairing prayers risen from her soul for him, while she breathed out to her God a cry for strength. She felt that she saw through a glass darkly; but she sought with most earnest heart for every duty, knowing that thus her pathway would lead continually to a more sure and steady light.

Elma often wondered that so much joy was given to her earthly life; but she understood the true philosophy, for her every grief was regarded as a special messenger from the spirit-land, and amid her tears she looked up, and resolutely answered to the call, "Excelsior!" She was ever receiving with gratitude the blessings that clustered about her lot, and, as it were, transmuting all common things into pleasures, by seeking out a brightness in them.

But a heavier trial was in store for the wife than she had anticipated. Horace had been very unfortunate in business; he bore it with more gentleness than Elma had expected, but it wore upon his spirits; day after day he was busied in settling up, and came home with a look of sadness and anxiety. One evening he came in with a brighter look.

"What is the news?" asked his wife, as she read his face.

"I have an offer of a clerkship, at a very good salary, eighteen hundred dollars a year!"

"We can get along admirably with that!" said Elma, with a bright smile. "You know we are retrenching our expenses so much, that we can live on half that, and the rest can go towards your debts. In a few years you will be able to pay all you owe, will you not?"

"Perhaps so, by exerting every faculty, and living on less than you propose!"

"Oh! well, we can!" was the eager response. "I'll manage to get along on almost nothing; as small a sum as you choose to name. Every trifling deprivation will be an actual delight, that helps to discharge those debts. It will, indeed!" she added, as Horace smiled at her enthusiasm.

"I believe you, little one, every word you say!" and, with an air of cheerful affection, such as he had not shown for weeks, the husband drew his wife's head upon his breast, and, forgetful of cold business cares and the world, they were gay, tender and happy.

It was with a different look that Horace entered his home the next evening; a shadow fell on Elma's heart when she saw him, and the evening meal passed in silence.

"What are you thinking of, Horace?" she timidly asked, some time after, approaching him as he stood by the window, gazing out gloomily into the star-lighted street.

"I have received a better offer, and have determined to accept it." It must be known that Horace came quickly to a decision, and then persevered in it; none knew the vanity of striving to change him, when fairly resolved, better than Elma; but in small matters he was yielding as Elma herself. She stood in a fearful silence, looking into his face, which he had turned towards her.

"I am going to California!" he said, almost sternly, for he feared Elma's tenderness might unman him.

"Not without me?" she asked, with pleading eyes.

"Yes! Elma, I cannot take you, for I shall be constantly travelling, and subject to the greatest hardships—you could not bear it! I shall be back in a year and a half."

"I could bear anything better than to be left behind—you do not know as well as I, what would be the greatest hardship for me. Ah! Horace, do not put me to this dreadful trial. Let me go with you, and you will find that I will not utter a complaint. You can leave me at some place, while you travel over the roughest country—you may be sick, and need me. I fear men grow hard and selfish there, and what you gain in purse, you may lose in what is dearest to me. 'It is not good for man to be alone.'"

"Hush, darling; every word is vain!" answered Horace, clasping her to his breast, and kissing her with passionate vehemence. For the first time in his life he wept without any restraint over her. "Do you think anything but duty would tear me from you? It is my duty to be just to all men, and to pay what I owe as soon as I can."

"But take me!" sobbed Elma.

"Dear child! you must be reasonable. I know that you fear the influence about me will not be as angelically pure as your own, and I love you for that fear. I shall go where no man will care for my soul as you do; but I shall not forget you, Elma. Now, cheer up, and show me the ready resolution you have always had at hand."

"I never had such a cruel blow as this before!" returned Elma, in an entire abandonment of grief. "Oh! take me with you, Horace, and nothing in the world will be hard for me."

The wife's pleadings were vain, and in a week she parted from her husband. After he had gone, she won back a spirit of resignation; indeed, as soon as she found her doom was sealed, she gathered up her strength, and strove to cheer Horace, whose spirits sunk miserably when he had no longer to support Elma. She laid out a plan for her life during her widowhood, as she called it, and this plan was after the example of One who went about doing good. The weary time passed slowly, but each day added a little gem to Elma's heavenly life, and when, at length, she received her husband's last letter before his return, her thanks gushed forth in gladness, as they had so often before done, in holy confidence. Part of his letter ran thus:—

"And now, dear love, having told you of the outward success which has met my efforts, let me tell you a little of the heart that belongs to you—which you have won from darkness to light. It is filled with images of hope and love, and a light from your spirit shines through all—you have been ever with me, ever leading me to that 'true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' I often gave you pain, my darling, when we were together; it was unintentional, and sprung from the evil of my nature, and a thousand times, when you did not suspect it, your gentle look and touch brought to my spirit better thoughts, and the thoughts brought better words and deeds. You have been the angel of my life still more during our separation; for my soul has yearned for your dear presence constantly, and every day I have said to myself, 'Would this please Elma?' and when I have been enabled to do a kindness, my heart glowed at the thought of Elma's approval. Your blessed spirit never seems so near to me as when I lift up my soul in prayer. I sometimes fancy your prayers, beloved, have unlocked the Kingdom of Heaven for me. Good bye, dearest life, we shall soon meet."

HORACE."

And when they met, the joy of their first wedding days seemed doubled. Elma rejoiced at the discipline she had been through, for it had better fitted her for the joyful existence that was before her. It had now become more of a habit for her soul to dwell in a heavenly atmosphere—she had learned to rely steadfastly upon her God for the good gifts of her life, and they were showered upon her abundantly; doubly beautiful they were shared by a heart in unison.

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy too much.

AN ENGLISH AUTHORESS.

BY MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Among those women who have done good service to literature, and who deserve no small share of our applause and admiration, is Mrs. Newton Crosland, better known by her maiden name of Camilla Toulmin. We intend, in the following notice of her writings, to bring her merits prominently before the public. Perhaps some of our readers may like to know something of the personal history of our heroine, before making acquaintance with her poetry; and, as we see nothing objectionable in such a natural curiosity, we will gratify it so far as we have been able to glean the necessary particulars.

We must plead guilty to a fastidious delicacy concerning a lady's age. We approach the subject with blushing and trepidation; and, though we may be revealing a secret of no ordinary magnitude, biographical truthfulness compels us to disclose the fact that the date of Mrs. Crosland's birth is about the period of the battle of Waterloo. Those who are learned in chronology, and can perform a simple sum in addition or subtraction, may, therefore, easily ascertain how many "summers have passed over" this lady. She is the daughter of the late William Toulmin, Esq., a solicitor in London. He died before the subject of this notice had reached her seventh year, and, as he had made little provision for his family, she was early obliged to support herself and her mother by the fruits of her pen.

A life of bustle, exertion, and self-denial has had its effect upon the development of our authoress. We see, in her writings, frequent traces of suffering, experience, and deep emotion, and, at times, the common-place haste of one who was compelled, so to speak, to be out in all mental weathers. She is, therefore, unequal; nor can we wonder that she should be so, when we consider what an active laborer she has been in the field of cheap popular literature. She was one of the earliest and most efficient contributors to "Chambers' Journal," in which appeared her memorable and pathetic story of the "Neglected Child." She was one of the foremost in starting the "People's Journal;" and the "Ladies' Companion" is much indebted to her aid; for her business-like qualities, as well as her great literary ability, render her a valuable ally in the conducting of a magazine. In addition to her other duties, she now fills the post of editress of the "New Monthly Belle Assemblée," which she raised, from being an affected mass of fine-ladyism, into a work of taste and sentiment. She is also the author of "Partners for Life: a Christmas Story;" "Toil and Trial," a touching picture of the state of London shopmen and female apprentices; "Lays and Legends;" a volume of poems; and a tale for young folks, entitled "Stratagems," which is a powerful delineation of the effects of good and evil contrasted.

As a poetess, she belongs to the school which aims rather at the cultivation of thought and sympathy than external descriptions or narratives of adventure. She rarely deals with the scenery of nature, except as suggestive of various states

of the mind; and the conduct and peculiarities of humanity are treated as symbolic of an inner life of feeling and experience. The little poem which we now extract is a pleasing specimen of her manner of indicating the symptoms of the gentle growth of a youthful heart. There is no mistaking the accuracy and subtlety of the delineation. It is entitled

THE HEART'S AWAKENING.

Only yesterday a Child,
She the little rosy maiden,
Hers the glee of laughter wild!
Now her brow with thought is laden.
From behind her eyes there gleams
Light which tells of stranger-dreams,
Faint, like summer morning breaking,
With the shadows warfare making;
It is waking—it is waking!

Gone for aye the childish pace,
Bounding, trotting at our call;
Slower, with a sweeping grace,
See her tiny foot-prints fall:
Silenter the babbling tongue,
When her elder friends among;
Yet her speech new music making,
And her words new meaning taking,
Now her Girlish Heart is waking!

She hath opened Nature's books,
Leaf by leaf they turn for her
And her soul, as still she looks,
Heaveth with a gentle stir.
Stars—that were but stars before
Shown by scientific lore,
Off such prosy fetters shaking—
Are with spirit-lustre breaking
On the Heart that's newly waking!

She will sit, in listless thrall,
Gazing on a fleecy cloud;
Or upon the waterfall;
Or upon a flowery crowd:
Or on bee and butterfly;
Or on birds that climb the sky;
As she were dull earth forsaking—
Life from dream-land only taking,
Meet for Young Hearts just awaking!

There is yet another change
For the pensive little maiden:
Now Good Angels near her range;
Be their white wings wisdom-laden.
She no longer solely looks
Into Nature's extern books,
Though she musing sits apart:
She hath found a subtler teacher,
And a more impassioned preacher,
In her Wakened Woman's Heart!

Her love of the sentiments and aspirations of youth is still more powerfully uttered in the following poem, in which we are conjured, in words of stirring import, to keep true to the enthusiasms and affections which are created in our early years, and which are lighted as the vestal fires in the sanctuary of our souls. Fidelity to nature, and to those pure instincts with which Heaven blesses us in youth, is here considered the great secret of human happiness, and the law of progress. The new-born child is the garden of Eden: the tree of knowledge of good and evil grows in it and corrupts the paradise.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

"Keep true to the Dream of thy Youth!"—*Schiller.*

"Therefore, trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions."—*Longfellow.*

To "the Dream of Youth" be faithful, to the
"heart's" dictating "trust;"
Never heed the scorn of worldlings creeping snake-
like in the dust—

Though they call white truth "illusions," as, with
dazed, imperfect sight,
Bats and owls, that love the midnight, may despise
the noonday light!

Be thou faithful to the Message! Like a watchword
bear it round
To the Leal of Heart, whose pulses will beat
quicker at the sound;
Let the music of its meaning interpenetrate thy
soul,
And the storm of fate unharmed o'er thy outer
life shall roll.

To the Leal a watchword welcome: but to them of
weaker heart,
Whose spirits have to wrestle with the word's ig-
noble part—
Who feel the slimy serpent writhing round the
seraph-wings,
And know his opiate poison dulls our action's finer
springs—

Let it flame on high a beacon, with its pointed
tongue of fire
Still upwards, upwards tending with unsatisfied de-
sire.
If they do not comprehend it, let them take it as a
faith,
And believe, as in a Prophet, what each glorious
Poet saith!

Though their words, like crystal windows, we be-
hold that Eden land
Which in early years was fashioned by Truth's own
benignant hand;
Though the clouds may overhang it—clouds our-
selves have woven there—
Would we see it in its freshness, we must breathe
a purer air.

Cold of heart and dull of senses, do not mock with
idle strife,
For the dreams of Youth, believe me, are the
Truest Things in Life!
And your blunt material weapons, in the conflict
with a Thought,
Grow molten as a metal which the lightning fire
hath caught!

Oh, those Dreams are God's revealings! never heed
what worldlings say,
With their tongues by falsehood blistered—rearing
up their gods of clay:
Sweep them down from hearth and pedestal, as with
a tempest blast—
Mission worthy of the worthiest to be this icono-
clast!

For though great and good the Age is, when com-
pared with former years,
An unsightly dwarf it fostereth, whose strength
but half appears;
Dark, deformed the little imp is, though too vague
to have a name,
Unless, indeed, a myriad the Proteus thing may
claim.

Let us call it Doubt an instant—doubt of all our
own souls teach—
Doubt of God himself in Heaven—doubt of all
Doubt cannot reach;
Doubt of music throughout Nature—doubt of Truth
upon her Throne;
And doubt of how their harmony is by the poet
shown!

Oh, be faithful to the Message—to thine early
Dream "keep true!"—
Do not swerve for narrow teaching, nor "expedient"
paths pursue:
Rather think thine eyes deceive thee, or thine ear
a traitor grown,
That bow thee to an argument 'gainst Truths which
thou hast known!

Known! for they are not Opinions, with a "really
to my seeing;"
But rock-truths that, primeval, are foundations of
thy being.
And seeming contradictions—that in vain array ap-
pear,
To battle with a noble creed, and triumph to the
ear—

Are but segments of great circles, broken up by
ignorance,
Which, could we but unite them, for one soul-
enraptured glance,
Would be orbs of Truth, proclaiming, by their self-
sustaining light,
That the Dream of Youth from Heaven is the only
Life aright!

Have no doubt of Love and Friendship: in the
world they both are rife,
Though grown used to Lovely Order, we but babble
about strife;
Though thine individual hopes may have withered
ere they bloomed,
And the life-fire of Affection be a treasure self-
consumed.

Have no doubt of hero-actions, and of brave en-
durance, too;
Seek no vulgar, vain repayments for the deeds that
thou mayst do;
Let thine own mind's exaltation be the guerdon
and the spur,
And its trust, which is devotion, from all meaner
thoughts deter!

Be thou worthy the fulfilment of Youth's soul-
sustaining Dreams,
And that Worthiness shall keep thee still beneath
their gorgeous beams:
Life shall pass thee like a river, stranding treasures
by the way,
And the season of existence be for thee perpetual
May.

Age for thee shall have no meaning, save the sil-
vering of the hair,
And the furrow on the forehead, and the body's
signs of wear;
Which but seem the preparations for unfolding of
the wings,
That have grown to strength and beauty by thy
spirits' communings.

Oh, the Alchemist's elixir was a promise trite and
tame,
To the inner life of freshness which the faithful
heart may claim:

Love and Genius are immortal, and the Truest of
all Truth
Is their vision of Divinity—the radiant Dream of
Youth!

We must not, however, run the risk of fatiguing the patience of our readers; so, with the following earnest apologue, we must conclude our extracts. This little poem tells its own moral too plainly to need any introduction:—

THE PEDLER.

"Men of genius can more easily starve, than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them."
—*Forster's Life of Goldsmith.*

A pedler hawked his wares for sale,
Through crowded streets, o'er hill and dale,
And modesty, with gentle voice,
Arrayed them for the people's choice;
And said, "A loaf is all I ask,
And, by the winter's fire to bask,
A roof above, and garment plain,
Express my greediest thirst for gain."

The people turned his wares about,
And shook their heads in solemn doubt;
With tinsel goods made his compete,
Yet called his gold a "copper cheat."
Then with a smile, and yet a sigh,
He said, "Though you refuse to buy,
My wares away I will not take;
I give them—for the children's sake!"

The little children grew in time
To life's most eager, early prime;
And seeking here, and seeking there,
For wealth deserving of their care,
The youths and maidens, fair and brave,
Have found the wares the pedler gave;
And loud their voices now are heard,
By generous indignation stirred:—

"Oh, shameful sires, to thus despise
The Poet's priceless melodies!
To tread beneath a scornful heel
The source of our exalted weal—
Celestial truths which seem to rush
O'er heart and soul, like morning's flush
In southern climes, that quick up springs,
And charms aside night's clouding wings!"

And then among themselves they spoke,
And soon one grateful feeling broke;
They cried, "Oh, let us journey forth
From east to west, from south to north,
And take no rest until we find
This uncrowned Monarch of our Mind;
He must be old, and may be poor,
Who left these treasures at our door!

"A palace home we'll build for him,
And gold shall all his coffers brim;
Ambrosial food shall deck his board,
And nectar drinks be freely poured,
Such as like melted jewels flash;
A thousand looms shall creak and crash
To weave him raiments, fine and meet,
For winter's cold or summer's heat!"

From north to south, from east to west,
They journey long, and take no rest;
Foot-sore with stony roads they've passed,
They come upon a grave at last!
A humble grave; but yet they know

The Poet's dust is laid below.
Too late—too late the wreath they've wove
To crown the monarch of their love!

Yet, as they bend with reverent mien,
And pluck for relics grasses green,
A haunting voice floats through the air,
And softly cries, "Beware! beware!
The Poet takes, to common eyes,
In every age a different guise;
Beware, lest ye such Pedler meet,
And call his gold a 'copper cheat!'"

It will be seen from these extracts that Mrs. Crosland's poetry is not strikingly original and creative; it is somewhat deficient in the use of imagery and the art of *prosopopoeia*; but there is no disputing its genuineness, its true feeling, its just sentiments, its kindly earnestness, its gentle wisdom, and its pure morality; and, in these qualities, the authoress may be said to represent her own life and character, for she faithfully acts the doctrines she professes to teach.

Her active duties have left her no leisure for the performance of any one great work; and, though many of her writings are scattered about the periodical literature of the day, their beneficial influence is none the less effective. Where, in the same space, can we find better biographies of *Peter the Great* and *Joan of Arc* than those which she contributed to "Chambers' Tracts?" Who can read her story of "The Tempters and the Tempted" (in the "People's Journal"), and "Lady Lucy's Secret" (in the "Lady's Companion"), without being touched? And do not her essays upon "Working Gentlewomen" and "Haunted Houses" (in the "Home Circle"), mark her out as an essayist above the common order? We are inclined to think that her prose writing is of a higher quality than her poetry; at any rate, more popular.

With a few more personal details, we must conclude our sketch of this superior woman. She is not beautiful; but she has fine eyes, a graceful figure, and agreeable manners. She is not learned; but her conversation and deportment are simply those of a well-informed, well-bred gentlewoman. She married, about the middle of the year 1848, a gentleman engaged in commerce, and who is also slightly addicted to literary pursuits.—*Lady's Book.*

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF M. M. BOCAGE.

And thou hast fled, spirit most pure, most dear,
Fled to a sunshine brighter far than this.
Well hast thou changed, for Heaven's eternal
bliss,
The false and fleeting joys of mortals here.
O, born for Heaven! now called to that high sphere,
Thou dwellest from vain delusions far away;
Once happy in firm faith and love sincere,
Till sorrow made thy tenderness a prey.
How shall a mortal, wretched and unwise,
Presume to weep for one who finds sweet rest
In glorious home above yon azure skies?
Forgive my tears, thou spirit loved and blest!
Ah! such the strife, the frailty of the mind,
That love still weeps while reason bows resigned.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I propose, my dear little friends, to tell you the history of my pet doves, for you are all fond of stories, especially when they are of birds, of flowers, or anything that is pretty. Children are all beautiful, if they are good, and, from natural affinity, I suppose, love whatever is fair.

Children are graceful too, as well as pretty. Only to-day, I seen a little boy of two years, old asleep on the floor, his little dimpled arms and whole person, in fact, so gracefully disposed, that I looked at him a long while from very admiration; and as I did so, I asked myself why it was that children were never awkward, when as they grew up to manhood and womanhood, so many became clumsy, as elephants in their motions, and I concluded that the reason must be that children are innocent and act naturally.

Consciousness of wrong-doing makes us ill at ease, and, of necessity, our manners become constrained and awkward. This every little boy and girl knows who has ever said to their father or mother, "I don't know," when they should have said, "I do know."

Very uncomfortable you felt after saying so—you liked to get away out of the house, and even there you feared detection and punishment so much that you could neither play with your doll, nor ride the long slender weed which you called your horse with your accustomed ease and pleasure.

Ah, it is much the best way to do right, even if it did not make you ungraceful to do wrong. But having done wrong, go and confess it at once, for just so surely as the shadows deepen and deepen when the sun goes down, till thick night is all over the world, just so surely does one wrong thing lead to another, till innocence and beauty and grace are all gone, and the once lovely child is distorted and ugly with sin.

Remember this, pretty child, now reading my story, when tempted to say you don't know the thing you do, or to steal a tart or a piece of plum-cake, when by asking you would probably obtain it—but if you did not get it, it were better to be refused than to steal, even the veriest trifle.

I once knew a little girl who cut her dress with the axe. Now she had no business with the axe, and was afraid to say she had cut her dress, because she feared she should be scolded not only for spoiling the dress, but for having had the axe. It chanced that her brother, younger than she, saw the accident, and to prevent his revealing it, she told him if he would say nothing about it, she would give him the first dollar she found in the clover-field. "If my sister can find dollars in the clover-field," thought he, "why cannot I?" and presently he went on the fruitless search. When supper was ready and the children called, the little girl would not answer, but hid out of sight till the darkness made her afraid. When at last she went into the house, the supper things were all put away. So going slyly to the closet, she took a piece of plum-cake, which she ate with great relish. But the little girl was hungry, and one slice was not enough. "I will take another," she

thought; "there is no more harm in stealing two slices than one;" so she ate another, nor was she yet quite satisfied, and hearing some one approach the pantry, she snatched for another piece, and in so doing, pushed a costly dish from the shelf, and broke it into a dozen parts.

She tried to escape, but detection was unavoidable. Her mother, who was a good woman, but strict in family discipline, met her at the door, and seeing what mischief she had done, not only the breaking of the dish, but the stealing of the cake, she felt it to be her duty to administer punishment; and having been severely reproved, she was told that the new slippers which had been bought for her should be given to some good little girl that didn't steal her mother's plum-cake and break dishes. After this she was sent to bed; but first she was enquired of about her little brother.

"He was playing with me, and awhile ago he went away, and I don't know where he is," she replied to their questions.

This was true so far as it went, but it was not all the truth, for though she did not know where he was, she might have guessed shrewdly. Very uneasily she lay in her little bed, listening eagerly to catch every sound, in the hope of hearing her brother's voice, but he did not come while awake she lay; for how could she go to sleep?

The time grew later and later, and the father and mother of the lost boy began to be very much alarmed, and after looking in all the closets and cupboards, and everywhere else about the house where he could possibly be concealed, they extended the search to the door-yard and garden. But he was not found.

Next they lowered a lamp into the cistern and well, and with fear and trembling looked down, for the little boy might have been drowned, they thought. But when they saw no signs of him they went to the orchard, and then to the meadow, calling the child's name as they searched.

At last, when they became almost distracted with fear, they thought they heard a faint and sleepy answer. O, what a joyful sound it was, and yet they were afraid to believe it was the lost boy, lest they might be deceived and the disappointment increased. But suspense is almost as bad as the worst reality, and after a minute's silence they called again, and a clear voice replied.

This time there was no mistaking it, and presently the little boy was found sitting upright in the clover-field. He had become weary of searching for the dollar, and stopping to rest, fell asleep, and did not wake till with his mother's calling.

When they had kissed him many times, for he seemed more precious than ever, now that he was found alive and well, after they had feared he was dead, they asked him how he happened to be in the clover-field.

"I come to look for money," he said, "but could not find it, and grew so tired that I fell asleep, and yoke not till I heard you call."

Then came the question, "Why did you come to the clover-field in search of money?" And of course the full explanation followed, and the parents were made aware of all the folly and wickedness of their little girl; so in the end she was

punished more severely, a thousand times, than if she had gone at once and confessed the first fault. But you will think, little friends, that I have forgotten the story of the pet doves. Well, it is a long time ago, and I was a very little girl, like you, perhaps, who are now reading my tale. I loved the flowers and the birds, for they were so beautiful, how could I help loving them?

In the Spring I could gather very pretty wild blossoms in the woods, but they faded in the hot Summer sun, and in the Autumn withered and died, and I wanted something that I could love and keep all the year. Once or twice I had been in a great city, and seen birds in wire cages, that hung at the doors and windows, and I thought if I could have a caged bird it would be a wonderfully pleasant thing. Many times I went to the woods in the hope of catching a bird—but the dear little creatures always discovered me, walk lightly as I would, and flew away before I came within reach.

Bright red and yellow birds there were, swinging gaily on the limbs, lithe and lofty, and these were especially attractive to me, but they only mocked me with their beauty, for they were more shy and lodged higher in the trees than those of duller plumage. How they whistled and twittered away up in the tree-tops. Little brown creatures hopped along before me sometimes, but when I reached for them, they were gone. And plump quails in flocks of a dozen ran along the meadows very tamely, but when I came close upon them, up they flew with a whirr that made my heart beat fast for half an hour. And so, all my expedients failed.

But I still thought that by some lucky chance one might fall into my hands—probably I might find a nest containing young ones, and pleasing myself with such hopes, I gathered the slender branches of the willow and wove them into a cage. This cost me much time and trouble—the task proving too difficult for such simple ingenuity as I was master of—but at last my design found a rude sort of execution, and I resolved to confide my plans and wishes to my mother, of whose ability to accomplish my aims I had not the least doubt.

A sad disappointment it was, when she told me it would be cruel to catch a free wild-bird that loved the air and the sunshine, and to sing among its mates high up in the tree-tops and confine it in a little close prison alone, where it could get no food that it liked, and never see its mates any more. I hung away the cage, I could not bear to destroy it, for I felt while that was in existence, I had hope of some time obtaining my prize.

One day, while playing in the barn, I discovered a dove's nest, but so high, that I at first despaired of reaching it. But we generally find the means when in earnest about a thing, and it rarely happens that the bending of all our energies to any point meets with a total defeat.

A plan soon suggested itself, which I at once adopted, that of heaping together the sheaves of oats directly beneath the nest. This was a tedious work, for they often fell down, and I was forced to build my fabric anew many times.

At last, by standing on tiptoe my hand could

just reach the beam where the nest was. Away flew the mother-bird, and the next moment I held one of her young ones in my hand, and presently another. What featherless, gaping little things they were! I was half-inclined to replace them, both from compunction and because of their ugliness; but we do not like willingly to let go a bird once in the hand, and after a little hesitancy I climbed down with the young doves in my apron. A nice warm nest I made, and supposed I could take better care of them than the mother-bird; but I think now I was mistaken. Much trouble they gave me in learning to eat, and for some days I forcibly opened their mouths and obliged them to take food. They did not seem to flourish nor grow, and I was quite discouraged for a time, but in the course of a few months they learned to peck from my hand, and would fly all about the house, often lighting on my head or shoulder.

Most beautiful birds they were become, and my long-cherished dream was realized. How glad they were when I came from school at night, and opening their cage, fed them from my hand, and then suffered them to fly about as they would. Sometimes, as they grew older, they would fly away to the barn and sit on the eaves for awhile with the wild doves, as we called them. But at night they were sure to return. I remember precisely how they looked—not alike, for one was a beautiful soft brown, and the other black and white. One evening I came home later than usual—it was almost twilight, and when I opened the cage they seemed in ecstasy. I sat down on the porch to feed them, but they would scarcely eat for flying hither and thither, now right against my face, now alighting on my head, and now on my shoulder. Suddenly as I played with them, tossing them away from my hands and head, one of them, the black one, darted aside and hid in the foliage of an oak tree that grew in the yard. There was a rustling of the leaves, a quick cry, and my beautiful pet fell whirling and fluttering to the ground. I ran and caught it up—its bosom was speckled with blood, its wings fell loosely from its yet warm body, but before I reached the porch it was dead.

An ugly hawk had pounced upon and killed it. I buried it in great sorrow, beneath a cherry tree that still stands for its monument. But often when I see people go aside from what seems their natural province, I think of my poor dove.

FRIENDS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO BARRERINI.

The unobstful fg his fruit bestows

Unheralded by bloom—

But ere his golden apple glows

His silvery flowers the orange shows,

And sheds a rich perfume.

So the true friend kind deed affords
Without the pomp of flowery words.

Others their gifts so loudly praise,

Their kindness to all ears revealing,

That dearly the recipient pays

The price in wounded feeling.

MERCANTILE TRANSACTIONS IN SCOTLAND.

It is not as in England, where, when an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear; but here there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with a man will show the general mode of doing business. He bids me call again, which I do several times without doing any thing. He wishes to be the *last* I do with; but *all* cannot be *last*, and *all* have wished to be so. After a few days, I get him to proceed to business: he objects to the price of the article I offer. He will not buy. I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, "You are over dear, sir; I can buy the same gudes 10 per cent. lower; if ye like to tak' off 10 per cent., I'll tak' some of these."

I tell him that a reduction in price is quite out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside; but the Scotchman wants it.

"Weel, sir, it's a terrible price; but as I am out o' it at present, I'll just tak' a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye maun tak' aff 5 per cent."

"But, sir," says I, "would you not think me an unconscionable knave to ask 10 per cent., or even 5 per cent., more than I intended to take?"

He laughs at me. "Hoot, hoot, mon, do ye expect to get what ye ask? an' I was able to get half what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come; I'll gie ye within twa an' a-half per cent. of your ain price, and gude faith, mon, ye'll be well paid."

I tell him that I never make any reduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule "saves much trouble to both parties."

"Weel, weel," says he, "since ye maun hae it a' your ain way, I maun e'en tak' the article; but really I think ye are over-keen."

So much for buying and selling; then comes the settlement.

"Hoo muckle discount do ye tak' aff, sir?"

"Discount! You cannot expect it. The account has been standing a twelve-month."

"Indeed, but I do expect discount—pay siller without discount! Na, na, sir, that's not the way here; ye maun deduct 5 per cent."

I tell him that I make no discount at all.

"Weel, sir, I'll gie ye nae money at a'."

Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take 2½ per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted.

"I hae ten shillings doon against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages,"

"Indeed, these are heavy deductions; but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose that I must allow it."

"Oh, ay, it's a' right; then, sir, eight shillings-and-four-pence for pack sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and portorage."

These last items astonish me. "What sir," says I, "are we to pay all the charges in your business?"

But if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account; so I acquiesce, resolving

within myself that, since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion. I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man; but am disappointed.

"Hae ye a stawmpe?" asks he.

"A stamp, for what?"

"Just to draw ye a bill," replies he.

"A bill, my good sir! I took off 2½ per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash."

But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws me a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop.

"And what can I do with this?"

"Oh, ye may tak' it to Sir William's, and he'll discount it for you, on paying him three months' interest."

"And what can I do with his notes?"

"He'll gie ye a bill in London, at forty-five days."

"So, sir, after allowing you twelve months' credit and 2½ per cent. discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill which we are not to cash for four months and a half."

"Weel, weel—and now, sir," says he, "if you are going to your inn, I'll gang wi' ye, and tak' a glass o' wine."

INSTINCT OF THE HONEY-BIRD.

This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light gray color, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveller, endeavoring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then and looking back to ascertain if the traveller is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighboring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupefying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their domestic domicile, the honey-bird will often lead to a second and even to a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, whilst in pursuit, have several charmed sentences which they use on the occasion. The wild bee of Southern Africa exactly corresponds with the domestic garden bee of England. They are very generally diffused throughout every part of Africa, beeswax forming a considerable part of the cargoes of ships trading to the Gold and Ivory coasts, and the deadly districts of Sierra Leone, on the western shores of Africa.

Interesting as the honey-bird is, and though sweet be the stores to which it leads, I have often had cause to wish it far enough, as when following the warm spoor or track of elephants, I have often seen the savages, at moments of the utmost

importance, resign the spoor of the beasts, to attend the summons of the bird. Sometimes, however, they are "sold," it being a well-known fact, both among the Hottentots and tribes of the interior, that they often lead the unwary pursuer to danger, sometimes guiding him to the mid-day retreat of a grizzly lion, or bringing him suddenly upon the den of the crouching panther. I remember on one occasion, about three years later, when weary with warring against the mighty elephants and hippopotami, which roam the vast forests and sport in the floods of the fair Limpopo, having mounted a pair of unwonted shot-barrels, I sought recreation in the humbler pursuit of quail-shooting. While thus employed, my attention was suddenly invited by a garrulous honey-bird, which pertinaciously adhered to me for a considerable time, heedless of the reports made by a gun. Having bagged as many quails and partridges as I cared about my shooting, I whistled lustily to the honey-bird, and I gave him chase; after following him to the distance of upwards of a mile, through to the open glades adjoining the Limpopo, he led me to an unusually vast crocodile, who was lying with his entire body concealed, nothing but his horrid head being visible above the surface of the water, his eyes anxiously watching the movements of eight or ten large bull buffaloes, which, in seeking to quench their thirst in the waters of the river, were crackling through the dry reeds as they cautiously waded in the deep mud that a recent flood had deposited along the edge. Fortunately for the buffaloes, the depth of the mud prevented their reaching the stream, and thus the scaly monster of the river was disappointed of his prey.—*Cumming's Adventures.*

THE EXPANSION OF SOLIDS.

Dr. Arnott exemplifies by the following cases the expansive properties of solids. He says:—"A cannon-ball, when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening, through which when cold it passes readily. A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle, often may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle in the water up to the neck; the binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. Pipes for conveying hot water, steam, hot air, &c., if of considerable length, must have joinings that allow a degree of shortening and lengthening, otherwise a change of temperature may destroy them. An incompetent person undertook to warm a large manufactory by steam from one boiler. He laid a rigid main pipe along a passage, and opened lateral branches through holes into the several apartments, but on his first admitting the steam, the expansion of the main pipe tore it away from all its branches. In an iron railing, a gate which during a cold day may be loose and easily shut or opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to there being greater expansion of it and of the neighboring railing, than of the earth on which they are placed. Thus also the centre of the arch of an iron bridge is higher in warm than in cold weather; while on the contrary, in a suspension

or chain bridge, the centre is lowered. The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls of houses, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows in warm weather, really lifts up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allows it to sink or subside—in a degree considerable greater than if the wall were brick from top to bottom. In some situations (as was seen in the beautiful steeple of Bow church, in London, where the stones of a building are held together by clamps or bars of iron, with their end bent into them, the expansion in summer of these clamps will force the stones apart sufficiently for dust or sandy particles to lodge between them; and then, on the return of winter, the stones not being at liberty to close as before, will cause the ends of the shortened clamps to be drawn out, and the effect increasing with each revolving year, the structure will at last be loosened and may fail."

KEEP A GOOD HEADWAY ON.

A stirring man gets a job done in half the time that a slow and easy one takes to begin it in. It is a pleasure to drive a horse that drives off freely. You know how to calculate your distances—you can steer clear of collisions. But your fat and lazy beast stops just when the safety of the carriage demands a steady movement. We were once half a day beating from the open sea around a long sand point into the bay. The tide was running strong against us, and we had made several tacks without gaining an inch to the windward. Once, as in our anxiety, we let the sail shake in the wind, and were drifted down in an instant more than we had gained in hours, one on shore shouted out, "Keep a good headway on!" and at the tack we took his advice. We ran close to the beach—then shoving down the helm, she luffed and slid up right in the wind's eye; and though her keel grated on the sand, on recovering the helm, she filled away, and went careering off into her safe harbor.

Keep a good headway on! and you will shoot up easily past many a point that stretches across your course in life. Be busy and keep at work in work hours. We employ the man to work for us whose shop is crowded with customers. Don't leave business undone to look up to business. Keep hard at what you find to do. Make horse-shoe nails when nobody brings you a horse to shoe. And while your face is feebly lighted with the glimmer of a small fire on your forge, one will tap you on the shoulder and give you a job to do, when you must heap the coals and raise a fire that will make the whole shop glow in its ruddy light.

Digby fell down the other slippery morning. As he sat on the ground he muttered, "I have no desire to see the city burnt down, but devoutly wish the streets were laid in ashes."

A broker, in State street, deeply absorbed in speculation, being asked, the other morning, "How do you do?" replied abruptly, "About two per cent. a month."

WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUNNY SIDE."

[From the "Tell-Tale, or Home Secrets, told by Old Travellers," a posthumous volume, by the author of "Sunny Side," "A Peep at Number One," &c., we make a pleasant selection.]

Mr. Warren left his counting-room at the hour of one, to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along, for he knew by long experience that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner, he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Each stopping to adjust a hat, after such a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance.

"Why, Harry, is it you?"

"'Pon my word, Charley! where did you drop down from?"

"From the clouds, as I always do," said Charles Morton. "You, Warren, are creeping along as usual. It's an age since I met you. How goes the world with you?"

"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well and sometimes ill. I am quite a family man now, you know—wife and four children."

"Ah, indeed! No, I did not know that; I have quite lost track of you, since we were in Virginia together."

"Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. Warren; "come home with me, and let us have a talk about old times."

"With all my heart," said Morton; "I want to see the wife, and children, too. Has the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long ago, Harry?"

"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty, once, though; she was very pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman; she has seen a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time Mr. Warren reached his own door, and, with some secret misgivings, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was, indeed, to meet him; but, if the truth must be told, he would have been quite as well pleased if it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier could he have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part, he would have killed the fatted calf, with great rejoicing; but to set wife, children, house and table, in a hospitable tune, required more time than he could now command.

"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. "Take the rocking-chair, Charley; you have not forgotten your old tricks, of always claiming the rocking-chair, have you? Stop—a little dust on it." Out came his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped off, not a little, but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he; "make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks, will you?"

Mr. Warren thought it prudent to close the parlor doors after him, that all unnecessary communication with the rest of the house might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen, to ascertain which way the wind blew there. If

Betty, the old family servant and maid-of-all-work, was in good humor, he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency, when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently. "Well, Betty," said he, in a conciliatory tone, "what have you got nice for us to-day?"

She seemed to understand, as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it.

"Got! why the veal-stakes, to be sure, you sent home; I don't see what else we could have."

"Have you anything for dessert?" was asked, in the same gentle tone.

"I s'pose there is a pie somewhere."

"Well Betty, I wish you would get up a dish of ham and eggs, if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather small."

Betty looked like a thunder-cloud. "You'll have to wait a good while, I guess, then; the fire is all out."

"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; "here, I'll get it, while you cut the ham. Now, do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty; nobody can cook ham and eggs quite like you, when you have a mind to. Where is Mrs. Warren?"

"In her chamber, I s'pose," said Betty, sulkily, adding, in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ear—"where she always is."

He did hear it, however, and with a foreboding heart he went to his wife's chamber.

The room was partially darkened, and on the bed, in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay Mrs. Warren. Her hand rested on a bottle of camphor, and on the stand at her side was an ominous bowl of water, with wet clothes in it.

"Juliette, my love, are you ill?"

"Ill? what a question to ask! I told you half-a-dozen times, this morning, I had one of my headaches; that's just all you mind about me!"

"I am sorry, but I really thought, Juliette, it would pass off. Shall you not feel able to come down to dinner?"

"No, I am sure I never shall want anything to eat again; it seems as if these headaches would kill me."

"Where are the children?"

"I don't know, I am sure; I can't look after them when I am sick! If Betty can't do that, she had not better try to do anything."

"I wish you would make an effort, Juliette, and come down to dinner; I have an old friend to dine with us—Charles Morton, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He has come on purpose to see my wife and children."

"Dear me! how could you bring company home to-day, when you knew I was sick? I don't believe I could hold my head up, if I were to try!" and, closing her eyes, she pressed both hands on her temples.

Mr. Warren said no more; he would not urge the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and, with a sigh, he slowly returned to the parlor. Had he spoken out his honest feelings, he would have said, "What a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife! My servants rule, my children are neglected, my house is in disorder, my wife does not like it because I do not make a fuss over her all the time, and

something is the matter continually; if it is not one thing, it is another—and I am weary of it!”

He found his friend still in the arm-chair, busily reading a scrap-book which was on the table. Fun danced in his eyes and twitched at the corners of his mouth; and as soon as he caught sight of Warren, he burst into a merry peal of laughter. Warren could not resist it, and he laughed full five minutes before he knew what the joke was. It was only something in the scrap-book which brought to remembrance an old scrape they had together—but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles seemed to vanish before it, like mists in the morning. A more manly courage was aroused in him; he was a better and a stronger man.

“By George, Charley,” said he, something like the Harry Warren of other days, “it does one good to hear your old horse-laugh again!” An animated conversation ensued, and it was some time before Mr. Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.

“We are not going to starve you out, Charley,” said he, “but my wife is not able to be about to-day, and our cook, I see, is taking her own time. Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her up, by way of remembrance.”

Much to his delight, the bell rang. He was saved the trial of bearding the lion twice in his den. As he was going to the dining-room with his friend, a troop of ill-dressed and noisy children pushed by them, and hurried in great disorder to their seats. Mr. Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embarrassed. He felt that he ought to take some notice of them, and yet it seemed as if it would spare his friend's feelings not to notice them. He took hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma.

“Which of them looks like the mother, Harry?”

“The boy nearest you, I think,” was the short reply; then, as if obliged to add, by way of apology, “I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come down to-day, but she has one of her bad headaches.”

“She is a-coming,” said one of the children; “she says she s'poses she must.”

Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He saw that something was wrong in his friend's domestic life. Had he, then, married unfortunately? “I shall be sorry for him, if he has,” thought Morton; “he deserves a good wife; a better-hearted fellow never breathed.”

Warren's sunshine was fast vanishing, though his dinner, it is but justice to Betty we should say, was well-cooked: yet his table needed the lady. No clean napkins were there; no nice salts and shining spoons graced it; no order and elegance of serving made it attractive. Betty had no eye for the fancy-work. But the food was good, and there was an abundance of it; and the gentlemen would have enjoyed it, if the children had not been so troublesome.

When dinner was about half over, Mrs. Warren made her appearance. Walking in languidly, she took her seat at the head of the table. She still wore her loose gown, over which she had thrown a shawl. Her hair was still uncombed. Her eyes were dull and heavy in their expression, and her eyebrows were elevated. She looked as

if she felt miserable. “Ah, Juliette,” said Mr. Warren, slightly coloring, “I did not know that you would feel able to come down. Let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Morton.”

Mrs. Warren bowed.

“You have been suffering with a headache to-day, my friend tells me,” said Mr. Morton.

“Yes, I suffer nearly all the time,” was the reply; “if it is not one thing, it is another. I am almost discouraged.”

“O, no, Juliette, it is some time since you have had a bad turn,” said her husband.

“Only last week,” was her short reply. “Your memory is not very good on this point. I believe you think I can help being sick.”

Mr. Warren tried to laugh off this thrust; but there was no heart in it. All sociality vanished with Mrs. Warren's presence, and all peace, too; for the children acted worse than ever. Mr. Morton suffered for his friend, and was much relieved when they were again by themselves in the parlor. He could have forgiven the want of glossy ringlets and laughing eyes, but he could not forgive the want of good humor, in Harry Warren's wife. He felt as if his friend had been taken in; he pitied him; and firmer than ever was his determination to run no such hazards himself.

So much of Mr. Warren's day had been occupied with his friend, that it was quite late before he was able to leave his store. He went home weary in body and mind. How much he needed to have things comfortable and cheerful around him there! But, much as he loved his family, he found neither rest nor pleasure at home. Work for them he would, like a dog, from morning to night; but, when the day's toil was over, there were no home attractions for him. This night, it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on the sofa and taken his book; but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife had been watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go up to her at once. So, with a sigh, he went into the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on the bed.

“Do you feel any better, Juliette?”

“Better?—no! It seems as if I should go crazy. Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head, or do something. I thought you never would come home.”

The air of the sick-room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, oppressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children to bed.

This was more easily said than done; the children were tired and cross, and full of wants, and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience and perseverance, however, got the last little urchin into his nest. “Now go to sleep, boys,” said he; “your mother is sick to-night, and I must not hear a word from you.”

“Seems to me, mother is always sick,” said Henry.

“Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still;—remember that, will you?”

It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to eat any supper. He went to the dining-room. His tea had stood until it was quite

cold; his toast was cold, and a dim lamp cast a jaundiced light over his uninviting repast. He, however, was used to such things; indeed, he hardly expected anything different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit. He knew that he was expected in that oppressive chamber, and that the minutes of his delay were counted. After nine it was, the clock was on the point of striking ten, when he re-entered it. Camphor and ammonia were as strong as ever, and the headache, too, to all appearance.

"Can I do anything for you, Juliette?"

"Do anything! I might die, for all anybody would do for me. What made you come up at all?"

"You know very well, Juliette, I had to put the children to bed, to get them out of your way; and, tired as I was, I never got a mouthful of supper until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best I could."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both irritated and hurt. Once, Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought earnestly to heal the wound which she made; but being sick so much was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought.

"I wish you would not complain of me," said she, bursting into tears; "I have as much as I can bear, without being found fault with."

"I was not finding fault with you, Juliette; but a man can't do more than he can do."

Juliette continued to sob; her husband was silent. When, at length, they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy hearts, and their slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed, and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind that she must suffer, and that people ought to pity her, and not expect her to do anything. The sunshine that had once been about her vanished; she spoke at all times in a distressed tone of voice; a doleful expression became habitual with her. She made no exertion which she could avoid; she shirked every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now, Betty was no housekeeper; she could do hard work, but not head work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had, without thinking of to-morrow. It was not her business to be bothering as to how the two ends should meet. Such management at home, together with the increasing wants of a family, required a good income. Mr. Warren's business gave him a comfortable living, but it was not quite equal to filling up flour-barrels which had a hole in the bottom. He began to run behind, and to become discouraged. He got into debt, and then, going on from bad to worse, he became completely disheartened. His family was a drag on him. He could not tell his wife of his troubles—if he did, she only cried, and said, "she was sure she could not help it; she did all she could, when her health was so poor. She thought he might have more feeling for her than to complain." He, therefore, formed his own plans in silence.

One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with one of her sick headaches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was very late

before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining-room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose, because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way, I guess, for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor and ammonia (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice-water. Tea-time came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper, and went to bed. Eight, nine, ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty. "Betty, where can Mr. Warren be? Here it is ten o'clock, and he has not come yet."

"I declare, Miss Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twan't but yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter in advance, because, he said, he had the money by him, and might not have it by and by. 'Then,' says he, Betty, says he, 'if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Miss Warren,' says he; 'she'll worry.' Them's the very words he said. Now, I'll bet that's where he has gone; and we may as well lock up and go to bed. He won't be here to-night."

More in anger than in sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled it in her mind that Mr. Warren had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her headaches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over his supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come, try his door, and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him in. Twelve o'clock struck in the old church steeple; no sound but the heavy tread of the watchman was heard. She then gave him up, and "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," at length fell asleep.

It seemed as if she had but just fallen asleep, when Betty very unceremoniously burst open her door, and slamming back the shutters to let in the gray light of morning—"Miss Warren," said she, "do, for gracious, see what this means. Here was the market-boy a-thumping me up a full hour before time, and he set down his basket and run like shot; and I opened it, and what should I see right on top but this letter for you, from Mr. Warren! Something or other is wrong, you may depend upon it."

Mrs. Warren, trembling with impatience, broke the seal, and read as follows;—

"DEAREST JULIETTE:—

"Don't be frightened, now, into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dreadful has happened, or is going to happen, that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can.

"My business has been running behindhand

for a good while. Every year I have found myself deeper and deeper in debt. It wore upon me dreadfully, and I made up my mind at last that I could not stand it so for a great while. I never liked to talk to you about it; you always seemed to have troubles enough of your own. The other day, when I was looking over my accounts, a friend came in to ask me if I would sell out. He wanted to buy, and offered me a fair price. 'But what shall I do?' said I. 'Go to California,' says he; 'there is a splendid chance for you—a ship sails next week.' He said so much that I took up with his advice. I sold out, paid up all my debts, paid your house-rent for two years in advance, and Betty one quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out, and fifty dollars over, which I enclose for you. It will answer for the present. You can by and by let your house, and go home to your mother, if you think it best. I have no time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this, I shall be far on my way, if we are prospered.

"I love you, Juliette, and my children, and it is for your sakes, mainly, that I have taken this step. You could none of you bear poverty. I go in the ship *Emily*. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. Keep up a good heart, now; depend upon it I shall come home a rich man. Gold is plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to dig. I have a strong arm and a stout heart. Kiss the children for me, and tell Betty I won't forget her if she will do well by you while I am gone. Believe me that I am still yours, affectionately,

"HARRY WARREN."

The reading of this letter, as might be imagined, was followed by a fit of hysterics, and shrieks, and floods of tears, and wringing of hands. At one time, Mrs. Warren would call her husband the greatest savage living. Then, again, she would soften down into grief, like that of the children, who mourned over him as over one dead. Between them all and her own sorrow, Betty had a hard time of it that day. However, she stood at her post bravely; with coaxing and scolding, she managed the children, succeeded in quieting them, and before night Mrs. Warren was more calm. Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some little corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back rich as *Cæsus*, that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune—he was just the man for it—that the hysterics finally had to yield to the golden visions. Still, Mrs. Warren passed from this state into one of settled melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest either in her house or children. She gave money to Betty, and let her do as she pleased with it. If they had anything to eat, it was all very well; and if they had nothing, it was just the same. She neither went out nor saw any one at home. Her time was spent between the sofa and bed. If she tried to divert herself with anything, it was with very light reading, but generally even that required more effort than she chose to make. The children learned to keep out

of her way; she could bear no noise, she said, and they did not like to be with her. Still, she had been so long inefficient in her family, that she was not much missed; they were accustomed to do without her.

One day, Betty came in as usual for money. Mrs. Warren went to her purse, and, to her utter amazement, found that she had but one ten-dollar bill left. She handed it to Betty, and, with the empty purse in her hand, she sunk down into a seat. For the first time it flashed over her that there was a bottom to her purse; and who was to refill it? She had been so absorbed by her own selfish sorrows, that she really had not before given the subject a thought. She was overwhelmed at this discovery. What was now to be done? What *should* she do? Where should she go? Roused by this stirring necessity, her mind began to work with vigor. Plan succeeded plan, and thought thought, in wild confusion. She would go home to her mother.—She would *not* go home to her mother. The children would kill the old folks. But she *must* go home to her mother.—No, she *wouldn't* go home to her mother. A poor, deserted wife, with four children on her hands—the shame of it would kill her; she would beg first. But what could she do? Here gaped before her an empty purse. "What can I do? I'll keep school.—O! I should die, shut up in a hot room, with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep school. Then I must fill up my house with boarders.—What could I do with boarders, sick as I am all the while? I hate house-keeping; I cannot bear care!" Wide gaped the empty purse still. She flung it down, and herself, too, on the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread, and I must get it for them." Ah! now those tears fall for them; the first tears which had fallen for any one but self. They softened her parching heart, and refreshed it as summer rain the thirsty earth.

"I will *not* go home!" said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. "I believe that I can, and I will, support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will get a living, and I will set about it before my last dollar is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.

Juliette Harwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character when Henry Warren wooed her. The seeds of her future misery, however, had been carefully sown by her over-indulgent mother. If anything ailed Juliette, it was a great affair. She was nursed, and tended, and babied, and never allowed to exert herself at all. She was brought up to feel that everything must yield to her poor feelings; so that when, after her marriage, her health really became somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meet it. As we have seen, she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Harwood must come forth to Juliette Warren. That kind heart and strong arm, which had so long supported her, had been taken away. Now she had no one but herself to depend upon.

"I will take boarders." This she settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For the first time since her husband's departure, she went out on a week-day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Morton. Mr. Morton could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment, when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had as to its success; nevertheless, he promised to aid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were near by, he offered to go at once and see them. Mrs. Warren sat down and awaited his return. The young men accepted the offer, and wished to come the next day. This was pressing matters hard. Mrs. Warren calculated on some weeks, at least, for preparation—she knew she must get used to effort; but here it was—she must take the boarders at their time, or lose them. She decided to take them.

Betty as yet knew not a word about the matter. "Would she consent to remain," anxiously thought Mrs. Warren, "to remain and work so much harder? Then she had had her own way so long, would she bear a mistress? If she should go, how was her place to be supplied? She had been so long in the family, she knew everything they had, and where it was kept." Mrs. Warren felt her ignorance. She would have to go to Betty to ask about everything. Indeed, she did not know what she had. It seemed as if she could not stir hand or foot without Betty. Yet, if she would go, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was—her boarders were engaged. More than anything else she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must not blame her too much because, woman-like, she sat down first and had a good cry over it. But crying did not help it any, and time pressed. So she wound up her resolution once more, and called Betty.

"Marm?" said she.

"I want to see you a few minutes, Betty."

"I am busy now; I'll come by and by."

"I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you now."

The very unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered, surprised Betty into instant obedience.

"What do you want of me?" said she, rather pettishly, as she entered the parlor.

Mrs. Warren's heart sunk. "I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. I've got to do something to get a living. My money is all gone. I gave you the last dollar, this morning."

"The land! Well, I've been expecting it, this some time. I s'pose, now, you will go home to your mother?"

"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow," said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.

"Well, if that an't a pretty piece of work!" said Betty, her face turning all manner of colors; "and you think I am going to take care of you and the children, and a house full of boarders into the bargain, do you? I tell you, Miss Warren, I won't slave myself to death so, for nobody!"

"I did not think you would," said Mrs. War-

ren, slowly and sadly. "I had about made up my mind that you would leave me, and I should have to get another girl. I will go the office now. You will stay, Betty, long enough to teach her the way round, won't you?"

Betty looked thunderstruck; she could not immediately speak.

"And you sick all the time!" said she, at last. "You can't do nothing. How will you look going down and seeing to dinner, with one of your headaches, I should like to know?"

"I expect it will come hard on me, Betty; but I cannot help it—it must be done. I have made up my mind to it. You will stay with me a fortnight, won't you? I don't expect to get any one to fill your place, you have been with us so long;—let me see, now, ever since Henry was born;—you seem like one of us. Still, I must do the best I can. Do, for my sake, Betty, try and make it easy for me to break in a new hand. I will go right out, now, and see what I can do."

Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.

"Well, if this an't pretty times!" said Betty, her face becoming redder and redder, while her voice grew husky. "Do you think, Miss Warren, that I am really a-going off to leave you in such a pickle? I guess I can work as you, any day; and if we can't both of us together get victuals and drink for the children, why, we'll give it up. When I am gone, you can get another gal, if you are a mind to."

So Betty remained, and took hold of her new labors courageously. This was an inexpressible relief to Mrs. Warren. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful whether she could have gone on without her.

Her house filled up rapidly, and unwearied exertions and care were necessary to keep it in order. After some severe struggles with her old habits of indolence and indulgence, she came off conqueror. She found out there was such a thing as keeping illness confined within its proper sphere—that is, to the body, while the mind might go free. She found out that throbbing temples and disordered nerves could be made to obey as well as *rule*. At those times when, if left to the dictates of her own poor feeling, she would scarcely have dragged one foot after another, she found out that she could step about her day's work, and briskly, too. Every victory gained made her stronger. Then, in addition to this moral renovation, her health really improved. She found out there was no doctor for her like Dr. "Have-to." Her cheeks became ruddy and her eyes bright, and her mind awoke to cheerfulness and activity, in the pleasant society which was now about her. Juliette Warren, in a few months, was very much changed, as all would have seen, could they have gone with Betty to her chamber, when, for the first time since the day the boarders came, she carried up a meal to her, and found her on the bed with her mending-basket by her, thimble on, work in hand, trying between the paroxysms of pain to set a few stitches.

"The land, Miss Warren!" said old Betty, "if I was as sick as to go to bed, I am sure I wouldn't sew."

"O, I must; I cannot afford time to be sick."

"Well, now, if I shall not give it all up! What do you think Mr. Warren would say, to see you now? I'll bet he wouldn't believe his own eyes."

Mrs. Warren made no reply; but this remark of Betty's went like an arrow to her heart. In an instant a gleam of light shot across the past. As if by a sudden revelation, she saw at a glance all its mistakes. Days, months, nay, years, were marshalled before her; through all of which she had been the sick, complaining, inefficient wife and mother. She was almost overwhelmed; she had never seen it so before. Scene after scene crowded upon her mind, in which she had taxed her husband's patience to the utmost. And what had she given him in return for all his kindness? Nothing. His home had been uncomfortable, and his money had been wasted. Now she could see plainly enough why he left her. Now she felt how deeply she had wronged him. She longed to throw herself at his feet, and implore his forgiveness. All her early love for him revived in its intensity. "O, my God!" she exclaimed, in a burst of grief, "spare him, O, spare him to return, that I may make some amends for the injury I have done him, and that he may know of my penitence and love!"

For many days after this, Mrs. Warren carried with her an aching heart. It required a prodigious effort for her to make exertion, in this state of feeling; but it must be done. Even sorrow could not be indulged in selfishly.

She sought some comfort by writing to her husband, stealing time for this from her sleep. These letters, by the way, never reached him; neither did his reach her.

At this time, also, she formed another plan, which was a comfort to her. She determined to lay by every cent which she could possibly spare from her earnings, hoping to collect at least a small sum towards assisting her husband in setting up in business, should he come home as poor as he went. This gave her a new motive for exertion. She gave her whole mind to her business. Her house was popular; her table was filled to overflowing; her affairs were well managed. She was, as she deserved to be—for there were not ten ladies in the city who made more effort—she was successful. Her children were put out to the best schools. They improved rapidly in mind and manners. Henry was a great help to her; he was a manly little fellow, with his father's kind heart.

Betty continued to rule in the kitchen, though a stout girl was brought in to serve under her. The boarders always knew Betty's cooking—no one else made things taste quite so well; so she kept on the way, doing her full share of the fretting and scolding, and her full share of the work, too. She never let her mistress go ahead of her; on her feet she would stand "as long as Miss Warren, she knew," if she was tired enough to drop.

One morning Mrs. Warren was presiding, as usual, at her cheerful breakfast-table. She looked the personification of health and neatness. Her soft, glossy hair was brushed back under an embroidered cap, which was tied with rose-colored strings, deepening a little the shade of

the peach-blossom on her cheek. A neat morning-dress, fitting her trim figure, was finished off at top by a white collar, which encircled her white throat. She was handing a cup of coffee, when she heard the front door open. As her table was full, she set down the cup to listen. Steps were heard on the stairs. Mr. Morton entered the dining-room, and a gentleman followed. —A stranger, was he? His sun-burnt face was almost concealed by immense mustaches and whiskers. He was stout and short, and singularly dressed.—A stranger, was he? Eye met eye and heart leaped to heart, and with a scream of joy she sprang to meet her husband. Yes, it was he. There he was, safe and sound, toils and dangers notwithstanding—safe in his own home; the wife of his early love restored to him; his children, boys of whom any man might be proud, shouting around him; and there, in the rear, faithful old Betty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and crying, because "she did not know what on aith else to do."

As we are strangers, it would be polite for us to withdraw, with the boarders, and leave the family to their well-earned joy; but we cannot refrain from stealing, by and by, away from the children, up stairs with Harry Warren and his wife, into the old chamber. No camphor and ammonia are there, now, I promise you. They sat down in the old arm-chair together, and Juliette told over her story, showing the purse, which, when empty, with gaping mouth, preached to her so loudly and fearfully one day, and what effort and toil it cost her to fill it, and how much good the toil had done her. Then, with trembling voice and bowed head, she lingered on that night of bitterest sorrow, when Betty gave her the key of the past, and she saw how, through excessive selfishness, she had sinned. She told, too, how her heart had asked for her husband's forgiveness. Then came the plan she had found comfort in. With glistening eye and trembling fingers, she snapped open the purse before him, and showed to him her little treasure of hoarded gold, hoarded for him alone; she poured it all out into his hard, brown hand, while the tears, big tears, rolling down his swarthy cheeks, dropped upon it. He, weeping over a little heap of yellow dust, who, in California's mines, had gathered it by the spade-full! Yet not California, with all her golden treasures, could have purchased for the grateful man what this had given him.

We must not linger over the opening of the old chest, which was so well freighted with native ore; enough for all, Betty included, and enough, we presume, to have set Mr. Warren up in that very handsome store where last we saw him.

Juliette Warren is still in comfortable health, an energetic woman, and a first-rate housekeeper. If ever she finds herself "running down," as they say, she takes to her old Doctor *Have-to*; and if no necessity is laid upon her for exertion, she lays it upon herself. Long life and happiness to them and their children!

Should there be any wives who have not yet been able to find out what sent their husbands to California, Juliette's history may give them a little light on the matter.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

Duty itself is supreme delight when love is the inducement to labor.

When men try to get more good than comes from well doing, they always get less.

The man who never interfered with his wife's affairs, is in the city. P. S. He is unmarried.

The only thing which every one can do, and the only thing which any one need do, is his duty.

Example is more forcible than precept. "My people," said Mr. Cecil, "look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the Sabbath."

In whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim, with Hamlet, "Take any shape but that!"

A shirt made with the magnetic needle and the thread of a parson's discourse, will be exhibited at the World's Fair, in New York.

Temperance puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole composition of man.

Severe trials call into action those reserved forces of thought and courage and fortitude and faith, which give the victory in the battle of life.

A negro undergoing an examination at Northampton, Mass., when asked if his master was a Christian, replied—"No, sir; he's a member of Congress."

Married, John Finn to Sally Dorr. If it takes one marriage to make a Dorr Sally Finn, (dorsal fin) how many would it take to make the whole fish?

A humorous old gentleman of our acquaintance having handed a few coppers to an itinerant music-grinder, has entered the disbursement in his petty expense-book as "organic change."

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at dessert, if he would not venture on an orange? "Madame, I should be very happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

VERY ACCOMMODATING.—Cabby (politely.) "Beg pardon, sir; please don't smoke in the keb, sir; ladies do complain o' the 'bacca uncommon. Better let me smoke it for yer, outside, sir!"

A short man became attached to a very tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call that *falling* in love?" said an old bachelor. "It is more like *climbing* up to it."

A man called upon an unfortunate tradesman to pay a demand. "I can never pay it," said he, "I am not worth a farthing; but I will give you a note—I am not so poor yet but that I can sign a note."

WEBSTER AND EVERETT.—The Newark Daily Advertiser says of these distinguished men:—"They will descend to posterity together. Webster is the sturdy oak—Everett the graceful elm; both long-lived trees natural to our soil."

Thackeray, in one of his lectures, paid a deserved compliment to the English language. "It is the only language," he said, "that Freedom is permitted to speak."

The New York Star emits the following beam: A correspondent entered an office, and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied—"I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter."

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining; and make their friends uneasy, and strangers merry, by murmuring at evils that do not exist, and repining at grievances which they do not really feel.

Do not sit dumb in company. That looks either like pride, cunning or stupidity. Give your opinion modestly, but freely; hear that of others with candor, and ever endeavor to find out and to communicate truth.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.

Running into debt often tempts people to tell lies. This made a great wit say, "Lying rides on debt's back." When you have contracted a debt you may think little of payment, but creditors have better memories than debtors—being a superstitious sect, are great observers of days and times.

It is related as an anecdote of the celebrated Talleyrand, that when he took the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, and the then new constitution, he jokingly, if not sneeringly, said: "Well, this is only the eighteenth oath I have taken to support a new constitution in France."

It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character; and so many open ears ready to receive their reports.

A celebrated German physician is about to publish a scientific condemnation of the present loose sleeves worn by the ladies. He proves that they promote rheumatism and all kinds of complaints, and recommends a return to the long and close sleeves of a former period.

Mrs. Oakes Smith, in a lecture on woman's rights, remarked that if a man wishes a job of work done cheap, he employs a woman to do it; if he has a bad bill to pass off, he gives it to a woman; and if he has a fit of *blues*, his wife has the benefit of it.

Emerson says, "Adhesiveness is a large element of success. Genius has glue on its feet, and will take hold on a marble slab. Out of a pine log, a Yankee will whittle a Judgeship, a seat in Congress, a mission to England. The first part of economy is to do your peculiar work; the second is to do it by system."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

MR. THACKERAY, HIS LECTURES AND WORKS.

Now that the lectures of Mr. Thackeray in our city have drawn to a close, it may, perhaps, be as well to examine somewhat more narrowly into their merit as compositions, their tendencies in the main, the qualities of the gentleman by whom they were delivered, and how far these lectures bear out the impression we had previously formed and promulgated in relation to his novelistic writings.

In this city, the lectures of Mr. Thackeray have been the "rage." They were endorsed by "fashion" as admirable, and "fashion" and her numerous imitators patronized them accordingly. The press spoke of them as acute analysis of habits and character, and a desire was created in those who are curiously speculative in such matters, to witness the artistic skill with which Swift was galvanised into life; the calm and devout Addison held up to admiration and contempt; Dick Steele heartily praised and pitied; Fielding exalted; Congreve, Gay, and Prior, each patted on the head and dismissed with varying modicums of praise; the better qualities of Pope descanted upon, and his worst, singularly enough, delicately toned down; Sterne pounced upon and torn savagely to pieces, and Goldsmith lauded for his fine, generous traits of character, and praised, with a covert sneer, for his simplicity.

But before proceeding any further with our remarks, let us do Mr. Thackeray the justice to say that at the close of his last lecture, he defended himself from the charge previously made of having drawn a distorted portrait of Swift, or of any other literary character which had passed before him for critical review. This he did with a simple earnestness that left upon the mind of his hearers not a moment's doubt of his truth.

We do not hesitate to say that the portraits of those literary worthies, which Mr. Thackeray has thought proper to present to the public in a series of lectures, most admirably written, are portraits; while at the same time we admit, with those who dissent, that they are not *correct* portraits in the strict sense of the word, inasmuch as they are exaggerated and incomplete. The great fault of Mr. Thackeray does not lie in his want of skill, but in a certain distortion of intellectual vision, by which he sees, in extraordinary prominence, only the worst traits in the character of an individual, while the finer and more delicate qualities by which those even the least favorable, are in some degree chastened and modified, he either cannot see at all, or he regards them with a sarcastic look, which very conclusively evinces his doubts of their usefulness.

Of all the writers who have made life and character their study, Mr. Thackeray is the most one-sided. He has evidently seen a great deal of the world, and has become soured by his experience. The greatest danger we see both in his writings and his lectures, arises from the fact that he *does* tell the truth. Unfortunately, too, we acknowledge it to be the truth, and we rise from the

perusal of his books, or the hearing of his discourses, fully convinced that the plague spot of disease is upon every one, and that it exerts a controlling power over every other healthy quality.

But if Mr. Thackeray tells the truth, as we admit he does, he also tells it with that degree of distortion or caricature which novelists and artists are licensed to employ; and what is far worse, he does not tell the whole truth, but only so much of it as suits his purpose. Now this would be all very well, if those who read could appreciate the fact, or possessed an equal ability to fill out the angles and enliven the shadows with warm touches of generous color. But there are very few who have the capacity to do this, and fewer still will take the trouble. The main army of readers neither reason nor examine for themselves; but taking anything and everything that appears natural, to be true, they are willing to accept it as such, and in this way they take up abnormal views of things, which might readily be exchanged for a healthier moral insight, if they would only accustom themselves to extract the good from the evil, by giving free play to their own powers of mental analysis. Nothing can be more plain and unpretending than the style of Mr. Thackeray; nothing can be easier than his manner of delivery. So natural and frank is he, that he appeared to his numerous auditors in the friendly aspect of a pleasant conversationalist, rather than as holding towards them the constrained position of a public lecturer. While listening to his remarks, the acuteness of the analysis was often lost in admiring the charm of manner; and it is to this happy faculty that the success of Mr. Thackeray with us has been greatly owing. He neither stilt nor stultifies himself; but presents himself in his natural character as a quiet, self-possessed gentleman, as well disposed to amuse his auditors by humorous touches and sarcastic allusions, as to instruct them by skillful dissections of character. Of the impression conveyed by a perusal of Thackeray's novels, an excellent review in the London Times thus speaks:

"If, before the appearance of *Esmond*, we had been asked to define the limits of Mr. Thackeray's field of operations, we should have said that it was bounded on the north by Baker street, and on the south by Pall-mall. Nowhere had this novelist seemed more at home than in the drawing-rooms of the Baker street district, and in the coffee-rooms of the Pall-mall Club-house. The petty vices and disagreeable foibles of the middle classes were as familiar to him as his own countenance, and, to speak the truth, it would really seem that he loved to contemplate them with as much enjoyment as a fond woman might her face. Life drawn by the pencil of Mr. Thackeray was life without the bright light of heaven upon it; it was life looked upon with a disbelieving, a disappointed, and a jaundiced eye. It was real, but only as sickness is real, or any other earthly visitation. Travel whithersoever we might with our clever but sceptical companion, it was impossible to feel happy or at ease. We dared not

believe in heroism, for he rebuked the belief with a sneer; we could not talk of human perfectibility, for he had pooh-poohed the idea with a smile of contempt. If he introduced us to a clever girl, it was simply that we might detect hideous selfishness in its most delicate form. Did we note goodness in man or woman, it was only to be reminded that we gazed upon fools. Generous impulses crossed our path, but invariably allied with ottishness or worse. Inquiring minds were pointed out to us, listening industriously at key-holes, and ambition was deemed to have a fit illustration in the career of an aspiring swindler. It was not easy to proceed for an hour with Mr. Thackeray without being fascinated by the tranquil and self-confident flow of his discourse, and without deriving instruction from his words; but the most cheerful was doomed to lose all comfort in his walk. Who can be comfortable in a hospital? Who can be comfortable spending his days with people not passionate enough for the perpetration of great faults, and not sufficiently pure for the perfect performance of the humblest virtues? Who is comfortable in a sponging-house, in a gambling booth, in any place on earth where the least creditable of man's great faculties are in full play, and where the highest and most ennobling are for the time annihilated and extinct?"

"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

There are five little mono-syllabic words in the English tongue, which, framed into a simple sentence, contain an injunction well calculated, when adopted in the right spirit, to repress the rising sense of discontent at our lot, and to lighten those sorrows which are common to all. Those five words, so profoundly wise, when properly applied, are, "*Make the best of it.*"

If the friend of your youth changes in his affection towards you and reposes his confidence in other and newer associates, perhaps less worthy, do not cast him pettishly from your heart; but learning wisdom from your own frailties, still treat him kindly when you chance to meet, and though his friendship has diminished, do not pine for what you have lost, but rather seek to regain it by gentle courtesies, and if these fail he is unworthy of your love, so "*make the best of it.*"

If the world appears to frown upon your endeavors, do not frown in return upon the world, for it is a good world notwithstanding; but present always towards it a cheerful face, and whatever may seemingly go wrong, "*make the best of it.*"

If in the many fluctuations of business you should become involved in a serious difficulty, do not sit down and pine over what you have lost, but resolutely go to work again to rebuild your shattered fortunes, and "*make the best of it.*"

Never recall with useless complaints the misfortunes of the past, since, to do so, is to encourage the growth of a weakness which palsies all hope in the future. What is done, is done; and all the grief in the world cannot remedy it. Future action may retrieve much that former folly or inexperience may have taken from you. Early failures are no tests of maturer powers; try again, and even if you do not yet succeed, do not despair, try again, and "*make the best of it.*"

If a neighbor judges you wrongfully, do not quarrel with that neighbor; but with the self-consciousness of rectitude, "*make the best of it.*"

If the cares of life press heavily upon you, look around, and see how many there be who are equal or greater sufferers than yourself. Though not insensible to your condition, for that would argue callousness, yet comfort will come to you, almost unawares, if you "*make the best of it.*"

If there is sickness in your family, it is a dispensation against which no possible forethought can at all times guard. Endure it, therefore, with a reverent hope, that nature and a good physician will restore to health the beloved object of your solicitude. Do not fill the hearts of your household with ominous forebodings, nor alarm the sufferer with the unusual gravity of your demeanor; but, putting your trust in an over-ruling Providence, "*make the best of it.*"

If you have once erred, do not waste the whole of your life in bewailing your error; but, profiting by the one false step, take especial care not to repeat it, and thus "*make the best of it.*"

If your house takes fire, do not sit down helplessly and wring your hands; but with prudent haste save whatever you can, and "*make the best of it.*"

If your ship founders at sea, drowning yourself in consequence will not bring the vessel into port. Increased exertion may build another ship, and in this way replace the one that was lost. A sanguine spirit will always "*make the best of it.*"

If business is dull, it may revive again with the changing season. In the meantime, retrench your expenses to meet your lessened income, and so, "*make the best of it.*"

In whatever condition of life you may be placed; whatever sorrows you may have to endure; whatever you may have to bear from the sins and infirmities of others; however dubious may be your business prospects; however you may be tried, or tempted, the philosophy of happiness in every state, no matter how unfavorable it may seem, is to "*make the best of it.*"

DOES THE RACE DEGENERATE ?

An opinion, to the effect that the human race has for centuries been degenerating, prevails to a considerable extent. There are, unquestionably, some facts which, at first sight, seem to favor such an opinion. If the manufacturing population of England, or specially the workers in the cotton mills of Manchester, who were sent there at an early age and wrought, perhaps, twelve hours a day before their bodies had attained their full growth, be compared with the choicest specimens among the agricultural class, or the aboriginal rangers of our forests, there may be obtained something of the appearance of evidence that the race degenerates under the influences of civilization. But such facts admit of a more just and a more satisfactory explanation. They show that there are, verily, certain causes in operation among the manufacturing population which tend to produce degeneracy, and which, if kept in operation in the same families for several generations, would produce quite an amount of degeneracy. But there are no facts which indicate anything like an universal or even a very general de-

generacy. On the contrary, there are facts sufficient to make manifest that since the creation of man, or, at least, since the earliest reliable records, the stature and physical powers of the human race have been, in similar circumstances, essentially the same. All human tradition, all authentic history, go to confirm these views.

It would be well, however, to remember that there are certain influences in operation in the more civilized states of society, and among certain classes, especially, which threaten to produce degeneracy when continued through successive generations. The classes most exposed to these malign influences are especially those whose occupations are sedentary. The want of a proper amount of exercise, and of a pure and freely circulating atmosphere, are among the most deleterious of the influences to which these classes are exposed. It would be for the benefit of professional men, those of sedentary occupations, and ladies, were the conviction to become more widely and more deeply fixed that a pure, healthful and free circulation of air is an indispensable condition of health, longevity, hardiness and normal development. Indeed, with the exception of farmers, we have few *classes* of men in this country who are not, more or less, exposed to degenerating tendency of a want of sufficient exercise in the open air. To this want must be attributed the well-known delicacy of female health in these United States, compared with the greater robustness or vigor of English and European females. The one keep themselves shut up in close and heated rooms, while the other seeks the benefit of exercise and pure air in walking or gardening, or other out-of-door employments.

If we fear or would avoid degeneracy, therefore, here is, perhaps, the *principal* evil influence to be avoided. Its injurious effects, in individual cases, are often manifest enough. When continued through successive generations, they are abundantly evident. The shoemakers, the tailors, and other sedentary classes of workmen in the old world, generally, and almost without exception, where these trades have been continued in the same families from generation to generation, are diminutive and diseased. On the other hand, the blacksmiths, the carpenters, the agriculturists, the soldiers and gentlemen, are generally healthy, vigorous and long-lived.

We write with a strong desire and hope that this cause of degeneracy may be more generally guarded against. We would contribute what we can towards fixing deep and wide the persuasion, that all who would be healthy, and free from degeneracy in themselves and their progeny, must not deprive themselves of exercise in the open air. Our houses, too, must be better ventilated. Free circulation of air should be secured in all sitting and all sleeping apartments. No matter how cold the weather, fresh air should be admitted freely, profusely. Invigorate the circulation on the surface by cold bathing, or put on more clothing, or pile on more fuel, but do not exclude the atmosphere. A more careful conformity to nature's requirements in these respects would contribute much to banish the commencements of degeneracy we occasionally witness, and to secure increase of health, vigor, comfortable exist-

ence, and longevity. It would banish an abundant source of domestic discomfort—that which springs from depression of spirits, so often caused by close and confined air. It would turn back the tide of degeneracy which threatens us, and which, some think, already overwhelms us.

ROTATION IN OFFICE.

Among the many errors which have of late years crept into, and which now form a part of our Republican institutions, is the adoption of the doctrine of rotation in office without regard to the fitness of persons. We admit it to be a powerful means of sustaining the fiery ardor of party organization, inasmuch as it keeps in constant excitement the hopes of aspiring politicians, and is a ready bait to confirm the adhesion of the lukewarm. Now, rotation in office is undoubtedly just and proper as a Democratic principle, and, properly exercised, would at all times be conducive to the best results. It is not, therefore, the principle which we condemn, but the manner in which that principle is wrested from its legitimate application, and made use of as a lever to operate upon the passions and the prejudices of the masses. If the aggregate of officeholders in the United States is in round numbers one hundred thousand, the number of eager-eyed and hungry political expectants may be reasonably set down at one million, or one in every twenty-seven of population. This estimate may appear large at first glance, but, enormous as it seems, it can scarcely be said to be overstated. Taking the above hypothesis as a guide, the average number of candidates for each office would only amount to ten, and when the President elect is receiving bushels of letters daily, we can well imagine how many hungry watchers for the political loaves and fishes there are.

All this keeps up a constant state of political effervescence, which is far from beneficial to the well-being of the Republic. Men, anxious to display their zeal for the party to which they belong, eagerly foster prejudices against their opponents, and often widen the breach between old friends, which it lay in their power by a few soothing words to have healed. Nor is this the only evil. In order to carry their ends, there is a certain class of politicians who are constantly exciting the jealousy of the working classes against their employers, and those who, by birth, accident, or their own industry, have become wealthier than themselves. Thus heart-burnings and envy are engendered, which occasion not unfrequently, at the polls, an exhibition of insolence approaching nearly, if not quite, to brutality.

That such a condition of things should exist—and who is there can deny it?—argues an error somewhere. That error lies mainly in the constant parcelling out anew of offices in the gift of leading politicians. Party organizations are at all times beneficial, and that partisans should partake of the official benefits to be derived from having achieved a political victory, some may think perfectly just; but what we object to is, that office should be made the temptation to political depravity, and that men thoroughly incompetent to perform the duties should be inducted into

stations from which most faithful and competent predecessors have been unceremoniously ousted. Appetite for office, too, increases by having tasted of it, just as the Mississippi water is said to inspire all who drink of it with a desire to reside constantly in the South. How much it is to the interest of an individual to forsake his legitimate business, and become a political brawler, it is not for us to say. That it is not to the interest of any government to bestow upon ignorant and vicious men any places already better filled, is a truth which no, we think, will be found hardly enough to deny.

BRITISH HONDURAS.

If the reader will turn to any map of Mexico and the West Indies, he will find that the land sweeps in a bold, irregular semi-circle from the Capes of Florida to the extreme verge of the peninsula of Yucatan; being partially shut in at the mouth of the semi-circle by the Island of Cuba. Embraced within this extraordinary curvature lies that large body of water known as the Gulf of Mexico. If a vessel should sail in a direct line almost due south from Mobile, the first land the mariners would meet with, after crossing the Gulf, would be the promontory of Yucatan.—Doubling this Cape and still sailing South, they would coast the western edge of Yucatan and Balize, and finally come to an anchor in the Bay of Honduras. In the territory lying between the Balize river and the river Honda on the north, the English have enjoyed ever since 1742—first by forcible possession, and afterwards by a special grant from Spain—the privilege of cutting logwood; the logwood cutters, by a law passed in Parliament, in 1790, having the same privileges in imports and exports as an English colony; the Spaniards claiming the sovereignty of the country and the English acknowledging their rights. By the treaty of 1783, the British agreed to abandon Ruatan and other islands off the coast, and to confine their settlements wholly to the Balize. This agreement was not, however, carried into effect until three years afterwards. In 1796 the British again took possession of Ruatan, but were expelled the following year by the Spaniards. By the treaty of 1814, Spain stipulated with Great Britain to permit English subjects to occupy Balize, or British Honduras, as it is now most frequently called, and an island in the vicinity; but only for the purpose of cutting logwood and mabogany, and on no account with a view to permanent settlement. Subject to these conditions, the English have continued to hold the territory between the Balize river and the Honda ever since; and conscious of the invalidity of their title to absolute possession, they have latterly sought to get it confirmed by the Court at Madrid. When the Central American Revolution took place in 1821, the title of Spain to the island of Ruatan and others passed over to the small Republic of Honduras. In 1830, regarding with contempt the weakness of this small commonwealth, the English superintendent at Balize took possession of Ruatan in the name of his sovereign. The time for permanent occupancy was, however, considered premature by his government, and the act was disavowed. Eleven years later, another superinten-

dent again took forcible possession of the disputed island, and hauled down the Republican flag. The act this time was recognized by the English government, and to the protest of Honduras, the reply of the superintendent was, that he had acted in obedience to orders. Possession was subsequently kept up in a loose sort of way, by establishing some negroes on the island; but it was not formally recognized as a dependency of Balize, until 1851, a year after the Clayton and Bulwer treaty was ratified. In this treaty, which was for the establishment of a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it was stipulated that neither of the contracting parties were to make settlements on the coast of Central America; but this was not intended to apply to the existing settlement of the British at Honduras and the dependent islands.

Now with regard to the Balize or British Honduras, as distinguished from the State of Honduras, there is no doubt that, by treaty with Spain, the English have certain definite rights in the territory, similar to what a farmer may have, who occupies land by contract from the owner for an indefinite period, but without possessing any further title. To this British Colony, as in effect it is, Mr. Polk was undoubtedly justified in sending a consul; and it was equally proper in Mr. Clayton to acknowledge the existence of those rights. The rights of England over what she is pleased to call her dependencies are, however, by no means so clear, unless she considers herself privileged to hold them by the strong hand.

The recent speeches in Congress upon this subject, render it one of considerable interest at the present time to the American people. To the English possession of Honduras, qualified by the treaty with Spain, we certainly cannot object. What is meant by its dependencies is not so clear; and herein only, we think our Senators have just cause for complaint.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LOVE.

We particularly recommend the subjoined extract to all who have at heart the good of their children, and who wish to make their homes happy. We do not know the author, but, whoever he may be, he has not only observed closely, but looked far below the surface of human nature. Self-government is the first pre-requisite in family government. If we do not govern ourselves, the task of governing our children is a hopeless one. But, nothing that we might say, can possibly reach the very heart of this matter like the following:—

“We have not half confidence enough in the power of love to disarm the violent and reclaim the vicious. The fault begins in our families. We do not seek enough to bear with each other's faults. We mistake our selfish impatience of each other's foibles or faults, for a righteous indignation at wrong; and our obstinacy and pride, which would conform all others to our own ideas of things, for firmness of principles and fidelity to duty. We do not seek enough in our own home to call forth the better qualities in each other's hearts. The faults of our friends are often the reflection of our own weakness or errors. Our carelessness causes their petulance, our jealousy

their suspicions, our selfishness their grief, our injustice their danger. So likewise it is with our children. We do not love them enough to make sacrifices in little things. We do not teach them in disinterestedness by our willingness to give up our taste for them. We indulge our sloth, and the quickest way of correcting a misconduct which shocks our nerves, or disturbs or interrupts our occupation, is resorted to.

"Oh, how quickly parents lose the confidence of their children, never to be regained, by injustice, selfishness, and absence of love! If the child only has faith in the love of its parents; if the son and daughter only love, and love tenderly, truly enough, how much less probable it is that they should wander far, or, erring, should not be speedily reclaimed. This is the grand rule in domestic education—love! Give your children a genial, loving atmosphere, in which to grow. Bear with their faults, which are frequently the beginning of their best excellencies—in patience wait upon the growth of their characters. Do not quench the spirit of truth, of beauty, of love, in them by your harsh violence.

"Live as near God as you can, and trust your children rather to the genial influences of the atmosphere you create, than to your wearisome precepts and corrections, and to the pruning knife of your standard of right and propriety.

"Throw them on their own tender consciences, and do not substitute in their minds artificial sins for real ones; and veer, if at all, on the side of indulgence. Obedience, not to God, but to the arbitrary will of a parent, is oftener procured at the expense of a thousand sacrifices of the heart, and the sternness which has made also the broken-spirited, suspicious and cold-hearted man or woman. Deal with your children as God deals with His children. Do not meet their anger, their petulance, with your own, or their obstinacy with wilfulness still greater. Overcome evil with good."

A WORD TO THE NEEDLE-WOMEN'S FRIENDS.

[A thoughtful and intelligent correspondent sends us the following suggestions on a subject now attracting much attention. If the advocates of woman's rights would do less talking and more acting; would spend less time in enunciating their wordy tirades against male oppressors, and give more thought and attention to the ways and means of bettering woman's external condition, much wrong and suffering, that now exists, would be met and remedied. Here, as in other cities, there are true-hearted, right-minded, influential women, whose voices are rarely heard above the common din of social life, who are working, instead of talking, for their sex, and they are doing much good. We wish the number were multiplied a hundred-fold.]

The condition of needle-women, in cities especially, can hardly fail to excite the sympathy of all who know anything of it. They suffer in almost every possible way. They labor early and late, long after nature is loudly demanding rest. They work, most of them, in close, confined, unwholesome apartments. Their places of board are generally as unwholesome and uncomfortable as their places of labor, being, for the

most part, in filthy parts of the city. Their scanty lights are injurious to their eyes, and the effluvia from their crowded, close rooms, and from the streets, are inimical to their health. Before they have lived out half their days, their constitution usually breaks down, their eyes refuse to do their office, their hands hang down, and consumption, or some other disease, claims them as its victims. Their wages are so scanty as scarcely to enable them to procure the bare necessities of life; and the accounts we have heard of the uncomfortableness of the boarding-places they are generally obliged to put up with, have harrowed the soul and caused the heart to bleed. The mind that has any benevolence cannot pass unnoticed and uncared for a class of fellow-beings in such a condition. The number of such sufferers is by no means small. Women by hundreds and thousands are in such a condition in several of our large cities; so closely pressed by want and low wages and discomforts of all sorts, that they have scarcely any other choice than that between starvation and shame. No wonder that when the condition of these poor sufferers is brought into contrast with that of the many well-fed, well-housed, well-dressed loungers and idlers in the same cities—no wonder that it should then be felt that society is somehow fearfully wrong, falsely arranged, full of injustice and oppression.

Will those who sympathize with this much-suffering class of fellow-beings consider a few suggestions, which have occurred to one most heartily desirous of contributing to some improvement in their condition?

Would it not, then, be the means of bettering the condition, both of those who might leave and of those who might remain, were hundreds of our city needle-women persuaded and assisted to leave the city? How easy were it to demonstrate that many of them could lose nothing by such a change! What have many of them to lose? What condition could possibly befall them, which would be any worse than their present one? On the contrary, would not hundreds of them, who have no particular ties to bind them to the city, be greatly benefited by a change to the country? Would they not gain something, well deserving some sacrifice, in the improvement of their health? Are not hundreds of them suffering, in every city, both in health and comfort, from their long hours of labor, their miserable food and poor accommodation, and from the close and contaminated atmosphere which they are obliged to breathe? Were they to gain nothing else, by exchanging city for country, would they not gain *very much* by the improvement of their health. But very certainly the most of them would gain more. They would gain in comfort, in self-respect, in increase of opportunities of improving their condition. They would neither have such long hours, nor such confined rooms, nor such miserable, unwholesome food. Their wages might be nominally less, though in reality such as to enable them to command more of anything they might wish in exchange. They would have more to sympathize with and help them. They would have less to suffer from inhumanity and hard-heartedness. They would have better associates

and fewer temptations to evil. Domestic service and other employments are, generally, easily to be had. There is so much demand for such service, that employers feel it for their interest to hold out tempting inducements of easy service and good wages to *faithful and capable* laborers.

One of the most effectual services which could be rendered to the class under notice, would be the enlargement of the number of employments for women. Let other modes of employment be procured for women generally. Women might with propriety and advantage be more frequently employed in printing-offices, book-binders, and dry goods' stores. The latter seem altogether more appropriate places for young women than young men. Would they suitably qualify themselves, women might more frequently find employment as nurses. By enlarging the circle of employments for women, the friends of the needle-woman would materially better the condition of that class.

It would go far towards bettering the condition, not of that class of women alone, but of all classes, were the sphere of feminine employments enlarged. Multitudes of women in all classes are dead-weights on their fathers or brothers, or other male relations. Open to women, more generally, opportunities of self-support and independence, and their condition would be, in this and other respects, greatly improved. The present dependent condition of woman is fraught with many evils. It is a wrong, a violation of the laws of the Supreme; and we see the penalty inflicted in ennuï and dragging out a wearisome existence in some, and in the over-crowding of the few employments open to women, in others.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The February number of Putnam's Magazine contains an intensely interesting article, under the title of "Have we a Bourbon among us?" in which the attempt is made to prove that the Dauphin, Louis XVII., did not die, as alleged, from cruel treatment at the age of ten years, but was in 1795 secretly brought to this country and placed in an Indian family, in St. Lawrence county, New York, and by this family reared as one of their own children. The Rev. Eleazer Williams, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, residing at Green Bay, Michigan, and now a Missionary among the Indians, is claimed to be this individual. Dr. Hawks, in a brief introduction to the article, offers strong testimony from personal knowledge, to the truthfulness of Mr. Williams' character, and also to that of a Mr. Hanson, who is the writer of the article referred to.

A stronger chain of corroborative testimony, in proof of any assumed fact, we have never seen. It is well known, that at the age of seven years, Louis was torn from the arms of his mother, Marie Antoinette, who was shortly after beheaded, and placed in the hands of a man named Simon, whose business it was not to actually murder the child, but to destroy his intellect, and, if his life in the end, so much the better, by cruel treatment. For eighteen months this inhuman wretch kept the boy in a cell in the Temple, deprived of all society, fresh air, or wholesome food, and subjecting him to dreadful cruelties. Too fatally was

his work accomplished. When something like a reaction from the horrors of the Revolution took place, and the Republican party began to feel ashamed of their fiendish excesses, the poor boy was removed from the custody of Simon—who was handed over to the executioner—and every kindness extended towards him. But it was too late. His body was dreadfully diseased, and his mind a blank. History says that he died from a scrofulous affection, the result of his cruel treatment. But the narrative above referred to says that such was not the case; that at the time of his reported death, he was brought to this country and given to an Indian woman at Caughnawaga, in St. Lawrence county, named Williams, whose husband was a half-breed; and to prove this, an array of facts is produced, the perusal of which leaves scarcely a doubt upon the mind.

Mr. Williams has no recollection whatever of his childhood. All is a blank until his fourteenth year, when the light of reason dawned upon his mind. He was then an Indian boy, with his Indian brothers and sisters, among whom he grew up, until sent to school at Long Meadows, Massachusetts. In manhood he became a Protestant Missionary among the Indians, and is still devoted to his sacred calling. Many of our readers will recollect that at the time the Prince de Joinville visited this country, in 1841, it was stated in some of the newspapers that a lineal descendant of one of the French royal families was somewhere among the Indians, and that the Prince had sought him out and had an interview with him. Mr. Williams now gives an account of this alleged interview, which took place at Green Bay. They first met on board of a steamer from Buffalo to Green Bay—the Prince, as it is alleged, being in search of him, and receiving intelligence from the Captain that Mr. Williams was on board.

"When we were fairly out on the water," says Mr. Williams, "the captain came to me and said, 'the Prince, Mr. Williams, requests me to say to you that he desires to have an interview with you, and will be happy either to have you come to him, or allow me to introduce him to you.' 'Present my compliments to the Prince,' I said, 'and say that I put myself entirely at his disposal, and will be proud to accede to whatever may be his wishes in the matter.' The captain again retired, and soon returned, bringing the Prince de Joinville with him. I was sitting at the time on a barrel. The Prince not only started with evident and involuntary surprise when he saw me, but there was great agitation in his face and manner—a slight paleness and a quivering of the lip—which I could not help remarking at the time, but which struck me more forcibly afterwards in connection with the whole train of circumstances, and by contrast with his usual self-possessed manner. He then shook me earnestly and respectfully by the hand, and drew me immediately into conversation."

Much general conversation passed between the Prince and Mr. Williams during the voyage. At Green Bay, a private interview was asked, of which Mr. Williams gives the following detailed account:

"He opened the conversation by saying that he

had a communication to make to me of a very serious nature as concerned himself, and of the last importance to me—that it was one in which no others were interested, and therefore before proceeding further, he wished to obtain some pledge of secrecy, some promise that I would not reveal to any one what he was going to say. I demurred to any such conditions being imposed previous to my being made acquainted with the nature of the subject, as there might be something in it after all prejudicial and injurious to others; and it was at length, after some altercation, agreed that I should pledge my honor not to reveal what the Prince was going to say, provided there was nothing in it prejudicial to any one, and I signed a promise to this effect on a sheet of paper. It was vague and general, for I would not tie myself down to absolute secrecy, but left the matter conditional. When this was done, the Prince spoke to this effect:

“You have been accustomed, sir, to consider yourself a native of this country; but you are not. You are of foreign descent; you were born in Europe, sir, and however incredible it may at first seem to you, I have to tell you that you are the son of a king. There ought to be much consolation to you to know this fact. You have suffered a great deal, and have been brought very low, but you have not suffered more, or been more degraded than my father, who was long in exile and poverty in this country; but there is this difference between him and you, that he was all along aware of his high birth, whereas you have been spared the knowledge of your origin.”

“When the Prince had said this, I was much overcome, and thrown into a state of mind which you can easily imagine. In fact I hardly knew what to do or say, and my feelings were so much excited that I was like one in a dream, and much was said between us of which I can give but an indistinct account. However, I remember that I told him that his communication was so startling and unexpected that he must forgive me for being incredulous, and that really I was ‘between two.’

“‘What do you mean,’ he said, ‘by being between two?’

“I replied that on the one hand, it scarcely seemed to me that he could believe what he said, and on the other I feared he might be under some mistake as to the person. He assured me, however, that he would not trifle with my feelings on such a subject, but that he spoke the simple truth, and that in regard to the identity of the person, he had ample means in his possession to satisfy me that there was no mistake in that respect. I then requested him to proceed with the disclosure already partly made, and to inform me in full of the secret of my birth. He replied that in doing so, it was necessary that a certain process should be gone through in order to guard the interest of all parties concerned. I inquired what kind of process he meant. Upon this the Prince rose and went to his trunk, which was in the room, and took from it a parchment which he laid on the table, and set before me that I might read and give him my determination in regard to it. There was also on the table pen and ink and wax, and he placed there governmental seals of France, the

one, if I mistake not, used under the old monarchy. It was of precious metal, but whether of gold or silver, or a compound of both, I cannot say. I think, on reflection, the latter; but I may be mistaken, for my mind was so bewildered and agitated, and engrossed with one absorbing question, that things which at another time would have made a strong impression on me, were scarcely noticed; although I must confess that when I knew the whole, the sight of the seal put before me by a member of the family of Orleans, stirred my indignation. The document which the Prince placed before me was very handsomely written in double parallel columns of French and English. I continued intently reading and considering it for a space of four or five hours. During this time the Prince left me undisturbed, remaining for the most part in the room, but he went out three or four times. The purport of the document, which I read repeatedly word by word, comparing the French with the English, was this: It was a solemn abdication of the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, the son of Louis XVI., who was styled Louis XVII., King of France and Navarre, with all accompanying names and titles of honor according to the custom of the old French monarchy, together with a minute specification in legal phraseology of the conditions, and considerations, and provisos, upon which the abdication was made. These conditions were in brief, that a princely establishment should be secured to me either in this country or in France, at my option; and that Louis Philippe would pledge himself on his part to secure the restoration, or an equivalent for it, of all the private property of the royal family rightfully belonging to me, which had been confiscated in France during the Revolution, or in any way got into other hands. Now you may ask me why I did not retain, at all hazards, this document, or, at any rate, take a copy of it; but it is very easy for you, sitting quietly there, to prescribe the course which prudence and self-interest would dictate. A day or two afterwards all these points, and the different lights in which the thing might be viewed, came to my mind, but at the moment I thought of nothing except the question of acceptance or rejection. And then remember the sudden manner in which the whole affair came upon me, and the natural timidity and bashfulness of one who had always considered himself of such obscure rank, when called without preparation to discuss such topics with a man of high position like the Prince. Besides which, my word of honor had been so recently and solemnly pledged, and a sense of personal dignity excited by the disclosures of the Prince, that I never so much as thought of taking any advantage of the circumstances, but simply and solely whether or not I should sign my name, and set my seal to a deliberate surrender of my rights and those of my family. It was a deeply painful and harrowing time, and I cannot tell you, and you cannot imagine how I felt when trying to decide this question. At length I made my decision, and rose, and told the Prince that I had considered the matter fully in all its aspects, and was prepared to give him my definite answer upon the subject; and then went on to say, that whatever might be

the personal consequences to myself, I felt that I could not be the instrument of bartering away with my own hand the rights pertaining to me by my birth, and sacrificing the interests of my family, and that I could only give to him the answer which De Provence gave to the ambassador of Napoleon at Warsaw: 'Though I am in poverty and exile, I will not sacrifice my honor.'

"The Prince upon this assumed a loud tone, and accused me of ingratitude in trampling on the overtures of the King, his father, who he said was actuated in making the proposition more by feelings of kindness and pity towards me than by any other consideration, since his claim to the French throne rested on an entirely different basis to mine, viz., not that of hereditary descent, but of popular election. When he spoke in this strain I spoke loud also, and said that as he, by his disclosure, had put me in the position of a superior! I must assume that position, and frankly say that my indignation was stirred by the memory that one of the family of Orleans had imbrued his hands in my father's blood, and that another now wished to obtain from me an abdication of the throne. When I spoke of superiority, the Prince immediately assumed a respectful attitude, and remained silent for several minutes. It had now grown very late, and we parted with a request from him that I would reconsider the proposal of his father, and not be too hasty in my decision. I returned to my father-in-law's, and the next day saw the Prince again, and on his renewal of the subject gave him a similar answer. Before he went away he said, 'Though we part, I hope we part friends.' For years I said little on the subject, until I received a letter from Mr. Kimball, dated at Baton Rouge, informing me of the dying statements of Belanger; and then when this report came from the South, confirming what the Prince had said, the thing assumed a different aspect. This letter is, I think, among my papers at Green Bay, but for years I have kept a minute journal of everything which has occurred to me, and have no doubt an abstract of it at Hogsburg. Our conversation to-night will go down."

Mr. Williams, whose portrait from a daguerreotype is given, has not a single Indian feature in his face, which bears a resemblance to the Bourbon family. The mouth is singularly like that of Marie Antoinette. He is described as an intelligent, "noble-looking old man, with no trace, however slight, of the Indian about him. * * * He has the port and presence of a European gentleman of high rank; a nameless something, which I never saw but in persons accustomed to command; a countenance bronzed by exposure below the eye-brows; a fair, high, ample, intellectual, but receding forehead; a slightly aquiline, but rather small nose; a long Austrian lip, the expression of which is of exceeding sweetness; full, fleshy cheeks, but not high cheek bones," &c.

The reputed Indian mother is still living, but will answer no questions as to the true birth of Mr. Williams. But it is remarkable that the baptismal register at Caughnawaga, certified by the priest, shows the names of all her other children, and the dates of their birth, occurring at intervals of about two years each; while no record of the name of "Eleazer" is to be found. "The

silence of the baptismal register may therefore," says Mr. Williams, "be deemed conclusive that the Indian woman is not my mother."

In the year 1818, at a social party at the house of Dr. Hossak, in New York, Citizen Genet met a number of gentlemen, of whom Dr. John W. Francis alone survives. Dr. Francis says that in the course of conversation on that occasion, the subject of the Dauphin was introduced, and the enquiry was started as to his fate, when Genet said, "Gentlemen, the Dauphin of France is *not dead*; he was brought to America." The conversation was continued for some time, when Genet informed the company, among other things, that he believed the Dauphin to be in Western New York, and that Le Ray Chaumont knew all about it. This Chaumont came over from France in 1795 or '96, purchased lands in St. Lawrence county, near where the boy Williams lived, and resided there in great opulence until 1832, when, on the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, he returned to France.

The Dauphin, while in the hands of Simon, his cruel jailor, from the filth in which he lived, contracted a severe scrofulous affection, which showed itself in dreadful ulcers on one of his legs. Now, it is remarkable that one of the legs of Mr. Williams bears deep marks of ulcers, even to extensive discolorations; and yet he knows not the time when he suffered from the disease.

But our limits will not permit of further details of this interesting case, and we close with a single extract from Mr. Hanson's narrative:

"There seems to me," I then said, "one simple and decisive test of the truth of your claim; I mean, your memory of your childhood. If you have always lived among the Indians, you cannot forget it, and if you are the lost Dauphin, it seems scarcely credible that, being at the time of your mother's death more than eight years of age, you could have passed through the fearful scenes of the revolution, without a strong impression of the horrors attendant on your early years. Have you any memory of what happened in Paris, or of your voyage to this country?"

"Therein," he replied, "lies the mystery of my life. I know nothing about my infancy. Everything that occurred to me is blotted out, entirely erased, irrecoverably gone. My mind is a blank until thirteen or fourteen years of age. You must imagine a child who, as far as he knows anything, was an idiot, destitute even of consciousness that can be remembered until that period. He was bathing on Lake George, among a group of Indian boys. He clambered with the fearlessness of idiocy to the top of a high rock. He plunged down head foremost into the water. He was taken up insensible, and laid in an Indian hut. He was brought to life. There was the blue sky, there were the mountains, there were the waters. That was the first I knew of life."

"As it is important to compare the statements of personal feelings, given to different persons by Mr. Williams, I may mention here, that a gentleman of the bar, of high standing, recently said to me—'I must do him the justice of saying, that he never pretended to know anything personally of what occurred in his childhood; but he said, however, that after the plunge in Lake George, his

mind seemed to recover its tone and soundness, and a good many images of things came back, but without any possibility of giving them name and place.' He then told me an incident of startling and dramatic interest. A gentleman of distinction, on his recent return from Europe, in an interview with Mr. Williams, threw some lithographs and engravings upon the table, at the sight of one of which, and without seeing the name, Williams was greatly excited, and cried out, 'Good God! I know that face. It has haunted me through life;' or words to that effect. On examination, it proved to be the portrait of Simon, the jailor of the Dauphin."

SEWING MACHINES.

We have noticed, in two or three instances, strong denunciations of sewing machines, by lady writers, as being injurious to the interests of seamstresses. Such denunciation is made from a partial view of the case. It may be stated, as a general proposition, that all new discoveries in labor-saving machinery, are a benefit to the working classes. At first, the introduction of a machine which does the labor of five, or twenty pairs of hands, deprives a few of the means of obtaining a livelihood in the old way; but many are benefited thereby; and we think it will be found, as a general rule, that even those who have been forced to abandon a certain kind of labor, soon procure that which is easier to be performed, or more remunerative. Mrs. Frances D. Gage, a writer whose fine good sense is ever showing itself in spite of her strong sympathy with some of the ultra movements of the day, speaking of the sewing machine in a recent number of the *Ohio Cultivator*, says with much truth:—

"I cannot feel with our friend, Mrs. —, that the sewing machine should be looked upon as a misfortune to sewing women, and while I agree with her that sewing is an employment well adapted to the capacity of women, (perhaps I do not quote her words exactly,) still I do not feel that it is a calling well adapted to her necessities, and I scarce know one woman who makes it a means of livelihood, who enjoys good health; and I always think when I see one of those pale, round-shouldered, emaciated beings, of Hood's inimitable poem—

"Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

"The sewing machine will, if it comes into general use, for a time perhaps, oppress the thousand, but the million will be benefited, and the oppressed ones must and will strike out into other avenues of labor. Better that 'woman should become the sweeper of the street in the fresh air, for her bread, than that she should as now, sing in some cold, damp closet, that soul-thrilling stanza of despair:—

"But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own,—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep:
Oh God! that Bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap."

"In America, there is an abundance for all; let us not then fear the increase of labor-saving

machines; but rather give out our strength and influence, to induce woman to leave the old narrow-beaten track in which she has walked for centuries, and to earn her bread by every occupation, right and true of itself, that her capacity or her attractions fit her for. I feel that every really useful labor-saving invention is an advancement of the human race—an additional force applied to humanity, to raise it above mere physical power, and bring it nearer to Deity. The few may suffer, but the many are made better, wiser, and happier. Such it seems to me has been the evidence of the past."

JOHN HOWARD ON HIS DEATH-BED.

When this distinguished philanthropist was on his death-bed, in a foreign country, a letter was received from England which brought information of the ameliorated condition of the prisoners at some place where he had labored in their behalf, and of the alleviation of their sufferings. When the letter was read, he observed, "Is not this comfort for a dying man?" His question shows that the recollection of good done was, indeed, a source of great comfort to him. And, in all cases we believe, the recollection of good accomplished, is a pleasing retrospect, especially, perhaps, to a dying man. At such a time many are haunted by the ghosts of their evil deeds, and for such harrowing recollections there is no antidote of equal power with the memory of some good deed or deeds.

This fact in the last hours of Howard may serve to teach or to call to remembrance the connexion between a beneficent or selfish life and a peaceful or remorseful death. If we have lived to do good, as we have had opportunity, if we have lived to be useful, it will comfort us whenever we look back on such a life, or on some of the particular occasions in it. The remembrance will soothe and satisfy. It will delight the soul, as the fragrance of flowers delights the senses. Especially will it render our declining days or years peaceful and tranquil, if we can reflect that we wasted not our youth in vanities, nor our manhood in chasing after the bubbles of ambition or pleasure, but commenced in early life to live for something higher than the usual ends of selfish indulgence and accumulation, and to do good as we had opportunity. How precious, then, will be the memory of the past! If we use our present time, talents and property for the noblest, highest ends, we shall remember it with satisfaction when time's last sands are running out of the hour-glass of life, when our talents are blunted and our influence restricted, and when our property can do next to nothing for us, nothing, at least, equal to the recollection of a wise and beneficent use thereof. How serene and peaceful the evening of life, when such scenes present themselves on a review of the active labors of the day!

But memory will furnish no source of joy to those who have spent life in frivolity or self-indulgence. While to some it will be an angel of mercy, to others it will be a demon of judgment. To some it will be a comforter; to others a tormentor. Now is the time to decide what it will be hereafter.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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THE HOURS OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE DOVE."

TWILIGHT.—The dewy morning of childhood has passed, and the noon of youth has gone, and the gloom of twilight is gathering over my spirit. Alas! alas! how my heart sinks in a woe and despair. One by one my hopes have died out, have faded like the gleams of sunshine that have just vanished beneath the grove of trees. Hopes! Ah such warm, bright, beautiful, loving hopes. But, methinks, they lived upon the earth, unlike the gleaming rays of sunshine that are fed from Heaven. The earth's darkness dims not their glory; pure and radiant they shine behind the black shadow. But human hopes are earth-born; they spring from the earth, like the fitting light of night, and lead us into bogs and quagmires.

Yet it is beautiful to realize that we have had hopes; they are the past light of the soul, and their glow yet lingers in this gloomy twilight, reminding one that there has been a sunny day, and memories of things pleasant and joyous mingle with the present loneliness and cheerless desolation.

Words, that excited hopes, that awoke thrilling emotions, linger on the listening ear. But, ah! the heart grows very sad, when the ear listens in vain, and the yearning, unsatisfied spirit realizes that the words, so loved, so fondly dwelt upon, were but words, empty, vain words. But, to have believed them, was a fleeting blindness. They served for food to the yearning heart, when they were given, and shall the traveller through the desolate wilderness look back with scorn upon the bread and water that once satisfied his hunger and thirst, even though it is now withheld? No—let him be thankful for the past; otherwise, the keen stinging hunger, the thirsty anguish of the soul, will have a bitterness and a gall in it, that will corrode its whole being. Ah! What is this being? if one could but understand one's own existence, what relief it would be; but to understand nothing—alas!

Life is a weary burden. I feel weighed down with it, and I do not know what is in the pack that bows me so wearily to the earth. I do know that in it are agonized feelings, bitter disappointments, and a desolation of the heart. But there is something else in it; for, now and then, come vague, vast perceptions of a dim future; but I shut my eyes. I cannot look beyond the earth; could have been satisfied here with a very little;

little of human love would have made me so

happy. Yes, I would never have dreamed of an unknown Heaven. Heaven! What is Heaven? I remember when I was a little child, lying on my bed in the early morning twilight, (ah! that was a twilight, unlike this, which is sinking into a black night, for that was ushering in the beautiful golden day,) but it was twilight when I looked through the uncurtained window; and through the intertwining branches of a noble tree I saw the far, dim, misty sky—and I wondered, in my childish way, "if Heaven is like that;" and all at once it seemed to me that the dim, distant sky opened, and my dead mother's face looked out upon me so beautifully, I did not know her, for she died when I was an unconscious infant, and yet I did know her. Yes, that beautiful face was my mother's, and my heart was full of delight. That my mother could see me, and love me, from the far Heavens, was like a revelation to me. And often, on other mornings, I awakened and looked through the very same branches of the tree, out into the far sky, and thought to see my mother's face shining through the window and watching over her lonely, sleeping child. But my fancy never again conjured up the vision. Fancy! What is fancy? If one could but understand, could grasp the phantom and mystery of life! And above all, if one could but understand what Heaven is! * *

When I was a child, Heaven was to me a peopled place, a wonderful reality; and I remember a dream that I had—what a strange dream it was! For I went to Heaven and I saw a shining One, sitting on a throne, and many beautiful ones were standing and seated around the throne, and my father and mother were there; and they had crowns on their heads, and held each other by the hand, and looked down upon me so lovingly. I knew that it was my father, because my mother held him by the hand, though my father died the day I was born, and I stood before them in the great light of a Heavenly Presence, as such a poor little earth-child, but I was happy, inexpressibly happy, only they did not touch me; but I was not fit to be touched by such soft, shining hands. And what was yet a greater joy than ever to see my unknown father and mother on the other side of the throne, I saw my brother, my dear, gentle, beautiful little brother, who, seven years older than I, had loved and played with me on the earth. He was clothed in white garments, and was grown from a child to a youth,

and was so full of a noble and beautiful grace. He smiled upon me; he did not speak; none spoke. All was so still, and serene, and bright, and beautiful. Next morning I awoke as if yet in my dream, so vivid was the whole scene before me. I could have danced and sung all day, "I have seen my father and mother and brother in the heavenly courts." But what are dreams?

Yet, it is wonderful to go back to the dreams and thoughts of childhood; they are so distinct; such living realities. I often remember a speech I made in those far childish days. I was lying in bed with a friend, in the early grey morning. All at once I started up and said—"Oh, how I wish I had lived in the days when Jesus lived upon the earth!"

I was asked why? And I replied, "Because I could have loved Him; I would have followed like those women followed Him; I would have kissed the hem of His garment."

A laugh checked the further flow of my talk; but I lay down again, and then my thoughts wandered off to the mountains of Judea, and I saw a Divine Man walking over the hills and valleys, and women following Him. In those days I knew two passages in the Bible, and that was all that I knew of it, for I never read it. But I learned at Sunday school, Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and the first five verses of the first chapter of John. And I remember how confused I always was over the Word, for some told me it meant "*Logos*." What was "*Logos*?" I could never fathom it. Now I know what "*Logos*" means. And yet the mystery is not fathomed. Well, let that go. I could never understand the Bible. However, in those days it was something holy and sacred to me; because the Bible that I owned belonged to my dear father, and I often kissed it, and loved the Book dearly, but I could not read it by myself. But I did read occasionally in the Bible, to an old woman; she lived on the way to the village school, in a dilapidated, deserted country store; she occupied the little back room, in which was a fire-place, and I was permitted to take a flask of milk to her every day, as I passed to school; and with what a glad heart I always hurried off in the morning, that I might gather broken brush-wood and dried sticks, for her to kindle her fire with. Charitable people sent her wood, but it was wet and hard to kindle, and the poor old woman, with her bent back, would go out and painfully gather the dried sticks that lay around her desolate home; but when I came, she would take my book and dinner-basket into her house, and leave me the delight of gathering the sticks. Ah! I was happy then—when I knelt on the rude hearth and blew with my mouth instead of a bellows, the smoking, smouldering wood into a blaze, and heard the loving words that the good old woman lavished upon me. She loved me—but not as much as I loved her. She was my peculiar treasure—something for me to live for, and think of. I always left my dinner with her, and at noon returned to eat it with her; though I would feel almost ashamed to spread out the cold meat and bread before her, she looked so much like a lady. But she always asked a blessing; that was what I never did, and it gave me an awe-stricken feeling, and my meal would have something of a solemn

and tender interest—what with the blessing, and the old woman's love for me, and mine for her—and we ate it in a solemn and gloomy room, for there was no table in the little back room, so we used the counter of the old store; and the empty shelves and the closed doors and shutters, with only the light from the back-door, made me often looked around shudderingly into the gloom and obscurity of dark corners—for I abounded in superstitious terrors, and I pitied the poor, lonely old woman for living in such a home more than I ever pitied the cold and hunger she endured.

Often when our dinner was over, I read aloud to her in the Bible. She could read it herself. But perhaps she liked to hear the sound of a childish voice, and perhaps she thought that she was doing me good. Did she do me good? heigho!—at all events, she left a beautiful memory to gild this dark twilight that grows upon my soul.

But the loving, trusting childhood is gone, and why do I dwell upon it? Why does its sensitive life yet move and stir in my memory? Has it ought to do with the cold, dark present? The Present! Alas! what a contrast it is to that childish faith. I almost wish that I could now believe as I did then. But no. Reason has dissipated the visions, and dreams and superstitions of childhood. It has made unreal to me that which was most real. In its cold, chilling light, I have looked into the world of tangible facts and possible realities. Ah! this cold, cold light, how much of beauty and love it has congealed. It has fallen like a mantle of snow over the warm, living life of the earth; and blooming flowers, that sent up odors on the soft air, have crumbled to dust, and bright summer waters that reflected the heavens in their blue depths, and glittered in the light of stars, and moon and sun, have now been congealed into solid, dull opaque masses, which yield not to the tread of man. Alas! no bird of beauty dips its wing in these dead waters, and plumes itself for an aerial flight of love and joy. But the cold contraction chains down all the freer, beautiful life, into a hopeless, chilling inanity.

MIDNIGHT.—The gloom has gathered into a darkness that may be felt, and seeing nothing. I would stretch forth my hands to feel if there is anything within my mind to stay my soul upon. But, alas! in a deep sorrow, how little do mental acquisitions avail. All the beautiful systems and theories that delighted my intelligence, and filled my thought in my noon of hope and life, have sunk into darkness. How is this? Sometimes I think that all light comes through the heart into the mind; and when love is quenched, behold, there is only darkness; the beauty and life and joy are gone. Ah, woe is me! Have I nothing left?—no internal resources—no wealth of knowledge, with which to minister to this poverty of hope and life? It cannot be that all past efforts, all struggles, and self-sacrifices, to attain this coveted and natural knowledge, were useless, vain mockeries. I thought I should live by this knowledge; that when the outer life palled upon me, I could then retire within my own being to boundless stores of riches and beauty. Well—this time has come, and what do I find? Truly it is no Aladdin-palace, glittering with gold and gems. It is more like a cavernous depth, stored with

ubbish, and from its dark deeps comes up an earthy odor, that almost suffocates my spirit. But this is my all, and I must descend from the life of the heart to the life of the mind, and scan my unsatisfactory possessions.

Well, here is a world of childish, school-day lumber. Once it was a great delight to me to learn that the world was round, and not square; but I cannot see that a knowledge of that fact affords me any great satisfaction now, for it has shaped itself to me as an acute angle. And the earth's surface! how I used to glow with the excitement of the bare thought of Rome! and Athens! and Constantinople! and their thrilling histories and wonders of art, and beauties of nature, seemed to me an indefinite world of unattainable delight and ecstasy. But now, I have lived in all these places, and the light and glory have gone. They have fallen within the freezing light of reason. They are no longer like beautiful dreams to me. They are squared down into fixed, unalterable facts. I cannot gild them with any light of fancy; and I cannot extract from them any thing like the delight of my childhood. So I will turn from these fixed facts, and look out for those philosophical theories, that gave me a later delight, as more interior mental pleasure.

Well, when I first broke through the shackles of the old childish faith, Percy Bysshe Shelley was my high priest. Through him I thought I had come into a beautiful light of nature, vague, shadowy and grand, filling vast conceptions of the indefinite. He discarded the God of the Hebrews, who was fashioned after their own narrow, revengeful passions; a Being of wrath and war. And a brooding spirit, an indefinite indwelling life of nature, was a new revelation to me. I grew mystical and sublime and sentimental, in this new mental perception. But I wearied of that. I could not walk on stilts always, and I descended to the earth and read Voltaire, and laughed and sneered at all the old forms and superstitions of man. But this does not afford me any enjoyment now,—the unhappy do not feel like laughing at a ribald wit; but, alas! this rubbish is stored here, and here I must live with it. It blackened and blurred the pictures of the angels, that adorned my childish memories. It wiped out all heavenly visions and left only the earthly life.

But the human heart cannot live without a God; and I tried hard to make one, for myself, through German pantheism. But I turn this rubbish over disconsolately, for it is a material God, and does not respond to one spiritual nature. It seems rather to react against it. Alas! alas! I sink down into a Cimmerian darkness here; it seems as if the Stygian pools of blackness had closed over me, and a cry of anguish goes forth from my inmost soul, piercing the dark depths to learn what is spirit? and what is God? What manner of existence or unity of Being is He? Who is He? Where is He? And how can I attain to a knowledge of Him? But through the echoing halls of my dark mind, there is only a wailing sound of woe, of misery, of disappointment, of a yearning anguish of spirit for a something higher and better than I have ever yet conceived of or known.

But there is yet more of this mental rubbish.

Ah! here is a whole chapter of stuff—and I once thought it was so wise. I called it the "progressive chain of being," and wove it out of the Pythagorean philosophy. I said man's nature begins from the lowest, and ascends to the highest.—Nature gives the impulse to life; and the flower that blooms in South America may die, and its inner spirit may clothe itself in a donkey born in Greece!—and so it goes on transfusing itself from clime to clime, in ever new and hi... until man is developed. Well, was there ever such stuff concocted before? I almost hear the bray of that donkey, who originated a flower. And pray, most sapient self! what is nature? It seems now, to me, a *form*, a mere head incubus of matter. And could this inert, tangible matter, sublimate in its hard, dead bosom, an essence so subtle, as to be free of the bonds of time and space? At such a preposterous suggestion even a donkey might bow his ears with shame. So I will hand this "progressive chain of being" over to a deeper darkness, and pass on.

Lo! here lie the statues of broken gods, headless divinities. I tried to believe in Greek mythology; to fancy that the world had gone backwards, and that there were spirits of the earth and air, that took part in the life of man. But these were poetic visions that shifted and waved with every fleeting fancy. But now this would be a pleasant faith. What if I could appeal to an invisible, higher spiritual being, who sympathized with my nature, to lead me out of this darkness of ignorance, into a true world of light, of truth, of definite knowledge, concerning life and its origin; concerning God and His nature? If I were only an old Greek, how I would pray to Minerva for help, and call upon Hercules to remove this Augean dirt, that pollutes and lusters all the chambers of my mind. But when the old Greeks called, were they answered? Ah, there is nothing to hope for!

Yet Socrates believed in these spiritual existences; he ordered a cock to be sacrificed to Esculapius as he was drinking the hemlock. To him, they were not mere poetic creations; he believed to the last that he was guided and guarded by his demons. What if we all are? What if even now, in this midnight darkness, stands a beautiful being, veiled by my ignorance, who loves me, from a world of light; sees the tangled web of my thoughts, and would draw it out into form, and order and beauty? If such there be, oh, bright and beautiful one! pity me, love me, and enlighten me. Alas, no!—all is yet dark. What would a being revelling in light and beauty have to do with this poor, faded life of mine? Alas! that was a fleeting hope, that like a pale, flickering ray, gilded the darkness for a moment.

But, here is a something which gives somewhat of joy and life to the mind. It is a beautiful thought of Plato, that there is a great central sun in the universe, around which all other suns revolve. What if this be an inner sun, which is the fountain of spiritual life? That is something to believe. Yet the thought sinks appalled from it. The heart desires a God that it may love, and trust in, that it may speak to, and be heard; and if the fountain of life be only a sun, what is there to love in it? True, we rejoice in the light and

beauty of the sun that upholds *this* world in its place; but what is this enjoyment compared to the bliss of human love? A man—a living, breathing, loving man—is the perfection of existence; and one could be happy with a perfect man, if all the suns in the universe were blotted out. A MAN! what is he, in his essential attributes? What is it that gives a delight in him? Ah! I am full of ideal visions—for in all history I find not one man that altogether fills my vision of what a man should be. From the Alexanders and Cessars I turn with loathing—their fierce, rude, outre life, their selfish, grasping ambition, suggest to me the vision of snarling, wild beasts, battling over the torn and palpitating limbs of nations. These men could never have touched my soul; they could never have dispelled the darkness of my mind; they could not be friends. But was there ever a man that could have answered the questions for the solution of which my spirit yearns? Plato was beautiful; around him was a pure, intellectual light. But, after all, he *knew* very little; his writings are mostly suggestive. But suppose there was a man who could reveal all the hidden things of life? How sudden would be the delight of learning of him, of communing with his spirit? And what if he knew, not only everything relating to this world, and my own intellectual being, but could tell me of all the universe, of all the after life? Oh! what a joy such a man would be to me! How would this midnight darkness melt into the clearest and most beautiful day!

But did such an one ever exist? Why is it that now comes over me the vision of my childhood, of the Divine Man walking over the hills of Judea? Oh, Christ! who wert Thou? My thought goes forth to Thee; beautiful was Thy life upon the earth. It had in it a heavenly sanctity, a purity, a grace and mercy, a gentleness and forbearance, that seems to me God-like and Divine. Yes—what if God descended and walked on the earth? I could love Him, that He had lowered Himself to my comprehension. But God! the Infinite and Eternal! in the finite human form, undergoing death! I cannot comprehend this. But what is infinity? When I look within myself and realize my ever-changing and fleeting feelings, now glancing in expansive ranges of thought from star to star, I realize an infinity in mind, that is not of the body. What if it were thus with the Holy Man, Christ? What if He were God as to the spirit, and man as to the flesh? If this were so, well may I have wished “to live when Jesus walked the earth,” for He alone could have revealed all things to me. How wonderful must have been His wisdom! And if His indwelling spirit were God, then Christ yet lives—lives in some inner world of love and beauty. Ah, beautiful hope! for, if immortality is my portion, I may yet see Him, and learn of Him in another existence. Methinks the night of my soul is passing away; upon the rayless darkness a star has risen; a fixed star of love and hope; what if like other fixed stars it prove a sun? Oh, Christ! holy and beautiful Man! if Thou yet livest in far-away realms of light and blessedness—grant that I may see Thee, and learn of Thy wondrous wisdom. Enlighten my darkness, and suf-

fer me to love Thee as the Divinest type of man that my thought has yet imagined.

THE DAWN OF THE MORNING.—I have gone back to my Bible with the old childish love and reverence. I read it with an object now. I knew that in it, the beautiful Christ-nature was portrayed; and I read with infinite longings to find Him the “unknown God;” and bright revelations come to me through this Book. I feel that it is Divine, and the light grows upon me; and sometimes like the Apostles, who awakened in the night, and saw Christ transfigured before them, I also saw a transfiguration. I lose sight of the mere material man, and I perceive an inner glory of being, a radiance of wisdom, and purity, and love, that clothe Him in a Divine light, and make His countenance brilliant with a spiritual glory.

This transfiguration, what was it? My thought dwells upon it so—it was a wonderful thing. I know that the scoffing philosophers ridicule the idea of there being any reality in it; they regard it either as a fiction on the part of the writers, or as a dream or a delusion of the senses. But I believe that it all happened just as it was narrated. For it is beautiful to believe it. If it did not happen, I am none the worse for believing it, even if the whole life was a fiction, which all history proves to have been true; and had no Christ lived upon the earth, yet, as a work of art, this fiction would have been the highest and most beautiful dream of the human thought. But if it is all literally true; if Christ was “God manifest in the flesh,” how much do I gain by believing in him. I have attained the highest and best of all knowledge—I know God!

And this transfiguration becomes a wonderful revelation! It was the Spirit of God shining through the Man. And this spirit was a substance and a form. And what was its form?—that of a man, with a face radiant as the sun. Now know I how to think of God. He is no longer a vague, incomprehensible existence; an ether floating in space. But He is a living, breathing human form, a Man! in whose image and likeness we were created. Oh, how I thank God that He has revealed this to me. Now, I know what manner of Being I pray to; and like as the apostles saw Him, in His Divine spiritual human form, will I now always think of Him. I will look through His veil of flesh, I will love Him as the only God-man that ever existed.

When I think thus of the inner Divine nature, clothed in a material body, how wonderfully do the scenes of this drama of the life of Christ strike me. Imagine Him, the God of the universe, standing before the Jewish sanhedrim, condemned, buffeted and spit upon. How at that moment in His inmost Divine soul, He must have glanced over the vast creation, that He had called into being; and felt that an Infinite power dwelt in Him. One blazing look of wrathful indignation would have annihilated that rude rabble. But He had clothed himself in flesh, to subdue all of its evil and vile passions; to show to an ignorant and sensual race, the grace and beauty of a self-abnegation—a Divine pity and forgiveness. And thus did the outer material Man die with that beautiful and touching appeal to the Infinite-lov-

ing soul, from which the body was born: "Father! forgive them, they know not what they do." Oh, Thou! Divine Jesus! make me like unto Thee in this heavenly and loving spirit.

How clear many things grow to me now. I smile when I think of the old childish trouble over the word "*Logos*," for this *Logos*, i. e. truth, has been revealed to me. In the knowledge that Christ was the Infinite God—the Creator of the universe, I see Him as the central truth. Thus Christ was the *Logos*,—the *Word*,—the Divine Truth, and now I read, that "In the beginning was Christ, and Christ was with God, and Christ was God." And I am happy in this knowledge—my thought has something to rest upon out of myself; and my affections grow up from the earth to that wonderful Divine Man, who, after the death of the body, was seen as a man, a living man! Immortality is no longer the dream of a Plato. It is a demonstrated fact.

In my mind is the stirring of a new life, as in the light of an early morning-glory; the voice of singing birds is in my heart, and an odor of blooming flowers expands itself in the delight of my new day. I see the morning sun in a fixed form, yet flooding worlds with the radiations of its light and heat, and shining in its glory on the dew-bespangled blade of grass. Oh Christ!—Thou art my Sun—and I, the tiny blade of grass, rejoice in Thy Divine wisdom and love. Look down upon me, oh, Thou holy One! from the "throne of Thy glory, and the habitation of Thy Holiness," and exhale from me, through the dew of my sorrow, the incense of my love. Draw me up from the earth, even as the sun draws up the bowed plants, and let me drink in the beautiful life of free heavenly airs.

.. NOON-DAY.—How the light grows! In the warm love of my soul a summer's day glows—so serene and bright, so full of ceaseless activities, that the fruits ripen in a smiling, rosy beauty.

The living Christ hath heard my soul's prayer; and books, which I never before heard of, have revealed to me all those wonderful truths after which my spirit yearned.

First of all the mystery of the Bible has been made clear to me. I see it now as a beautiful whole. The Infinite knew from the beginning that He was going to descend upon the earth, and take upon Himself a human nature, weak and ignorant and vicious; and that He was to purify and enlighten, and make Divine this fallen nature, that man might know God in a material form, and love Him. All this is written out in the Bible.

I stand on the threshold of a wonderful science. There are innumerable things that I do not comprehend in the Bible; but what I see and understand awakens in me a thrilling delight, and I can never exhaust this Book; for it is full of the nerves of life; and I can no more number them than I can count the sensitive fibres that spread themselves from my brain, to the innumerable cellular tissues of my skin. But as the body is full of a sentient life, so is every word of the Bible full of an in-dwelling life.

And now do I recognise the good that my patient, suffering old friend did me in my childhood; would that I had read the Holy Bible to

her many other days. Doubtless she is now a beautiful angel in Heaven.

The angels! and Heaven! now too do I understand the inner existence; and the dreams and visions of my childhood were, after all, blessed realities; and the dead father and the dead mother, after whom my childish heart yearned so lovingly, were revealed to me as a living father and a living mother, in a wondrously beautiful life. Thus was a warm inner love kept alive in my soul; and now I know that death is but a new birth. As a glove is drawn from the hand, so is the body drawn from the spirit; and I, too, will thus be born again. Life is again crowned with a beautiful hope.

Life!—and this mystery too is solved. God is the alone life, and finite human spirits are forms receptive of life from God. God is the soul, and creation is His body—and from this infinite Divine soul, life flows forth into every atom of the body. Beautiful thought! The Lord sits throned in the inmost, and is cognizant of every nerve that thrills through His boundless universe of being. Every thought and feeling that passes through my heart and mind is as clearly perceived by Him, as are the sensations of my body perceived by my soul. Thus are we in God, and God in us.

And how vast is the thought that suns, and their peopled worlds, are to the body of God but as the drops of blood to the finite human body; and who can count these drops? for as they flow forth, and back to the heart, they ever grow and change, and increase—and who can measure the Infinite! and this Being, sentient of all things in the universe, providing for all things; seeing all things; maintaining order, down to the minutest particle, in a system which the finite thought of man can never grasp—and loving His creatures in myriads of worlds, of which man never dreamed. How inconceivable must be His boundless wisdom, His infinite love! Can we wonder that a Soul so glowing with love, so radiant in intelligence, should shine as the sun? Yes—this is the Central Sun, whose spiritual beams, pouring forth their Divine influences, creating as they go angelic and spiritual intelligences, finally ultimate themselves in material suns, and material human bodies. Thus, the garment of dull, opaque matter is woven by the Divine Soul, through the condensations of His emanations. Thus, were "all things made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made;" and "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

The thought sinks after this far flight—we worship and adore the Infinite. But the Lord must for ever remain apart from our weak natures, as far as the sun is above the earth. He lives, in His incomprehensible self-existence, at an immeasurable distance from us. This the Divine Man sees, and in His tender compassion and loving mercy for every human soul He creates, a twin-soul is made, that the finite may find the fulness of delight in another finite existence.

Oh, blessed and beautiful providence of God! that two human hearts and minds may intertwine in mutual support, and look up to the Infinite. And in the glorious sunshine of life,

grow ever young and beautiful, in an immortal youth.

Oh, ye suffering, sorrowing children of earth! turn your affections and hopes from the fleeting things of time; from the outside-world, to the beautiful inner spirit-life, where eternity develops ever new and varying joys. Then only can the day dawn upon the human soul, and the midnight darkness be dissipated by boundless effulgence of light.

THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY CLAY.

[Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston are publishing an excellent series of volumes, called "The Young American's Library." The last issue in the series is a well-written life of Henry Clay, from which we make an interesting extract.]

When, in 1783, peace was proclaimed, Henry Clay was in his seventh year, and had been for about two years forced into that state of early and trying independence which a lad inherits who early loses his father; for Henry's father died in 1781. He was a clergyman, and in the humble worldly lot of a self-denying servant of God, has left no memorial which places his name on the record of distinguished men. But he was remembered while those lived whose recollections went back to the period of his life, as a man estimable and beloved in his social relations; and the fame of his son will carry down to posterity the pleasant memory of the man whose early instructions—so soon interrupted—formed the germ of the future excellencies of Henry's character.

But though the death of a father is a great misfortune, there is a relief for it in the manly development of character, and the bringing forward of mental strength, which are the effect of the care of a widowed mother. Though her sway be gentle, yet in the case of children thus bereaved we often read Sampson's riddle—out of weakness cometh strength. The boy during his father's life is dependent; but to the feebleness of his mother he becomes a protector; and is early taught of what value even a child, disposed to be obedient and useful, may prove in the world. The mother of Henry Clay lived to see her son realize the reward of his early industry and studiousness, and his filial piety. She survived until 1827, at which date Mr. Clay had been over twenty years in public life. She watched with a mother's honest exultation his upward progress; and with a mother's deep affection rejoiced that public duties never estranged his heart from his domestic relations, or quenched the sacred feeling of filial piety and obedience.

A favorite symbol during the election of 1844, when Henry Clay was a candidate for the Presidency, was a ruddy lad, mounted upon a horse, with a sack for a saddle. This referred to his early boyhood, when in common with thousands of his young countrymen, he performed his part in the labors of the house and the homestead. A cardinal requisite to success in life is industry; and a right understanding of what is honorable and what is dishonorable, will lead young and old never to be ashamed of necessary labor. Far less will the truly honorable boy or man save his own fancied dignity by imposing undue labor

upon mother or sister. There is no more noble trait of character than generosity; and he who sacrifices pride, or overcomes indolence for the assistance of others, is more truly generous, in his self-denial, poor though he be, than if he could throw away, with lavish hand, money which he need not count. And the lad Henry Clay, when a bare-footed messenger between the house and mill, no doubt felt more content than when in later years he bore the public burthen.

The early school advantages of Henry Clay appear to have been very small. His teacher's name was Peter Deacon, and Mr. Clay often referred to him with respect and affection. It does not appear that Henry had any school opportunities after the age of fourteen years. The school-house in which he acquired the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, was a rude log structure, having no glass windows—if, indeed, it had any window whatever. It is said that the only aperture through which light entered was the open door. Henry went forward in his arithmetic as far as "Practice," a rule which, in the old style of teaching, was just far enough from "units under units, and tens under tens," to enable the pilgrim among figures to "see through" the book. No doubt Henry was very studious under Mr. Deacon's tuition; and probably his father's library, or what remained of it after his decease, was useful to him. His mother and elder brothers and sisters, for Henry was the seventh child, must have aided him in his progress. Home education does often more than can be accomplished in the few hours daily spent in school. Many hours every day, under a strange instructor, will do little, if the familiar voices at home do not cheer and encourage the beginner; and apparently small opportunities, if home influence is favorable, will produce great results.

At the age of fourteen, Henry Clay was placed in the store of Mr. Richard Denny, in Richmond, Va. Nearly all boys can recollect the ordeal through which they were required to pass, on leaving the familiar objects at home, and passing the scrutiny of other and older lads. At school, or in a store, a shop, or an office, the consciousness of awkwardness, and want of habitude to the new occupation, shows the novice to ill-advantage. The older and accustomed clerks, apprentices, or students, do not hesitate to make a butt of the new-comer. It was a discipline through which they themselves passed, and they are not disposed to lose their revenge, by forbearing to inflict the same annoyance on their successors.

In the store of Mr. Denny, Henry remained for a year. We have no record of the manner in which he spent his leisure time, if he found any, and can only judge by his conduct afterward, and by the results of his life. He says of his own education, that it was "neglected, but improved by his own irregular exertions, without the benefit of systematic instruction." In this remark—uttered as an apology for the deficiencies which he felt more than others perceived—we are not to suppose that he intended any reflection upon the mother whose memory he so much revered. She did all that a parent could, under such disadvantages as beset her path. Nor was Mr. Clay forgetful of the kindness of Captain Henry Watkins,

to whom his mother was married while Henry was yet young. This gentleman took a father's care of his wife's older children, and to his kindness and influence Henry was indebted for the propitious circumstances which opened to him the career in which he afterwards distinguished himself.

Captain Watkins procured for Henry Clay, at the age of fifteen, a clerkship in the office of Peter Tinsley, Esq., Clerk of the Court of Chancery in Richmond. This was considered a highly eligible position for a lad, and it was no small testimony to Henry's diligence that he was competent to fill it. Probably the other clerks had enjoyed opportunities of learning far superior to Henry's; and this spurred the new-comer to studiousness to overcome the distance between himself and them. And if his first appearance in Richmond was a trial to his nerves, the taking possession of his desk in the office of the Clerk of Chancery must have been much greater. He had in dress, manners and general appearance, all the awkwardness to which we have already referred; for a year in a store could not transform a studious boy into a town lad. His very awkwardness of manner was in reality a testimony in his favor. Any quick, but superficial boy, can soon appear "to the manner born" among lads who have lived in a circle which gives superficial polish; but he whose mind is occupied with graver pursuits, may long be the object of the ridicule of his inferiors.

We are not, then, surprised to learn that the first impression of the other clerks was, that in the Mill-Boy of the Slashes they were to have a fine object for their practical jokes, and a victim for their pleasantries. The boy had not a handsome, perhaps not even an agreeable face. His movements were awkward; his dress was rustic—the product of the labor of his good mother—home-spun cloth, made up without the artistic skill of a town tailor. His little coat, which she without doubt had smoothed, and adjusted, and admired, had any thing but a "city set;" and in his clean and well-starched linen, no doubt the little fellow felt all the consciousness of something which he must "keep nice." But the office lads soon discovered that the young rustic was no butt for them, and that whoever encountered Henry Clay in a war of wit and repartee, would find no small antagonist.

Whatever awkwardness the lad felt among those awe-inspiring rows of books and desks in the Chancery Clerk's office, we are sure he could not have felt for one moment ashamed of his parents, or disposed to undervalue their kindness which had placed him there. Perhaps his ardent devotion to the system of "Home Industry" may have had its origin in the Slashes of Hanover, where he early learned what economy and industry can accomplish, with small means and against adverse fortune; and if he was not proud of his home-spun clothes, he was glad that his mother had not robbed her own comforts, or incurred debts, to equip him, above her pecuniary means. We cannot here refrain from copying a sentiment offered at a Fourth of July dinner, in Campbell county, Va., by Mr. Robert Hughes:—"Henry Clay,—he and I were born close to the Slashes of

Old Hanover. He worked bare-footed, and so did I; he went to mill, and so did I; he was good to his mamma, and so was I. I know him like a book, and I love him like a brother!"

Henry Clay was what may be termed an extra clerk in the office of Mr. Tinsley; for when he was taken in there was no vacancy. The favor was procured at the earnest solicitation of his friends. If he had been idle, or negligent, or inefficient; it will readily be supposed that he could not have retained his place. He was put to the task of copying—and of all drudgery, that of writing off the interminable words of legal documents, is to a lad most tiresome. Correctness and clean writing are required; blots, misspelling, and interlineations, cannot be tolerated. And although lawyers themselves are proverbial for bad penmanship, the clerks who copy documents for reference or for record, must write a clean and legible hand. He soon won the respect of his office companions, and although the youngest clerk, his superior abilities gave him precedence in their regard. He did not buy their good opinion by partnership in their follies. He was not merely a "pleasant fellow;" for when the others, out of office hours, devoted themselves to amusement, Henry Clay applied himself to his books. He was a most assiduous student, and verified in his experience the fact that change of occupation is relief and rest. Many young men seek in vain for recreation in the excitement of the theatre, or even more questionable places; laboring harder, and fatiguing the mind and body more in the pursuit of amusement, than they would in the calm prosecution of some useful employment. Henry Clay had a higher ambition than to remain a copyist of the results of the legal knowledge of others. He filled up his leisure in study. The hints of erudition which he obtained in his routine of occupations, caused him to thirst for knowledge, and to its acquisition he applied himself with earnestness.

Merit ensures success. Among those whom business brought frequently into the office of Mr. Tinsley, was a venerable man whose own life and experience recommended to his notice the struggles of the boy into whose history he had inquired. Himself left an orphan at an early age, he knew the dangers and difficulties of such a position. In his case, they rose from the uncontrolled possession of great wealth—more dangerous, perhaps, than the temptations of poverty. He could see the lures to dissipation which surrounded the young, and he admired the steadiness with which Henry resisted them. He knew what industry could accomplish; for after having wasted the years which are usually devoted to education, he had commenced in manhood to recover the time he had lost; and so successfully had he labored, that at the time which we speak, he was sole Chancellor of the State of Virginia, a trust which he filled for twenty years—without reproach—without suspicion. Conspicuous before the Revolution, in the Virginia Legislature, as an ardent patriot; a delegate to the first Congress; a signer of the Declaration; a member of the Convention which formed the federal Constitution;—George Wythe was a friend of whom a young man might well be proud. His patronage and

direction developed the character of the young clerk, and the employments which he assigned to him increased, while in a degree they met the thirst for knowledge which kept alive the ambition of Henry Clay.

Chancellor Wythe procured from Mr. Tinsley the services of Henry Clay, as an occasional secretary, to copy his decisions. At length he became, in effect, the private secretary of the Chancellor, though nominally in Mr. Tinsley's office. The studies of Chancellor Wythe were prosecuted with great industry and far-reaching research; in learning, industry, and sound judgment, he had few superiors; and for a lad like Henry Clay to be such a man's private secretary was itself an education. And not only in strictly legal knowledge, but in the classics, in history, in polite literature, the friendly advice of the Chancellor was the guide of the young clerk. Under such judicious instruction, Henry Clay was so trained that he was more than able to cope with his compeers, who received the benefits of education in Universities. He was a continual student, needing only suggestive advice; and he rewarded counsel by obedience, thus encouraging his friends to direct him. Nothing is more discouraging to one who wishes well to a youth, than to find him inattentive to the directions of his elders. No labor was thus lost upon Henry Clay. He not only availed himself of the kindness of his friends, but remembered their good offices with gratitude, and referred to them with emotion, when he had reached a position in which he no longer needed patronage or advice, but could confer both.

Many youth read—but their reading may be desultory; without any established aim, and perhaps with no higher object than amusement. Henry Clay read with an object, as is evident from the fact that when his name had been enrolled for about a year only, as a student of law, in the office of Attorney-General Brooke, he was admitted to practice by the Court of Appeals. It is not to be supposed that one year could confer knowledge of law sufficient to entitle a minor to admission to the bar, and we therefore infer that the reading of the lad always was of a practical and useful character. For five years young Clay enjoyed the privilege of Chancellor Wythe's friendship; and he was furthermore introduced into the society and notice of John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, and other distinguished men of that era. He had thus an opportunity of acquiring, at the fountain-head, a knowledge of the meaning of the founders of the republic, in the constitution which they drew up, and the laws which were passed in pursuance of it. His intimate relation with these political patriarchs, apprised him of the cost of that Union with which his life may be said to have begun; and in his after life he showed himself, on more than one important occasion, the effective friend of his country, and its able defender, whether the threatening danger came from foreign foes, or arose from internal difficulties.

We cannot pass this period in the life of our hero, without commending the example of the young man who sought to improve his mind by listening to the wisdom of his seniors, rather

than to dissipate his time and talents in amusement with his fellow-students. He thus secured the esteem of men who could appreciate his character, and predict his success. His relations with those of his own age were also of an elevating character. Like seeks like—and with other young men like himself, studious and ambitious, he combined amusement with instruction in the exercises of a debating society; which was the first scene of his capacity for oratory and for argument. The promise of his life early developed itself; and we may add also that his capacity for winning and securing friends was also early manifested. His frank and generous nature had none of the *finesse* and art which can secure advancement by duplicity and management. He had not the small ambition which can stoop to flattery and fawning, but his character was stamped with an early manliness which commands respect while it invites affection.

After obtaining admission to the bar, Henry Clay removed to Lexington, Kentucky, in 1797. His parents had preceded him in emigration to that State. The following brief review of his boyhood is extracted from a speech made by him in 1842, when he met some of his old friends at an entertainment, upon his retirement, as he supposed, from public life: "In looking back upon my origin and progress through life I have great reason to be thankful. My father died in 1781, leaving me an infant of too tender years to retain any recollection of his smiles or endearments. My surviving parent removed to this State in 1792, leaving me, a boy of fifteen years of age, in the office of the High Court of Chancery in the city of Richmond, without guardian, without pecuniary support, to steer my course as I might or could. A neglected education was improved by my own irregular exertions, without the benefit of systematic instruction. I studied law principally in the office of a lamented friend—the late Governor Brooke—then Attorney-General of Virginia, and also under the auspices of the venerable and lamented Chancellor Wythe, for whom I had acted as amanuensis. I obtained a license to practise the profession from the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and established myself in Lexington, in 1797, without patronage, without the favor and countenance of the great or opulent, without the means of paying my weekly board, and in the midst of a Bar distinguished by eminent members. I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make one hundred pounds, Virginia money, per year, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realized—I immediately rushed into a successful and lucrative practice."

A FABLE.—A lobster who had been taken by a fisherman, and suffered the pain of boiling, was restored to life by a kind fairy and placed in his native element. His friends gathered round him, and eagerly asked him what he had done to win for himself this brilliant red coat. "Oh, I only had to be boiled." *Moral*.—Envy not those with superior external advantages; they may not have gained them more easily than the lobster procured his red coat.

AN APOLOGY FOR HUSBANDS.

We do not use this word "apology" in its legitimate sense, as a defence or vindication; we are satisfied with the common meaning assigned to it—that is, an excuse or extenuation of an admitted offence. Husbands, as a general rule, are to blame, there is no doubt of that; only we think there are some small considerations which might be urged in their favor, not by way of exalting, but merely of letting them down easily.

The humane idea was long of occurring to us, for one gets so thoroughly accustomed to the condition of affairs in society, that everything seems natural and necessary, and passes on without exciting a thought. But a week or two ago, we had occasion to visit repeatedly a rather large and agreeable family without once chancing to meet with the offender; and this had the effect of bringing him before our cogitations. Had he been present in the room, he would have passed as a natural and useful piece of furniture, and so have escaped all special survey; but being obstinately absent, we of course turned the bull's-eye of our mind upon him, and had him up.

With regard to the family present, it consisted of a wife, one or two children, one or two growing up and a couple of grown-up daughters. All these were busy, from dolls and A B C's to dress-making and housekeeping. One of the daughters sang and played delightfully; another was an artist of considerable merit for an amateur; and both were adepts at needle-work. They boasted of making all but their best bonnets, and all but their ball-dresses. The mother was an excellent manager. Under her charge the business of the house went on like clock-work; everything was comfortable, everything agreeable, everything genteel. The boys were at school studying hard and successfully; one intending to be a merchant-prince, another to sit some day on the Woolsack, and the third to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Indeed, they were an exemplary family; and one day when we met the lady in the street, with her two grown-up daughters by her side, and the younger girls walking trippingly behind, all nicely dressed and happy-looking, it struck us that there was an expression of pride as well as pleasure in her face, and that she was inwardly assuming to herself the merit of having made her own position. We did not grudge her the feeling, for her self-satisfaction had been earned; if some such inward reward did not attend good conduct, it would be all the worse for us all in this world.

We had visited this happy family several times, when we began to inquire, while walking homeward in our usual meditative mood, what it was that held them together in so enviable a position. Their labors were all for themselves, for their own comfort, amusement, gentility, advancement.—They purchased nothing else with all this outlay of time and money. There they were, with no object but that of passing the day, of enjoying life, of rising to some condition of still higher distinction or contentment. How did they find this possible? By what power were they sustained immovable in the shoeks of social life, surrounded by all the cares and anxieties, and competitions and heart-burnings, and tear and wear, and hurry

and scurry of the world? Here we caught with our mind's-eye the absentee, and immediately suspected that he was at the bottom of it! But it was curious to think, that he should be the sun of this social system—that so many individuals should lean supinely upon one, without the slightest idea of mutual support. Yet so it was—and is. Society is composed throughout almost its whole consistence of such circles, each wheeling with more or less harmony, but still wheeling round a centre; and that centre is the offender we have now up.

This individual, let us say, is unconscious of his own predicament. He knows he has a wife and children, a house and servants to provide for, and he does provide. That is all. He takes no merit to himself, and none is due. In supporting this Atlantean burden, he only does what others do. It is the rule. And so he bends his shoulders, and on he goes; sometimes stepping out like a giant, sometimes tottering, sometimes standing still to bemoan his fortune—not in having the load to bear, but in being unable to bear it well. If things go smoothly—if his children are well taught, if his dinner and his daughters are well dressed, if his house is tidy and genteel—why, then, if he is a praiseworthy person, he thanks God and his wife. If things go otherwise, he grumbles at his hard fate, and makes himself as disagreeable as possible, or else trundles his canister like a stoic; but all this time, be it observed, in utter unconsciousness of his true position. He does not think it odd that he is travelling in his round of life with a tail after him like a comet. He does not think about it at all. He only knows that the thing exists, and must be borne. If he is able of his own strength to bear it handsomely, so much the better; but if not, he never speculates on the possibility of deriving comfort and support from what is naturally a burden, any more than the wife and children imagine that they are anything else than a tail, with nothing in the world to think of, or to do, but to stick fast to the body to which they chance to be attached, and make themselves as comfortable as possible.

And this last is the curious part of the story. The amiable family we have described talked of the individual we have laid hold of with the perfect knowledge that he was their Centre, but without the faintest consciousness that there was anything but the mechanical tie between them. They humored him when he was in good-humor, called him a dear, good, old papa, got his slippers ready, and drew in his chair to the hearth, for that made the room all the more cheerful for themselves; but when in bad-humor, they avoided or crossed him, wondering how anybody could look sulky at such a bright fireside, and suspecting him to be a man incapable of feeling interest in anything but his business, or his clerks, or his banker's book. Was not his wife to be pitied, after all she had done to make him happy and respectable? And was not this a sorry return to his daughters, for saving him a mint of money by making their own dresses? These excellent ladies had nothing to do with the stability of their Centre. The house might be on fire, but they were only lodgers. They had no interest in the offender when he was out of their sight. They

knew nothing of his crosses and losses, of his disappointments and vexations, of his faintness and weariness: they saw nothing but discontent on his wrinkling brow, nothing but approaching age in his whitening hair, nothing but ill-humor in his querulous voice, nothing but selfish apathy in his spiritless eye and sinking heart. They loved the husband and the father when he was agreeable enough to be loved; but they had no sympathy with the struggling man.

This is the ground of our apology. That the husband is a bad fellow is only too clear, but we would suggest that there are extenuating circumstances. The world is a hard task-master, and he who strives with it must submit sometimes to the hard word and the hard blow. His brow cannot always be clear or his mind present. He cannot always be in the mood to feel the comfort he sees; and he will sometimes sit down even at a bright fireside, with bright faces round him, and feel as if he were in a desert. Is sympathy, dear ladies, only for the happy? Is not his business yours! Is it not politic as well as kind to protect from feeling the rubs of the world that intelligent and susceptible machine to which you owe your all? In low life, in middle life, in high life, however, the same curious arrangement prevails, hitherto, so far as we know, undescribed or misunderstood. Ebenezer Elliott felt it without knowing what it was. His *Poor Andrew* feels his heart grow faint, when on going home from his work he approaches his own door, behind which he knows there are living things, as silent to his bosom as the dead. He has one consolation, however: it lies in his dog and cat; and the poor soul, yearning for sympathy, is at his wife's end when he does not meet the welcome of these, his only true friends.

My cat-and dog when I come home,
Run out to welcome me—
She mewing, with her tail on end,
While wagging his comes he;
They listen for my homeward steps,
My smothered sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come—
May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.
Why come they not? They do not come
My breaking heart to meet!
A heavier darkness on me falls—
I cannot lift my feet.
O yes, they come!—they never fail
To listen for my sighs;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God!
Wilt thou the thought forgive?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

The people's poet, we say, feels this without understanding it: for he attributes the want of sympathy to the want of knowledge—to the want of a power of response, on the part of the family, to the new ideas that are gushing up in the mind of the intelligent workman! Alas, Ebenezer! there is something in a case like this even better

than knowledge. The most ignorant of all possible wives may do more, by a single look, to sustain and advance her husband, than the most acutely argumentative of all she-philosophers.

The French, as a nation, make a similar mistake. They are not so domestic as the English, and care less about that external comfort which commonly bounds the duties and ambition of an English wife. They run less risk, therefore, of taking the show for the substance, and see clearly enough that there ought to be some electrical rapport between the husband and his harem. The desideratum they consider to be a sympathy of *taste*. The wife, they say, should comprehend and feel interested in her husband's pursuits; she should be able to talk to him intelligently of what has occupied him through the day—to plunge with him into business, or politics, or literature—and to advise with him on the circumstances of his position. What is this but repeating the lessons that have wearied him, the annoyances that have worried him, the labors that have sent him home jaded and spiritless, or dissatisfied and irritable? Nature herself shows the impropriety of this arrangement; for, in nine cases out of ten, when men and women are left to their own choice in marriage, they are attracted by antagonism rather than homogeneity, in at least the external points of the character, and even in personal appearance.

A similarity of taste is doubtless desirable, if on one side unobtrusive or undemonstrative; but what is really wanted is sympathy with the *man*—consideration for the Atlas who carries the household on his shoulders. We readily pardon the fretfulness of the sick; we consent without hesitation to tread lightly by the couch of pain; but who can tell what sickness of the heart, what torture of the head, may be indicated in that troubled look, that gloomy eye, that rigid lip, that thoughtful brow? It is more than womanly to bear with a harsh word—to steal round the offender with a noiseless step—to soothe him with a soft word or a loving look—to remember that to him his family owe their comfort and tranquility—that he is like a rock, in the lee of which they recline in safety, while on its bald and whitened head break the thunder and the storm?

Yes; in his case there are extenuating circumstances. But let him beware that he does not plume himself upon them, instead of regarding them as merely something that would justify a humane judge in recommending him to mercy. Sympathy cannot long exist unanswered; and the action and response cannot take place but between minds that are in a state of rapport. We will take you, sir, as your own witness. Do you take care to place yourself habitually in this state with your family? If you do not enter into their feelings, do you expect them to enter into yours? Are you content to be defined as merely "the gentleman who draws cheques?" Or do you teach them that you are a little community of individuals, sifted together by God and nature for mutual solace and support, with one moral being, one interest, one love, one hope? Do not answer in a hurry. Think of it, dream of it, ponder over it. There—that will do. Stand down, sir.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

THE SLOTH.

BY CHARLES WATERTON.

[Mr. Waterton is a gentleman of fortune resident in Yorkshire, who is distinguished for his enthusiastic pursuit of his favorite subject of Natural History, in the most barbarous regions, amidst no common dangers and difficulties. His "Wanderings in South America," from which the following is an extract, is a narrative, or rather series of sketches, connected with his travels from 1812 to 1824.]

Let us now turn our attention to the Sloth, whose native haunts have hitherto been so little known, and probably little looked into. Those who have written on this singular animal have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain; that he is proverbially slow in his movements; that he is a prisoner in space; and that, as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he had mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

If the naturalists who have written the history of the Sloth, had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions; they would have learned, that though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting upon the ground, the Sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to live, and to die in the trees; and, to do justice to him, naturalists must examine him in this upper element. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and being good food he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilized man.—Were you to draw your own conclusions from the descriptions which have been given of the Sloth, you would probably suspect that no naturalist has actually gone into the wilds with the fixed determination to find him out, and examine his haunts, and see whether nature has committed any blunder in the formation of this extraordinary creature, which appears to us so forlorn and miserable, so ill put together, and so totally unfit to enjoy the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the rest of animated nature; for he has no soles to his feet, and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, "Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow."

It mostly happens, that Indians and Negroes are the people who catch the Sloth, and bring it to the white man; hence it may be conjectured, that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the Sloth, have not been penned down with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the Sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited.

However, we are now in his own domain. Man but little frequents these thick and noble forests, which extend far and wide on every side of us. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the Sloth. We will first take a near view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we shall be enabled to account for his movements hereafter, when we see him in his proper haunts. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long; while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a cork-screw. Both the fore and hind-legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported by their legs. "Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground." Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp, and long, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all-fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers—a trying position. Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the Sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, &c., this just suits the Sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire him the name of Sloth.

Indeed his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and, as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

Some years ago I kept a Sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably immediately shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But, if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress; his favorite abode was the back of a chair; and after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often with a low and inward cry would seem to invite me to take notice of him.

The Sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience; but the Sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and, what is more extraordinary, not upon the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey,

but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

Hence his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the Sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but further proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

It must be observed that the Sloth does not hang his head downwards like the vampire.—When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and, after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch: so that all four are in a line; he seems perfectly at rest in this position. Now, had he a tail, he would be at a loss to know what to do with it in this position; were he to draw it up within his legs, it would interfere with them; and, were he to let it hang down, it would become the sport of the winds. Thus his deficiency of tail is a benefit to him; it is merely an apology for a tail, scarcely exceeding an inch and a half in length.

I observed, when he was climbing, he never used his arms both together, but first one, and then the other, and so on alternately. There is a singularity in his hair, different from that of all other animals, and, I believe, hitherto unnoticed by naturalists; his hair is thick and coarse at the extremity, and gradually tapers to the root, where it becomes fine as a spider's web. His fur has so much the hue of the moss which grows on the branches of the trees, that it is very difficult to make him out when he is at rest.

The male of the three-toed Sloth has a longitudinal bar of very fine black hair on his back, rather lower than the shoulder blades; on each side of this black bar there is a space of yellow hair, equally fine; it has the appearance of being pressed into the body, and looks exactly as if it had been singed. If we examine the anatomy of his fore-legs, we shall immediately perceive, by their firm and muscular texture, how very capable they are of supporting the pendant weight of his body, both in climbing and at rest; and, instead of pronouncing them a bungled composition, as a celebrated naturalist has done, we shall consider them as remarkably well calculated to perform their extraordinary functions.

As the Sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity; indeed, I would hazard a conjecture that, by the time the animal had finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries.

There is a saying amongst the Indians, that when the wind blows the Sloth begins to travel. In calm weather he remains tranquil, probably not liking to cling to the brittle extremity of the branches, lest they should break with him in passing from one tree to another; but as soon as the wind rises, the branches of the neighboring trees become interwoven, and then the Sloth seizes hold of them and pursues his journey in safety. There is seldom an entire day of calm in these forests. The trade-wind generally sets in about ten o'clock in the morning, and thus the Sloth may set off after breakfast, and get a considerable way before dinner. He travels at a good round pace; and were you to see him pass from tree to tree, as I have done, you would never think of calling him a Sloth.

Thus it would appear that the different histories we have of this quadruped are erroneous on two accounts: first, that the writers of them, deterred by difficulties and local annoyances, have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts; and, secondly, they have described him in a situation in which he was never intended by nature to cut a figure.—I mean on the ground. The Sloth is as much at a loss to proceed on his journey upon a smooth and level floor, as a man would be who had to walk a mile in stilts upon a line of feather-beds.

One day, as we were crossing the Essequibo, I saw a large two-toed Sloth on the ground upon the bank; how he had got there, nobody could tell; the Indian said he had never surprised a Sloth in such a situation before; he would hardly have come there to drink, for both above and below the place the branches of the trees touched the water, and afforded him an easy and safe access to it. Be this as it may, though the trees were not above twenty yards from him, he could not make his way through the sand time enough to escape before we landed. As soon as we got up to him he threw himself upon his back, and defended himself in gallant style with his fore-legs.—“Come, poor fellow,” said I to him, “if thou hast got into a hobble to-day, thou shalt not suffer for it; I’ll take no advantage of thee in misfortune; the forest is large enough for both thee and me to rove in; go thy ways up above, and enjoy thyself in these endless wilds; it is more than probable thou wilt never have another interview with man. So fare thee well.” On saying this, I took a long stick which was lying there, held it for him to hook on, and then conveyed him to a high and stately mora. He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in about a minute he was almost at the top of a tree. He now went off in a side direction, and caught hold of the branch of a neighboring tree; he then proceeded towards the heart of the forest. I stood looking on, lost in amazement at his singular mode of progress. I followed him with my eye till the intervening branches closed in betwixt us; and then I lost sight for ever of the two-toed Sloth. I was going to add, that I never saw a Sloth take to his heels in such earnest; but the expression will not do, for the Sloth has no heels.

That which naturalists have advanced, of his being so tenacious of life, is perfectly true. I saw the heart of one beat for half an hour after it

was taken out of the body. The wourali poison seems to be the only thing that will kill it quickly. A poisoned arrow will kill the Sloth in about ten minutes.

So much for this harmless, unoffending animal. He holds a conspicuous place in the catalogue of the animals of the New World. Though naturalists have made no mention of what follows, still it is not less true on that account. The Sloth is the only quadruped known, which spends its whole life from the branch of a tree, suspended by his feet. I have paid uncommon attention to him in his native haunts. The monkey and squirrel will seize a branch with their fore-feet, and pull themselves up, and rest or run upon it; but the Sloth, after seizing it, still remains suspended, and suspended moves along under the branch, till he can lay hold of another. Whenever I have seen him in his native woods, whether at rest, or asleep, or on his travels, I have always observed that he was suspended from the branch of a tree. When his form and anatomy are attentively considered, it will appear evident that the Sloth cannot be at ease in any situation, where his body is higher, or above his feet. We will now take our leave of him.

MORE ABOUT MY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Did I name my Lydia when I talked about them last? No; I am certain I did not. Poor, proud, half-Irish Lydia, she comes up from the poorest of cabin-homes. I know, for I peeped into it once, but she has a bearing that might befit a queen. No, there, I fancy, *now*, I may be wrong. A month ago, though she might have set for a Zenobia, my handsome, erect, imperious Lydia; now, she is simply Lydia, unbending and positive as ever, but unbending in her truth, and firm in standing by the right. Passionate she was in past times, overbearing, stubborn—a very terror in our midst, not “looked down upon,” by any means, because of her poor attire and (so called) low origin, but a kind of acknowledged potentate among the girls, maintaining her ascendancy no more by her imperious temper, than by unequalled scholarship and a degree of native talent that was and is a continual surprise.

Now, she never usurps dominion. I distrust the permanency of the change, though, I own, and, spite of myself, am in continual expectation of some drama after the programme of old times. But there are influences at work for her, beside which all my lecturing and prim array of rules are of but little worth. She has been sitting of late with my Jane—my little marvel of a drawing genius, who will trace such ships and landscapes on the blackboard as make my eyes run over with delight.

She is a very jewel in the school, loving and forgiving, winning love, and making all hearts about her brighter and better only by the sunshine that beams out always from her own. I cannot tell that she ever suspected Lydia of doing wrong, and I know she has never suspected herself of influencing her at all, but she used to look up into her face when she was fuming over her “bums,” or storming at some school restriction, with such wonder in her childish eyes, and yet

pity and distress, I think Lydia was rebuked at last. And now, unlike as they are, there seems some pleasant bond to have grown up between the two. Lydia is a model school-girl, but frigid and unapproachable to all save little Jane; toward her, she is entirely human. And therein do I rejoice. What matter for the old proverb—“Evil communications corrupt good manners”—here is proved a better thing. Good communications may purify bad ones. Would that every home sent out its children shielded in true home-teachings like little Jane. “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,” comes ever to my thoughts when my eyes fall on her. No one can help it. Even Hattie perks at her through her spectacles with affectionate respect, and my crazy Maria would forego mischief for a week rather than do her harm.

My dear school-girls! alas, change has fallen upon our little circle. They are not themselves to-day; they do not even rush out of doors in the recreation-time, but stand here gazing in little groups within the room, talking in low, grave voices together. There is one name—“Maria”—one and another has spoken, but very softly and lovingly, as though Maria were asleep behind some shut-up desk, and they were all afraid of wakening her. And there is one desk, the little, varnished lid of which has not been lifted for a month or more. That is Maria’s. How we have missed her! We have had no singing for all these mornings, because it seemed like desecration to have the old, sacred melodies in which she used to lead,—warbling them forth in her sweet voice as no one else could,—chanted discordantly. To-day—I cannot bear to talk of it—we have heard from our Maria. She has left us, indeed, with her beautiful gift, and is wandering hither and thither, one of a trio of second-rate musicians. No wonder the girls have no heart for play to-day. I would she could have remained a school-girl, a child, and child-like still, for years, among us. It goes to my heart to think how prematurely old and worldly the little girl must grow—our joyous, light-hearted Maria. What pages from life’s histories those young eyes must read, and, oh, what triumphs and what disappointments are awaiting her! God shield her! I will not seek to peer into her future, or that of any one of all the little, hopeful beings that circle round me day by day. The broad sky still covers them, and I will still hope on. A. P.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other’s errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a stick of wood upon the anvil, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent; but oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will enwrap them in its lurid splendor.

SPARING TO SPEND;

OR,

THE LOFTONS AND THE PINKERTONS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

The first day of the month came, and Pinkerton was early at the store. Not earlier, however, than his very punctual associate, who was generally at his accounts an hour before he came to look after customers.

"A pretty heavy month this," remarked Mr. Ackland, who was poring over the bill book.

"How much to pay?" enquired Pinkerton. His manner was slightly absent.

"Five thousand dollars," replied Ackland.

"So much!" The announcement of so large a sum startled the young merchant.

"Yes; five thousand. We have, however, a balance of over fifteen hundred dollars in bank, and a good many country merchants are now arriving."

"We shall go through easily enough," said Pinkerton, lightly. He had quickly recovered from his momentary surprise.

At this moment a teller from the Union Bank entered. Both Pinkerton and Ackland knew him, and understood that the little package of papers which he held in his hand were bank notices. The heart of the former almost ceased to beat, as the young man came forward, so great was his anxiety and suspense. Leaving his partner, he advanced half way down the store to meet the teller. Four notices were handed to him, one of which, from the amount it called for, he recognized as referring to one of his accommodation notes. This he adroitly concealed, while his back was yet towards Mr. Ackland. He breathed freely again. So much, at least, was safe. But, the danger was still imminent. Three more notices were to come in. In the first, he had been very fortunate; but, he could not hope for a like good fortune so far as the others were concerned. Nor was he so fortunate.

"There's something wrong here," said his partner, meeting him with a grave face, as he came in from dinner on that day, about half past three o'clock in the afternoon. Ackland held two bank notices in his hand. In spite of his effort to maintain an air of unconcern, the color rose instantly to his face.

"What is wrong?" he inquired.

"We have no bills out answering to these," said Mr. Ackland, presenting the notices to his partner.

"Are you certain?" remarked Pinkerton.

"Very certain." The bill book was opened, and laid before Pinkerton, who ran his eyes along the various entries.

"You may have omitted to enter them," was ventured as a suggestion.

"No," said Ackland, promptly; "I'm too careful an accountant for that."

"There's some mistake at the bank, no doubt. It's too late to see to it this afternoon; but I'll go over and investigate the matter to-morrow."

"I've already been over," was the reply of Ackland to this.

"You have!" The brow of Pinkerton contracted, and a shadow fell over his face.

"Yes, and have seen the notes. They are drawn to your order, and have your endorsement."

It was on the lips of Pinkerton to pronounce them forgeries; but an instinctive conviction that this would only make matters worse, restrained him.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with animation, his eyes brightening, and his face breaking into a smile: "I understand all about it now. Didn't I tell you, four months ago, when them notes for my furniture came due, that in order to meet them, without taking money from the business, I had drawn two accommodation notes, and got them discounted."

"No," was the positive answer of Ackland, who received this announcement with compressed lips, and a look of stern displeasure.

"Oh! I'm sure I did," returned Pinkerton, driven now into subterfuge and direct falsehood. "I never would have done a thing like that, without speaking of it—never."

"You certainly did it in this instance," said Ackland, firmly; "for I had not the remotest suspicion that any paper of the firm was out, not the representative of some business transaction. And to speak plainly, Mr. Pinkerton, I don't like the look of it."

"You don't!" The tone of voice, as well as the words of Ackland, were far from being pleasant to his partner.

"No, I do not." Ackland's manner was not in the least softened.

"What do you think it indicates?" said Pinkerton, who was too much irritated by the language of his partner, to maintain a prudent self-control.

"You ask the question, and I will answer it plainly." Mr. Ackland was now quite composed, but very decided in his manner. "It indicates—nay, Mr. Pinkerton, it is—on your part, a direct violation of partnership faith!"

"Mr. Ackland! I cannot permit this! I will not bear such language from—"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Pinkerton," said Ackland, who was perfectly cool. "This is by far too serious a matter to be discussed in a state of angry excitement. You have no right to be offended with me for using plain language. The act is a breach of good faith, and you would so regard it, were it mine instead of yours."

Pinkerton saw the folly of anything rash on his part; and, therefore, endeavored to recover his self-possession. Glimpses of consequences—ruinous consequences—were already presented to his mind. Clearly in the wrong, it was not for him to play off the indignant too broadly, especially with a man of the cool, decided temperament of his partner, whose character he had misapprehended in the beginning, in more than one particular.

"I did not mean it as a breach of good faith," he said, with something conciliatory in his voice. "I trust I am a man of better principles than that, Mr. Ackland. My notes were out, and had to be lifted. I had already drawn as much, on private account, from the business, as I felt it

right to draw. This being the case, I tried to raise the sum needed on my own notes; but utterly failed in the effort. 'The firm notes can be discounted,' was answered to my application; and on the credit of the firm I was at last compelled, most reluctantly, to fall back. You have now the whole story. I wish it had been otherwise; but so it is."

Ackland accepted the explanation, but looked very grave about it, and was far from feeling comfortable. On the day following, the fourth and last notice found its way into his hands. He sent immediately to the bank, and ascertained that this note was similar in character to the other two of which he had spoken to his partner. This was more than he was prepared for; and he at once declared his wish to have the firm dissolved. All confidence in Pinkerton was gone. He had felt, for some time, dissatisfied with his extravagant habits, and dashing business ways, the latter seeming to him often more like gambling than careful merchandizing. They might realize a splendid fortune; but he was afraid of the chances.

A little to Ackland's surprise, Pinkerton was ready to meet him on this new issue, and arrange for a dissolution. He would give or take a certain sum, and retain or leave the business. Ackland had too little confidence in himself to accept the latter proposition, and so, wisely, availed of the former. It was mutually agreed that the cause of their separation was to remain a profound secret—that Ackland was to receive back the amount of capital at first invested, and seven thousand dollars as his share of the estimated profits which the concern had made. The rapid growth of the house, and the reputation which Pinkerton had acquired for capacity, enterprise and great business shrewdness, made it an easy matter for him to secure a new partner with four times the capital that Ackland had possessed. The latter's security was, therefore, ample; while Pinkerton found himself elevated to a new and higher position in business. Both were satisfied with the change.

For a few weeks, the withdrawal of Ackland from the house was a topic of remark in business circles. Many conjectures as to the cause thereof were made, but none guessed at the true reason. The new firm of Pinkerton & Lee was regarded as a much stronger one, because a larger amount of cash capital was in possession.

Of Mr. Lee, the new partner so suddenly introduced, we have nothing very particular to say at present. Like Ackland, he had not received a thorough business education. But he was a man of better address, higher ambition, and what are sometimes called more "liberal" views, though not competent to take the place of either salesman or bookkeeper. Of his principles, we cannot speak with much confidence; and yet, so far in life, he had ever maintained the most honorable courses of action. In all respects, he was a man whom Pinkerton could manage far better than he had been able to manage his first partner, and this because he had less discrimination and less suspicion. Most fortunate did Pinkerton consider himself in "getting rid" of Ackland—so he mentally expressed it,—though he never felt particu-

larly comfortable in thinking over the causes which led to a dissolution of the copartnership.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. and Mrs. Lofton were not in error as to the feelings and views of Mrs. Pinkerton. She never returned the call. Lofton felt this more than did his wife. Indeed, so far as the latter was concerned, the omission was a source of congratulation rather than regret. She knew enough of the family to which Mrs. Pinkerton belonged, to be satisfied that a congenial intercourse was impossible. This impression, a close observation, made during two brief interviews, entirely confirmed. Lofton and Pinkerton met, as friends, whenever thrown together; but, between their families, no intercourse whatever existed. Marriage had opened for them diverse paths. Humble, unobtrusive, scarcely observed, yet steadily progressive, was the path along which one was moving; while that of the other mounted rapidly upwards, winding among dizzy and dangerous places, and attracting observation from the curious, the envious, and the ill-natured. There was firm footing for the one; while, ever and anon, the other felt the ground to be slippery and uncertain.

Cool, discriminating, cautious and observant as was Archibald Lofton, and well satisfied that the foundation of his friend's business prosperity was not well laid, he could not, at times, repress an uncomfortable feeling, on contrasting their respective positions in life—Pinkerton at the head of a large and rapidly growing house, and he but an humble clerk, with no prospect beyond yet opening its attractive vistas for his eyes.

"This is a strange world," he remarked one evening to his young wife, with something of disappointment in his voice. He had seemed to her more thoughtful than usual since returning at the close of the day, and less interested in their sweet babe, which had come, a few months before, to add new gleams of sunlight to their humble home.

Mrs. Lofton looked at her husband for a few moments, and then replied—

"The ways of Providence are often strange to us; but, we know that wise designs are involved in every event, and that a beautiful harmony is often wrought out of things strangely involved and darkly mysterious."

"A general truth, to which we may all assent with the understanding. And yet, when the darkness lies upon our own pathway, we cannot help feeling anxious in regard to what is beyond."

"Do you really feel anxious? Are you in doubt?" said the now serious wife, laying her soft hand on the slightly clouded brow of her husband. She had not at first detected the direct bearing of his words.

"I ought not to feel anxious. I ought not to be in doubt, Ellen," replied Lofton, forcing a smile, "and yet, some things occasionally produce uncomfortable states of mind."

"What things, Archie?" A shadow stole over the young wife's face.

"I believe that I possess equal business capacity with Mark Pinkerton; and a great deal more prudence. And yet capital seeks him out, while

I am passed by, and left to plod along through life, a simple clerk."

"I don't like to hear you talk so, Archie, dear," said Mrs. Lofton, tenderly. "Has not your salary been raised, and have we not everything comfortable, and something to spare? Oh, don't murmur at Providence, Archie,—don't let that bane of all happiness, discontent with the present lot, come in to cloud the sunshine of our happy life."

"I'm not discontented, Ellen," replied Lofton, rallying himself. "Oh no—don't misconceive my state of mind. But, sometimes, we can't help thinking that events come out strangely. Now, let me tell you of something. There's been a dissolution of co-partnership between Pinkerton and Ackland."

"There has! For what reason?"

"That is not clearly understood. There is something kept back from the public. Evidently a misunderstanding has arisen, ending in this separation. A low whisper, meant to be strictly confidential, came to my ears to-day, charging Pinkerton with having used the name of the firm for his own private ends. But I will not credit this, nor repeat it. Reckless as he is, and full of temptation as the path he is treading may be, I will not believe him so lacking in worldly wisdom as to venture so soon upon an expedient of this kind."

"Worldly wisdom, Archie," said Mrs. Lofton. "And is that all he possesses to restrain him from dishonorable actions?"

"I should fear for him in strong temptations," was thoughtfully replied. "And after all, there may be truth in the rumor; though, another that I heard, seems most likely to involve the true reason."

"What was that?"

"Ackland is said to have been dissatisfied in consequence of the large sums of money which Pinkerton drew out for his personal expenses."

"I should not wonder if in that lay the cause of the dissolution," said Mrs. Lofton. "How weak—how very foolish! And so, in the effort to be fashionable, and to make a showy appearance, he has so soon marred all his prospects in life."

"Not marred them, by any means, Ellen," replied her husband. "But, to all appearance, greatly advanced his worldly interests. And this is why I said, in the beginning, that it was a strange world."

"Advanced his worldly interests!"

"Yes. His dissolution with Ackland leads but to the formation of a new co-partnership, and under far better auspices."

"That is singular. Who is the new partner?"

"Carlton Lee, who brings into the business a capital of forty thousand dollars, and credit to almost any extent. The firm is now Pinkerton and Lee; and I heard a very shrewd merchant say this afternoon, that he shouldn't be surprised if they were worth half a million of dollars in ten years."

It was but too plain, from the tone and manner of Lofton, that he derived no pleasure from contemplating what seemed the opening good fortune of his old friend. It contrasted too strongly with his own humble condition.

"Do you remember what Queen Margaret in the play, said?" asked Mrs. Lofton, fixing her eyes intently on the face of her husband.

"No."

"They that stand too high may chance to fall; and if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces: or something of this import. Archie, I would rather have you remain a humble clerk, than occupy the place of Pinkerton."

"So would I, if I must occupy it as he does. But, I would stand far more securely than he stands. I would not be ever in danger of stumbling from looking at the stars above my head."

"I would rather have you remain as you are, than be the partner of Carlton Lee, with all his credit and capital," said Mrs. Lofton, firmly.

"He is not a man whom I admire, certainly," was the reply of Lofton.

"We believe him to be wanting in virtuous principles."

"True."

"And would you, Archie, for any prospect of mere worldly advantages, enter into close business relations with such a person? O, no. I am sure you would not. This seeming good fortune on the part of Mr. Pinkerton has, temporarily, disturbed the even balance of your mind. Turn your thoughts away. Let us be content with our own lot, believing, that He who arranges things external, knows what is best for us. Let us be patient: if good fortune is in store for us, it will come in its own time; but, we must never forget that thankfulness for present blessings, and an earnest enjoyment of them, is the only true preparation for the enjoyment of good things in the future. Who do you think is happiest now, you or Mr. Pinkerton, elated as he must be with his good fortune?"

A little while the young man sat musing. The earnest, truthful words of his wife, were doing their appropriate office in his mind, which, had only been temporarily unbalanced.

"I am happiest," he at length said, and with an emphasis that indicated some vivid perception of real differences in their relations and sources of true enjoyment. "No, no, Ellen! I would not exchange with him on any consideration."

"Nor would I exchange with Mrs. Pinkerton," calmly responded his wife. Then she added, almost in the same breath—"Lucy Arden came to see me to-day."

"Did she, indeed?" The fact seemed to give Lofton especial pleasure.

"Yes. She called in and sat for an hour. In fact, took off her bonnet and shawl, and made herself quite at home. She seemed so pleased with dear little Eddy, and nursed him nearly all the time. Her mother gives a large party next week."

"Ah?"

"And what's more, we're to be invited."

"O, no."

"It's true; and Lucy says we must come."

"A mere compliment; for which, no doubt, we ought to feel very much obliged," said Lofton, a little sarcastically. "We can send our regrets."

"No, Archie," said his wife, firmly. "The invitation when it comes will, I am sure, be in

good faith. Mrs. Arden is too true a woman to offer the hospitalities of her house, without a wish to extend them. Can you not say as much for Mr. Arden?"

"O, yes. He has ever treated me with kindness and respectful consideration. To Mrs. Arden, I am a stranger."

"Though I am not. When you do meet her, you will feel that you have met a true woman. She always asks after you with an interest that cannot be mistaken. O yes; we will go."

Mr. Arden was one of the partners in the house that employed Lofton as clerk; the same person who had shown so kind an interest in the young man, and through whose generous appreciation of his wants and ability, he had received an advance of salary. Before her marriage, Mrs. Lofton had worked as dressmaker for Mrs. Arden and her family, all of whom were much attached to her. Lucy was the oldest daughter; a beautiful, highly-educated, and highly-accomplished girl, now in her twentieth year. Since the marriage of Mrs. Lofton, the family continued to show her many kindnesses; and Lucy not only called to see her frequently, but often insisted on her coming round and spending an afternoon with the family, on which occasions she was treated by all with an affectionate interest that was grateful to her feelings.

This new evidence of good-will and high appreciation of character, both in Mrs. Lofton and her husband, was the more gratifying because altogether unexpected. Lightly as the invitation was at first treated by Lofton, the more he thought of it, the deeper was the sense of pleasure experienced. It was an evidence that, at least, in one influential quarter, he was not regarded as altogether unworthy of association, because poor. It gave him hope, too; for, he saw that this introduction into society by Mr. Arden, was a public endorsement of his character, always of great value to a young man who has nothing but his ability and good character on which to build his worldly prosperity.

CHAPTER XVI.

In due time, formal invitations to the party at Mr. and Mrs. Arden's, were received by the Loftons. Lucy Arden called in to see Mrs. Lofton on the very day the invitations were left, to express personally the particular desire of the family that they would attend; and also to offer her advice and assistance, if needed by Ellen, in matters of dress and appropriate ornament.

"What are you going to wear?" was among the first and most natural questions.

Mrs. Lofton had nothing that was just suitable for the occasion, and so the purchase of a new dress was decided upon. The color, material and style of trimming, were then discussed and settled to the satisfaction of both parties. We say to the satisfaction of both; although it must be admitted that in the earlier portions of the important discussion, Lucy Arden was decidedly in favor of a more showy article than finally met their joint approval.

"What jewelry have you, Ellen?" was next asked by Lucy.

"None of any particular value, except a small

diamond pin that belonged to my father. Mother would never part with it," replied Mrs. Lofton.

"Ah, well—no matter. I have enough and to spare. Come around to-morrow, or next day, and we will select something."

Mrs. Lofton smiled and said that she was grateful for the kind offer, but thought it would be wiser and more becoming in her to avoid excess of ornament.

"I agree with you there, Ellen, entirely," said Lucy—"but I do not by any means propose excessive ornament. A bracelet, a pin, a pair of neat ear-rings, and a small string of pearls to wreath in your hair, will produce just the right effect, and make you look charming."

The light-hearted, affectionate girl, smiled, half in earnest and half in playfulness.

"So come around," she added, "and we'll find something exactly suited to your style of dress and person."

"I'll come round, Lucy, but I'm very certain that we shall not agree about the jewelry."

"Why not?"

"Remember, that I am only the wife of a clerk."

"Well, and what of that pray! Does it lessen your personal value? I wonder if the wife of an honest clerk hasn't as good a right to dress with taste as the proudest lady in the land? The wife of a clerk, indeed! You think too meanly of yourself, Ellen."

"I would rather think too humbly, than too proudly, Lucy," replied Mrs. Lofton—"though there is not much danger of the former, for I'm by no means wanting in a good opinion of myself. When I speak of being only the wife of a clerk, I refer to my husband's condition in life, as not justifying expenditure for jewelry."

"But, child, I don't want to sell you my ornaments," said Lucy, with mock seriousness. "I haven't quite come to that yet!"

"You don't understand me," was the response of Mrs. Lofton. "I should think it wrong to wear ornaments of greater value than my husband's income might warrant me in purchasing."

"Ellen! Ellen! I'm afraid there's something behind all this," said Lucy. "I'm afraid that proud little heart of yours is lifting itself in rebellion at the thought of borrowed ornaments?"

"No—no, Lucy. With you I could feel no delicacy—no reluctance, however strong my native pride and independence might be," returned Mrs. Lofton, with much earnestness of manner. "My objection springs from a different consideration altogether. I would, on no account, appear in company wearing a single article of dress or ornament which my husband's circumstances might not fully warrant me in purchasing."

"That's fastidiousness, Ellen, and nothing else," said Lucy. "Whose business is it, I wonder? Who has a right to ask whether your husband can afford to buy what you wear or not? The enquiry would be impertinent; and if you seek to avoid all impertinent enquiries, you'll have plenty of fruitless work on your hands."

"Still you fail to comprehend me, Lucy," was the reply of Mrs. Lofton. "To dress, or to appear to dress beyond our means, might injure my husband's prospects."

"How so? I cannot comprehend this?"

"Has not many a man been ruined by extravagant living?"

"Certainly. But what has that to do with wearing a few trifling ornaments which cost you nothing?"

"We should avoid the appearance of evil, for the world judges by appearances."

"True."

"If, as the wife of a clerk, I dress in a style not warranted by our circumstances, will not the inference be fair that, as the wife of a young merchant, I would be tempted still to exceed the increased ability of my husband?"

The eyes of Lucy drooped to the floor, and she sat musing for some moments. A dim light was breaking into her mind. Mrs. Lofton continued:

"My husband, like most men, looks forward to the time when he will be in better circumstances. He has some business talents, is prudent, industrious and self-denying. But, he has neither capital nor wealthy friends; and must, therefore, wait until by careful economy he can save enough to begin the world in a small way, or meet with some one who is ready to place capital against his knowledge of business."

"All very well. I like that," said Lucy.

"Now, can you not see," continued Mrs. Lofton, "that if his wife goes into company dressed in a style thought to be extravagant, his prospects might be injured? Men who have money to invest are usually very careful as to who may have the control of it; and while one might be very willing to avail of the husband's business qualifications, he might be afraid of the wife's extravagance."

"Why, Ellen!" exclaimed Lucy Arden, a glow of pleasure and approval diffusing itself over her face—"what a little philosopher you are!"

"Am I not right?" said Mrs. Lofton.

"I believe you are; perfectly right. Well, isn't it curious that such an idea never found its way into my thoughtless brain?"

"Circumstance is a wise teacher," was answered. "Every new relation in life has its own peculiar lessons, and well for us will it be if we learn them thoroughly."

"Right again, Ellen; right again. I'll tell father of this. It will gratify him, I know. I've heard him talk just in this way many a time; but seeing in his words no particular bearing, I never gave them a second thought—in fact, did not clearly see their meaning. Well, you shall dress just as your own taste and judgment may dictate. Circumstance is a wise teacher, and you, it seems, are conning your lessons well."

So it was decided that Mrs. Lofton should wear no jewelry but the small diamond pin, which could not attract observation.

As Lucy Arden had said, she related to her father all that passed between her and Mrs. Lofton. Mr. Arden seemed very much pleased, and spoke with warmth of Lofton's character and ability; and ended by saying:

"A wife like Ellen is a fortune to any man."

CHAPTER XVII.

The evening of the party at Mr. Arden's came, and Mr. and Mrs. Lofton prepared themselves

for the occasion—to them, one of more than common interest. Lofton, naturally diffident, felt exceedingly nervous. He had been little in company. A fashionable party he had never attended; and he felt, painfully, his ignorance of the many little observances of polished life, without a knowledge of which every one must suffer restraint and embarrassment. Mrs. Lofton was more at her ease. She had a woman's quick perception of social usages, and had been enough with ladies who moved in fashionable circles, to be able to compare them with herself. She did not doubt her ability to act, in her own quiet and unobtrusive way, with all needful propriety. Both were a little surprised, on arriving at the house of Mr. Arden, at the hour named in the note of invitation, to find themselves among the first of the guests. But, this unfashionable punctuality was something in their favor. They had time to get a sort of at-home feeling before the larger portion of the company arrived.

It proved to be a large and brilliant party, at which many of the first merchants and professional men of the city, with their families, were present. Amid the gay attire and flash of jewelry, our unobtrusive, little Mrs. Lofton was completely obscured. She might have ventured the bracelet and string of pearls, without much danger to her husband's future prospects. So, at least, Lucy Arden thought, as she more than once contrasted the modest exterior of her friend and protégé with the glitter and display around her.

Among the guests were Pinkerton and his wife—the latter dressed in the most showy and extravagant style. Mr. Ackland, his late partner, was present. Also Mr. and Mrs. Allen; both rather formal in manner towards their dashing son-in-law.

Though several times thrown into immediate contact with Mrs. Pinkerton, Mrs. Lofton did not receive the slightest sign of recognition from that lady. Mr. Pinkerton bowed to her coldly, once or twice, but offered not the courtesy of a single word.

Time passed on, and in conversation, now with one, and now with another of the rather staid and sober part of the company, Lofton became more and more at ease, and, in consequence, more and more observant of what was going on around him. Contrasts were naturally made. The ease and self-possession of some, and the awkwardness and embarrassment of others, were noted. He gathered, too, from the free-spoken or unguarded, social and business estimates of individuals. Pinkerton and his lady were several times objects of comment in his presence; and, by the way, not over-favorable comment. And, once or twice, he heard his own, dear, modest little wife, briefly enquired about, as a stranger, in terms that sent the blood dancing, with a pleasant warmth, through his veins. Not less surprised than pleased was he, at length, to see her in animated conversation with Mr. Ackland. Who had introduced them, he did not know. But he saw that Ackland was particularly interested in something that she was saying, and that when she ceased speaking, his countenance expressed a warm approval of her sentiments. He would have been more pleased, if the

flowing conversation, which sometime afterwards passed between Mr. Arden and Mr. Ackland, had reached his ears.

"Who is that lady with whom I have been talking?" the latter enquired. "She's a very sensible a woman."

"So I think," replied Mr. Arden; "about as sensible a woman as any here to-night."

"She appears to be a stranger to almost every one here."

"She is; and some, to whom she is not altogether a stranger, seem rather chary of acknowledging the acquaintance."

"Indeed! Why so?"

"She's only the wife of a clerk."

"Who is her husband?" was the prompt enquiry of Mr. Ackland.

"A young man in every way worthy to call her his wife."

"May good fortune attend them! What is his name?"

"First, let me tell you a little incident about his wife. All my family think very highly of her. They knew her before her marriage, and have taken great interest in her since. My daughter Lucy told me a day or two ago, that she wanted her to wear some of her jewelry to-night, as she had none of her own fit for the occasion. But this was declined, and on the ground that her husband's income was too small to admit of the purchase of costly ornaments, and she would never, she said, mar his prospects by wearing articles of dress that might lead to the inference that he had an extravagant wife."

"Good! I like that," said Ackland, warmly; "she's made of the right stuff. I thought her a sensible woman. And her husband—is he worthy of her?"

"He is," said Mr. Arden.

"And now for his name?"

"Her husband is one of our clerks; an old friend, I believe, of Mr. Pinkerton's."

"A friend of Pinkerton's!" The brow of Ackland slightly contracted.

"Not like him by any means," was answered; "his name is Lofton."

"Ah! Now I remember him. He used to come to our store occasionally. What kind of a young man is he?"

"In what respect?"

"Has he business capacity?"

"Yes; and of the best kind. He belongs to the genus slow and sure."

"But, is he at the same time, shrewd and intelligent?"

"I think so."

"What are his principles?"

"Manly and honorable. I do not believe he would swerve a hair's breadth from the straight line of rectitude, under any temptation."

"What are his personal habits? Is he at all inclined to extravagance?"

"He saved from his salary sufficient to buy plain furniture for the small house in which he lives; and now strictly limits his expenses to a range below his income."

"Excellent! Excellent! I'd like to have another talk with you about him one of these days," said Mr. Ackland, as the near approach of some

of the company warned them to change the theme of conversation, which was rather foreign to the occasion.

Nothing, beyond what has been briefly recorded, occurred during this evening, that could in any way interest the reader. So much only has been noted as forms a link in the chain of circumstances it is our business to separate from common events. Perhaps, of all who made up the company, Lofton and his wife gained most of wisdom and mental strength from the social contact. They were introduced into a new circle, and looked down into the heart of society from a new elevation. Poor and humble though they were, and scarcely noticed by the proud or thoughtless ones with whom they had mingled a few brief hours, the experience did not crush, dispirit, or mortify them. A virtuous self-respect lay at the foundation of their characters. Thoughtful, observant, and discriminating, they comprehended clearly their own social relations; and was the value of the privilege so kindly extended by Mr. and Mrs. Arden.

Not the less pleasant, or home-like, seemed their small and poorly furnished dwelling, on returning from the elegant drawing-rooms of Mr. Arden. The contrast brought no uncomfortable feelings; but, so far as each was influenced by worldly ambition, a hopeful spirit was based on that self-dependent purpose, which is expressed in the words—"work and wait."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the morning after the party at Mr. Arden's. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton were standing in one of their parlors, and the latter was speaking in a very animated tone of voice. Mr. Pinkerton, who was dressed to go out, was drawing on his gloves.

"It's a mean, shabby-looking affair," said Mrs. Pinkerton, with indignant warmth; "and spoils the effect of every other piece of furniture in the rooms. I never noticed it so particularly, until I saw the Arden's sofa, last evening."

"Their's is, certainly, very beautiful," replied the husband.

"Oh, it's elegant! Such rich carving; and then the style is so new."

"It couldn't have cost less than a hundred and fifty dollars," said Pinkerton.

"I don't know, I'm sure. But, I'll tell you what I do know."

"Well?"

"A piece of furniture like that is cheap at almost any price."

"How so?"

"It furnishes of itself."

"Ah?"

"Yes. It gives an air of elegance to every thing in a room."

"There's something in that," remarked the young man, falling in with his wife's humor, and seeing the matter very much in the light she wished him to view it.

"I want just such a sofa," was the next declaration.

"You do!" There was real or affected surprise in the voice of Pinkerton.

"Yes, I do," was the firm answer. Google

"Suppose I were to say that I could not afford it?"

"Well, suppose you were?"

"I want you to answer the question, Flora."

"Can't afford it! That is a very convenient excuse among gentlemen, when they don't wish to gratify their wives. I've heard it at home ever since I can remember, and am free to say that I perceive little force in the objection. So, don't think to fall back on that pretence with me."

This was said half-lightly, yet with sufficient seriousness to make it apparent that the young wife was fully in earnest.

"Then, as I understand it," said Pinkerton, good-naturedly, "you are bent on having a new sofa?"

"O, no; I'm bent on no such thing, unless you are entirely willing, Mark. I think we ought to replace this old-fashioned affair, that really disgraces our parlors, with something respectable. I wonder that we ever could have selected so mean a pattern. What did it cost?"

"Seventy dollars," replied the husband.

"Good enough for the price, I suppose; but it is a poor affair alongside of Mrs. Arden's."

"Who made their's?"

"Hiss & Austin; so Lucy Arden told me."

"Well; suppose you go there and order one of the same pattern."

"If you think you can afford it," said Mrs. Pinkerton, making a faint show of prudence. "I wouldn't like to do any thing that might be deemed extravagant."

"I ought to be able to afford the additional expense of one hundred and fifty dollars," replied her husband, a little proudly. "The sum is not so very heavy. O, yes; go and order the sofa. I agree with you, that the one we now have disgraces the parlor. The sooner it is banished to the dining-room, or to one of the chambers, the better."

Mr. Pinkerton went to his store, and, during the morning, his wife called at Hiss & Austin's, and ordered a new sofa precisely like Mrs. Arden's.

On the same day, Mr. Ackland called at the store in which Archibald Lofton was employed as clerk, and held with Mr. Arden a long conversation. At its close, Mr. Arden sent for Lofton, and formally introduced him to Ackland.

"What are your views in regard to the future?" was enquired of Lofton, after a few general remarks on both sides.

"In what respect?" asked the young man.

"Touching business. Have you any settled plans?"

"None sufficiently definite to be of any value," said Lofton.

"Do you expect to go into business for yourself?" enquired Ackland.

"I certainly look to that in the future."

"Do you feel confidence in your present ability to conduct a business?"

"We are all apt to have a good opinion of ourselves," replied Lofton, smiling. "Too good an opinion, often. I am not over-modest, I believe, in this respect."

"Confidence in our own ability," remarked Mr. Arden, "is an element of success."

"And a very essential element," said Mr. Ackland.

"True; but unless that confidence is well based, it is rather a dangerous quality. It has, perhaps, led to as many business disasters as any other cause."

"Always excepting one, Mr. Lofton," said Ackland, with some feeling.

"What is that?"

"Extravagant personal expenditure."

"You may be right there. This living beyond the present means is a serious defect," said Lofton. "It is one, however, into which I believe I will never fall. I began life, resolved to spend less than my income, no matter how small that might be. Thus far, I have kept to my good resolution, and do not think I can be tempted to abandon it in the future."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus, Mr. Lofton. Indeed, I had already gathered as much from Mr. Arden." Then, after a slight pause, Ackland continued:

"You are aware, that a recent dissolution of co-partnership took place between myself and Mr. Pinkerton."

Lofton bowed, and the other went on:

"Of the causes which led to this dissolution, I need not speak. Enough, for the present, that I wished it to take place. I am now out of business, yet desirous of beginning again. I have a capital of over fifteen thousand dollars to invest, and this, you know, will give liberal credit facilities. In a word, I have been led to believe that you possess the qualities and qualifications I seek in a business partner. Are you open to a proposition?"

"I am," was the unhesitating answer.

"Very well. So far we understand each other. At an early day I should like to have an interview, for the purpose of talking this matter over a little more particularly. When and where shall we meet?"

"I am at leisure every evening," said Lofton.

"Where do you live?" asked Ackland.

The number of his house was given by Lofton.

"Will you be at home to-night?"

"Yes."

"Very well. If agreeable, I will call around about eight o'clock."

"I shall be very happy to see you," replied Lofton.

"And, by the way," said Mr. Ackland, speaking with animation, "I had the pleasure of half-an-hour's conversation with Mrs. Lofton last evening, at Mr. Arden's. Give her my compliments, if you please; and say that I trust soon to have a better acquaintance."

"You will find us living in a humble way," remarked Lofton, touched for an instant with a slight feeling of mortification, as there came to his mind a vivid contrast between the elegant residence of Mr. Arden, at which Mr. Ackland had met his wife, and his own poor abode. The feeling, however, was but momentary. It passed away, as Mr. Ackland said—

"I should hardly expect to find you in a palace, if, as you say, you are living at a range of expenditure below your income. One thing, however, I do expect to find—a cheerful, a happy home."

"That chiefest of all earthly blessings I do possess," was the proud, yet feeling answer.

The interview here closed. Lofton returned to his duties in the store, and Mr. Ackland retired, much pleased with the individual to whom he had proposed a business connexion.

Never had the hours seemed to pass so slowly to our young friend as they did from the time Ackland left the store, until the period arrived when he could return home and tell Ellen of his promised good fortune. He did not break the matter to her suddenly, but she saw, from his manner, that something unusual was in his mind.

While at the tea-table, he remarked, after sitting silent for some moments—

"I said a few evenings ago, Ellen, that this was a strange world, did I not?"

"Yes; and I have wondered many times since at the state of mind you then were in. You did not seem like yourself. The demon of distrust had entered your heart."

"It is a strange world, Ellen," said the young man, fixing his eyes intently on her face, while a new light shone in his countenance. "What if I were to tell you that Mr. Ackland is going to call here this evening?"

"Mr. Ackland! Are you in earnest, Archie?" Mrs. Lofton did look surprised.

"I am, dear. He is coming to see me this very evening, and to talk about business."

"What about business, Archie?" A sudden undefined hope was flushing the young wife's face and making humid her eyes.

"About commencing business again, with your husband as his partner."

"Oh, Archie! Are you really in earnest?" exclaimed Mrs. Lofton, clasping her hands together.

"Indeed, I am, dear Ellen. He came to our store to-day, and had a long talk with Mr. Arden. Then I was called into the counting-room and introduced to him; and then, after a good deal of talk, he said that he was in search of a business partner, and wished to know if I was open for a proposition. I said that I was. He wanted an early interview on the subject; and finally said that, if agreeable, he would call in to see me this evening."

"Oh, Archie! I am so glad, for your sake!" Tears were already glistening on the cheeks of Mrs. Lofton.

"And I'll tell you something more that he said."

"What was it?"

"He sent his compliments to you."

"To me!"

"Yes. He said—I had the pleasure of half-an-hour's conversation with Mrs. Lofton last evening at Mr. Arden's. Give her my compliments, and say that I hope soon for a better acquaintance."

"Now, Archie! Did he indeed say that?"

"His very words."

"I hardly know what to think," said Mrs. Lofton, after the first surprise occasioned by the announcement had passed away. "This is so much better fortune than I had looked for, that my mind is half bewildered. You are sure that he was altogether in earnest."

"Oh, certainly. This is not a matter in which a man like him would trifle or commit himself without due reflection. Remember, that what he said to me was after an interview with Mr. Arden, and spoken in his presence."

"Yes—yes—I see. Well, I am so glad for your sake, Archie."

"And I am glad more for your sake than my own; so we are even in that respect. But isn't it singular? He was in a good business with Pinkerton, yet retired therefrom, taking with him his capital, and now comes seeking a business connexion with me. I can scarcely understand it."

"It is no mystery to me," said Mrs. Lofton, proudly. "He was afraid of Pinkerton, but knows that in my excellent husband he can repose entire confidence."

Thus they talked together, and hopefully awaited the arrival of Mr. Ackland. How suddenly they had turned a sharp angle of the high mountain which towered above their lowly pathway; and now they had a broader vision—now they could see the way rising gradually before them; now hope in the future was basing itself on a reliable foundation. They had waited patiently and in humble self-denial for a time like this; yet its advent was a surprise, and thankfully and gratefully they acknowledged the coming good fortune.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh, Ellen!" exclaimed Lucy Arden, as she came bounding in upon Mrs. Lofton on the next morning, her face all a-glow, and her bright eyes dancing with pleasure—"I've got the nicest bit of news to tell you! What do you think?"

"I think you've lost one of your ear-rings," said Mrs. Lofton, smiling.

Lucy clapped her hands to her ears.

"I declare!" A moment she paused thoughtfully. "Now I remember! I only put one of them in, I was in such eager haste to get off to see you. Ah, but Ellen, I've got some news that will make that dear little heart of yours leap again. Do you know that your husband is going into business with Mr. Ackland?"

"I ought to know something about it," replied Mrs. Lofton, with, to Lucy, provoking calmness. "He was here last night."

"Indeed! Oh! then mine is only Piper's news, though I almost broke my neck, I was in such haste to bring it."

"What you say, Lucy, is none the less welcome to my ears," replied Mrs. Lofton, tenderly, "and it brings me a double pleasure. It not only confirms the promise of last evening; but your earnest and loving interest in my welfare touches my heart with a feeling which I have no words to express. Lucy, you and yours have been fast friends to me from the beginning. I can never forget it—never."

"And so Mr. Ackland was to see you last evening?" said Lucy, regaining her slightly disturbed equanimity.

"Yes. He called to see Archie, and sat and talked for two hours."

"And it's all arranged, I suppose, that your husband is to go into business with him."

"I can't exactly say that, Lucy. An arrangement such as is proposed requires deliberation on both sides. Many preliminaries were talked over, and they are to have another interview in a day or two. Everything now looks favorable, certainly."

"It will all rest with your husband, I am sure," said Lucy. "He has only to say the word. Pa told us that Mr. Ackland was perfectly satisfied, and ready to offer most tempting inducements. And now, Ellen, dear, I've got one piece of news for you, that *will* be news. Do you know that your husband is indebted to you for this good fortune?"

"To me!" Well might the young wife look surprised. "To me, Lucy? You are in sport."

"Indeed, then, and I am not, my dear. It's true, every word of it. You remember the jewelry I wanted you to wear?"

"Yes."

"And the reason you gave for not accepting my offer?"

"O yes."

"You are right, Ellen; and I'm so glad that your prudence and good sense were proof against the temptation I laid in your way. I told Pa all about it, and he was so delighted. You don't know what complimentary things he said of you! Well, you see, Mr. Ackland was mightily pleased with you at the party, and enquired of Pa who you were; and then Pa told him all about the jewelry affair. This hit Mr. Ackland's fancy. He asked a great many questions about your husband, and said he would like to know him. And so you see what has come out of apparently the most unimportant thing in the world."

It was some time before Mrs. Lofton could make any reply. A declaration so unexpected quite overpowered her.

"And is this really all so, Lucy?" she asked, in a voice that it required her utmost effort to keep steady.

"Every word of it, I declare!" was the earnestly spoken reply. "Oh! I am so glad! I couldn't rest until I ran over to tell you all about it. Who could have believed that so much hung on an unimportant trifle like this? We'll soon have you out of this poor little place, Ellen. There's a better time coming."

"Not so soon, perhaps, as you imagine," said Mrs. Lofton, smiling.

"And why not, pray?" asked Lucy.

"For the same reason that kept me from wearing jewelry that I could not afford to buy," answered Mrs. Lofton. "We shall remain here, depend upon it, Lucy, for a good while after my husband goes into business with Mr. Ackland, should the now-anticipated change take place. All our household arrangements will be quite as comfortable then, as now. I will never, as I have said before, mar my husband's prospects in life by extravagant living. Business will only be an experiment, and we shall await results, before going up higher. It is much easier to remain in an humble position, than to be forced back into it again, after having enjoyed a better style of living, and the comforts and luxuries attendant thereon."

"But you will not be forced back, Ellen: Mr.

Ackland has capital, and the new business will be sure to succeed."

"Not if its first profits are wasted in extravagant living."

"O dear! you are the most provoking creature," exclaimed Lucy Arden, good-humoredly. "Extravagant living! This is extravagant, verily!" And she glanced around the plainly-furnished room in which they were sitting, in mock contempt.

"Everything we have is paid for, and that is something," answered Mrs. Lofton.

"Yes, it is something," was the emphatic reply of Lucy. "And a great deal, Ellen. Well, I suppose you are right after all; but I do want to see you living in better style. There were some people at our party who didn't treat you just to my liking. They hold their heads wonderfully high; but their personal worth is very small. I want to see you take your place beside—nay, above them."

"A poor ambition that, Lucy. No—no. I wish to enter into no social rivalries; nor would I, were we worth hundreds of thousands. If my husband is successful in business, our external condition will gradually improve. And this improvement will not be for the sake of gaining a position, but because increased means will give us the ability to secure more of the comforts and elegancies of life. But this is looking ahead too far. We have a long time to work and wait yet, and we are prepared to do so, hopefully and patiently. So, my kind, good friend, don't come here, putting extravagant notions into my head. See the harm you came near doing when you tried this before."

"What harm, pray?" enquired Lucy.

"Have you so soon forgotten the bracelet and string of pearls?"

"True enough! And here I am, playing the part of tempter again. I think I'd better not come to see you any more. I'll be sure to lead you into some mischief in the end."

"No fear of that, Lucy. I shall be proof against all your enticements," was the quiet answer of the prudent young wife.

CHAPTER XX.

Isn't it beautiful?" said Mrs. Pinkerton, as she drew her husband into the parlor to look at the new sofa, which had been sent home during the morning.

"A very elegant piece of furniture indeed," was answered.

"If anything, it is handsomer than Mrs. Arden's. See how exquisitely the carving is done."

Mr. Pinkerton looked at the sofa—admired it—sat upon it—talked about it. But in one thing he was disappointed. It did not improve the appearance of other articles of furniture in the room as he had weakly flattered himself would be the case. Perhaps, he would never have imagined such an effect, if Mrs. Pinkerton had not urged it as a reason why the sofa should be purchased. Pier-tables and chairs, looked, in his eyes, sadly out of countenance. But he said nothing on that head. Flora would make the discovery, he doubted not, in her own good time. And she did make it. Ere the thought had passed

from him, she said, going up to the pier-table, and laying her hand upon it, "This has rather a dingy look."

Minutely was it now examined. The result proved far from satisfactory. Flora shook her head, and remarked in rather a dissatisfied tone of voice—

"It never was a very creditable piece of work. The fact is, good cabinet furniture is not to be procured except at a good price. Just look at the difference between this and the sofa."

A careful inspection of the two articles of furniture showed a vast superiority in favor of the sofa.

"I could hardly have believed it," said Pinkerton.

"Nor I," said his wife.

Then there was a pause, followed by a still further observation of the difference that existed between the two articles of furniture. Pinkerton shook his head, and his wife looked grave.

"The table is quite shamed by the sofa; isn't it?" remarked the latter.

"It certainly is," replied the former.

"I never liked the white marble slab. Black is so much richer," said Flora.

"Do you think so?" There was a slight degree of coldness in the manner of Pinkerton. He saw what was coming—and he was not fully prepared for it.

"Oh, a great deal richer!" was replied. "Mrs. Arden's pier and centre-tables were all of black Italian marble, and polished to a degree that makes their surface like mirrors. Didn't you notice them?"

"I did not."

"I wish you had. They are exquisite. Ours are no comparison to them."

And so the conversation progressed, ending, as Pinkerton saw, from the first, that it must end.

During the day, another visit was made by Mrs. Pinkerton to the cabinet warerooms of Hiss & Austin, and the object of her visit was fully accomplished. A pair of pier-tables were ordered to take the place of the single one their taste had condemned—these cost one hundred dollars each. Strongly was she tempted to purchase an elegant centre-table, the price of which was seventy-five dollars. She deemed it most politic, however, to consult her husband. Chairs at seven, eight and nine dollars each, were examined, and mentally contrasted with the very plain mahogany ones that graced her parlors, much to the discredit of the latter—at least in the estimation of Mrs. Pinkerton.

The introduction of the pier-tables was like pouring rays of strong light upon every other article of furniture the parlors contained. Not the slightest blemish or defect but what was now distinctly visible, as well to the eyes of the ambitious husband as his wife.

"Flora," said the former, after having admired the tables for some time—"these chairs will never do." And he took one of them in his hand, examined it for a moment, and then pushed it from him, with a slight expression of contempt.

"I wish you could see a set of chairs that I was looking at yesterday."

"Where?" he enquired.

"At Hiss & Austin's."

"Were they handsome?"

"You would think so."

"What do they ask for them?"

"Eight dollars a-piece."

Pinkerton shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a high price, I know. But, indeed, they are beautiful. They would make these rooms look charming."

"Would it require a dozen?"

"O no," quickly replied Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Eight is a number altogether sufficient."

"Eight. Eight times eight are sixty-four. Not ruinous, certainly," said Mr. Pinkerton, speaking half to himself.

"And just to think of the appearance," suggested his fair lady. "Oh, but wouldn't the effect of everything be just perfect? Sofa, pier-tables and chairs, all in the same style, and handsome enough for a palace! You'll let me order then, won't you, dear?"

"If you think you must have them, I suppose I can only say yes," was the husband's weak reply, made with some rather uncomfortable images before his mind. Experience made him but too distinctly conscious that it did not take a very long time for the period of six months to be accomplished; and all these indulgences—or, rather say, extravagances—would have to be paid for at the expiration of that time.

Another visit to the cabinet-makers was promptly made. It did not take much urging on the part of these gentlemen to induce Mrs. Pinkerton to order a dozen chairs instead of eight. So the cost was ninety-six dollars instead of sixty-four.

No one will be surprised to hear that the neat Brussels carpet, which many of the friends of Mrs. Pinkerton had over and over again admired, became suddenly quite changed in appearance. The lady's first impression was, that being a poor article, it must have faded; and she said so to her husband. He examined it, and thought her in error; and yet he admitted, that from some cause, its beauty had diminished. Next the material was closely scanned, which resulted in the discovery that it was coarse. Gradually from this time, the favorite lost its position. Other carpets were looked at—comparisons were made—and, finally, it was unanimously voted that the old friend was a very common-place affair, altogether out of style, and not fit company for the newly arrived denizens of the parlor. Naturally enough, in the course of events, a new carpet took the place of the old one; all that Pinkerton was required to do in the matter, being simply to sign his name to a note of two hundred dollars, payable six months after date. Very considerably, his wife took all the trouble of purchase, and such matters, upon herself.

Still, the parlor arrangements were not perfect. There was a want of harmony somewhere.—Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Pinkerton were satisfied with the effect produced. The mirrors were not only too small, but plain, when compared with chairs, sofa, pier-tables and carpet. This discovery was in due time made; and it explained the want of harmony. So another council was called, and the handsome mantel-glasses voted out as unworthy. Their places were supplied by

a pair of mirrors, "cheap at two hundred and forty dollars," for which another note was given by Mr. Mark Pinkerton.

Yet for all these changes, made at so heavy a cost—for all this yielding to the demands of taste and love of display—the wife of our young merchant was less satisfied with the style of her home-surroundings than before the purchase of their new sofa. Not yet were the parlors arrayed to her satisfaction. Incongruities still existed, the most prominent of which were the window draperies. These were of red damask moreen, and the cost, for four windows, had been a hundred dollars. The quality was good, and to any eye, not obscured as Mrs. Pinkerton's was now obscured, really handsome. But some of her fashionable friends rejoiced in the possession of satin damask curtains; and they were so much richer and more elegant, in her estimation, than moreen, that all pleasure in her parlor drapery was gone.

Nothing now would do but satin damask curtains. A little while her husband resisted this new encroachment on his purse—or rather on his credit—then yielded with as good a grace as possible, consoling himself with the reflection that the new firm was doing already a heavy business, and that he could, therefore, well afford to pay three hundred and fifty dollars for a set of satin damask window curtains.

Was this the end? Not by any means. Already the new sofa had cost over thirteen hundred dollars; and there was no telling where the outlay began in its purchase would stop. At last, the parlors of Mrs. Pinkerton were attired in a style that nearly met her approbation. A few things were lacking, it is true. She coveted some choice paintings, a piece or two of statuary and such like matters, and finally became quite unhappy, because one of her friends received, as a birthday present, a costly French time-piece, to grace one of her pier-tables, while Mr. Pinkerton, to whom she hinted the fact that a like remembrancer would be particularly grateful, replied a little pettishly, and it must be owned, rather roughly, that she was like the horse-leech's daughter, for ever crying to him—"give—give."

Instantly Mrs. Pinkerton was drowned in tears. The cruel man had well nigh broken her heart. What now was to be done? A wife in tears can overcome any man whose heart is not like iron or stone. Mr. Pinkerton apologized—asked to be forgiven his hasty words—said he meant nothing—that he was merely jesting, and all that. But it was of no use. He had unsealed the fountain of tears, and vainly tried to check its flow. With rather a heavy heart he left his dwelling on the morning when this distressing incident occurred, leaving a tear-drowned face behind him. Slowly he moved along on his way to the store, musing, with his eyes upon the pavement. Now he blamed himself for having spoken so unguardedly, and now he was out of patience with his wife for her unreasonable extravagance.

But what was to be done? That was now the difficult question. Cloud and storm were in his dwelling—how were they to be removed? Pinkerton lifted his eyes from the pavement just as this mental enquiry was made, with more than wonted

earnestness. How opportune! He was just opposite the store of Mr. Gelston, and there, in the window, stood a beautiful French clock. Resistance was useless. Here was the remedy; and if he would cure the disease, it must be applied. The conviction was not to be resisted. So, without waiting for an obtrusive doubt, he entered the store, bought the clock, and had it sent home.

When, a few hours afterwards, he entered his dwelling, it was full of sunshine.

CHAPTER XXI.

Elegantly furnished were the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton, and quite up to the taste of our ambitious lady and gentleman. But it is not in the human mind to be satisfied with its achievements. Conquest or possession is quickly followed by new aspirations or new desires. It was not enough that daily they could admire the beautiful effect of the costly articles with which their rooms were adorned—not enough that an occasional visitor approved or commended. Their vanity required more highly seasoned aliments. They must give a party.

In justice to Pinkerton, it should be said, that the idea of a party did not originate with him. Too actively were his thoughts engaged in business, to leave room for suggestions of this kind. When the thing was first proposed by his fashionable wife, he felt altogether disinclined thereto, and from prudential reasons, which experience had already taught him it would be useless to set forth. He had not quite forgotten the causes which led to a dissolution of his first copartnership, nor the mortifying position in which he had been placed. Not once, but many times during the progress of those domestic changes by which his drawing-rooms were made to assume an air of elegance somewhat in advance of his real ability to procure, troublesome doubts had invaded his mind. He felt that he was venturing a little way on dangerous ground; but it availed not that he was inclined to take counsel of Prudence—another's ears were deaf to all her suggestions and arguments.

"It will be a great deal of trouble, Flora," he said, coldly, when the party was first mentioned.

"I shall not regard it as such," the young wife quickly answered. "In fact, it will be a pleasant excitement. But, even if I were to feel it as a trouble, the obligation to reciprocate social festivities would be none the less binding. Remember, that we have attended a number of parties, and unless we give one in return, we must not expect to hold our place in society."

There was power in that last argument for a man like Pinkerton, who did not yet feel altogether assured of his newly-acquired social position. His feeble opposition was soon abandoned, and then the current of thought and feeling flowed pleasantly in a new direction.

Who were to be the guests? This was the next important question.

In her marriage, Mrs. Pinkerton had lost caste with a few families, certain members of which, for the sake of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, had kept up a kind of off-and-on acquaintance with her, now and then leaving a card, or passing a few formal compliments at accidental meetings. Deeply had

the pride of Mrs. Pinkerton been wounded by this, and she had looked forward with an intense desire for the time to arrive when it would be in her power to show these persons that they had committed a mistake. The activity of this desire grew stronger as her drawing-rooms gradually put off their modest, but genteel adornments, and became arrayed in a style of greater elegance. And now, in the matter of a party, it exercised a leading influence.

Who were to be the guests? It was no difficult matter to make the general and unimportant selections. But the upper and lower extremes were not so easily defined. Certain persons would give an *ecart* to the affair, if their presence could be secured. These Mrs. Pinkerton undertook to manage by a series of calls, in making which she was particularly careful to speak with great familiarity of well-known ladies prominent in society, as if she were on terms of close intimacy with them. As it was known that her family moved in the same circles with these persons, the fuse took in certain quarters, as Mrs. Pinkerton dearly saw. So her mind rested from its anxiety as to the presence of those who were to give character to her party.

During the conference on this subject, which took place between Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton, the former said:

"I wish to invite Mr. and Mrs. Lofton."

"Don't think of it," was the prompt and firmly uttered reply of Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Why not?" asked the husband.

"Because we don't want such people for our acquaintances. And, moreover, we have invited those who would regard their presence as an affront."

This rather touched Pinkerton, who answered a little sharply:

"Archibald Lofton is quite as good as any on your list."

"I don't know anything about that, Mark," said Mrs. Pinkerton. "All I know is, that he is a clerk, and that his wife is, or was, a dress-maker. Now, gentlemen and ladies don't expect to have clerks and seamstresses intruded upon them at fashionable parties. It would be looked upon as an insult."

"They were both present, you will remember, at Mr. Arden's," was replied to this.

"O yes, I remember that very well, and I remember something else that occurred on the occasion."

"What?"

"Mrs. G——, on hearing who they were, said, in my presence, that she considered it an outrage, and that if it wasn't for certain business relations between her husband and Mr. Arden, she would promptly withdraw from the company."

"Her husband is largely indebted to Mr. Arden for borrowed money. That I heard only a week ago," said Mr. Pinkerton. "But, let me inform you that you are slightly in error in regard to Mr. Lofton. He is no longer a clerk. It is now some weeks since he entered into business under very advantageous auspices."

"With whom?"

There was a slight hesitation on the part of Pinkerton before he replied.

"With Mr. Ackland."

"Not your former partner!"

"The same. And now, Flora, I cannot for the life of me see why his position, socially, is not just as good as mine."

"Oh, as to him," replied Mrs. Pinkerton, "if he were unmarried, there would be no difficulty. But he has chosen to unite himself in marriage with a low, vulgar woman, and that settles the question. They cannot be invited, Mark; and so I beg you say no more about it."

"Not a low, vulgar woman, Flora," said Mr. Pinkerton. "In that estimation you are in error."

"Don't, Mark, pray, dwell upon this any longer. You may invite Mr. Lofton, if you are so inclined; but, as for Mrs. Lofton, I do not intend to associate with her, and therefore, shall not invite her to my house."

"Oh, well, if you foreclose the matter in that way, it must end," said Pinkerton, in a dissatisfied tone of voice. "There may come a time, however, when both you and I will see cause to regret the present decision."

Pinkerton spoke from a sudden intruding perception.

"I'll take the risk," was the lady's prompt answer; and there the subject was dropped.

In due time the party came off. It was no half-way affair, so far as the costliness of the entertainment was concerned, though certain drawbacks marred seriously the pleasure of the Pinkertons. Nearly all of those who were expected to give character to the entertainment, unfortunately or conveniently, had other engagements, and coolly sent in their "regrets;" while all who were of no account whatever, and some who were invited out of mere compliment, came up, to the man and woman, and eat, drank, and made themselves merry at the expense of our foolish young friends.

Among the guests was Ackland, the partner of Mr. Lofton. He had attended, less from inclination, than from a desire to see the style in which Pinkerton was now living, and the kind of entertainment he would give. The evening was drawing near to a close, and he stood, soon after leaving the luxurious supper-tables, talking with the partner of Pinkerton, when a person who did not know Mr. Lee approached them and said, with a half-concealed sneer,

"Our young friend drives a pretty fast team."

Ackland made no response. He could not assent to the remark, although it accorded with his own view; nor did he feel disposed in the least to apologize for the seeming extravagance of their entertainer.

"There's plenty of go-ahead about him," replied Mr. Lee, smiling, and in a tone that showed him not to be in the least uneasy in regard to the fast driving of his partner.

"He's bound to break an axle, or dash down a precipice," said the other, lightly.

"You think so?" responded Lee.

"I do; and I'm not alone in my thoughts."

"While I," said Lee, "regard him as a safe driver, because he knows the road."

"Are you sure of that?" was the quick, doubtful interrogation.

"Very sure."

"I only hope he may be," said the other. "But for my part, I shouldn't like to be in the same vehicle with him."

With this remark the stranger to Mr. Lee moved across the room, and the two gentlemen were alone again.

"Who is that?" enquired the latter.

"Don't you know him?" asked Ackland, slightly evincing surprise.

"I do not."

"That is Thomas, of the house of Jacobs, Thomas & Ward."

"Is it indeed! I know Mr. Jacobs very well, but never met Thomas before. He is said to be a very shrewd business man."

"That is his reputation."

"I am surprised that he should speak so of Mr. Pinkerton. He probably has some pique against him."

"I do not know, I am sure. The firm of which he is a member has the reputation of being one of the most cautious, as well as one of the strongest in the city."

"They cannot understand a man of a liberal, enterprising spirit," said Mr. Lee, "and see danger in every step not taken in the beaten track."

To this Mr. Ackland made no answer. After a slight pause, Mr. Lee said:

"Are you of the same opinion with Mr. Thomas?"

It was some moments before Ackland said:

"It isn't good for a young house to have an impression, like that just given by Mr. Thomas, entertained in regard to a prominent, active partner."

"Why?"

"Such things may affect, injuriously, the credit of a house."

"There may be something in that," said Lee, into whose mind a new light seemed all at once to break. "And yet," he added, "such impressions may be altogether erroneous, as they are in the present case. Enterprise and activity are now the order of the day, and new men, if they expect to succeed, must be on the alert. Old firms that have an established reputation, and a large range of customers, may keep on their steady course, and at the old movement, but new houses cannot hope for success, unless they drive, as Mr. Thomas has been pleased to say, a pretty fast team."

"Let those who are willing to take the risks, do so," replied Ackland. "I am one of a class that still believes in slow and sure."

"Your new partner, from all I have heard of him, must be a man after your own heart," said Lee, in a tone not altogether pleasant to the ears of Mr. Ackland.

"I like him so far," was the quiet answer. And here the two men separated.

Lightly as Mr. Lee had treated the remark of Mr. Thomas, it made a lodgment in his mind, and remained there, with two or three other remarks heard during the evening, to be conned over. Through these, he was first made aware that a pretty general impression existed in regard to Pinkerton, that he was an extravagant young man, and ever disposed to live beyond his means.

Try as Mr. Lee would, to banish all this from his mind, he was not successful. An impression unfavorable to his partner had been made, and nothing could now remove it. The result was a determination on his part to give more direct thought to the general movement of the business in which they were engaged; to apply, where his own judgment approved, checks and balances, and to look more narrowly into the personal movements and expenses of Pinkerton.

Wisely enough was this determined, but Mr. Lee was of too confiding a disposition—was too easily influenced by specious words and fair representations—to act, in the case, with the decision that marked the course of Ackland. Moreover, he was not a very strong-minded man. In regard to business, he saw things much clearer in the light of other men's intelligence than in the light of his own. Close and comprehensive views he did not possess, nor had he a mind that was accurate in detail. When his partner laid before him plans for business, and traced out results, he saw all as clear as a sunbeam; but he could not do this for himself. He, therefore, rested almost entirely on Pinkerton. To disturb his confidence, was rather a serious matter, for it gave him a sense of insecurity that was far from being agreeable. It awakened in his mind a fruitless conflict.

Very far were Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton from deriving the pleasure they had anticipated from their party. The well-bred portion of their company, who really admired the elegance of their drawing-rooms, made no remarks thereon; while a few of the envious and ill-bred managed to let some things reach their ears that were by no means flattering. Particularly had they been disappointed and chagrined by the number of "regrets" that came in from certain quarters. In fact, but few of those for whom the entertainment was really designed, honored them with their presence. The meaning of this was but too well understood by Mrs. Pinkerton, whose mortification was extreme.

Quite as unpleasant to Mr. Pinkerton was the necessity, a few days afterwards, to draw a check of three hundred dollars to meet the bills for wines, confectionery, attendance, etc., that were promptly handed in, and which, somewhat to his regret, first came under the eyes of his partner, who had conned them over with certain thoughts in his mind that were kept to himself.

So much for the Pinkertons' first grand party. The cost of their new sofa was increasing rapidly. It stood them, now, "in the sum" of nearly two thousand dollars. But this was only the beginning.

CHAPTER XXII.

Instead of humiliating Mrs. Pinkerton, the failure of her party—she regarded it as a failure, because the end in view was not gained—only stimulated her ambition. One disparaging remark, which had reached her ears from an ill-bred guest, was in reference to her chamber furniture, which did not contrast very favorably with that in the parlors. To have this all right, was her next care. A feeble opposition was made by her husband, but it was soon withdrawn. Cabinet-

makers and upholsterers were again in requisition. In their hands, a most striking change was soon produced, as the reader may imagine, when told that their joint bill was five hundred dollars, for which Mr. Pinkerton could do no less than give his note. This note-giving was an easy mode of settling these little affairs for the time being. Unfortunately, however, the "days after date" passed away with singular fleetness; and Pinkerton did not feel altogether comfortable when compelled to draw the large sums needed to meet his many personal obligations.

In order to justify this liberal expenditure, our young friend made it a point to exaggerate, when talking about business and profits to his partner, and the latter weakly suffered himself to be misled by the specious declarations. In this way Pinkerton not only misled, to a considerable extent, the pliant and complying Mr. Lee, but actually wrought in his own mind a kind of self-deception. He really believed the firm to be making two dollars profit, where they were not realizing over one. Still, they were doing a large and profitable business; were in the high road to fortune. The danger of their position lay in their want of mercantile prudence.

Further, to make his own relation to the business less annoying and open to objection from his partner, Pinkerton urged Mr. Lee to adopt a more expensive and fashionable style of living, as not only justified by their income, but really due to their position. For a time Mr. Lee resisted this temptation, but yielded at last; and Pinkerton had the satisfaction of seeing the debit side of his partner's account accumulating figures in a ratio approximating to his own.

It can hardly be supposed that the pride and social ambition of Mrs. Pinkerton was going to rest satisfied with the simple re-furnishing of her parlors and chambers; the more especially, as she understood that her husband's business was rapidly on the increase, and that the annual profits were very large. In due time, she discovered that the dwelling they occupied was small in comparison with the residences of certain fashionable acquaintances. From that moment the charm of everything around her was gone. The elegant sofa—ah, that sofa! for how many changes was it not responsible!—the pier and centre-tables; the handsome chairs, lounges, ottomans, etc.; how crowded they all looked in those small rooms; and how, before this not observed, did they cover the rich carpet, and hide its gorgeous figures!

Mrs. Pinkerton really wondered within herself that she had not made this discovery before—wondered that she could ever have regarded her drawing-rooms as in good taste. The fact that certain families failed to honor, with their presence, her imposing entertainment, did not now so much surprise her. *She* had imagined herself surrounded with all that was elegant and imposing, while *they* saw nothing but what was meagre, common, or contracted.

From that period, the social ambition of Mrs. Pinkerton plumed its wings for a higher flight. But she had, by this time, become sufficiently well acquainted with her husband's character—sufficiently aware of his weaknesses—to know

how most easily to bend him to her wishes. She now sought to excite in him the desire that burned in her own mind. He was naturally extravagant, and fond of making an appearance. Moreover, neither her relatives, nor the class to which they belonged, had ever treated him with cordiality—had ever more than tolerated him for the sake of his wife. Often had this stung him to the quick; and many, many times had he looked impatiently into the future for the approaching day, when ample wealth could give him the power of retaliation.

All this Mrs. Pinkerton understood; and she saw, clearly, its value as a means to her own ends. Adroitly she began, by casual contrasts between the size of their dwelling, and that of certain persons against whom ill-will or prejudice existed in the mind of her husband. Then she would repeat a remark made by this or that one, in which something disparaging to their style of living was but half-concealed. And so she went on, observing closely the effect, and varying, from time to time, her mode of attack. She saw, from the beginning, that her end would be accomplished.

The work was not done in a week, nor in a month. A year elapsed ere the mind of Pinkerton was prepared for a change—ere all comeliness vanished from the dwelling he had once thought so commodious and beautiful. He had said that he would not move, until he moved into his own house; and this promise to himself he still wished to keep. Yet, was he not quite prepared to build. The business of the firm had grown rapidly, and the ratio of profits had been very heavy. But, even his desire to make a show was not strong enough to silence the voice of prudence.

"Had we not better defer any change for another year?" he said to his wife, after the question of removal had come fairly up for discussion. "As I have often said, whenever I leave this house, I wish to go into my own; and it's out of the question to think of building yet. Next year, if business goes on prosperously, I hope to find myself in altogether another position."

"You know best about that," replied Mrs. Pinkerton, soberly, and with a look of disappointment.

"It is impossible to build this year," said the husband.

"As for building, why not defer it for several years? I shall be entirely satisfied with a rented house, so that it is genteel and commodious. Don't you see, Mark, that we are fast losing our position?—we must make a change, and that speedily, or some of our most desirable acquaintances will be lost. It was only yesterday that Mrs. G—— turned her head away, in passing here, that she might not have to recognize me at the window. And you know that we failed to receive invitations to Mrs. B——'s last week. It is easy enough to comprehend all this. We are judged by our style of living."

"This moving into a larger house, Flora, will involve the heavy expense of refurnishing, remember."

"O no; not by any means," quickly replied Mrs. Pinkerton. "The furniture is good enough

It is the smallness of our rooms that destroys the beauty of everything."

"The same carpets will not answer for larger parlors."

"The carpets are just as good as new, and handsome enough for any one. The addition of a few yards is all that will be needed." Thus, promptly was this objection met; and so were all others urged by Mr. Pinkerton.

Three or four months elapsed before a house just to their mind presented itself; then they removed into Charles street. The new rent was six hundred dollars a year. "About the cost of removal?" we hear asked—"What of the carpets? Was the addition of a few yards all they needed to make them suitable for the new drawing-rooms?" Not by any means. The new drawing-rooms were at least three yards longer than the old ones, and over a yard wider. To manage the width was altogether a simple matter. But, the other defect was only to be met by piecing the handsome carpets across the breadths in both rooms. This could not be done without showing the seam; and the expedient was scarcely more than thought of before abandoned. So new carpets had to be purchased for the new parlors.

It very soon became apparent to Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton, that their removal into a larger house was not to be affected at a trifling cost. The increased dimensions of everything rendered articles, almost innumerable, either entirely useless, or requiring more or less of expense to give them a just adaptation to the new positions in which they were required to do service. As for the drawing-room furniture—late in so crowded a condition—all now looked meagre. Sofas, chairs, tables, etc., were at "magnificent distances" from each other. Harmony and just relation were only obtained by an outlay of several hundred dollars for additional articles. The whole removal cost very little short of twelve hundred dollars. The various particulars we need not give. Any reader who has seen a little of fashionable life, and who knows anything of the emulation that exists among fashionable people in regard to furniture, can readily imagine the ease with which the sum mentioned could be expended.

"But what of the Loftons all this time?" is asked. Plodding on in the old way. "Still in the little house, the street door of which opens into the parlor?" Still there, kind reader, and as cheerful and happy as when you looked in upon them some eighteen months ago. "Lofton is in business with Mr. Ackland?" O yes; and an active, energetic, intelligent business man he has made. The new firm is getting along bravely. Not in the dashing style that marked the brief business career of Pinkerton & Ackland, but with a safe and surely progressive movement.

In the beginning it was arranged between the two partners that each should draw out, annually, for the first two years, fifteen hundred dollars per annum. Of this sum, Lofton had saved over a thousand dollars, which, added to former deposits in the Savings Fund, gave him the handsome sum of nearly thirteen hundred dollars.

On the evening of the very day on which Pinkerton commenced moving into his new house, Mr. Ackland, who frequently went home with Lofton after business was over, and joined the family at tea, noticed, in passing, that his old partner was leaving the very desirable residence in which he had been living, and that a bill was up, giving notice that the house was to rent. He said nothing, but the incident set him to thinking; and the result of his thoughts will be seen.

Mr. Ackland was a single man; and the present prospect of his remaining single was quite flattering. The genial home sphere at Lofton's had always been very pleasant to him, as was evinced by the many social evenings that were spent with these new friends, to whom he grew more and more attached the better he knew them.

On this occasion, as they sat around the tea-table, Ackland said, after a pause in the cheerful conversation:

"I noticed, as we came along, that Pinkerton was moving."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lofton, "he is going into one of those large, new houses in Charles street."

"What do you think of my taking the pleasant house he is leaving?" said Ackland,

"You!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Lofton at once, in no feigned surprise.

"Yes, me," was the quiet, smiling answer.

"You are not about to get married?"

"O no! No hope of that yet," was the still smiling response.

"What then? You are certainly not going to keep bachelor's hall?"

"O dear no! But let me tell you what I have been thinking about for the last half-hour; I'm in earnest. How much money have you, Lofton?"

"Nearly thirteen hundred dollars."

"So I thought. Well, it's about time you moved from here. I've been thinking of this for some months past. Our position in trade requires that you, as one of the partners, should assume a rather more imposing style of housekeeping. This looks as if we were not doing a profitable business; and I don't care to have such an impression abroad. Now, I've got a proposition to make. If you'll spend your thirteen hundred dollars in furnishing the house that Pinkerton is leaving, and which, I suppose, is not good enough for him, I'll pay the rent of it for a room and my boarding. Now, what do you say to that? Remember, that our profits are good, and increasing, and that you can draw two thousand a year, if needed, with the utmost propriety. The only question then need be, as to whether you can give me a corner in your pleasant home."

For a time neither Lofton nor his excellent wife knew what to say. For such a proposition, they were in no way prepared. But, thought soon run clear, and then the whole subject was fully discussed. To Mr. Ackland they were already strongly attached; and that part of the proposition which looked to his becoming an inmate of their family, was altogether agreeable. Ere the evening closed, the new arrangement, so suddenly conceived and proposed, was decided upon.

On the next day, Mr. Ackland secured the house, and as soon as Pinkerton had completed

his removal, the re-furnishing commenced. In a few weeks both families had fairly settled down in their new homes. Both had taken a step higher in the social world, and both looked to increased enjoyment in consequence. But still, under what different auspices, and with what a different promise for the future! In one case, the foundations were carefully laid, and the superstructure above them reared with a strict regard to the amount of pressure that was to be sustained; in the other case, an elegant, imposing edifice so captivated the eye and the thoughts, that little attention was paid to the quality and due arrangement of the stones beneath, upon which the whole pressure must come. And there was a time not very far distant, when each superstructure would be severely tested.

Another important difference between the two families may be noted. The additional comforts and elegancies of the one were procured without the serious drawback of debt. "Spare to spend," had been the Loftons' motto, and the present result showed how wise they had been in a strict adherence thereto. Every article that gave grace and beauty to their new home was paid for; and no desire for elegance beyond their ability to secure, dimmed the light of their pleasant home. In the case of the Pinkertons, the change had burdened the future with new obligations: for to meet all the heavy cost to which their removal had subjected them, they had no reserved fund, and so large a cash draft from the business was not to be thought of for a moment. Mingling, therefore, with every feeling of gratified pride, was a dim consciousness of trouble in the future—a shadowy skeleton intruding itself at the feast they had hoped to enjoy with the keenest satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The "house warming" of the Pinkertons, which took place after their removal into Charles street, was honored by the attendance of quite a number of the elite who had sent in "regrets" to their previous entertainments. Their upward movement was too marked to escape observation; and as Mrs. Pinkerton belonged to a "good family," nothing was compromised. Even Mr. Allen, the father-in-law of our young merchant, who had so long maintained towards him a distance of manner approaching almost to hauteur, began to unbend himself—or, speaking more correctly, to bend himself down to Pinkerton with quite an agreeable familiarity.

The truth was, Mr. Allen's affairs were becoming rather embarrassed, notwithstanding his ownership of a piece of property, "daily becoming more valuable," and on which Pinkerton had looked, in the beginning, with a commercial eye. Under these circumstances, a son-in-law reputed rich, was not altogether an inconvenient appendage to the family. Up to this time, Mr. Allen's visits to the house of his daughter had been formal, and, at times, remotely distant from each other; and they usually occurred when Mark was at his store. Now, he called more frequently, and always in the evening, or on Sundays, when the husband of his daughter was at home. His manner towards Pinkerton grew daily more free

and familiar; and a very good understanding was soon established between them. To both parties this was a more agreeable state of things. Pinkerton was flattered; and Mr. Allen felt that much personal advantage would accrue to himself. He was a shrewd, unscrupulous, worldly man; yet, with not sufficient of self-denial or business tact to manage his own affairs with becoming prudence. When we speak of him as a shrewd man, we mean a shrewd observer, with something of cunning in turning this quality to his own advantage. His profession enabled him to profit largely by his mental and moral peculiarities; but his lack of "management" in his personal affairs caused him to make serious leeway, and threatened, sooner or later, to drive him among the breakers. Several recent occurrences had opened his eyes somewhat widely to his real condition, and this had no small influence in changing wholly his manner towards his son-in-law.

About six months after Pinkerton's removal into Charles street, in a conversation held with a real estate broker, reference, from some cause, was made to a certain "valuable piece of property" owned by Mr. Allen.

"It will be worth sixty thousand dollars in ten years," said Pinkerton.

The broker smiled with a meaning smile.

"Don't you think so?" asked the young man.

"Property is rising in that direction very fast," said the broker; "but sixty thousand dollars is a large sum for an acre of ground."

"An acre! He owns ten acres."

The broker shook his head.

"He certainly does," persisted Pinkerton. "I ought to know."

"I won't dispute that fact, my young friend; still, your knowledge happens to be defective. Mr. Allen owns but a single acre of the ground referred to.

"He *did* own ten acres."

"Ah! That is all so. He *did* own the whole lot, but has been selling off portions thereof, from time to time, during the last three or four years, and now retains but a single acre."

"You are certain of this?" said Pinkerton, in a voice that betrayed the unpleasant feelings produced by the intelligence.

"Altogether certain. It is my business to be posted up in these matters."

"Even an acre may become very valuable for building lots. The city is rapidly growing in that direction."

"All very true. But it will be many years before an acre of ground there will make any man's fortune. Such an event will not occur in your life-time nor mine."

"Perhaps not. Well, no matter. So far as I am concerned, it is a question of but small interest."

And yet, in spite of his effort to seem indifferent, the tone in which this was said betrayed the disappointed feeling occasioned by such unexpected intelligence.

About the time that this conversation took place, a gentleman entered the office of Mr. Allen. The lawyer was sitting at his desk, writing. Lifting his eyes, he met the face of a stranger, in

whose countenance was an expression that produced an instant sense of uneasiness.

"Mr. Thornhill," said the gentleman, with cold formality.

The countenance of Mr. Allen flushed instantly; but he arose and received his visitor with a show of cordiality; using such expressions as, "I'm happy to see you, sir—very happy—owe you a thousand apologies for not answering your last letters promptly. Glad you have come, however; all can be fully explained and arranged to mutual satisfaction."

"Happy to hear you say so, Mr. Allen," replied Mr. Thornhill, but in a way which showed very plainly that he looked upon the lawyer's affirmations as only words. "I have come on from New Orleans to get this business definitely settled."

"I am not so sure that all can be closed up," said Mr. Allen. "There are several claims yet unsettled. I have been pressing the suits vigorously, of late; and one reason why your last letters were not answered, was the daily expectation I had of getting decisions in our favor. Yesterday, the court ruled out several important items of testimony, and the defendants got the cases continued over to another term."

Mr. Allen did not add, that this defective testimony was a matter of understanding between him and the defendants' counsel, in order to secure the postponement just mentioned. O, no. That was one of his professional secrets.

"All very well so far as it goes," was the firm answer of Mr. Thornhill to this. "But, over six thousand dollars have been paid into your hands, on account of Mr. Wilding's estate, during the last two years, and not one dollar of the money has his dependent, almost destitute widow and children been able to get out of your hands."

"It's all safely invested for their benefit. All—"

"Precious little benefit have they derived from it," said Mr. Thornhill, interrupting the lawyer. His manner was impatient, and his tones slightly sarcastic. "When I wrote to you to send on the amount of funds in hand to the credit of the estate, why did you not do so promptly?"

The manner of the Southerner was so imperative, and his look so fearless and indignant, that Mr. Allen cowered before him in spite of his professional coolness. This, however, was only for a few moments. He soon regained his self-possession, and replied, with some dignity:

"If you have come on business, Mr. Thornhill, I am ready to meet you for its transaction; but if to insult me, I must beg the favor of your withdrawal."

For some moments the two men gazed fixedly at each other.

"Pardon my warmth of speech," said Mr. Thornhill, at length, in a more temperate manner: "I have given away somewhat to hasty feelings, for which I owe an apology. It is for the transaction of business that I have come."

"Very well, sir. I am ready to give you every information in regard to Mr. Wilding's estate that you may desire. I presume you have a power of attorney, in due form, from the heirs?"

"I have."

"As just said, my efforts to bring certain suits to a close have been foiled, and the cases continued until the next term of Court."

"That I understand; and, of course, we shall have to await the issue. But over six thousand dollars due the estate have been collected."

"Yes, sir."

"This has been invested, you say?"

"It has."

"In what?"

"In bank stock."

"Ah! Well, that simplifies the matter. We will have this stock sold immediately."

Mr. Allen moved uneasily in his chair, and said something about the doubtful expediency of throwing the stock into market.

"All a straight-forward business," promptly responded Mr. Thornhill. "The stock is of course, good."

"I believed it good when I made the purchase," said Mr. Allen, with some slight embarrassment in his manner. "It was, in fact, above par. I paid a premium of ten per cent on each share.—Most unexpectedly, it has since declined below par."

"Humph! On what bank?"

The name was given. On hearing it, the Southerner shrugged his shoulders; knit his heavy brows, and with his eyes cast upon the floor, sat musing for some time. Looking up, at length, he said, in a firm manner:

"You were particularly instructed, Mr. Allen, to transmit the proceeds of this estate as fast as realized; but, instead of doing so, you have used them, as I am inclined to believe, in stock speculations. Very well, this being so, the loss, if any occurs, must rest with yourself. I am here for a settlement, and must have it. You can sell the stock, or raise the sum required to be paid over, in any way that best suits your convenience."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied the lawyer, in irrepressible indignation, "if you expect to transact business with me, you must assume another tone and style of language altogether. I am not the man to be driven into any course of action. So, if you expect to get a settlement on account of Mrs. Wilding, you must meet me in a different state of mind, and with altogether a different address. Until you are prepared to do so, anything further between us will retard, not hasten, the business for which you have visited our city."

Mr. Thornhill, at this, walked the floor hastily for some time, with a scowling brow. He was perfectly satisfied, in his own mind, that no investment, as an investment, had been made of the widow's money. That the lawyer had used it for his own purposes, and that unless some decisive measures were adopted, it was more than doubtful whether any prompt settlement could be obtained. As for the depreciated stock, he was inclined to believe that statement, on second thought, a subterfuge. Pausing, at length, and fixing his keen, black eyes upon Mr. Allen, he said, with a forced calmness, that was the more impressive because forced—

"I feel strongly in this matter, Mr. Allen, because I have seen something of the distress your

neglect to pay over to Mrs. Wilding the amount due her, has occasioned. No special business of my own has led me thus far North. Indignation at your conduct in the matter, and sympathy for a helpless widow, have conspired to bring me here. We Southern men have hot blood, and when our feelings are once aroused, we go to the end of our purposes with a directness that spurns all obstacles. I know little of your professional quirks, and understand not the me of your legal delays. I only know that you have about six thousand dollars of Mrs. Wilding's money in your hands, which I am authorized to receive; and I warn you now, that if it is not paid over within forty-eight hours from this time, I will post you on the street-corners. As for consequences, I am not the man to estimate them. So, please to consider me in earnest. Day after to-morrow, I will call upon you for a settlement. In the mean time, if you desire another interview, you will find me at Barnum's. So good day to you."

And, formally bowing, the Hotspur from the South retired, leaving Mr. Allen in a state of profound indignation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Profound, however, as was the indignation of Mr. Allen, another, and to him, less agreeable sensation, soon pervaded his mind. The threat of Mr. Thornhill he felt to be no idle bravado. There was that about the man which showed him to be in earnest. He would hardly have made the journey from New Orleans to Baltimore, for the settlement of this especial business, if he had not felt strongly on the subject. It was all true, that Mr. Allen had treated Mrs. Wilding most unjustly, retaining thousands of dollars in his hands, and using the money for his own purposes, while she, in extreme destitution, in a far-off city, vainly appealed to him for a settlement of her husband's estate. As for his story about depreciated stocks, that was all a subterfuge. The money had been used for his own purposes almost as soon as it came into his hands, as had been thousands of dollars besides, belonging to other interests and estates, and which the mystified claimants sought fruitlessly to obtain.

Some hints to this effect having reached Mr. Thornhill, he had determined upon the course adopted with Mr. Allen as the one most likely to bring him at once to terms. And he was not in error. The lawyer's shrewdness and cunning were for once at fault. He was not so certain of being able to parry blows from such new and formidable weapons, and had well-grounded fears, that, if he gave the Southerner battle, he would most likely receive some cruel thrusts in vulnerable places. But how was his demand to be met? How was he to raise immediately the large sum of six thousand dollars? It was but too true, that only a single acre of his prospectively valuable property, away on the confines of the city, remained in his possession, and that would scarcely sell for as many hundreds as he needed thousands. He owned the house he lived in, but it was already mortgaged for nearly all it was worth. There were in his hands a few thousand dollars of trust-money, but under certain re-

strictions that made it unavailing for his own purposes.

What then was to be done? How was the sum due the estate of Mr. Wilding to be raised? In this dilemma, Mr. Allen thought of his son-in-law; and a gleam of light flashed through his mind. Pinkerton & Lee were doing a heavy and profitable business. Their credit was undoubted. The lawyer mused for some time; then taking up his pen, he dashed off a note to Mr. Thornhill, asking whether his own obligation, payable in six months, and endorsed by Pinkerton & Lee, would be accepted for the amount due Mrs. Wilding, adding something about the "ruinous sacrifice" at which the stock would have to be sold, if thrown into market now. A prompt affirmative was returned.

A sigh escaped the lips of Mr. Allen as he read Mr. Thornhill's answer. It would be rather humiliating to his pride to ask of his son-in-law this endorsement—his son-in-law, whom he had once treated with such smarting insolence; and towards whom he had never acted with even common civility, until money gave him a position that extorted respect. But he had virtually offered the endorsement, and there was no retreat now.

"My dear Mark," this was the tenor of a note which found its way into the hands of Mr. Pinkerton, while he yet mused, with no very pleasant feelings, over the information he had received from the real-estate broker touching his father-in-law's valuable piece of property—"My dear Mark, if you can call around at my office within an hour, do so, if you please. I wish to see you for something very particular."

Such a note from Mr. Allen, at any time previous to this, would have been a pleasant incident to Mr. Pinkerton. He would have felt it as a kind of triumph over the pride and prejudice of his father-in-law. But the effect produced was altogether different now. The missive came with a dim shadow of approaching trouble.

"I wonder what he wants so particular with me, all at once?" This was the spirit in which the note was received.

"Ah, Mr. Pinkerton! Glad to see you. Thank you for responding to my request so promptly," said Mr. Allen, as Mark entered his office.

Never before had the proud, aristocratic man bent himself down to the husband of his daughter, after the peculiar fashion in which it was now done. Never had he been so cordial in his speech—so familiar in his manner.

"Can I do anything for you?" was the smiling, yet partially embarrassed response of the young man, who, in the slight confusion of his thoughts, used the very form of speech he would rather have avoided.

"Well, I think you can, my boy," said Mr. Allen, with increasing familiarity of tone and manner. "I find myself very unexpectedly called upon to pay over a balance of six thousand dollars due an estate in New Orleans. Unfortunately the money was invested for the benefit of the estate, so soon as received, in certain bank stocks that have suffered a temporary depreciation. These cannot now be sold, except at a serious loss, which the heirs of the estate re-

fuse to allow. I cannot afford to meet the loss. In a few months the stock will be up to par again, when it can be sold. Now, the credit of your house is so good, that the agent of the heirs is perfectly willing to take my notes at six months, with the endorsement of Pinkerton & Lee, and so close the matter without the serious loss which I shall otherwise be compelled to sustain. What say you? Can such a thing be done?"

"I presume so," was the rather cold reply of Mr. Pinkerton.

"Ah! you relieve my mind very much," quickly spoke out Mr. Allen. "I made the request with great reluctance; and shall not soon forget your kind and prompt response."

"It will always give me pleasure to serve you to any extent in my power," said Pinkerton, forcing himself into the expression of a cheerfulness and cordiality which he did not feel.

When the two men separated, it was with very different feelings. The one was elated by the prospect of an easy exit from a very serious difficulty; while the other saw a precipitous mountain suddenly stretching across his path, to attempt to scale which would be fraught with imminent danger.

"How shall I act in the matter?" This was now the question most earnestly debated by Pinkerton. The endorsement had been promised, and must be given. But was it to be given with or without the cognizance of Mr. Lee? The lesson received by Pinkerton, when in co-partnership with Ackland, had never been forgotten. Most careful had he been, in no instance, to use the name of the present firm for his own purposes. Now he was in a sudden and altogether unexpected strait. Had any one but Mr. Allen made the request, it would have been promptly rejected. In this case, the promise to endorse paper to the amount of six thousand dollars had been made, as just said, and must be kept.

All through the day, Pinkerton pondered the matter—through half the night he lay awake, vainly seeking to arrive at some conclusion in which his mind would rest satisfied. The longer he dwelt upon the subject, the more reluctant was he to ask of Mr. Lee the privilege of making the endorsements. The possibility of a refusal on the part of Mr. Lee—which would place him in a still worse dilemma—was the consideration that at last enabled his mind to reach a decision. He determined to make the endorsements without referring the matter to his partner—and he did so. As he wrote the name of the firm on the backs of three notes, each for the sum of two thousand dollars, there was a shadow on his feelings, and a gloomy foreboding of coming evil in his mind.

And, in truth, Mark Pinkerton had committed another great mistake. The temptation was strong—but the error involved none the less danger.

Mr. Thornhill gained his object; and Mr. Allen escaped an exposure which the indignant Southerner would certainly have made.

From that time, new dangers beset the way of Pinkerton—new toils were gathering for his un-

wary feet. The shrewd, unscrupulous man, who had stooped to him, was not the one to have so pliant an instrument within his grasp, and not use it for his own purposes. He had struggled hard with pride, ere gaining his own consent to ask the first favor. That barrier broken down, all further scruples were at an end.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

THE LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND THE LITERATURE OF POWER.—De Quincey says:—"In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often do so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach*; the function of the second is—to *move*; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding of reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. * * What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe, is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards—a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth: whereas, the very first step in power is a flight—is an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten."

SHAKESPEARE'S FLUENCY.—"All that we know of Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon; married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced acting, and wrote plays and poems; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." It is our own fault, and not the fault of the materials, if we do not know a great deal more about Shakespeare than that; if we do not realize, for example, those distinct and indubitable facts about him—his special reputation among the critics of his time, as a man not so much of erudition as of prodigious natural genius; his gentleness and openness of disposition; his popular and sociable habits; his extreme ease, and, as some thought, negligence in composition; and above all, and most characteristic of all, his excessive fluency in speech. "He sometimes required stopping," is Ben Jonson's expression; and whoever does not see a whole volume of revelation respecting Shakespeare in that single trait, has no eye for seeing anything.

HARLEY RIVER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Through the midst of the town the river runs,
Stealing through meadows and pastures green,
Like a gliding snake in the dewy grass,
A moment hid, and a moment seen;
Winding along through clover-fields,
And orchards by hawthorn hedges crossed,
It hurries away with its silver feet,
And at last in the distant sea is lost.

It lies like a mirror before me now,
Glassing the sky with its clouds of snow;
And long green grasses, and slender reeds,
And bushes, beside the margin grow;
A breath of wind steals over its face,
And ripples a moment the tranquil tide;
And the willows dip, and the long boughs drip,
And circles are spreading on every side.

Hard by the bridge, and over the dam,
The little Mill standeth old and gray;
The gates are up, and the water falls,
Making a sleepy noise all day:
The heavy old wheel is turning round,
Grinding the farmers' wheat and corn;
And the chaff floats out, and the yellow meal,
Like golden mists from the fields at morn.

A little way out from the rippled shore,
Where the flags shoot up, and the cresses float,
Water-lilies are pitched, like tents,
Or the folded sails of a fairy boat:
The sand at the bottom is flecked with shells,
Hollow on hollow, and ridge on ridge;
With wavering weeds, and shimmering stones,
And the mossy wrecks of the fallen bridge.

Here the boys of the village come and play
Through the spring and summer at leisure hours,
Launching their argosies dug from chips,
Laden with pebbles, and weeds, and flowers;
Wading in for the calamus roots,
And lilies, and shells that pave the sand,
And sailing out upon crazy planks,
Stoned by their shouting mates on land.

The simpler, straying with staff and scrip,
Colls his rarest herbs on the brink;
The way-side traveller, dusty and dry,
Stops by the crystal stream to drink:
The angler comes with his bending rod,
And lieth beneath a shady tree,
Feeling his line, from time to time,
A quiet and patient man, perdie!

Wagoners, urging their loaded wains
To market, water their horses here;
And the ploughman, driving a-field at morn,
Halts with his yoked and horned steer;
Cattle stand in the cooling tide,
In summer noons, by the insects stung;
And the milk-white lambs and the shepherd's dog
Lap the water with panting tongue.

And winters when ice has fettered the stream,
The lads come hither before the sun,
And skate till they hear the school-bell ring
Its morning knell of frolic and fun;
While the lesser children muffled up warm,
Drag each other on sleds about,
And slide in a row on the slippery paths,
And fall in heaps with a mighty shout.

When I was a boy with a careless heart,
I played with mine ancient comrades here;
My foot was as light, my voice was as loud,
And my innocent spirit as full of cheer;
But wrinkled and care-worn now I stand
By the river's bank with a throb of pain,
And sigh that the days which have passed away,
Like its waters, can never return again.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I bless Thee for the sunshine on the hills,
For Heaven's own dew-drops in the vales below,
For rain, the parent cloud alike distils,
On the fond bridegroom's joy—the mourner's woe!

And for the viewless wind, that gently blows
Where'er it listeth, over field and flood,
Whence coming, whither going, no man knows,
Yet moved in secret at Thy will, Oh God!
E'en now it lifts a ring of shining hair
From off the brow close to my bosom pressed—
The loving angels scarce have brows more fair
Than this, that looks so peaceful in its rest:
We bless Thee! Father, for our darling child,
Oh! like Thine angels make her, innocent and mild!

I rise and bless Thee, for the morning hours;
Refreshed and gladdened by a timely rest,
When thoughts like bees, rove out among the flowers,

Still gathering honey where they find the best:
And for the gentle influence of the night,
Oh! Heavenly Father! do we bend the knee,
That shuts the curtains of our mortal sight,
Yet leaves the mind, with range and vision free,
For dreams! the solemn, weird, and strange that come

And bear the soul to an elysian clime,—
Unveiling splendors of that better home,
Where angels minister to sons of time!
For all Thy blessings that with sleep descend,
Our hearts shall praise Thee, God, our Father and our Friend!

DECEIVED.

BY MRS. COOKE.

A lonely dreamer felt despair's eclipse
Cloud the bright visions that he once believed,
And murmured sadly, with pale, quivering lips,
"Deceived! deceived!"

But Truth above him waved her pinions white,
And these deep words his trembling heart relieved:
"My son, thine eyes were dazzled by the light,
But not deceived.

"Child of an erring race, whose noblest thought
Is but your own when errors are retrieved,
Ye win through doubt and pain, the manhood sought;
Till then deceived.

"What though the lofty purpose of your youth,
In riper years, perhaps, is ne'er achieved?
'Tis but the shadow of a glorious truth—
Be not deceived!

"Man's outer garment only is of dust:
The living soul was from the skies receive;
And who but heeds the worthless vesture, must
Long be deceived!"

INTERESTING SELECTIONS.

A FASHIONABLE LADY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—Her head was encircled with a turban, or covered with a species of mitre, of enormous height, from the summit of which ribbons floated in the air, like the streamers from the head of a mast. Her tunic was half of one color and half of another; a zone, deeply embroidered and richly ornamented with gold, confined her waist; and from it were suspended in front two daggers, in their respective pouches. Thus attired, she rode in the company of her knight to jousts and tournaments.

VOCAL MACHINERY OF BIRDS.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown that, in birds, the lungs have several openings, communicating with corresponding air-bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, from the neck downward, and into which the air passes and repasses, in the progress of breathing. This is not all: the bones are hollow, from which air pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. The air being rarefied by the heat of their bodies, adds levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal power, and at once resolves the mystery.

A MAN OF SUBSTANCE.—We often use the phrase, that such a man was "a man of substance," meaning thereby that he was a man of wealth. Better that we applied the term in reference to substance of genius and force of character, and uprightness of mind, and purity of thought; for it unfortunately happened that in the kingdom in which these "men of substance" were to be judged, no cognizance would be taken of the weight or bulk of the mere goods of this world, because they did not attach to humanity. A man's worldly substance could not constitute a claim to merit there; by their spiritual substance would they be adjudged. Herschel and Newton were men of intellectual substance; Fenelon and Wesley, of spiritual substance; Luther was a man of moral substance; Howard of benevolent substance. Without some such substance as these, at the bar of future judgment, the possession of all the doubloons in money-brokers' vaults, would not make us look any thicker than thin mush. Some men were weighty in substance because of their riches; some because they were fat; but the weightiest of all was the high, noble-minded man influenced largely by spiritual force; for all men are weighed in the moral world according to their energy, morality, goodness of heart, greatness of soul, and Christian humanity. All man's selfishness, assumption, pretensions, oppression, etc., detracted from the true substance of the man, would be deducted from his weight accordingly. Wellington, when he was born, perhaps did not weigh more than ten pounds, but when he died he weighed down England and more than half of Europe. The same thought

might be applied to our own Thomas Jefferson: and so of Newton who hung lightly on the steel-yard when he went on his tour of investigation among the planets; but before he died he weighed the planets upon the steel-yard of his logic.

A PLEA FOR "THE INTERESTING" IN LITERATURE.—A plea in behalf of "the interesting" in literature seems to us to be much needed at the present time. We would lay it down as a canon that no book can be good that is not (in its kind, and in relation to those who are intellectually competent to its matter) *interesting*. This might seem a truism, were it not practically denied every day by the timidity of our critical judgments. There are many books which pass as good ones, and are praised as deep, solid, and what not— notwithstanding that they are—nay, in some cases, possibly just because they are transcendently uninteresting. If the style is dull, if there are no gleams of light, no *salleis*, no brisk allusions; if the matter does not stand out above the surface in clear shape and relief, but only peeps forth here and there, suggesting something amorphous underneath—then, forsooth, the book is a deep one, and the author, forsooth, is a man of heavy metal! People ought to have courage to resist this fashion, and never praise a book that does not interest them. No one is *entitled* to praise a book that does not interest him. True, on the other hand, one's not entitled to *dispraise* a book simply because it does not interest him. But to the right kind of reader no good book is dull; and the right kind of reader being supposed—that is, a reader intellectually competent to the intrinsic matter of the book, whatever it is—then, if a book is dull, it is not a good one. We maintain that this canon will sweep the whole range of interesting books from *Kant* to *Pickwick*, and fail in no one case.—*North British Review*.

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY AT DINNER.—[Dr. McWhirr's forthcoming autobiography contains the following passage. Dr. McWhirr was the teacher of the academy at Alexandria, which two of General Washington's nephews attended:]—"At the dinner-table, Mrs. Washington sat at the head, and Major Washington at the foot. The General sat next Mrs. Washington, on her left. He called upon me to ask a blessing before meat. When the cloth was about to be removed, he returned thanks himself. Mrs. Washington with a smile said, 'My dear, you forgot that you had a clergyman dining with you to-day.' With equal pleasantness he replied, 'My dear, I wish clergymen, and all men, to know that I am not a *graceless* man.' I was frequently at Mount Vernon, and saw him frequently at Alexandria; nor did I ever see any person, whatever might be his character or standing, who was not sensibly awed by his presence, and by the impressions of his greatness. The vivacity and grace of Mrs. Washington relieved visitors of some of that feeling of awe and restraint which possessed them. He was uniformly grave, and smiled but seldom, but always agreeable. His favorite subject of conversation was agriculture, and he scrupulously avoided, in general society, topics connected with politics, or the war, or his own personal actions.

As all the world knows, he was most regular in his habits. He went into his study, it is said, about four o'clock in the morning. He continued there until breakfast, which he took with his family, and then visited his plantations. He returned at noon, and his dinner hour was three o'clock. He was then open to the calls of his friends, and to the society of visitors. No one acquainted with his habits thought of calling upon General Washington in the morning. He took the liveliest interest in our academy, and in the cause of education generally, and uniformly attended our exhibitions."

THE WATER BUFFALO.—The water-buffalo is an animal much in use at Singapore for purposes of draught. It is a dull, heavy-looking animal—slow at work, and I think disgusting in appearance; but remarkable for sagacity and attachment to its native keepers. It has, however, a particular antipathy to a European, and will immediately detect him in a crowd. Its dislike to, and its courage in attacking the tiger, is well known all over India.

Not long ago, as a Malayan boy, who was employed by his parents in herding some water-buffaloes, was driving his charge home by the borders of the jungle, a tiger made a sudden spring, and seizing the lad by the thigh, was dragging him off, when two old bull buffaloes, hearing the shriek of distress from the well-known voice of their little attendant, turned round and charged with their usual rapidity. The tiger, thus closely pressed, was obliged to drop his prey to defend himself. While one buffalo fought and successfully drove the tiger away, the other kept guard over the wounded boy. Later in the evening, when the anxious father, alarmed, came out with attendants to seek his child, he found the whole herd, with the exception of the two old buffaloes, had dispersed them to feed, but that they were still there—one standing over the bleeding body of their little friend, while the other kept watch on the edge of the jungle for the return of the tiger.—*Keppel's "Indian Archipelago."*

THE RING OF ESSEX.—Historical readers are familiar with the story, respecting the ring which Queen Elizabeth gave to her favorite Essex, promising that she would interpose for him, even in his utmost need, if he should send back that ring to her as a token. The tale goes, that when he fell under her displeasure, and was sentenced to the block, he dispatched the ring to her majesty by the Countess of Nottingham, but that the messenger, instead of delivering the token, treacherously withheld it, the consequence of which was that Essex was executed, and that Elizabeth, a year after, learning the perfidy of which he and she had been victims, pined away and died in less than a month's time. This romantic legend has long been regarded as a fiction, and given over to novelists as their proper prey. But a work lately published in London, "*Lives and Letters of the Devereaux, Earls of Essex*," contains documents that render the truth of the tradition probable, to say the least. In fact, the London Athenæum, which is by no means a credulous journal, declares its full belief in the story, and

asserts that the identical ring, a plain gold one, with a portrait of Elizabeth, is still in existence.

Truth certainly is often stranger than fiction, and the incident, besides, is eminently characteristic of the Queen. Perhaps historical writers have been too skeptical, for these last hundred years, in rejecting everything which, like this tale, had an air of romance.

BECOMING A MEDIUM.—The fascinating spiritual rapping is, without a doubt, gaining strength among us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of it at times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones.

A few nights since, says a cotemporary, a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering skeptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would very shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed.

"Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Any body there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself.

"I must be a medium. I'll try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room it will signify by saying 'ay'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

Three different raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want for anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again, this time in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

The raps then came from the outside of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone, and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall, and his great coat off altogether.

An infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, AUTHOR OF "A DOOR IN THE HEART."

It was Sabbath morning. Soft and silvery, like stray notes from the quivering chords of an archangel's harp, floated the clear, sweet voice of the church-bells through the hushed heart of the great metropolis, while old men and little children—youth in its hope, and manhood in its pride—came forth at their summons, setting a mighty human tide in the direction of the sanctuaries, beneath whose sacred droppings they should hear again the tidings which come to us over the waves of nearly two thousand years, fresh and full of exceeding melody, as when the Day-Star from on high first poured its blessed beams over the mountain heights of Judea, and the song, pealing over the hills of jasper, rolled down to the shepherds who kept their night-watches on her plains: "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

A child came forth with his ragged garments, unwashed face and uncombed hair, from one of those haunts of darkness and misery which fill the city with crime and suffering. He was a little child, and yet there was none of its peace on his brow, or its light in his eye, as he looked up with a strange, wistful earnestness at the strip of blue sky that looked down with its serene heaven-smile between the frowning and dilapidated pile of buildings which rose on either side of the alley. The sunshine flitted like the soft-caressing fingers of a spirit over his forehead, and the voice of the bells fell upon his spirit with a strange, subduing influence; and the child kept on his way until the alley terminated in a broad, pleasant street, with its crowd of church-goers, and still the boy kept on, unmindful of dainty robe and silken vesture that waved and rustled by him.

He stood at last within the broad shadow of the sanctuary, while far above him rose the tall spire, with the sunbeams coiling like a heaven-halo around it, pointing to the golden battlements of the far-off city, within whose blessed precincts nothing "which defileth shall ever enter." The massive church doors swung slowly open as one and another entered, and the child looked eagerly up the long, mysterious mid-aisle, but the silken garments rustled past—there was no hand outstretched to lead the ragged and wretched little one within its walls, and no one paused to tell him of the Great Father, within whose sight the rich and the poor are alike. But while he stood there, an angel with golden hair and gleaming wings bent over him, holding precious heart-seed, gathered from the white plains of the spirit-land, and as the child drew nearer the church steps, the angel followed.

Suddenly the little dapper sexton, with his broad smile and bustling gait, came out of the church. His eyes rested a moment upon the young wistful face and on the ragged garments, and then he beckoned to the child.

"Shall I take you in here, my boy?" asked a voice kinder and pleasanter than any which the child had ever heard; and as he timidly bowed his head, the sexton took the little soiled hand in his own, and they passed in, and the angel followed them.

Seated in one corner of the church, the child's eyes wandered over the frescoed walls, with the sunshine flitting like the fringe of a spirit's robe across it, and up the dim aisle to the great marble pulpit, with a kind of bewildered awe, for he had seen nothing of the like before, unless it might be in some dim, half-forgotten dream; but when the heavy doors swung together and the Sabbath hush gathered over the church, and the hallelujahs of the organ filled the house of the Lord and thrilled the heart of the child: he bowed his head and wept sweet tears—he could not tell whence was their coming. Then the solemn prayer from the pulpit—"O, Thou who lovest all men, who art the Father of the old and the young, the rich and the poor, and in whose sight they are alike precious, grant us Thy blessing," came to the ears of the child, and a new cry awoke in his soul—"Where was this Father?" It did not seem true that He could love him, a poor little, hungry, ragged beggar; that such an one could be His child. But, oh! it was just what his heart longed for, and if all others were precious to this Great Father, he did not believe He would leave him out. If he could only find Him—no matter how long the road was, nor how cold or hungry he might be, he would keep straight on the way, until he reached Him, and then he would go right in and say, "Father, I am cold and hungry, and very wretched. There is no one to love me, none to care for me. May I be your child, Father?" And perhaps He would look kindly upon him, and whisper softly, as no human being had ever whispered him, "My child!" and stronger and wilder from his heart came up that cry, "Oh, if I could only find Him!"

Again the tones of the deep-toned organ and the sweet-voiced choir floated on the Sabbath air, and crept, a strange, soft tide, into the silent places of the boy's heart, softening and subduing it; while during the long sermon, of which he heard little, and comprehended less, that spirit cry rolled continually up from the depths of his soul—"Where is the Father?"

The benediction had been pronounced, and the house was disgorged of most of its vast crowd of worshippers, and yet the boy lingered—he could not bear to return to his dark and dismal dwelling, to the harsh words and harsher usage of those who loved him not, without having that question, which his soul was so eagerly asking, answered. But that little timid heart lacked courage, and he knew the words would die in his throat if he attempted to speak them, and so he must go away without knowing the way to the Father—but his feet dragged unwillingly along, and his eyes searched earnestly the figures that, unwitting of his want, passed swiftly before him.

"What is it you want to know, little boy?" The voice was very musical, and the smile on the lips of the child-questioner very winning. The chestnut-brown curls floated over her silken robe, and the soft blue eyes that looked into the boy's, wore that unearthly purity of expression which is not the portion of the children of this world.

The boy looked into that fair, childish face, and his heart took courage, while very eagerly from his lips came the words, "Where is the Great Father?"

"God is in Heaven!" answered the little girl in solemn tones, while a sudden gravity gathered over her features.

From lips that burned with blasphemies, amid oaths from the vile, and revilings from the scoffer, had the boy first learned that Name, and never before had it possessed aught of import for him. But now he knew it was the name of the Great Father that loved him, and again he asked very earnestly, "Where is the way to God in Heaven? I am going to Him now."

The child shook her head as she looked on the boy with a sort of pitying wonder at his ignorance, and again she answered, "You cannot go to Him, but He will come to you if you will call upon Him, and He will hear, though you whisper very low, for God is everywhere."

"Come, come, Miss Ellen, you must not stay here any longer," called the servant, who had been very intent at ranging the cushions in the pew, and who now hurried her little charge through the aisle, apprehensive that some evil might accrue from her contiguity with a "street-beggar."

But the words of the little girl had brought a new and precious light into the boy's heart. That "cardinal explication of the reason," the wondrous idea of the Deity, had found a voice in his soul, and the child went forth from the church, while the golden-winged angel followed him to the dark alley, and the darker home; and that night, before he laid himself on his miserable pallet in the corner, he bowed his head, and clasped his hands, and whispered so that none might hear him, "My Father, will You take care of me, and come and take me to Yourself? for I love You." And the angel folded his bright wings above that scanty pallet, and bent in the silent watches of the night over the boy, and filled his heart with peace, and his dreams with brightness.

Six months had rolled their mighty burden of life-records into the pulseless ocean of the past. The pale stars of mid-winter were looking down with meek, seraph glances, over the mighty metropolis along whose thousand thoroughfares lay the white carpet of the snow-king; and Boreas, loosed from his ice-caverns on the frozen floor of the Arctic, was holding mad revels, and howling with demoniac glee along the streets, wrapped in the pall shadows of midnight.

Twelve o'clock pealed from the mighty tongue of the time-recorder; and then the white-robed angel of death knocked at the door of two young human hearts, in the great city.

The tide of golden hair flowed over the white pillows of a crimson-draped couch. Shaded lamps poured their dim, silvery glances upon bright flowers and circling vines, the cunning workmanship of fingers in far-off lands, which lay among the soft groundwork of the rich carpet, while small white fingers glided caressingly among the golden hair; and white faces, wild with sorrow, bent over the rigid features of the dying child, and tears, such only as flow from the heart's deepest and bitterest fountains, fell upon the cold forehead and paling lips, as the lids swept back for a moment from her blue eyes, and the light from her spirit broke for the last

time into them; the lips, upon which the death-seal was ready to be laid, opened; and clear and joyous through the hushed room rang the words, "I am coming! I am coming;" and the next moment the cold, beautiful clay was all which was left to the mourners.

The other, at whose heart the death-angel knocked, lay in one corner of an old, and dilapidated room, on a pallet of straw. No soft hand wandered caressingly among his dark locks, or cooled with its cold touch the fever of his forehead. The dim, flickering rays of the tallow candle wandered over the features now grown stark and rigid with the death-chill. No grief-printed face bent in anguish above him; no eye watched for the latest breath; no ear for the dying word; but through the half-open door, came to the ear of the dying boy, the coarse laugh of the inebriate—the jest of the vile, and the frightful blasphemies of those whose way is the way of death.

None saw the last life-light, as it broke into the dark, spiritual eyes of the boy. None saw the smile that played like the light around the lips of a seraph, about his blue and cold lips, as they spoke exceeding joyfully: "Father! Father, I have called, and You have heard me; I am coming to You, coming now; for the angels beckon me;" and the pale clay on that sunken pallet was all that remained of the boy.

Together they met, those two children who had stood together in the earthly courts of the Most High, and whom the angel had simultaneously called from the earth, beneath the shining battlements of "the City of God." The white wings of the warden-angels, who stood on its watch-towers, were slowly folded together, and back rolled the massive gates from the walls of jasper; and with the great "Godlight" streaming outward, and amid the sound of archangel's harp and seraph's lyre, the ministering angels came forth. They did not ask the child-spirits there, if their earthly homes had been among the high and the honorable; they did not ask them if broad lands had been their heritage, and sparkling coffers their portion; if their paths had lain by pleasant waters, and animals followed their biddings; but alike they led them—she, the daughter of wealth and earthly splendor, whose forehead the breezes might not visit too roughly, and whose pathway had been bordered with flowers and gilded with sunshine,—and he, the heir of poverty, whose portion had been want, and his inalienable heritage, suffering; whose path had known no pleasant places; whose life had had no brightness within that glorious city. They placed bright crowns, alike woven from the fragrant branches of the far-spreading "Tree of Life," around their spirit-brows; they decked them alike in white robes, whose lustre many ages shall not dim; alike they placed in their hands the harps whose music shall roll for ever over the hills of jasper; and alike they pointed them to the gleaming battlements, to the still skies over whose surface the shadow of a cloud hath never floated; to the "many mansions" which throw the shadow of their shining portals on the rippling waters of the "River of Life," and to far more of glory "which it hath never entered

into the heart of man to conceive of," and told them they should "go no more out for ever."

THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[The little work from which the following is an extract is entitled "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." The singularity of the subject, the extraordinary revelations of the habits of an individual, and the vividness of the writing, at once drew the public attention to the author and his work. From that time Mr. De Quincey has been a large contributor to periodical works, especially to Blackwood's and Tait's Magazines. The unfortunate habit which forms the subject of the following passages, has perhaps prevented Mr. De Quincey from producing any great continuous book, worthy of his surpassing powers.]

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state, I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing-table. Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of political economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case; it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations: he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible, infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare; he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love; he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy,

was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or a semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me; at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Edipus* or *Priam*—before *Tyre*—before *Memphis*. And at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented mighty spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

1. That as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness, was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as *Midas* turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams into insufferable splendor that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed

in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived; I could not be said to recollect them; for, if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feeling, I recognized them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe. I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, viz. that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day; whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and ever since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often recurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king—sultan—regent, &c., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz. the period of the parliamentary war, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survived those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often, I used to see, after

painting upon the blank darkness, a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newberry, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet, I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*; and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *Alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls, on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, &c., &c., expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself; follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it came to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except in the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labors must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher, on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld; and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labors; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper room of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendors of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep.

"The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!"

Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
 In avenues disposed, there towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified; on them, and on the cones,
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapors had receded,—taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky," &c., &c.

The sublime circumstance—"battlements that on their restless fronts bore stars"—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred. We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams; how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell; and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes, and silvery expanses of water; these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*; and the sentient organ project itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness, (physically, I mean,) that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headache even, or the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens—faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. My agitation was infinite;—my mind tossed,—and surged with the ocean.

MAY 18.

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months.* I have been every night, through his

means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castles* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix; through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life—the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous

"One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port, about forty miles distant. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly the same extent as her's in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones,) came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down; but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as

* In an earlier part of his book the Opium-eater thus describes a singular interview with a Malay:

population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer

astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped, sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way; I heard gentle voices speaking to me, (I hear every thing when I am sleeping;) and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side, come to show me their colored shoes or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest, that so awful was the transition from the crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams to the sight of innocent human natures, and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

* * * * *

As a final specimen, I cite a dream of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which

she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upward at the turban, and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley and the Turkish for opium (mad-joon,) which I have learnt from Anastasius. And as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad, considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors; for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He

lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him surged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it,—he took his leave; and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering."

now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense—a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the thread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I know not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams, (where of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement,) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I know not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—“I will sleep no more!”

HOPE FOR AFRICA.

At the present day Africa is not the abode of utter barbarism. Here again we do not discriminate; we judge in the gross. Some of her tribes are, indeed, hopelessly broken down by internal wars and the foreign slave trade, and the situation of the whole continent is exceedingly adverse to any progress in culture. But they are not savages; the mass of the population live by agriculture; there is some traffic between the coast and the interior; there is a rude architecture; gold dust is collected, iron is smelted, weapons and utensils of husbandry and household use are wrought, cloth is manufactured and dyed, palm oil is expressed, and schools are taught. Among the Mahomedan tribes the Koran is read. I have seen a native African in this city who had passed forty years of his life as a slave in the field, who, at the age of seventy, wrote the Arabic character with the elegance of a scribe. And Mungo Park tells us that law suits are argued with as much ability, fluency, and at as much length, in the interior of Africa, as at Edinburgh. I certainly am aware that the condition of the most advanced tribes of

Central Africa is wretched, mainly in consequence of the slave trade, which exists among them in the most deplorable form. The only wonder is, that with this cancer eating into their vitals from age to age, any degree of civilization can exist. But I think it may be said, without exaggeration, that, degraded as are the ninety millions of Africans, ninety millions exist in Europe, to which each country contributes her quota, not much less degraded. The difference is, and certainly an all-important difference, that in Europe, intermingled with those ninety millions, are fifteen or twenty millions, possessed of all degrees of culture, up to the very highest; while in Africa there is not an individual who, according to our standard, has attained a high degree of cultivation. But doubts of the capacity of the African race for self-government, and their improvability under favorable circumstances, seem to me to be removed by what we witness at the present day, both in our own country, and on the coast of that continent. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of their condition in this country, specimens of intellectual ability, the talent of writing and speaking, capacity for business, for the ingenious and mechanical arts, for the ordinary branches of academical learning, have been exhibited by our colored brethren, which would do no discredit to Anglo-Saxons. Pall Cuffer, well recollected in New England, was a person of great energy. His father was an African slave; his mother, an Indian of the Elizabeth Islands, Mass. I have already alluded to the extraordinary attainments of Abderahman. A man of better manners or more respectable appearance I never saw.

The learned blacksmith of Alabama, now in Liberia, has attained a celebrity scarcely inferior to that of his white brother, known by the same designation. I frequently attended the examinations at a school in Cambridge, at which Beverly Williams was a pupil. Two youths from Georgia, and a son of my own were his fellow-pupils.—Beverly was born a slave in Mississippi, and apparently of pure African blood. He was one of the best scholars, perhaps the best Latin scholar, in his class. These are indications of intellectual ability, afforded under discouraging circumstances at home.

On the coast of Africa the success of Liberia (the creation of this Society) ought to put to rest all doubts on this question. The affairs of that interesting settlement, under great difficulties and discouragements, have been managed with a discretion, an energy, and I must say, all things considered, with a success which authorizes the most favorable inference as to the capacity of the colored races for self-government. It is about thirty years since the settlement began, and I think it must be allowed that its progress will compare favorably with that of Virginia and Plymouth after an equal length of time.

They have established a well-organized constitution of Republican Government. It is administered with ability; the Courts of Justice are modelled after our own. They have schools and churches. The soil is tilled, the country is explored, the natives are civilized, the slave trade is banished, a friendly intercourse is maintained with foreign powers, and England and France have ac-

knowledgeed their independent sovereignty. Would a handful of Anglo-Americans from the humblest classes of society here do better than this?—*Edward Everett's Colonization Speech.*

HIRAM POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

Hiram Powers was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 29, 1805. He was the eighth child of a family of nine, and his parents were plain country people, who cultivated a little farm. He acquired such education as the district school afforded, and he also found leisure to get some knowledge of divers kinds of handicraft, among which was the art of drawing. His father finding it difficult to maintain his family upon his farm, removed to Ohio, where he shortly after died, and the future artist was thrown upon his own resources. He set out for Cincinnati to seek his fortune, and found employment in a reading-room connected with one of the principal hotels of the city, and afterwards became a clerk in a produce store, where he remained until his principal failed. He then found a situation with a clock-maker, by whom he was employed in collecting debts, and afterward in the mechanical part of the business; but, although this employment was not disagreeable to him, he aspired to some higher branch of the arts. In Cincinnati, he made the acquaintance of a Prussian, who was engaged upon a bust of General Jackson, and with some little instruction in the art of modelling obtained from him, Mr. Powers was soon able to produce busts in plaster of considerable merit; in fact one of his earliest, he has declared himself, to have been unsurpassed in likeness and finish by any of his later works. He then felt that his vocation was the arts, and he formed a connection with the Western Museum at Cincinnati, where, for about seven years, he superintended the artistic department, such as wax-works, shows, &c. After leaving this situation he visited Washington, in 1835, hoping to gain some reputation as an artist, which would enable him to increase his business, and furnish him the means of visiting Italy. In this he was not disappointed. After spending some time in the capital, engaged in taking the busts of the most eminent men of the day, he was enabled, by the liberality of Mr. N. Longworth, to accomplish his long-cherished scheme; and in 1837 he landed in Florence. For some time after his arrival he continued to devote himself principally to busts, but he soon determined to employ his spare time on the production of an ideal work; the subject determined upon was "Eve." Just before the model of this statue was completed, Mr. Powers received a visit from the celebrated Thorswaldsen, who was then passing through Florence. He expressed himself in terms of high admiration of the artist's busts; and, in reference to these, declared Powers to be the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo. The statue of "Eve" also excited his admiration; and to the artist's apology that it was his first statue, he replied that any man might well be proud of it as his last. When the model of "Eve" was completed, he began the "Greek Slave," which was finished in eight months. This, the best known and most admired of all Mr. Powers' works, has been ex-

hibited throughout the United States, and at the Great Exhibition at London. There are two copies in existence besides the original, one of which recently formed one of the prizes distributed by the Western Art-Union. The "Fisher-Boy" was the next production of Mr. Powers' chisel. This is also well-known in America. A statue of Mr. Calhoun is among the latest of his productions. This work, after being shipwrecked off the coast of Fire Island, and suffering some damage, has at length been safely deposited in the city of Charleston. Mr. Powers' busts are justly celebrated, both as high works of art and for the fidelity with which they represent their originals. Among them are portraits of Jackson, Webster, Adams, Calhoun, Chief-Justice Marshall, and many persons of less eminence. He has also produced some ideal busts; the "Proserpine" is one of the finest.

ARNOLD'S ESCAPE.

Mr. Ebenezer Chase was a private in the New Hampshire militia, which relieved the Pennsylvania line at West Point, in 1780, when those troops, being veterans, were wanted elsewhere. Mr. Chase, with several others, being off duty, was on the shore of the Hudson when Arnold deserted. When Gen. Washington assigned him the command of West Point, he left his own barge in his possession. A temporary hut was erected on the east shore for the accommodation of the four oarsmen who managed the barge. On the morning of his desertion, Gen. Arnold rode down to the shore, from his head quarters at Robinson's farm, very fast, as was his custom, threw his reins to his attendant, and ordered the barge to be manned. He then directed his course towards the point, but on reaching the middle of the river, the boat was observed to take a course down the stream, and moved very swiftly through the water.

The explanation was afterwards made by the boatmen. He hoisted a flag of truce, and told them to pull for the Vulture sloop-of-war, which lay below, saying that he had some business with the captain, and promised that if they would row him down to her as soon as possible, to give them a guinea and a gallon of rum each. On nearing the Vulture, and being in range of her guns, Arnold opened his plan by saying, "I have served the ungrateful scoundrels long enough!" and declared if they would go with him, they should have double pay, and should be made sergeants in the British service. One of them replied that he did not understand fighting on both sides.

"Then," said the General, "you are my prisoners."

When they came alongside of the sloop-of-war, Arnold ascended the deck, and was received by the marines with presented arms. He then ordered his men to come on board as prisoners of war. One of them, who had been their spokesman just before, said "it was a shabby trick, as they had toiled to their utmost strength to get the boat along, now to refuse the promised reward, and make them prisoners to boot."

The English captain heard their murmurs, and stepping forward, observed—

"Gen. Arnold, I command this ship, and as long as I walk the quarter-deck, no such transaction shall take place. I know the meaning of my words, sir, and will meet their comment."

Then, addressing himself to the men, he continued—

"My good fellows, I respect your principles and fidelity to your country, although you are enemies to your king; you shall have liberty to go or stay, as you please. Here," taking them from his pocket, "are your guineas; steward, put up four gallons of rum for these men."

The boatmen thanked the gallant and generous sailor, and returned in safety to head-quarters to report their proceedings to Gen. Washington, who had just arrived in camp. Arnold, chagrined and enraged, retired, without uttering a word, to the cabin of the sloop-of-war.

This statement was made by Mr. Chase, about a fortnight before his death, in the year 1831.

DIALOGUE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY E. KENNEDY.

AARON BURR.

Papa. Now, Tommy, I have answered you so many questions, suppose we turn the thing about; you may talk and I'll listen.

Tommy. I'm afraid I shall make out but poorly; but I'll try.

P. You may read and inform yourself. I'll give you a subject beforehand, and you must study up for it. Here are the books, and I'll assist you with references; only learn to forage for yourself. And now, as to the topic I gave you a few days ago, let us begin:—Who was Aaron Burr, and how came he to kill Alexander Hamilton, and what became of him?

T. Well, sir, I shall do my best, and—

P. Nay, but before you go on, allow me to urge you always to stand upon your feet, so as that it may have all the value of a habit in *speechifying*, while facts in our American History are treasured up at the same time.

T. That's hard to do.

P. I know it; but never mind, it will become quite easy by practice, and will serve as the commencement of a most important acquisition, namely, that of extempore speaking. There, go; I'll hear nothing whilst you are sitting down.

[*Tommy rises very reluctantly and takes a position.*]

Tommy proceeds. Aaron Burr was the grandson of the greatest divine that America has ever produced—President Edwards, or Jonathan Edwards, by name. When the Revolutionary war broke out, young Burr, about nineteen or twenty years of age, was a student of law, but he entered the army, and was one of Gen. Montgomery's aids in the expedition to Canada in 1775. In the attack upon Quebec, where that General was killed, Burr was by his side when he fell. Two other officers were killed by the same shot, but Burr was uninjured. After the battle of Long Island in 1776, Col. Burr was in command of a regiment upon the Neutral Ground, and was a very good officer. But Washington didn't like Burr, and so he soon resigned and left the army. Burr wasn't

a good man, and Washington didn't love men that he saw were not good.

P. Did not Gen. Washington have a great regard for Arnold?

T. I believe he had; but you know how sorry he was for it afterwards. The next thing Burr did, was to resign and leave the army, as I said, and it was mostly because Washington didn't like him that he did so; then he got married to a lady who was the widow of a British officer, a Mrs. Provost; they had but one child, a daughter, Theodosia Burr, who was married, when she grew up, to Governor Alston, of South Carolina; and it would almost draw tears from a heart of stone to hear of that poor lady's misfortunes and unhappy death—and she was such a refined and talented lady, too; but we haven't time to talk about her now.

P. That's right, Tommy, keep close to your subject. We are upon the subject of Col. Burr now, and we can talk of his lovely but unfortunate daughter at another time.

T. Well, sir; next Burr became a lawyer in the State of New York, and after the war was over he became a great politician, and was a famous Democrat and "Jefferson man." He filled several high offices in the State; and in the year 1800 was elected Vice President of the United States on the same ticket with Thomas Jefferson, who became President.

P. Wasn't there some difficulty in the way of his election—I mean Burr's?

T. Yes; he and Mr. Jefferson had the same number of votes each; and as the law then stood one of these was to be chosen President, and the other Vice President. Mr. Burr tried very hard to get to be President, and Congress were at it very busy for several days before the thing could be settled; and so it was settled at last, but Mr. Jefferson never forgave Burr for what he had done. Two or three years afterwards, and while he was still Vice President, there was a great stir about some elections in New York, and Burr took a very active part. Alexander Hamilton (he was the great Col. Hamilton that Washington thought so much of) was also a New Yorker, and he opposed Col. Burr with great violence; and on one occasion he said that Burr was a base, bad man, in his private as well as his public character. This came to Burr's ears, and he wrote to Hamilton to know if he had said this about him, and of course it could not be denied. So Burr challenged Hamilton to fight a deadly duel; and a duel they did fight in the month of July, 1804, at Hoboken, opposite New York, and poor Gen. Hamilton, that great and noble man, was killed by Col. Burr's pistol ball.

P. That was a dreadful thing for a Vice President of the United States to do; wasn't it?

T. Indeed it was; and from that moment Burr's troubles began. He resigned his high office, and wandered off to keep out of the way of the people, who were so indignant at him for what he had done. Pretty soon he went out to the Western country, and there became engaged with a man named Blennerhasset, in gathering up an army of soldiers for some purpose, nobody knows what; but it was thought that he was trying to separate the Union, and then again there was

some design upon Mexico mixed up with it. It don't appear, from all I could read about it, what the real object of Burr could be; but Mr. Jefferson, the President, who hated Burr, had him arrested and brought to trial for his life on the charge of treason. The trial took place in Richmond, Va., in the year 1807, and nothing could be proved against Burr, so he was not found guilty. But the people thought him guilty for all; and they remembered how he had killed Hamilton only a few years before, and Aaron Burr was glad to flee away from before the face of all the people, and he went and wandered abroad. Without friends and without money, he lived for three or four years in the city of Paris, where he was watched by the spies of Bonaparte as a dangerous man—sometimes so poor that he hadn't money to pay for the wood he burned, and so miserable that I expect he often wished himself dead in the grave along with poor Hamilton whom he had sent there. At last he had liberty to leave France, and after remaining a long time in England, (that is many months,) he at last got passage in a vessel to New York, where he arrived, after an absence from the country of five or six years. He had written to his poor daughter, Theodosia, in South Carolina, to come and see him; and, as she loved her father, with all his badness, she took passage on board of a sloop or some small vessel for New York—that vessel was never heard of, and the miserable man never saw his daughter any more. Oh it is so sad and distressing to read Burr's letters to Alston, his son-in-law, telling him, week after week, of his anxiety for his daughter, and that she never comes! No, and she never come at all; perhaps the vessel was cast away in a storm, or perhaps maybe, the pirates did take her, as was for a long time reported, and that this lovely woman was made to walk the plank by those hard hearted wretches of the ocean—I mean the pirates. But Burr never saw his daughter, never, no more! And he lived on to be quite an old man, practising law in a small way in New York city, and making out to live among a people who had once loved him and honored him, but who now neither loved him nor honored him.

P. I remember to have seen him once in the city of New York.

T. You, papa?

P. Yes. I was walking with a friend down Pearl street—it was in the year 1832 or '33, and a small man with very white hair, wearing a queue, his eye, keen and black, passed us—my friend told me to observe him; for, said he, that is the famous Aaron Burr. This was not very long before he died. Enough—let us be charitable to his memory; he was a man of great genius, but his errors and misfortunes were very grievous. I would not name his character as such a one as you should imitate, by any means.

"My dear," inquired a gay young wife of her calculating husband, as she reached her rosy little mouth to be kissed, on his return from business, "have you seen that magnificent set of parlor furniture which the Jenkinsons have just bought?"—"Hum, no my love! but I have seen the upholster's bill for it." She made up a mouth at him, but wouldn't be kissed.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.—The superiority to all selfish consideration which characterizes maternal tenderness, has often elevated the conduct of women in low life, and perhaps never appeared more admirable than in the wife of a soldier of the 55th regiment, in America, during the campaign of 1777. Sitting in a tent with her husband at breakfast, a bomb entered, and fell between them and their bed where their infant lay asleep. The mother begged her spouse would go around the bomb, before it exploded, and take away the child, as his dress would allow him to pass the narrow space between the dreadful messenger of destruction and the bed.

He refused, and left the tent, calling to his wife to hasten away, as in less than a minute the fuse would communicate to the great combustibles. The poor woman, absorbing all care in anxiety to save her child, tucked up her garments to guard against touching the bomb, snatched the unconscious innocent, and was hardly out of reach, when all the murderous materials were scattered around. Major C——, of the 55th regiment, hearing of this action, distinguished the heroine with every mark of favor. She survived many years to lament his fall at Fort Montgomery, in the following month of October.

ORDINARY FARM OF MARION.—A British officer was sent from the garrison at Georgetown, to negotiate a business interesting to both armies; when this was concluded, and the officer about to return, General Marion said, "If it suits your convenience, sir, to remain for a short period, I shall be glad of your company to dinner." The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced their effect; and to prolong so interesting an interview, the invitation was accepted. The entertainment was served up on pieces of bark, and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the General ate heartily, requesting his guest to profit by his example, repeating the old adage, "that hunger was an excellent sauce."

"But surely, General," said the officer, "this cannot be your ordinary fare." "Indeed it is, sir," he replied; "and we are more fortunate on this occasion, *entertaining company*, than usual, to have more than our accustomed quantity." It is said that this officer, on his return to Georgetown, immediately declared his conviction, that men who could without a murmur endure the difficulties and dangers of the field, and contentedly relish such simple and scanty fare, were not to be subdued; and resigning his commission, immediately retired from the service.

THE BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.—It happened, in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a

large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, "You are my prisoner; if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road."

The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, "A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat—by such a brat!" The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side-arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

THE AMERICAN SHARP-SHOOTERS.—Colonel Forsyth, so celebrated in the last war as the commander of a band of sharp-shooters which harassed the enemy so much, happened, in a scouting party, to capture a British officer. He brought him to his camp, and treated him with every respect due to his rank. Happening to enter into conversation on the subject of sharp-shooters, the British officer observed that Col. Forsyth's men were a terror to the British camp—that as far as they could see they could select the officer from the private, who of course fell a sacrifice to their precise shooting. He wished very much to see a specimen of their shooting.

Forsyth gave the wink to one of his officers, then at hand, who departed, and instructed two of the best marksmen belonging to the corps, to pass by the commanding officer's quarters at stated intervals. This being arranged, Col. Forsyth informed the British officer that his wish should be gratified, and observed he would step in front of his tent to see whether any of his men were near at hand. According to the arrangement made, one of the best marksmen appeared. The Colonel ordered him to come forward, and inquired whether his rifle was in good order. "Yes, sir," replied the man.

He then stuck a table knife in a tree about fifty paces distant, and ordered the man to split his ball. He fired, and the ball was completely divided by the knife, perforating the tree on each side. This astonished the British officer. Apropos, another soldier appeared in sight. He was called, and ordered, at the same distance, to shoot an ace of clubs out of the card. This was actually done. The British officer was confounded and amazed—still more so when the Colonel informed him that four weeks before, those men were at work in the capacity of husbandmen.

CURIOUS ETYMOLOGIES.—*Boudoir* is from *buder*—"to pout," so a boudoir is, in plain English, "a pouting-room." *Parlor* is from *parler*—"to speak," and is therefore the "talking-room." *Solicism* is derived from *Soli*, a town in Cilicia, said to have been founded by Solon, and peopled by Athenians, who were afterward charged with corrupting the language.

THE UTILITARIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

"The diligence from Paris!" exclaimed a waiter, opening the door of the dining-room of the *Grand Pelican*, at Colmar.

A middle-aged traveller, who had just finished breakfast, hastily rose at this announcement, and ran to the entrance of the hotel, where the heavy carriage had just stopped.

At the same moment, a young man put his head out of the window of the *coupé*. Both recognised each other and uttered a cry of joy.

"Father!"

"Camille!"

At these two exclamations, simultaneously uttered, the door of the carriage opened; the newly arrived sprang from it, and threw himself into the arms of the elder traveller, who pressed him to his breast.

The father and son were meeting for the first time, after a separation of eight years, which the latter had passed at London with an uncle of his mother. The death of this relative, of whom he was the heir, had at last allowed him to return to the paternal mansion, which he had left almost in childhood, and which he was now to revisit as a young man.

After the first excitement of the interview had passed away, M. Isidore Berton proposed to Camille to set out immediately for their home near Ribeaupville; the latter, impatient to see the place of his birth, accepted; the cabriolet was prepared and they started.

There is in these first interviews, after a long separation, a certain embarrassment which interrupts the conversation with involuntary moments of silence. Unaccustomed to each other, we observe, we attempt to discover the changes which time has wrought in ideas as in persons; we seek for the past in the present with a sort of uneasy uncertainty. M. Berton, especially, was anxious to know the young man who had returned in the place of the child who had left him. Like a physician who examines a patient, he questioned him slowly, observed each of his impressions, and analyzed his slightest words.

As he continued his study, he suffered himself to be borne away by the current of conversation, and began to speak of his own tastes and occupations since his departure.

The proprietor of Ribeaupville was neither a scientific man nor an artist; but, unable to produce, he loved the productions of others; he was a mirror which, without creating anything, reflects creation! No impulse of intelligence was indifferent to him, no emotion foreign. He interested himself in all discoveries, associated himself with all improvements, encouraged all efforts. For him, life was not only to retain the spark which God has placed in each of us, but to increase and inflame it with other sparks. Thanks to the leisure allowed him by a rich patrimony, his activity had been able to develop itself freely, unimpeded by the necessity of providing for his own wants. Being limited to no path, he had traversed them all, sustaining the courage of industry in art, by

his rewards or his sympathies. Alsace had seen him at the head of every enterprise formed to advance letters, the sciences or arts, and the museums of Strasburg had been enriched by his presents.

At this very moment he was causing extensive researches to be made in the sides of a hill, where some vestiges of ancient pottery had been discovered. He pointed out to his son, as they passed it, the Roman mound, and related to him how he had, to acquire it of its former owner, given him in exchange an acre of his best meadow.

Camille appeared surprised.

"You think me very foolish, do you not?" asked M. Berton, who was observing him.

"Pardon me, my father," said the young man, "I am only surprised at the bargain."

"Why so?"

"Because it seems to me that we ought to have a regard to utility in all things, and that this barren hill cannot be worth an acre of meadow-land."

"I see that you are not an archeologist."

"It is true; I have never understood the value of old pottery, or the interest people take in generations now extinct."

M. Berton looked at his son, but did not reply. Desirous of knowing him thoroughly, he would not repulse his confidence by a discussion. There was a silence of a few moments, which was suddenly interrupted by the exclamation of Camille. He had just perceived in the distance, among the trees, the mansion-house, of which he had recognized the great tower.

"Ah! yes, it is my observatory," said his father, smiling; "for I am not only an antiquarian, my son, but I have become something of an astronomer."

"You!"

"I have transformed the tower into a study, and have placed a telescope there, with which I can examine what is passing in the stars."

"And you find pleasure in occupying yourself with things beyond your reach, which you cannot change, and which are of no advantage to you?"

"That employs time," said M. Berton, who continued to avoid a serious discussion. "Besides, you will see many other changes. The old poultry-yard has been transformed into an aviary, and the orchard into a botanic garden."

"All these changes must have cost you dearly?"

"And are of no advantage to me."

"That is to say then that you yourself condemn them?"

"I do not say so; but we have arrived—let us descend?"

The groom ran to take the reins, and our two travellers allowed the cabriolet to be taken to the stables, while they entered the mansion-house.

Camille found the vestibule encumbered with old armor, geological specimens and herbariums relating to the Alsatian Flora.

"You are looking for a hat-stand?" asked M. Berton, seeing him look around with a sort of disappointment; "that would be in fact more useful than my curiosities; but let us pass to the drawing-room."

The drawing-room was adorned, from the floor

to the ceiling, with paintings, rare drawings or medallions. The proprietor pointed out some of these for his son's admiration. The latter excused himself on the plea of ignorance.

"In fact, all these things are of no great importance," said M. Berton, good-naturedly; "we are grown-up children, whom curiosities amuse; but I see with pleasure that you take a practical view of life."

"I owe it to my uncle Barker," observed Camille, with a little theatrical modesty; "he often complained of the time and treasures expended for the frivolous wonders of art, and sought in vain to discover what profit humanity could derive from blackened paper and painted canvas."

They were interrupted by the arrival of a domestic, who announced dinner, and who gave M. Berton a new book just arrived by the post: it was the impatiently-expected work of a favorite poet. He began to look over it; but suddenly stopped and closed the book.

"Come, I will not delay your dinner for verses!" said he. "Uncle Barker would not have forgiven me."

"I fear not," replied Camille, smilingly; "for he was accustomed to ask, of what use are poems?"

The father and son seated themselves at table, where the conversation continued on the same subject. Camille freely developed the opinions for which he was indebted to uncle Barker; for the latter had taught him to be sincere; only this sincerity in the old economist, proceeded less from a love of truth than from the love of utility. He respected the straight line, not because it was straight, but because he knew it to be the shortest. For him, falsehood was a false calculation, vice a bad investment, passion an unnecessary expense! In all things utility was the supreme law. Thence there was a species of barrenness in the good actions of the old man: his very virtues appeared only well-solved problems.

Camille had adopted the doctrines of his uncle with the ardor of youth, applying by degrees to everything this question: *Of what use is it?* His reasoning, (which he mistook for his reason) had reduced social duties to mathematical propositions. Cured, as he said, of the *mental alienation called poetry*, he had treated life like the Jew who scratched out a painting by Titian, that he might have a clear canvas good for something.

M. Berton listened to the development of these opinions without manifesting dissatisfaction or impatience. He opposed a few objections which the young man refuted triumphantly, appeared struck by his reasoning, and on separating proposed to resume the subject.

The next day, and the following days, M. Berton did indeed renew the conversation on the same subject, yielding, by degrees, like a man who is becoming persuaded. Camille grew enthusiastic as he played the part of teacher to his father, and redoubled his eloquence in proportion as he saw his triumph. At last, obliged to absent himself, to visit some relatives in the neighborhood, he left M. Berton entirely converted.

His absence lasted a week: this period had sufficed for the buds to expand, and the fields to be in flower. When he returned, spring was

bursting forth everywhere in its young splendor. The swallows were skimming in the blue sky, with joyous cries; the song of the peasants responded to those of the shepherds, and the mild breeze waving the green fields, wafted in every direction the fragrance of the hawthorn, the primrose and the violet.

Notwithstanding his systematic insensibility to all poetry, Camille could not escape the influences of this re-awakening of creation. He allowed himself to be insensibly carried away by the charms of sunshine, song, perfume; an involuntary emotion seized him, and he arrived at the mansion in a sort of intoxication.

He met his father in the middle of the parterre, which served as a court of entrance. M. Berton was surrounded with workmen, who were up-rooting the flowers and cutting down the trees. Two lilacs, which overshadowed the windows of the lower story with their fragrant blossoms, had just been cut down to make faggots.

The young man could not suppress an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah! here you are," said M. Berton, on perceiving him. "Your arrival is very seasonable; come and enjoy your triumph."

"My triumph!" repeated Camille, not understanding him.

"Do you not see that I have become your disciple?" resumed the proprietor of Ribeaupierre; "I have reflected much on what you have said to me, and I perceive that your uncle Barker was in the right. We should retrench the useless things of life. Now these flowers and shrubs are in a garden what poems are in a library; and, as you have well said, of what use is a poem, unless to light a fire, like these lilacs? But come, come, you shall see other changes; I have profited by your absence, and I hope you will be satisfied with me."

As he spoke thus, M. Berton passed his arm familiarly in that of Camille, and they entered the house together.

The vestibule had been cleared of the curiosities which formerly filled it, and in their places were hat-stands, cloak-pegs and spittoons. In the drawing-room all the drawings and paintings had been alike removed; and the wall, entirely bare, had been whitewashed. Upright and rectangular furniture had been substituted for the seats, à la Louis XIII., the gothic settees and sideboards, which were there before.

M. Berton cast a radiant glance upon his son.

"Well!" said he, "you will not, this time, accuse me of sacrificing to the frivolities of art; our drawing-room has only its four walls, of which no person can question the utility. We shall now have a place to hang up our kitchen herbs, and guns, and to deposit our clogs."

Camille was about to hazard some objections, but his father shut his mouth by recalling the anathema pronounced against blackened paper and painted canvas which had never been any profit to mankind.

The changes had not been confined to the drawing-room; the entire mansion had undergone a similar transformation. Whatever had for its object to please, had been pitilessly sacrificed. Everything had thenceforth a daily, positive use;

the agreeable was everywhere effaced before the indispensable.

M. Berton, who displayed this new organization with a certain pride, warned Camille that it should not stop there. His parterre was about to be transformed into a poultry-yard, and his botanic garden into a cattle-pen. He had not yet decided upon the new destination of his observatory; he was still wavering between a wind-mill and a pigeon-house!

Camille, stupefied at the extent of this reform, but silenced by the principles he had himself professed, though he abstained from applause, could not censure.

Wishing to extricate himself from this embarrassment by changing the subject, he asked if any letters had arrived from England.

"I believe there have been some," said his father; "but as you had no business there at present, I have given orders to refuse them."

"What do you say!" exclaimed Camille; "I am expecting intelligence from one of my most intimate friends, who has promised to keep me informed of the state of affairs in Ireland."

"Bah!" resumed M. Berton, with indifference; "what pleasure can there be in occupying yourself with things beyond your reach? Is not Ireland for you what the stars were for me? Its revolutions can profit you nothing, and you can change nothing there."

"But I have the interest of my sympathies!" objected the young man.

"Can they be of service to you or to Ireland?" asked M. Berton, tranquilly; "do you think your foresight can influence her destiny, or your wishes afford her aid?"

"I do not say that."

"Is the expense of letter-postage useful to anybody? To acknowledge this, is to condemn yourself."

Camille bit his lips; he was foiled with his own weapons, and was the more irritated that such was the case. This rigorous application of his doctrines had the appearance of a chastisement. He became vexed, and, without attacking principles, began to criticise in detail the changes projected or accomplished; but M. Berton had foreseen all, and found a reply for all; at last Camille insisted that the parterre was not suitable for its new destination, and that a poultry-yard should be paved. His father struck his forehead.

"You are right," exclaimed he, "I have the very materials necessary, slabs of six feet."

"Where?" asked the young man.

"In the little cemetery of the chapel, there are family tombstones which are useless where they are!"

"And you would not use them for paving-stones?" exclaimed Camille.

"Why not? Do you attach any value to old stones, or have you any interest in generations now extinct?"

"Ah! it is too much!" exclaimed Camille, "you do not speak seriously, father! You cannot believe that instincts, tastes, sentiments, ought to be subjected to the coarse arithmetic of interest; you cannot desire to have the human soul become a book of double-entry, where figures alone decide. I understand it all now; this is a lesson."

"Or rather an example," said M. Berton, taking the hand of his son. "I have wished to show you whither the doctrines of your uncle Barker would lead, and in what the abundance of things only useful must result. Never forget the Holy Word which you have heard repeated in your childhood: *Man does not live by bread alone*, that is to say, what is necessary to his material life! He needs much more food for the soul; he needs science, the arts, poetry! What you call useless things are precisely those which give value to useful things; the latter sustain life, the former make us love it. Without them the moral world would become like a country destitute of verdure, flowers and birds. One of the most important distinctions between the man and the brute is this necessity for an immaterial superfluity. It proves our more elevated aspirations, our tendency towards the Infinite, and the existence of that portion of ourselves, which seeks its satisfaction above the world of reality, in the higher joys of the ideal."

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

Buffon says, of all quadrupeds the horse possesses, along with grandeur of stature, the greatest elegance and proportion of parts. By comparing him with the animals above or below him, we find that the ass is ill-made, and that the head of the lion is too large; that the limbs of the ox are too slender, and too short in proportion to the size of his body; that the camel is deformed; and that the grosser animals, as the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and elephant, may be considered as rude and shapeless masses. The great difference between the head of man and that of the quadruped, consists in the length of their jaws, which is the most ignoble of characters. But, although the jaws of the horse be very long, he has not, like the ass, an air of imbecility, nor, like the ox, of stupidity. The regularity and proportion of the parts of his head give him a light and sprightly aspect, being gracefully attached to his finely arched neck, which is well supported by the beauty of his chest. He elevates his head, as if anxious to exalt himself above the condition of other quadrupeds. In this noble attitude he regards man, face to face. His eyes are open, lively and intelligent; his ears handsome, and of a proper height, being neither too long, like those of the ass, nor too short, like those of the bull. His mane adorns his graceful neck, and gives him the appearance of strength and courage. His long, bushy tail, covers, and terminates with advantage, the extremity of his body. His tail, very different from the short tails of the deer, elephant, and hippopotamus, and from the naked tails of the ass, camel and rhinoceros, is formed of long, thick hairs, which seem to rise from his crupper, because the trunk from which they proceed is very short. He cannot, like the lion, elevate his tail; but, though pendulous, it becomes him better; and, as he can move it from side to side, it serves him to drive off the flies, which incommode him; for though his skin is very firm, and well garnished with close hair, it is, nevertheless, very sensible.

The horse, it should seem, is an inhabitant of

the Eastern continent only; no trace of it having been met with as showing that it existed in any part of America, until it was carried thither by the European settlers. But in the wide plains of South America which resemble in many respects those places of the Eastern continent, in which wild horses are still met with, the imported ones are more abundant than in any part of the East. These are descended from the Andalusian breed, which were originally conveyed from Spain by the first conquerors, and are most frequently found in the Southern districts of the river Plata, as far as Rio Negro, the country of the Patagonians, and the districts immediately adjoining, in great numbers; some of the herds amounting to not less than ten thousand animals, each troop comprising many families.

The great tracts of desert country around the Sea of Arel, and the Caspian Sea, have been supposed to be the native residence of the horse; but, if this conjecture be correct, he must have widely extended his geographical range, for he is found in a wild state in Asia, as far north as the sixtieth degree, and to the utmost Southern extremes of that vast continent, and also in many parts of Africa; but we must suppose, that those of the former country emigrated as the species multiplied. So late as the seventh century of the Christian era, when the prophet Mahomet attacked the Koreish not far from Mecca, he had but two horses in his train; and although in the plunder of this horrible campaign, he carried with him in his retreat twenty-four thousand camels, forty thousand sheep, and twenty-four thousand ounces of silver, there is no mention of horses being part of the booty. We are informed that the Arabians had but few horses, and those not at all valued; so that Arabia, where are now the most celebrated coursers in the world, is but comparatively of modern date as a breeding country.

History tells that in the second century they were exported from Egypt to Arabia, as presents to their kings; from which we may conjecture that their finest horses were originally the produce of Egyptian steeds, whence they were also exported to Ethiopia, India, Persia, Parthia, Armenia, Scythia, &c. But, however, it is there alone where he is to be found, in a domesticated state, in his greatest beauty and symmetry of form,—there that he is preserved without any foreign admixture, possessing all the qualities for which this noble animal is so justly famed: exquisite proportions, elegant structure in every part of the body, fleetness and docility of disposition, are his genuine characteristics; and these he seems to have preserved from his earliest introduction.

The horse, when properly trained, and treated with kindness, shows much attachment to man, and his qualities are, like that of other animals, in a state of domestication, extremely varied. Some possess great courage, others are extremely timid; some have great memory, others are devoid of it; some are lively, obedient, intelligent, playful, and generous; while others are dull, stupid, obstinate, and vicious.

A story just occurs of a man who possessed the art of training the most furious horse, by

being permitted to be alone with him for a short time; it is related in "Townsend's Survey of the County of Cork:"

"James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of *The Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some color to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than by Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broken, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill-habits might have been, submitted, without show of resistance, to the magical influence of his art, and, in the short space of half an hour, became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed, to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and, upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. I once saw his skill tried on a horse, which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tête-à-tête* shows, that upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would,

in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers had been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds."

The horse contributes largely to our luxuries, pleasures, and service; he facilitates and lessens the labors of the field; he transports burdens, and man himself, to the most distant parts, with certainty, celerity and ease; he is ever the faithful and obedient servant to his master. His form and sagacity have been most admirably adapted for our use, by Him, whose wisdom and power are infinite; he is fitted, in an eminent degree, to supply a most important place in the scale of being; in the words of Stillingfleet, he

"Holds a rank

Important in the plan of Him, who framed
This scale of beings; holds a rank, which, lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue."

The opposite extremes in the growth of the horse are surprising; for we find him sometimes of the magnitude of a camel, with the corpulence of an ox; and at other times, reduced to the size of a Newfoundland dog, in height and bulk. In 1824, there were at the riding school of Valenciennes, two of the smallest horses in France, and perhaps in Europe. They were well matched, and only measured thirty inches in height.

To have an idea, says Goldsmith, of this noble animal in his native simplicity, we are not to look for him in the pastures or the stables, but in those wild and extensive plains where he has been originally produced, where he ranges without control, and riots in all the varieties of luxurious nature. In this happy state of independence he disdains the assistance of man, which only tends to servitude. In those boundless tracts, whether of Africa or New Spain, where he runs at liberty, he seems no way incommoded with the inconveniences to which he is subject in Europe. The continual verdure of the fields supplies his wants, and the climate, that never knows a winter, suits his constitution, which naturally seems adapted to heat. His enemies of the forest are but few, for none but the greater kinds will venture to attack him; any one of these he is (singly) able to overcome; while at the same time he is content to find safety in society; for the wild horses of these countries always herd together.

Multitudes of the race are found running wild in various parts of the world; but in very many cases they seem to have descended from domestic generations; in the south of Siberia, in the great Mongolian deserts, and among the Kalkas, to the north-west of China, they are frequently met with in large herds roaming at will; and they are also found in the deserts on the banks of the Don; but the last are supposed to have sprung from those horses which were turned loose for want of food by the Russians, whilst they were engaged in the siege of Azoph, during their barbarous conquest of the Tartar States to the northward of the Black Sea, which Russian ferocity and zeal for destruction found an Eden and left a wilderness. There

are also numbers of wild horses found at the Cape of Good Hope. These are of small size, and from the vicious disposition they exhibit at the approach of man, they are reckoned almost untameable; it is probable, however, that those animals which have been described as wild horses in this colony, and in some other parts of Africa south of the desert, are a distinct variety, allied to the quagga, and intermediate between that animal and the horse; for the quagga, like the zebra, is a wild and untractable animal, and has not been brought into a state of regular servitude by man.

Wild horses are always to be met with in droves of from five hundred to a thousand, seldom exceeding the former number in Asia or Africa, as food in these countries is less abundant than in America. They never attack other animals, but always act upon the defensive. Their pastures satisfy their appetites, and, when exhausted, they have only to shift their stations to places where their food is plentiful.

They are seldom to be taken by surprise; but if attacked, the assailant rarely comes off victorious, for the whole troop unites in defence of their comrades, and seldom fail either to tear their enemy to pieces, or kick him to death.

They usually retire to a forest to repose, in which case they have always one or more of their number to keep watch while the rest are asleep, and to give notice of approaching danger, which is done by loud snorting or neighing; upon which signal they start to their feet, and either reconnoitre the enemy, or fly off with the swiftness of the wind, followed by the sentinel, and by the patriarch of the herd. It is said, that if a man approach their pastures, they will walk slowly up to within about fifty yards of him, and then, all of a sudden, take flight. This is beautifully described by Byron, in his *Mazeppa*:—

“A trampling troop: I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.

The steeds rush on in plunging pride,

But where are they the reins to guide?

A thousand horse—and none to ride!

With flowing tail, and flying mane,

Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,

Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,

And feet that iron never shod,

And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,

A thousand horse, the wild, the free,

Like waves that follow o'er the sea.

On came the troop—they saw him stoop,

They saw me strangely bound along

His back with many a bloody thong:

They stop—they start—they snuff the air,

Gallop a moment here and there,

Approach, retire, wheel round and round,

Then plunging back with sudden bound,

Headed by one black mighty steed,

Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair

Of white upon his shaggy hide:

They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,

And backward to the forest fly

By instinct from a human eye.”

Captain Head, in his journey across the Pampas, gives an interesting account of his meeting a wild troop, in a district of the country where the population is dense. Some of the unfortunate

captured steeds are supposed to be forced along by their riders at their full speed; he says—“As they are thus galloping along, urged by the spur, it is interesting to see the groups of wild horses one passes. The mares, which are never ridden in South America, seem not to understand what makes the poor horse carry his head so low, and look so weary. The little innocent colts come running to meet him, and then start away frightened: while the old horses, whose white marks on the flanks and backs betray their acquaintance with the spur and saddle, walk slowly away for some distance: then breaking into a trot, as they seek their safety, snort and look behind them, first with one eye and then with the other, turning their nose from right to left, and carrying their long tails high in the air.”

But they frequently return, and sweep round the astonished travellers, like the whirlwind of the desert, threatening instant destruction, when suddenly, uttering the most fearful neighing, they will wheel in an opposite course, and disappear in the neighboring wilderness.

The natives, to whom such encounters are familiar, think lightly of them, and instead of rearing horses for their use, capture stragglers from these herds in the following manner:—“A gaucho, who is a native of the plains, mounting an animal, which has been accustomed to the sport, gallops over the plain, in the direction of the wild herds, and circling round, by degrees gets sufficiently near one of them to throw the lasso round the two hind legs, and as he rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching his *poncho*, or cloak, from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and bestriding him, removes the *poncho*; upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavors by a thousand vain efforts to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and by a discipline which never fails reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his whole speed and strength to the capture of his companions.

The wild horses of Asia, unless trained very early, can never be properly domesticated; if taken when adults, they frequently break out in fits of rage in after life, exhibiting every mark of natural wildness. Now, there is a remarkable difference in the disposition of the South American race; they can be brought to perfect obedience, and even rendered somewhat docile within a few weeks.

This opposition of temper may arise from their having sprung from progenitors which had been domesticated for many centuries; or it may be merely owing to the difference of climate.

If properly treated, the horse will live to a great age; the oldest on record is one which was in the stable of Ferdinand the First, which attained the very advanced age of seventy years. The most serviceable period of a horse's life is betwixt the years of five and ten, but they have continued in unimpaired vigor till the age of twenty; and in-

stances have been known of their being wrought till above thirty years old. Mr. Ganby says—"In addition to the many recorded instances of a longer life in the horse than is commonly met with, I can adduce the following one of my own, and the best I ever possessed, whether in the field or on the road, and which I bought when he was *twenty-two years old*; and after this he was hunted hard three seasons, as well as rode as a hackney during the summers."

The horse is possessed of acute and delicate senses; his intellectual character is marked by a quick perception, a most retentive memory, and great benevolence of disposition. It is well known that a horse will rarely tread on a human being, if lying on the ground, but will step over him with the utmost caution.

Endowed with vast strength and great activity, he seldom exerts either to his master's prejudice; on the contrary, he will endure fatigue and death itself in the service of his owner. Providence has implanted in him a benevolent disposition, a fear of the human race, and a certain consciousness of the services man can render him. But it is not to man alone that his affections are confined, for he extends his attachments to all other animals with which he may be associated. Every person who is possessed of a dog and a horse must have observed their familiar attachment; cats also have been frequently the favorites of the horse, and his attentions to the goat are no less remarkable.

The horse is greatly attached to music, and listens to a band with apparent delight, and will frequently use his endeavors to get close to it. This propensity has been known from the earliest ages. We are informed by Grotius that the Libyan shepherds used to allure wild horses by the charms of music.

Though naturally bold and intrepid, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardor. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclinations of his rider. Always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and in general regulates his motions solely by the will of his master, at all times evincing the greatest caution. In crossing over boggy ground, it is next to an impossibility to urge him forward with speed, for every step betrays his fear of sinking; and on rocky or uneven ground, where the stones are moveable, he will also pick his steps with much caution, feeling with his foot before he puts it down. It is well known that horses have a great dislike to cross muddy streams with which they are unacquainted. "I have often remarked," says Professor Hennings, "that when I have wanted to ride through clear water, where the bottom could be seen, the horse went through without hesitation, but when the water was muddy he shrank back, tried the bottom with one foot, and in case he found it firm, advanced the other after it; but if at the second step he took, he found the depth to increase considerably, he went back. Why did he act in this manner? Certainly for no other reason than because he supposed the depth would increase still farther, and be attended with danger. Pontoppidan says, that the Norwegian horses, in

going up or down the steep paths among the rocks, feel their way very cautiously before them, to ascertain whether the stones, upon which they are about to step, are firm. In these cases the best horseman's life would be in danger if he did not let the animal act according to his own judgment.

It is not during his life only that the horse proves useful to man; for, when dead, his carcase is applied to various ends, his hide is tanned, and the leather is valuable for harness and coach-work. The hair of his mane and tail is converted into a valuable article of commerce called hair-cloth; of the same materials are made ropes and fishing-lines. His bones are converted into magnesia, and they also make an excellent manure when ground. In Tartary and other countries, his flesh is esteemed a superior food; and in Europe it is used for feeding hounds.

The pure Arabians are somewhat smaller than our race horses, seldom exceeding fourteen hands two inches in height. Their heads are very beautiful, clean, and wide between the jaws; the forehead is broad and square; the face flat; the muzzle short and fine; the eyes prominent, and brilliant; the ears small and handsome; the nostrils large and open; the skin of the head thin, through which may be distinctly traced the whole of the veins; the neck rather short than otherwise, and beautifully curved; the mane and tail long, thin and flowing; the legs are fine, flat, and wiry; the bone of uncommon density; and the prominent muscles of the fore-arm and thigh prove that the Arabian horse is fully equal to all that has been said of his physical powers.

Count Rzeiwresky says, "Above all the horses in the world, the Kohlan (the name of the finest breed of Arabians,) is distinguished for the goodness of his qualities, and the beauty of his form. An uncommon mildness of temper; an unalterable faithfulness to his master; a courage and intrepidity, as astonishing as they are innate in his noble breast; an unfailing remembrance of the places where he has been, of the treatment he has received; not to be led, not to be touched, but by his master; in the most horrid confusion of a battle, cool and collected; he never forgets the place he came from, and, though mortally wounded, if he can gather up sufficient strength, he carries back his desponding rider to his defeated tribe. His intelligence is wonderful: he knows when he is sold, or even when his master is bargaining to sell him. When the proprietor and purchaser meet for that purpose in the stables, the Kohlan soon guesses what is going on, becomes restless, gives from his beautiful eye a side-glance at the interlocutors, scrapes the ground with his foot, and plainly shows his discontent. Neither the buyer, nor any other, dares to come near him; but, the bargain being struck, when the vender taking the Kohlan by the halter, gives him up to the purchaser, with a slice of bread and some salt, and turns away, never more to look at him as his own—an ancient custom of taking leave of a horse, and his recognising a new master—it is then that this generous and noble animal becomes tractable, mild, and faithful to another, and proves himself immediately attached to him whom his passion, a few

minutes before, might have laid at his feet, and trampled under his hoof.

"This is not an idle story; I have been a witness of, and an actor in the interesting scene, having bought three Kohlans in 1810 and 1811, from Turkish prisoners. I made the bargain in the stables, and received personally, and led off the most fierce but intelligent animals, which, before the above-mentioned ceremony, I should not have dared to approach."

In Arabia, the horse is treated with the utmost gentleness, kindness and affection. He inhabits the same tent with his master and family. His wife and children, with the mare and her foal, associate together in indiscriminate friendship: occupying the same bed, where the little children may be seen prattling with, climbing over the bodies, and hanging round the necks of the docile creatures, who in their turn will frequently repose with their heads reclining on some of the family. Whipping, by an Arab, is considered the greatest cruelty to horses, and it is by gentle measures alone that he secures their affections and willing service. This friendship is mutual: for if the rider falls, although in the most rapid career, the horse instantly turns round, and waits, till remounted by his master.

We have the following interesting account of the love of an Arab for his horse in Clarke's Travels:—"Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire news of the mare, which he dearly loved; he would embrace her, wipe her eyes with his handkerchief, would rub her with his shirt-sleeves, would give her a thousand benedictions, during whole hours that he would remain talking to her. 'My eyes,' would he say to her, 'my soul, my heart, must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! Thou knowest it well, my darling! I brought thee up in my dwelling as my child; I did never beat nor chide thee; I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved! Thou art beautiful, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from envious eyes!' This man's name was Ibrahim, and being poor, he had been under the necessity of allowing a merchant of Rama to become partner with him in the possession of his mare."

The Arab loves his horse as he does a child: he secures his affections by caresses, and the bond is mutual. They ride principally on mares, because they endure hunger, thirst, and fatigue, better than horses; those are generally turned loose, saddled, to be ready for a sudden surprise, and are so docile that they will come at their master's call. These animals are not unfrequently the only portion that fathers are enabled to bequeath their sons, and this they consider an ample provision.

An old Arab, who had been upwards of eighty years without having had a day's illness during that long life, had a valuable and favorite mare, that had carried him for fifteen years, through the perils of many a hard-fought battle, and long march. Being now unable any longer to ride, he presented the mare, and a scimitar, that had been his father's, to his eldest son, and told him to appreciate their value, and never to lie down to

rest, until he had rubbed them both as bright as a mirror. In the first skirmish in which the youth was engaged, he was killed, and the mare fell into the hands of the enemy. When the news reached the old man, he said, "What is life to me, that have lost both my son and the favorite of my heart! they equally share in my grief, and I would gladly meet death, as my life is no longer sweet to me." He almost immediately after took ill and died.

Mr. Smith relates the following anecdote to show how unwilling the Arabs are to sell their mares. Being once on the Euphrates, while a party of Arabs from the desert made a sudden sally on the village opposite the vessel he was in, which they immediately plundered, and having sufficient confidence in their hospitality and pacific laws towards any stranger who trusts himself among them, he ventured on shore, with the sole object of seeing their horses. They were all mounted on mares, chiefly grey, and certainly the most beautiful and high-bred he had ever seen in that or any other country. Several of the horsemen accosted him, and he entered into conversation with two, who remained longer than the rest. After admiring their mares, he asked one of them if he would dispose of his, offering at the same time a higher price than he had ever given for a mare before. The wild Arab smiled, and asked if that was all he could give; and where, added he, is the money? He told him that he had not the money about him, but by sending a person on board the vessel to which he pointed, the money would be paid, and he would double the amount. The Arab then turned round to his companions, and said, "Let us go, or this infidel will persuade me to sell my mare;" and off he rode into the desert.

The following well-known story is another proof of the attachment of the Arab to his mare, and addresses itself to all who have a kindly feeling in their bosoms. The whole stock of a poor Arab of the desert consisted of a mare; this the French consul at Said offered to purchase, with an intention of sending her to Louis XIV. The Arab hesitated long, but, being pressed by poverty, he at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum which he named. The consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain, and having obtained it, he immediately sent for the Arab, to secure the mare, and pay for her. The man arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted, a wretched spectacle, with only a miserable rag to cover his body. He stood leaning upon the mare; the purse was tendered to him; he looked at the gold, and gazing steadfastly at the mare, heaved a deep sigh;—the tears trickled down his cheeks: "To whom is it (he exclaimed) I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty! my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words, he sprang upon her back, and was out of sight in a moment. What an amiable and affecting sensibility in a man, who, in the midst of distress, could prefer all the disasters attendant on poverty, rather than surrender the animal, that he had long fostered in

his tent, and had been the child of his bosom, to what he supposed inevitable misery! The temptation of riches, and an effectual relief from poverty, had not sufficient allurements to induce him to commit, what he considered, so cruel an act.

But it is not the Arabs only who feel attached to their horses; in Major Denham, we have an agreeable instance of the regard which may be inspired by the docility and intelligence of a horse. He thus expresses himself, on the death of a fine Arabian, in the deserts of central Africa:

"There are a few situations in a man's life, in which losses of this nature are felt most keenly: and this was one of them. It was not grief, but it was something nearly approaching to it; and though I felt ashamed at the degree of derangement I suffered from it, yet I was several days before I could get over the loss. Let it, however, be remembered, that the poor animal had been my support and comfort, nay, I may say, companion, through many a dreary day and night: had endured both hunger and thirst in my service; and was so docile, that he would stand still for hours in the desert, while I slept between his legs, his body affording me the only shelter that could be obtained from the powerful influence of a noonday sun:—he was yet the fleetest of the fleet, and ever foremost in the chase."

Some years ago, a fine Arabian horse disengaging himself from the groom that had charge of him at Greenock, ran with great precipitation towards the dry-dock, and being unable to restrain himself, on coming to the edge of it, leaped down, and alighted on all-fours at the bottom, which is covered with flags, without receiving the slightest injury. He walked about the bottom of the dock, which is thirty feet below the level of the ground, and after having surveyed, with much attention, everything that lay within it, he, with the greatest ease, remounted by the flight of steps, or almost perpendicular projections, which surround the sides, and was secured on his arriving at the top.

A sheik or chief, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, lost one of his best mares, and could not, for a long while, discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheik, obtained the lady's consent, and eloped with her. The sheik and his followers pursued, but the lover and his mistress, mounted on one horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief, much enraged at being distanced, swore that the fellow must have been mounted upon the favorite mare he had lost, which, after his return, he found was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as his daughter; and he stole the one to carry off the other. The chief was quite gratified to think that he had not been beaten by a mare of another breed, and was easily reconciled to the young man.

Persia, from the remotest ages, has been famous for its horses; and at the present day they are excelled only by the Arabian breed. The for-

mer were, however, in high estimation long before the latter existed.

In some points the Persian horse excels the Arabian. The head is nearly as beautiful, the crupper superior, and the whole frame more developed; the neck is beautifully arched; and the animal possesses much fire. They are about equal in speed; but the Arabian is capable of longer endurance.

Sir Robert Ker Porter gives the following description of the Persian breed: The Persian horses never exceed fourteen, or fourteen and a half hands high; yet certainly, on the whole, are taller than the Arabs. Those of the Desert, and the country about Ililiah, seem very small, but are full of bone, and of good speed. General custom feeds and waters them only at sunrise and sunset, when they are cleaned. Their usual provender is barley and chopped straw, which, if the animals are picketed, is put into a nose-bag, and hung from their heads; but, if stabled, it is thrown into a small lozenge-shaped hole, left in the thickness of the mud-wall for that purpose, but much higher up than the line of our mangers, and there the animal eats at his leisure. Hay is a kind of food not known here.

At night he is tied in the court-yard. The horses' heads are attached to the place of security by double ropes from their halters, and the heels of their hinder legs are confined by cords of twisted hair, fastened to iron rings, and pegs driven into the earth. The same custom prevailed in the time of Xenophon, and for the same reason, to secure them from being able to attack and maim each other. Their keepers, however, always sleep in their rugs amongst them, to prevent accident; and, sometimes, notwithstanding all their care, they manage to break loose, and then the combat ensues. A general neighing, screaming, kicking, and snorting, soon raises the grooms, and the scene for a time is terrible. Indeed, no one can conceive the sudden uproar of such a moment, who has not been in Eastern countries to hear it, and then all who have, must bear me witness that the noise is tremendous. They seize, bite, and kick each other, with the most determined fury; and frequently cannot be separated before their heads and haunches stream with blood. Even in skirmishes with the natives, their horses take part in the fray, tearing each other with their teeth, while their masters are in similar close quarters on their backs.

The Persians perform many ceremonies on horseback, arising from their love of show, and the pride they have of being good horsemen. Their marriage feasts are conducted with much pomp and parade by the wealthy. The bridegroom of both rich and poor, on the wedding-day, is dressed in all the finery he can obtain, as is also the bride. The latter is covered with a scarlet veil, mounted upon horseback, and conveyed to her bridegroom's tent. If she is the daughter of a chief, or of an elder of a tribe, she is escorted by all the horsemen whose attendance he can command, attended by dancers and music. When they appear at a distance, the bridegroom mounts his horse, accompanied by his friends, and proceeds to meet the cavalcade. He holds up an apple or orange in his hand, and,

when sufficiently near to be certain of his aim, throws it at her; when he instantly wheels round, and gallops off at full speed to his tent, followed by all the horsemen of the bride's cavalcade, striving who shall catch him; and he who succeeds, is rewarded with the horse, saddle, and clothes of the bridegroom.

But he is seldom taken; for, as it is considered a point of honor to escape, he is either mounted on the best of his own horses, or that of his tribe.

The Arican horses are unquestionably the immediate descendants of those of Asia, without any mixture of blood which has been degenerated by a European climate; their varieties depending upon the influence of local situations; they generally possess the same fine shape, and the mildness of disposition, which characterize the Eastern horses.

The Barb (or Moorish horse) is nearly allied to the Arabian; it is somewhat larger, with a fine head and crest, possessed of great spirit, of a fiery disposition, and exceedingly swift.

Churchill says, "The natives have a great respect for horses that have been the pilgrimage to Mecca, where Mahomet was born; they are called *hadgis* or *saints*. Such horses have their necks adorned with strings of beads, and relics, being wrappings wrapped up in cloth of gold, or silk, containing the names of their prophet; and when these horses die, they are buried with as much ceremony as the nearest relations of their owners. The King of Morocco had one of them, which he caused to be led before him when he went abroad, very richly accoutred, and covered by these wrappings. His tail was held up by a Christian slave, who performed various indecorous offices to the animal."

The Moors do not treat their horses as kindly as the Arabs. They sometimes use them with great cruelty; the iron-work of their bridles is so constructed, that by the least exertion of the rider it presses on the horse's tongue and lower jaw so as to cut them severely, and if not cautiously used, it will inevitably throw him on his back. One of their favorite amusements is for a number of horsemen to start together, and, shouting, gallop at full speed to an appointed spot: then they stand up in their stirrups, hold the rein, which is very long, in their mouths, level their pieces, fire them off, and throw them immediately over their right shoulders, stopping their horses nearly at the same moment. This is their common mode of attacking an enemy.

Another feat, in which they display uncommon dexterity, is to make the horse go at full speed, by means of long sharp spurs, and then stop him instantaneously. A barbarous kind of merriment, to which they are much addicted, is generally practised on strangers, on horseback, or even on foot. They ride violently up to them, as if intending to trample them to the ground, stop their horses suddenly, and fire a musket in their faces. They will also ride with the utmost apparent violence against a wall, and a looker-on would conceive it impossible for them to escape being dashed to pieces, when, just as the horse's head touches the wall, they stop him with the utmost accuracy.

We have had very excellent proof in England of the superiority of some of these horses, in the famous stallion known by the name of the Godolphin Arabian, but which was a Barb. He contributed more to the improvement of our racers, than any other foreign horse, either before or since his time.

This horse was exported from Barbary into France, where he was so little valued that he was actually employed in drawing a cart about Paris. He was brought into England, and afterwards became the property of Lord Godolphin, from whom he took the name he bore. Such was the regard subsisting between this horse and a cat, that it would be hard to say on which side was the greatest affection; but it is certain that the cat really pined to death for the loss of her companion.

The following story, showing what exertion the horse is capable of undergoing, would be almost incredible, were it not well authenticated—M. de Pages having himself been an eye-witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every individual at the Cape of Good Hope. A violent gale of wind, setting in from north-north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore, struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile, a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when, again seating himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared, but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck: when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no seldom more than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but, on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land, but his gallant rider, alas! was no more.

Spartman, in his voyage to the Cape, says his name was Voltemad; that he was a keeper of one of the Company's menageries, and had ridden out to carry breakfast to his son, then a corporal in the army.

This enterprising philanthropist commands our esteem and admiration the more, as he encountered this danger for the relief of others, without himself being able to swim. Inspired with similar sentiments, the East India Directors in Holland, on receiving intelligence of this affair, raised a monument to his memory, in a manner worthy

of themselves and him, by calling one of their new-built ships after his name, and ordering the whole story to be painted on the stern. They also wrote letters to the regency at the Cape, ordering that in case Voltmad had left any issue in the military or civil department, they should take care to provide for them, and make their fortune as speedily and effectually as possible. But, unfortunately, in the southern hemisphere, they had not all the same grateful sentiments. The young corporal, Voltmad, who had been an eye-witness of his father's having offered himself up in the service of the Company, and of mankind, was refused his father's place, though the appointment to it could scarcely be considered any promotion.

Mr. Astley, junior, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, once had in his possession a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years of age, which was presented to him by the Duke of Leeds. This celebrated animal, for a number of years, officiated in the character of a waiter, in the course of the performances at the Amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he has been seen to bring into the riding-school, a tea-table and its appendages, which feat has been followed up by fetching a chair, or stool, or whatever else might be wanted. His achievements generally terminated by taking a kettle of boiling water from a fire, which blazed considerably, to the wonder and admiration of every beholder.

The English horses are superior in point of excellence to all other European breeds, for the turf, road or chase. At the head of the list stands "the high-mettled Racer," the nearest allied to the true Arabian, which they much resemble, although they are larger. In speed, the English racers are equal, if not superior to the horses of every other country. It is certain that all the Arabian, Persian, Barb, and Turkish horses, which have been brought into the country, have been beaten by the English race-horses; and even in the Eastern courses, which are the most nearly allied to the soil of Arabia, as well as in the frigid temperature of Russia, the British racer has always surpassed those brought into competition with him. A few years back, Pyramus, the best Arabian steed in the Bengal side of India, was beat by Recruit, an English race-horse of but moderate reputation. For carrying weight, and long endurance of exertion, or what is called *bottom*, our racers have the decided advantage over all other horses. Their high courage, determined spirit and patience, indicate the purity of their lineage. An ordinary race-horse runs at the rate of a mile in less than two minutes, but the celebrated Flying Childers accomplished a mile in one minute.

He was the fleetest horse that ever ran; and, although much trouble and expense have been devoted to improving the breed since his time, every effort has failed in producing his equal in point of swiftness.

Over the whole European continent a decided preference is given to the English bred race-horses; and they are, in consequence, much sought after. We are told that the Emperor Napoleon, while in his glory, placed a high value on them.

The horse enters into the spirit of the race with

as much zeal as his rider, and will in general strain every nerve to outstrip his adversary. As he advances towards the starting-post, all his motions betray the eagerness of his desire to start. When the signal is given, away he springs at a settled and steady pace. The rider becomes, as it were, a part of the quadruped, whose every motion should correspond to his movements. He proceeds forward, restrained by his rider to the pace he thinks best suited to his strength, and preserving his powers till the last. The rider knows well where to push him; he touches him to indicate his wish for a trial of his powers; the hint is speedily taken, when all his nerves are called into action, and he bounds to his utmost stretch. It sometimes, though rarely, happens that the spur becomes necessary to rouse every energy; he knows its import, and every muscle is called in action to defeat, if possible, his competitor. If he has spirit, little application of these will be necessary, and if dull, all the punishment that can be inflicted will prove unavailing. But, in general, the natural spirit of the race-horse, when roused into action from the opposition of the moment, has generally the effect of leading him through every obstacle; and the whip and spur in such a case are generally not required.

The natural emulation of the racer will be strongly exemplified by the following anecdote. Forrester had won many a hardly-contested race; but overmatched and overweighed, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him and eventually got abreast; they continued so till within the distance, when the strength of Forrester began to fail him. He made a last desperate plunge, seized his opponent by the jaw to hold him back, and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. But he did not succeed by this stratagem.

Innumerable had been the disputes whether the greyhound or the race-horse were the swiftest animals; when a circumstance took place which fairly put the thing to the test.

In a match with two horses, run on Doncaster race-course in 1800, in which one of the horses was drawn, the other, a mare, started to run over the ground alone, to ensure the stake. When she had proceeded about a mile, a greyhound struck in, from the side of the course. The rider being anxious to ascertain the curious point, pushed on the mare, when the dog strained every nerve to pass him, and kept abreast for a long time; but the mare, at passing the winning-post, had the advantage by a head. At the distance-post, five to four were betted on the greyhound; when parallel with the stand, it was even betting.

Mr. Flint, while on a visit to his brother-in-law, Colonel Thornton, was riding out with his hostess, who was passionately attached to the sports of the field, when an occasional trial of the mettle of their steeds took place. The skilful management of the fair equestrian causing her horse to outstrip Mr. Flint, he was so nettled that he challenged her to ride against him on a future day, which was accepted by the Colonel on the part of his lady, and it was fixed that the race should be run on the last day of the York August Meeting, 1804.

On Saturday, the 25th of August, the race was decided, and the following account of it appeared in a York newspaper:—

"Never did we witness such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion—one hundred thousand at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmire than did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a-half behind. Indeed, expectation was raised to the highest pitch, from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them were also on the ground on horseback, for the like purpose, and which unquestionably were the means of many lives being saved.

"About four o'clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Boynton; afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o'clock. The lady took the lead, for upwards of three miles, in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile of being home, Mr. Flint pushed forward, and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion; but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up in a sportsman-like style, when within two distances.

"Never, surely, did a woman ride in better style. It was difficult to say whether her horsemanship, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired—the *tout ensemble* was unique.

"Mrs. Thornton's dress was a leopard-colored body, with blue sleeves, the vest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

"Thus ended the most interesting race ever ran upon Knavesmire. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humor with which she bore her loss, greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—There was a young woman left in the care of a house; her master and mistress being in the country. One night, on her going to bed, when she was undressing herself, she looked in the glass and said, "How handsome I look in my night-cap." When she arose in the morning she found the house robbed. She was taken into custody on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, but tried and acquitted. Some time afterwards as she was walking in company with another female, a man passing her said, "How handsome I look in my night-cap." The expression so forcibly struck her mind that he was the man that robbed the house, she seized bold of him with the utmost intrepidity, and held him fast, assisted by her companion, till he was given into custody, at which time he confessed that when he was under the bed, he heard her use the expression previously to his robbing the house, and he suffered accordingly.

FAITHFUL LOVE—A FAMILY PICTURE.

The scene is a domestic one; the season, winter; the time, night. Supper is cleared away, and the infant, held in Pa's arm during the performance of that necessary duty, has been restored to her mother, to nestle, and smile, and sleep.

John and Charlotte, the elder two, have drawn pictures on their slates; Alfred and Robert have romped and tussled upon the floor, by turns, shouting with laughter, or crying over short-lived hurts; Pa himself has settled with his green glasses to read a late number of Brother Bird's Medium, while Uncle Frank, weary with the bodily labors of the day, is half asleep in the corner, though with his eyes fixed upon Burns' Poems, and making a half pretence of reading it.

All at once a simultaneous shout arises from the juvenile group; there is a throwing down of slates, with a bang, upon the table, and a rush for the possession of Pa's knee. The shout is, "Pa, tell us some stories!" And it is clear from the general look of assurance and the happy little faces both, that this is a very common practice at this time of night, and that the practice is a highly pleasing one, if not to Pa himself, at least to his little pets.

A squabble for the knee results, as usual, in favor of the youngest, by name Robert, by nature coarse and piratical; and the other three content themselves with leaning full weight upon the shoulders and limbs of the beleaguered parent, weights that would crush an ox, but do not discompose a father, who rather looks as though he could hold four or five more.

"And now who shall hear the first story?"

"Sister—begin with her!"

"Well, what shall it be about?"

"A sailor," says John.

"A little girl," says sis.

"A panther," says Alf.

"A monkey," says Robert.

"A little girl it shall be, and so all of you listen with all your might.

"Once there was a little girl, about eight years old, named Mary. And there was a lady who was very kind to Mary, and made clothes for her and mended them when torn, and washed them when they needed it. And this lady never seemed tired of taking care of Mary. For when she was only a little baby the lady nursed her. When she was old enough to walk, the lady taught her to walk. She taught her to say her letters, and to read, and afterwards to write—to sew and to knit.

"She gave her a little garden and rose bushes and flower seeds to plant in it, and a little hoe to kill the weeds. She taught her how to sing hymns, and night and morning to kneel down at her side to pray God for His blessings. As soon as she got big enough she sent her to school. She paid a great deal of money to the school-master every session, and bought her a great many books.

"Now how do you think this little girl should have treated that kind, good lady?"

"She ought to do what she told her," says John.

"She ought to love her mighty good," says sis.

"I'd whip her if she wasn't," says Alf.

"Never cry a bit," says Rob.

"Well now, strange as it may sound to you, that little girl didn't always do what the kind lady told her, and she wasn't always good. Sometimes she was very naughty, sometimes she would tell stories, sometimes quarrel with others.

"Then this good, kind lady, instead of sending the bad girl off, would correct her for being naughty, and pray God to make her better: and then so soon as the little girl was sorry and would try to be good, the lady would kiss her and love her as well as ever. Now, wasn't that lady a most charming good lady?"

"Just as good as could be," says John.

"The goodest ever I heard of," says sis.

"I'd a whipped her harder," muttered Alf.

By this time Rob had gone to sleep, and, of course, said nothing.

"At last this little girl was taken sick, oh very sick indeed. She had the fever, and was as sick as she could be. Being sick made her very cross and bad. She would scream aloud at the least noise. She would refuse to take medicine, until they had to pour it down her throat. She lost her senses, and did not know anybody.

"But the good, kind lady, never got tired of watching over her, and taking care of her. For more than seven nights she never went to bed, but sat by the side of the sick little girl, from sunset to sunrise. She never got mad with her once. She would take her out of bed, and hold her in her arms. She mixed her medicines. She prayed to God a thousand times that the dear little girl might get well. Oh she was a dear, good lady, don't you think so?"

"But did she get well?" asked the three.

"No; poor little Mary died. After all the kind lady's care, after all her trouble, and watching, and everything, she died. They put her into a coffin and buried her. All the other folks soon forgot that there ever had been such a little girl as Mary. But the dear, good lady never forgot it. No, she never forgot little Mary. She kept all her clothes and her little doll. And she cried and mourned whenever she remembered little Mary. She was never happy again after Mary died. And when she died, which was about five years afterwards, she said she hoped she should find little Mary in Heaven. They buried that kind, good lady by little Mary's side. Now, John, what do you think made that lady love Mary so well, and take so much care of her, and be sorry for her death?"

John does not know. He thinks she was a most excellent good woman, but 'tis very strange she should think so long about Mary after she was dead.

"And what say you, Alf?"

Alf thinks Mary must have had a heap of money or something! Or else he don't know why the lady should care so much for her.

"And what says little sis to it?"

The little girl has a big tear in each eye; and there is a track down each cheek, where a number of them have chased each other. She glances towards her mother, whose eye meets hers, as if

there was a mutual intelligence between them, only understood by the female sex. Then looking boldly up in the father's face, with the air of one who could solve the difficulty with ease, she answered:

"'Twas her ma! the dear, good lady was her ma!"

And sure enough little pussy guessed it—*Watchman and Evangelist.*

YANKEE BUGLE-PLAYER IN LONDON.—Some ten or twelve years since, an American bugle-player concluded to make a trip to England, to learn by personal observation the state of instrumental music in that country. A day or two after his arrival in London, (in which place he was almost a total stranger,) he saw an advertisement in the Times, for a bugle-player in one of the regiments of the Guards. He presented himself the next morning to the band master of the regiment, and introduced himself by saying that, having seen an advertisement for a bugle-player, he had come to offer himself as a candidate for the situation. The band-master, thinking that the stranger did not present a very promising appearance, treated him rather cavalierly, but finally told him there would be a rehearsal the next morning and he might come and show what he could do: intimating at the same time that his qualifications must be very high to obtain the place. Nothing daunted, the American made his appearance with his E flat bugle in his hand, and took his place in the band.

The rehearsal commenced with a new piece containing a solo for the clarinet, which the performer upon that instrument found great difficulty in executing. After the clarionetist had made several failures, the Yankee requested permission to play the solo upon his bugle. This proposition was received with a sneer by the band master, and a laugh of derision by the members of the band. The Yankee, however, insisted that he could play the solo "without winking." The band master at last ordered the band to play the prelude, and told the Yankee to "look sharp, or he would find himself the laughing stock of the whole regiment." The band commenced the prelude: the stranger looked carelessly around. The prelude being finished, the solo was commenced. Scarcely had half-a-dozen bugle-notes been sounded, when every member of the band ceased playing, and listened with wonder and admiration to those magic tones. The solo was executed to perfection, and at its conclusion the building fairly shook with applause.

The band-master, rushing up to the performer and grasping his hand, exclaimed:—"Who are you?"

"My name is Kendall," replied the Yankee.

"What! Edward Kendall, of Boston?—the greatest bugle-player of America,—of the world!" said the band-master.

The rehearsal was over for the day, and Ned Kendall was the guest of the band during his stay in London.—*Musical World.*

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

BY MRS. E. B. YOUNG.

How quietly she lies!
Closed are the lustrous eyes,
Whose fringed lids, so meek,
Rest on the placid cheek;
While, round the forehead fair,
Twines the light golden hair,
Clinging with wondrous grace
Unto the cherub face.
Tread softly near her, dear ones! Let her sleep,—
I would not have my darling wake to weep.

Mark how her head doth rest
Upon her snowy breast,
While, 'neath the shadow of a drooping curl,
One little shoulder nestles like a pearl,
And the small waxen fingers, careless, clasp
White od'rous flowers in their tiny grasp;
Blossoms most sweet
Crown her pure brow, and cluster o'er her feet.
Sure earth hath never known a thing more fair
Than she who gently, calmly, slumbers there.

Alas! 'tis Death, not sleep,
That girds her in its fro en slumbers deep.
No balmy breath comes forth
From the slight-parted mouth,
Nor heaves the little breast,
In its unyielding rest;
Dead fingers clasp
Flow'rs in unconscious grasp;—
Woe, woe is me, oh! lone, bereaved mother!
'Tis Death that hath my treasure, and none other.

No more I hear the voice,
Whose loving accents made my heart rejoice;
No more within my arms
Fold I her rosy charms.
And, gazing down into the liquid splendor
Of the brown eyes serenely, softly tender,
Print rapturous kisses on the gentle brow,
So cold and pallid now.
No more, no more! repining heart be still,
And trust in Him who doeth all things well.

Oh! happy little one!
How soon her race was run,—
Her pain and suff'ring o'er,
Herself from sin secure.
Not hers to wander through the waste of years,
Sow ing in hope, to gather nought but tears;
Nor care, nor strife,
Dimmed her brief day of life.
All true souls cherished her, and fondly strove
To guard from every ill my meek white dove.

Love, in its essence,
Pervaded her sweet presence.
How winning were her ways;
Her little child-like grace,
And the mute pleadings of her innocent eyes,
Seizing the heart with sudden, soft surprise,
As if an angel, unaware,
Had strayed from Heaven, here;
And, saddened at the dark and downward road,
Averted her meek gaze, and sought her Father, God.

In her new spiritual birth,
No garments soiled with earth
Cling round the little form, that happy strays,
Up through the gates of pearl and golden ways,

Where sister spirits meet her,
And angels joyful greet her.
Arrayed in robes of white,
She walks the paths of light;
Adorning the bright city of our God,
The glorious realms by saints and martyrs trod!

THE GRAVE OF BEN BOLT.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

By the side of Sweet Alice they have laid Ben Bolt,
Where often he longed to repose,
For there he would kneel with the early spring
flowers,
And plant o'er his darling the rose.
His heart was as true as the star to his gaze,
When tossed on the billows alone,
But now it is cold and for ever at rest,
For he calmly lies under the stone.

How often his eyes were seen brimming with
tears,
To mingle with others in grief;
But joy would rekindle the light of his smile,
When pouring the balm of relief;
At last he is gone to the bright spirit-land,
And, free from all sorrow and pain,
He tastes the full raptures of angels above,
For he meets with Sweet Alice again!

We'll gather the flowers from the green shady
nook,
And moss from the silent old mill,
To strew o'er the graves, where obscurely repose
The hearts that Death only could chill;
And oft when the soul has grown weary and sad,
We'll come by the twilight alone,
To muse o'er the spot where together Ben Bolt
And Sweet Alice lie under the stone.

BEAUTIFUL, HAPPY, AND BELOVED.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Would'st thou be beautiful?
Ah! then, be pure! be pure! An angel's face
Is the transparent mirror of her soul.
If ghastly guilt on fairest brows you trace,
Then do you hear the knell of beauty toll.
Let Purity her seal on thee impress,
And thine shall be angelic loveliness.
The pure are beautiful.

Would'st thou be dearly loved?
Then love, love truly all that God has made;
For by His name of love is He best known.
No damp distrust be on thy spirit laid;
And let affection's words and deeds be one.
Thy soul's warm fountain shall not gush in vain;
From Love's deep source it shall be filled again;
For they who love, are loved.

And would'st thou happy be?
Then make the truth thy talisman, thy guide.
Be truth the stone in all thy jewels set.
Into thy heart its opal-light shall glide,
And guide thee where are happier spirits yet.
For these three rays are in the shining crown:
The seraph by the Throne of Light lays down,
Truth, Love, and Purity.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

[The following history of William Bancroft in the days of the Revolution may be read by some with satisfaction, and is worthy to be kept in remembrance among the noble deeds of those times. It was related some years since by Mr. Bancroft, a slight notice of which is in Gordon's History of the American Revolution.]

When on a tour to the West, I met with the subject of this treatise at New York. The grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the Revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but owing to the circumstance that his name was stricken off the roll before he had served nine months, to serve General Washington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; though he thought his circumstances and his claims for consideration were as great as any soldier's. He then related the following history of his life:

I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of 14, I was sent to Boston, and was put behind the counter. I was warmly attached to the Whig cause, and at the age of sixteen was obliged to leave town. I then enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavored to understand my duty in my relation, and thought I was a proficient—at least, as much so as other soldiers. One day, immediately after Washington's arrival at Brooklyn, I was detached by the officer of the day, among the guard. It so happened that I was placed as a sentinel before the General's quarters at 9 o'clock. About 10 o'clock the General's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver—

"Who comes there?"

He answered, "General Washington."

"Who is General Washington?"

He replied, "The commander of the American army."

"I don't know him; advance and give the countersign."

The driver put his head within the carriage, and then came and gave me the countersign.

"The countersign is right," I replied; "General Washington can now pass."

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said, "General Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters precisely at 9 o'clock."

"What does he want of me?"

"I don't know," replied the officer.

In obedience to this order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind was greatly harassed to know whether I had discharged my duty aright the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door, and a servant appeared.

"Inform General Washington," said I, "that the person whom he ordered to his quarters at 9 o'clock, is now at the door."

The servant made the report, and immediately

bade me come in, and conducted me to the General's room. When I entered he addressed me:—

"Are you the sentinel who stood at my door at 9 o'clock last night?"

"Yes, sir, and I endeavored to do my duty."

"I wish all the army understood it as well as you do," said the General. This relieved the burden on my mind.

The General then continued, "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try."

"Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?"

"I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best."

"Call here precisely at seven o'clock this evening, and I will give you further instruction."

I then retired, and precisely at seven o'clock I returned. The General presented me with a sealed letter without any superscription. He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury Heights. I told him I had, and at his request I described the level ground on the top. He gave me the countersign, lest I should not be able to return before the sentinels received it; directed me to converse with no one on the way, and if I should observe any person who appeared to notice me particularly, not to go on the Height, until out of his sight. And when I had ascended to the Height, I must look round carefully, and if I discovered any person, I must keep at a distance from him, and suffer no one to take me. If every thing appeared quiet, I must go to the west side of the plain, where I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, and a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of the flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put my hand under it.

"You must then feel under the rock," said the General, till you find a second hollow; if there is a letter in it, bring it to me, and put this in the same place."

Having received my instructions, I made my way for the Height, and nothing occurred worthy of note, except that I found the rock and the stone described, and in the hollow a letter, sealed, without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the General's quarters, and delivered the letter I found under the rock. He then said:

"You may retire, and appear at seven o'clock to-morrow evening."

This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect. At length I observed a person at some distance, travelling the same way I was going, and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me. I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the Height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descend the hill on the opposite side, among the savins. I went even to make the discovery, but could see no one. This I told the General on my return.

He reprimanded me for my presumption. He said—

"They might have sprung on you, and taken you. Never do the like again."

When I returned the next evening, he gave me stricter charge than before. There was nothing occurred until I ascended the Height; I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind the savins. I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground to obtain a clearer view of the opposite side. In an instant, three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side in full run to take me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted himself more than I did. I found one of the three was a near match for me.

When I came to the sentinel, he was not more than six rods from me. I gave the countersign without much ceremony. The sentinel then hailed my pursuer, who turned upon his heels and fled. I went to the General's quarters, and on presenting this letter, I said—

"Here is the letter you gave me," and then related the above story to him.

He told me I might retire, and need not call on him again till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me when in company or in camp to make myself a stranger to the movements of friends or foes; not to enter into any dispute about the war or the army, but always to be an inquirer.

In about a week the General sent for me, and I repaired to his quarters at the usual hour. He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter as usual, and said—

"Go to the lower house and enter the front door, and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down and make yourself a stranger; when all have gone out of the room but one, then get up and walk across the room repeatedly; after you have passed and re-passed, he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you, and as he is doing this you must take this letter out of your pocket and present it to him. I charge you not to speak a word to him on the peril of your life. It is important you observe this."

I went to the house, and on entering the room, I found but one man in it, and he was at the corner of the room. He rose at my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room, and eyeing him attentively. The third time I passed he put his hand into his pocket, took out a letter, and extended it towards me, and I took out my letter, and extended it towards him. With his other he took hold of my letter, and I did the same with his. I then retired with a bow, and returned to the General. We two could well recognise each other, though we were not allowed to speak. This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening, as this man was presenting his letter, he whispered to me—

"Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning, at two o'clock."

When I delivered the letter to General Washington, I addressed him thus—

"General, the person who delivered this letter to me, whispered, and said:

"Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning, at two o'clock."

The General started, and inquired—

"Was it the same person you received letters from before?"

"Yes, sir."

He then broke the letter, and read it; after which, he asked—

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir."

Then saying, "Stop here until I return," he took his hat and cane, and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half.

When he returned, he said—

"I do not know that I shall need your services any more; you will continue about the encampment, and I will allow you the same pay you now have."

Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about the army and vicinity to find the man who whispered to me, but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him, I know not. The injunction to me was tantamount to it in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge, when I was discharged.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.—Probably most physicians, in the course of their practice, could relate some such experience as that given in the autobiography of a country doctor, in the Knickerbocker of the current month. It has been well said that when men are sick, they want to be cured, cost what it may; but when they are on their feet, and at their business again, they do not want to pay, especially if the bill be a little one. In the autobiography referred to, the poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night with the startling summons—

"Doctor—want you to comeright straight away off to Bank's. His child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's p'isoned. They gin him laud'num for paregoricky."

"How much have they given him?"

"Do'no. A great deal. Think he won't get over it."

The doctor pushes off through the storm, meets with divers mishaps by the way, and at length arrives at the house of his poisoned patient. He finds all closed—nor a light to be seen.

He knocked at the door, but no answer. He knocked furiously, and at last a night-cap appeared from the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaked out—"Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure; you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?"

"Oh, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a liddle *skeered* kind o'. Gin him laud'num, and he slept kind o' sound, but he's woke up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops. 'Taint hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls—

"Doctor, doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You won't charge nothin' for this visit, will you?"

A JUVENILE CRITIC AND MACREADY.—Among the many anecdotes of the tragedian, W. C. Macready, that have been told, says the *Picoayune*, the following, which has the merit of being perfectly authentic, is among those worthy of recording:—

In the same hotel where Macready resided during his first engagement in this city, lived a gentleman who enjoyed the tragedian's friendship and intimacy. Mr. S—— had with him a son, about four years of age, a bright intelligent boy, who became an especial favorite of Mr. Macready.

The great actor, frequently, after delighting a large auditory with his sublime conceptions of Shakespeare or Byron, would, with a simple pleasure that did him honor, take the little Thaddy on his knee, and in friendly prattle pass a-half hour away. Thaddy, in one of these confidential moments, expressed a longing desire to go to the theatre and see his elderly friend act.

"Very well," said the tragedian, "I'll ask your father to let you go to-morrow night."

Accordingly the request was duly made and granted, and on the night appointed the father and son made a portion of one of the most brilliant assemblages that ever gathered within the walls of the St. Charles.

The play was *King Lear*. Macready never acted more beautifully. The frenzy and pathos of the choleric King were faithfully delineated; and in the great storm scene, where Lear is exposed to the fury of the tempest, with the lightning playing around his aged head, the frenzied gestures and sublime pathos of the great actor drew down thunders from the front of the house, which drowned the noise of the mimic tempest on the stage most effectually. Macready left the theatre with applause ringing in his ears.

We have all our little weaknesses, and the great actor could not feel entirely satisfied even with the ovation bestowed on him by refined ladies and gray-headed critics. He wanted a tit-bit of admiration, a *bonne bouche*, from little Thaddy. So on the following day, he took the first opportunity in his conversation with his young friend to elicit his childish opinion of his acting.

"O, it was beautiful, Mr. Cready," said the boy.

"You were pleased with the play, then, Thaddy?" said the gratified tragedian.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Cready," answered Thaddy.

"Now, what do you think I was doing when I was in the rain, and when it was thundering and lightning so much?"

"O, I felt so sorry for you," said Thaddy. "You did that very well, though, Mr. Cready."

"Ah! when I was throwing my arms about; you know what I did that for?"

"O, yes, indeed; and I wanted to help you so much!"

Macready was very much affected and gratified with this childish sympathy.

"Well, come, now, give me your opinion. What was I about? What did you want to assist me in doing? What was I doing out in that storm?"

"O, I know, very well," replied Thaddy, warming up at the remembrance of the previous night's performance,—"You were catching lightning-bugs!"

SMUGGLING A PASSENGER.—A funny affair occurred on one of our New England railroads, a few days since. A passenger was superintending the operation of transferring his baggage from a porter's cart to the baggage car, and when the baggage-master placed a long black box upon one end in the car, he was startled by a voice crying out—

"Don't—don't stand me on my head!"

The baggage-master, who, by the way, was about as thick-headed as many of the officers of the Old Colony road, stared in round-eyed wonder. The occupant of the box repeated, with some impatience:—

"I'm on my head, I tell you! Turn me over quick!"

The frightened baggage-master, with considerable trepidation, placed the box in a horizontal position, when the voice cried out:—

"That won't do! You've put me on my face. O! O!"

The manipulator of trunks and carpet-bags reversed the position of the troublesome box, when a sort of grunt of satisfaction issued from within, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, he addressed the owner of the baggage, a comical-looking little man, with large eyes and iron grey hair, who was just walking rapidly towards the passenger cars, with—

"I say! look here! You must pay fare for this young gentleman in the box."

"O, no," was the reply; "I've carried him more than fifty thousand miles upon railroads, and never paid his fare yet."

"Can't help it. You can't smuggle nobody over this 'ere road; and if you don't fork over I'll set him out on the platform, and leave him standin' on his head; you kin depend on that, old feller."

The incensed official was about suiting the action to the word, when the conductor of the train approached the disputants, and he recognized in the proprietor of the box no less a personage than the renowned Signor Blitz, the ventriloquist and wizard. The conductor had witnessed the Signor's performances in Boston more than once, and when he understood that the only occupant of the said box was the automaton boy "Bobby," who figures in the ventriloquial scenes during the entertainments of the Wizard, he readily allowed him to pass as a "dead-head."

After the train had gone, the perplexed baggage-master found in one of his vest pockets a quarter, which he declares must have been placed there by magic.—*Boston Herald*.

REMARKABLE MEMORY.—John Franklin was a native of Canaan, Litchfield county, Connecticut. An instance of his remarkable memory, when a lad of seventeen, will show that he was no ordinary boy. Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting-house being only enclosed, but neither ceiled nor plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view. John saw that his austere father sat through the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not divine the cause. On returning home, "John," said his father, "it is my duty to give you a severe thrashing (common in old times,) and you shall have it presently, so prepare yourself."

"But you won't whip me, father, without telling me what for."

"No, certainly—your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon, you were all the time gaping about, as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting-house."

"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"

"Sermon! no. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."

"If I'll tell you all the minister said, you won't whip me?"

"No, John, no: but that is impossible."

Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse, went through every head of it with surprising accuracy.

"Upon my word," said the delighted parent, "I should not have thought it."

"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you exactly how many beams and rafters there are in the meeting-house."—*Miner's History of Wyoming.*

Focus.—A little girl, says the Knickerbocker, had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word "focus" meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, "as grand as could be," that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was: she said it was the word "focus."

"Well," said he, "Mary, what does it mean?"

"Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves."

This, of course, raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly: "Focus, a place where the rays meet. Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, ain't I father?"

WHAT A WHALE DOES.—The noise of a whale spouting can be heard at least a mile. He throws the water from twenty to thirty-five feet high. After giving one blow, which the whale does when he is clear on the surface of the water, he instantly goes under. He usually rises in from one to two minutes, but sometimes he is under five minutes. Once as I sat upon the bowsprit, watching two or three who were playing about, one passed within a few yards of me, blew

a blast with his water-trumpet, and down he went. I had a good opportunity of seeing him, and got a fair view of the breathing pipe. It was a round hole in the top of his head, with a slight rim round it, and apparently about two inches and a half in diameter. This one, as near as I could judge, was from sixty to seventy feet in length. The top of his head and "shoulders" was broad and flat, and near or quite twelve feet across. His back instead of appearing round was nearly level, and showed room enough for a quartette of Highlanders to have danced a reel thereon. "Twould have been rather a slippery floor, though, and I think a dancer would have wanted nails in his shoes."—*Boston Post.*

A GOOD LITTLE GIRL.—A very little girl, who often read the Bible, gave proof that she understood her obligations to obey its precepts. One day she came to her mother, much pleased, to show her some fruit which had been given her. The mother said the friend was very kind, and had given her a great many. "Yes," said the child, "very indeed; and she gave me more than that, but I have given some away." The mother inquired to whom she had given them; she answered, "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path, and makes faces at me." On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, "Because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again." How admirably did she then obey the command to overcome evil with good!

A tear stood in the eye of little Charles, and he promised his mother to try and do so too. Will my little readers, under similar circumstances, "go and do likewise?"

ANECDOTE.—The late Gen. D. of S—m, was once on the sea in command of a fine ship. It was at the time when the French captured American vessels. On morning he found himself in the midst of a French fleet. A few guns were fired at him, but he put about his vessel, and by ingenious management escaped capture. There was a Yankee on board the ship, who was making his first voyage as "a raw-hand." During the scene above described, the Yankee was particular active, and zealous at his duty. After the escape, he was seen sitting disconsolate on a hen-coop, and apparently much dejected. The Captain called him, and inquired why he seemed so melancholy when all hands were rejoicing. "Why, Squire," answered the Yankee, "it seems to me most uncommon hard that we couldn't have cotched one out of so many on 'em."

We met a friend of ours, says an exchange, the other morning in the street, just from the mountains, where he was born and raised, who observed to us that he was fifty years old the Saturday preceding, and had never taken a dose of medicine in his life! This induced us to ask him if he had escaped the lawyers as well as the doctors; whereupon he replied that he had never had a law-suit of any kind, sued or been sued in court or before a magistrate.

THE FIRST VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON.

[From the new History of New York, by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur, just published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., we take a chapter descriptive of Hudson's first voyage up the river that bears his name.]

About the same time that Champlain was on his first expedition against the Iroquois, Henry Hudson, an English mariner in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, was penetrating the Arctic regions in the vain search for a northern passage to India. With a small yacht, or fly-boat, called the *Crescent*, manned by a mixed crew of Englishmen and Hollanders, he attempted to reach Nova Zembla; but being impeded by masses of ice, he changed the course of his vessel to the south-west, ran down the coast of Acadia, and on the 17th of July, 1609, anchored off the Bay of Penobscot. Finding a good harbor near by, he entered it the following day, and remained there a week, preparing a new foremast and mending the tattered sails. While he was thus engaged, a large concourse of natives arrived in two French shallops and in canoes, and proposed to traffic furs for such European commodities as he might have on board. Something or other soon occurring to elicit suspicion of their intentions, Hudson ordered a strict watch to be kept. The day before he left the harbor, having refitted his yacht, he sent out a boat with six men to capture one of the shallops, while twelve men, armed with muskets and light field-pieces, went ashore in a second boat, and driving the savages from their huts, plundered them of all the valuables they contained.

Leaving at once the immediate scene of this outrage, Hudson glided out to the mouth of the harbor, from whence he set sail on the following day. Running down the coast, he rounded the promontory of Cape Cod, and, steering a southerly direction, reached the Capes of Virginia on the 18th of August. Being driven out to sea for eight days by a succession of severe gales, he did not land and visit the colony of his countrymen, which he knew to have been settled on the James River two years before; but turning northward, discovered the Delaware Bay, examined its currents, soundings, and the aspect of the land; and then, without going on shore, continued his course northwardly until the 2d of September, when he came in sight of the highlands of Neversink, and entering the next day the southern waters of New York, anchored during the same afternoon within the harbor of Sandy Hook.

He was immediately visited by the natives, some of whom were clad loosely in pliant deer-skins, while others were dressed in furs, and wore mantles of feathers. They brought on board small supplies of maize and green tobacco, which they exchanged for trifles.

While remaining at anchor in this harbor, he sent a boat with five men to sound through the Narrows, and examine the nature of the country beyond. They found a fertile soil, covered with luxuriant grass and goodly trees, and adorned with such a profusion of wild flowers that the air was filled with their fragrance. As the boat,

however, was returning, its small crew was suddenly assaulted by a number of Indians in two large canoes, and John Colman, one of Hudson's veteran seaman, shot with an arrow in the neck. Two others were also wounded, but not mortally. This sad accident is supposed to have arisen from the Indians having been suddenly surprised at the appearance of strange men within their waters, and not from any preconceived on their part; for as soon as they had discharged their arrows, they fled with great speed. Two days afterward the traffic with the natives was resumed. But Hudson, a strict, stern, cautious man, was no longer willing to hazard the safety of his vessel and crew among a people of whose pacific intentions he began to entertain serious doubts. Weighing anchor, and passing through the Narrows on the 11th of September, he entered New York Bay, "an excellent harbor for all winds," where he remained until the next afternoon. Having determined to avoid all intercourse, as far as it was possible, with the savages who resided on the island of Manhattan, he sailed up the great North River two leagues, and, on the 13th, proceeded with a light wind and flood-tide as far as Phillipsburg. Here he anchored for the night. The following day he continued his voyage, having on his left the Palisade rocks, presenting through a distance of thirty miles, unbroken save by the valley of the Nyack, a lofty perpendicular front, varying in altitude from three to seven hundred feet; while on his right he beheld the river bounded by a low undulating border, fringed with noble trees, whose foliage was just beginning to be tinted with the rich colors of autumn. Sailing onward, he saw the river gradually expand into a bay, contract again, and again expand, until in the distance before him it appeared to be abruptly shut in by a barrier of mountains. The bold heart of the mariner sank within him as he saw what seemed to him the termination of his voyage. At length he discovered a deep, narrow, winding river, up which he sailed until he came to West Point, where he dropped anchor, and waited until daylight for the further prosecution of his discovery. As soon as the mist of the morning had cleared away, he continued his voyage fifty miles further up the river, where, in full view of the Catskill Mountains, he remained until the following evening, trafficking with the natives, "very loving people," who spoke the language of the Mohawks. Going with them on shore in one of their canoes, he was conducted to a house made of the bark of trees, exceedingly smooth, and well finished both within and without. Near the house he saw a quantity of corn and beans drying in the sun, sufficient to have freighted three ships. The Indians received their visitors with great hospitality, spread mats for them to seat themselves upon, and brought them some food in wooden bowls painted red, while two men were despatched in search of game, who speedily returned with a brace of wild pigeons. A fat dog was also killed, and skinned with shells taken from the water. These preparations were made in expectation of Hudson and his companions remaining during the night; but they determined to return on board their ship. Apprehensive that they had been influenced to

this course through fear of their bows and arrows, the noble-hearted savages immediately broke them into pieces, and threw them into the fire. But the prudence of Hudson was proof against even this act of friendliness, and he persisted in taking his leave. Soon after, he proceeded up the river two leagues, when meeting with shoal water, he anchored off the flats opposite to which the city of Hudson now stands. Continuing on his course by short stretches, during the three following days, he reached, on the 19th of September, the vicinity of Albany, where he remained with his yacht, trafficking with the natives for provisions and furs, while the mate with four men ascended the river in a boat, and sounded the depth of the channel as far up as the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson, or opposite the present town of Lansingburgh.

Hudson arrived at Schenectadea, now called Albany, about noon. The natives immediately came flocking on board, bringing with them grapes and pumpkins, together with otter and beaver skins, which they exchanged for hatchets, beads, knives, and other trifles.

Desirous of testing if any of the chiefs were disposed to be treacherous, Hudson resorted to the singular expedient of plying them freely with wine and strong liquors. Under the influence of these strange potations, they all grew exceedingly merry, and one of them became intoxicated. On beholding him stagger and fall, the natives became dumb from utter astonishment. They all hurried ashore in their canoes, and did not again return to the ship until noon of the next day, when, finding their chief perfectly restored, they were highly gratified. Renewing their visit in the afternoon, they brought with them presents of tobacco and beads, and sending for a platter of venison, caused Hudson to eat with them. When he had done so, they all departed except the old chief, who still remained on board, in the hope of attaining another draught of that attractive but poisonous fire-water, the knowledge of which was thus first introduced to the Indians of New York.

The tradition of this scene of intoxication, on the arrival of the first ship, exists among the Iroquois Indians until this day. One relation transfers the locality from Albany to New York, and is as follows: "A long time ago, before men with white skins had ever been seen, some Indians fishing at a place where the sea widens, espied something at a distance moving upon the water. They hurried ashore, collected their neighbors, who together returned and viewed intensely this astonishing phenomenon. What it could be, baffled all conjecture. Some supposed it a large fish, or animal; others, that it was a very big house floating on the sea. Perceiving it moving toward land, the spectators concluded it would be proper to send runners in different directions to carry the news to their scattered chiefs, that they might send off for the immediate attendance of their warriors. These arriving in numbers to behold the sight, and perceiving that it was actually moving toward them, they conjectured that it must be a remarkably large house, in which the Manitto, or Great Spirit, was coming to visit them. They were much afraid, and yet under

no apprehension that the Great Spirit would injure them. They worshipped him. The chiefs now assembled at York Island, and consulted in what manner they should receive their Manitto. Meat was prepared for a sacrifice. The women were directed to prepare the best of victuals. Idols or images were examined and put in order. A grand dance they thought would be pleasing, and, in addition to the sacrifice, might appease him if angry.

"The conjurors were also set to work to determine what this phenomenon portended, and what the result would be. To these, men, women, and children looked up for advice and protection. Utterly at a loss what to do, and distracted alternately by hope and fear, in their confusion a grand dance commenced. Meantime fresh runners arrived, declaring it to be a great house of various colors, and full of living creatures. It now appeared certain that it was their Manitto, probably bringing some new kind of game. Others, arriving, declared it positively to be full of people of different color and dress from theirs, and that one in particular appeared clothed altogether in red. This then, must be the Manitto. They were lost in admiration, and could not imagine what the vessel was, whence it came, or what all this portended.

"They are now hailed from the vessel in a language they could not understand. They answer by a shout, or yell, in their way. The large canoe stops. A smaller canoe comes on shore with the red man in it; some stay by his canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men form a circle, into which the red man and two attendants approach. He salutes them with a friendly countenance, and they return the salute after their manner. They are amazed at their color and dress, particularly with him, who, glittering in red, wore something—perhaps lace and buttons—they could not comprehend. He *must* be the Great Manitto, they thought; but why should he have a white skin?

"A large, elegant bottle is brought by one of the supposed Manitto's servants, from which a liquid is poured into a small cup or glass, and handed to the Manitto. He drinks, has the glass refilled, and handed to the chief near him. He takes it, smells it, and passes it to the next, who does the same. The glass in this manner is passed round the circle, and is about to be returned to the red clothed man, when one of them, a great warrior, harangues them on the impropriety of returning the cup unemptied. 'It was handed to them,' he said, 'to drink out of as he had. To follow his example would please him; to reject it, might provoke his wrath; and, if no one else would, he would drink it himself, let what would follow; for it was better for one even to die, than that a whole nation should be destroyed.'

"He then took the glass, smelled at it, again addressed them, bidding them adieu, and drank its contents. All eyes were now fixed upon him. He soon began to stagger. The women cried, supposing him in fits. He rolled on the ground. They bemoaned his fate; they thought him dying. He fell asleep. They at first thought he had expired, but soon perceived he still breathed. He awoke, jumped up, and declared he never felt

more happy. He asked for more; and the whole assembly imitating him, became intoxicated.

"While this intoxication lasted, the whites confined themselves to their vessel; but when it ceased, the man with red clothes returned, and distributed beads, axes, hoes, and stockings. They soon became familiar, and conversed by signs. The whites made them understand that they would now return home, but the next year they would visit them again with presents, and stay with them a while; but that as they could not live without eating, they should then want a little land to sow seeds, in order to raise herbs to put in their broth.

"Accordingly, a vessel returned the season following, when they were much rejoiced to see each other; but the whites laughed when they saw the axes and the hoes hanging as ornaments to their breasts, and the stockings used as tobacco pouches. The whites now put handles in the axes, and cut down trees before their eyes, and dug the ground, and showed them the use of the stockings. Here, they say, a general laugh ensued, to think they had remained ignorant of the use of these things, and had borne so long such heavy metal suspended round their necks. Familiarity daily increasing between them and the whites, the latter now proposed to stay with them, asking them only for so much land as the hide of a bullock, spread before them, could cover or encompass. They granted the request.

"The whites then took a knife, and beginning at one place on this hide, cut it into a rope not thicker than the finger of a little child. They then took the rope, drew it gently along in a circular form, and took in a large piece of ground. The Indians were surprised at their superior wit, but did not contend with them for a little ground, as they had enough. They lived contentedly together for a long time, but the new-comers from time to time asked for more land, which was readily obtained. And thus they gradually proceeded up the Mahicannittuck, or Hudson River, until they began to believe they would want all their country, which proved eventually the case."

Such is the interesting tradition of the Iroquis, of their earliest interviews with the whites, and the incidents which rendered those meetings memorable.

After having passed several days in friendly intercourse and profitable trade with the natives, Hudson, finding he could proceed no higher up the river in his vessel, set out on his return. His ship again grounding opposite the spot where the city of Hudson now stands, and also suffering detention for some days by reason of adverse winds, he went ashore and explored the western bank of the river, where he found a rich soil, covered with goodly oak, walnut, chestnut, and cedar-trees, with abundance of slate for houses, "and other good stones."

On the 26th, he was visited by two canoes, in one of which came the old chief who had been intoxicated at Albany. He had descended the river thirty miles to testify his love, bringing with him another old man bearing strings of beads as a present. Hudson caused them, and the four women by whom they were accompanied, to dine

with him. Two of the latter were young girls, some sixteen or seventeen years of age, who behaved themselves "very modestly." Dropping down the river on the 27th, he anchored on the 29th in the vicinity of Newburgh, of which he took particular notice, as a "pleasant place to build a town in." Here he remained bartering with the natives, until the afternoon of October 1st, when he sailed with a fair wind through the Highlands, and after descending the river seven leagues, the wind failing, he anchored at the mouth of Haverstraw Bay.

The Indians of the Highlands, whose chief village was in the vicinity of Anthony's Nose—a name which has been given to an elevated peak on the east side of the North or Hudson River—soon came crowding on board in great numbers. One of them, dissatisfied with the trifles he had received in payment for his furs, and desirous of displaying to his friends something of a different character, lurked in his canoe about the stern of the ship, for the purpose of carrying off some article or other from this wonderful floating structure.

Watching his opportunity, he clambered up the rudder, and entering the cabin window, stole a pillow and a few articles of wearing apparel. For this act, so venial in a poor ignorant savage, he was immediately shot down by the brutal mate. His companions, panic-stricken, took to flight. In an effort to recover the articles, another Indian had one of his hands cut off, and was drowned.

Leaving the scene of this disaster, Hudson continued on his way, stopped for the night off the mouth of Croton River, sailed again at daybreak, and descending the river twenty-one miles, came to an anchor near the upper end of the island of Manhattan.

Previous to exploring the great river which now bears his name, Hudson, perhaps in retaliation for the death of Colman, had made prisoners of two Manhattan Indians, designing to hold them either as hostages for the future pacific behavior of their tribe, or with a view of carrying them to Europe. Opposite West Point, as he went up the river, these prisoners had escaped, and making their way back with all speed to their friends, collected a large party of armed warriors, who lay in wait for the return of the vessel in the neighborhood of the inlet of Harlem River.

Near to this inlet the ship was now hove to. One of the savages who had escaped, accompanied by many others, came out in two canoes; but not being suffered to approach the vessel, they fell back near the stern, and discharged a volley of arrows at the crew. A fire was immediately returned from the vessel, by which two or three of the savages were killed. Finding the numbers on shore increasing, the ship was at once got under way. As it moved along, the main body of Indians ran to the point upon which Fort Washington was subsequently erected, and continued the assault by another volley of arrows. The discharge from a cannon killing two of them, the rest fled into the woods; but a dozen of the boldest speedily returned, and entering a canoe, advanced resolutely against the ship. The cannon was fired a second time, and the ball, passing en-

tirely through the canoe, killed one of the warriors. A fire from the deck about the same time, killing several others, the fight terminated, with the loss of nine Indians. Hudson, soon after, descended to the mouth of the river, and on the 4th of October put to sea, shaping his course south-east by east.

WAS HE BENEVOLENT?

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"James," said Mrs. Somerville to her husband, as he arose from the tea-table, "let me have five dollars to-night before you go out."

"What do you want with five dollars to-night particularly, Mary?"

"I want it for Miss Marten."

"For Miss Marten!" he repeated with astonishment; "why she has not given Ellen over three lessons—surely she does not demand her pay already?"

"She does not demand it, neither did she ask for it; but as I found out that the family was in trouble, I told her to call this evening, and I would let her have some."

"It must be a grievous amount of trouble indeed, if five dollars will relieve it," said Mr. Somerville.

"The facts are these, James: when she came to give Ellen her lesson this morning, I knew by her looks that something ailed her. It was some time before I could get it out of her, but at last she told me that her mother owed twenty-five dollars house-rent, and the landlord had threatened, if it were not paid before twelve to-morrow, to turn them out of the house. I had but twenty dollars by me, or I would have given it to her at once. She has a good deal coming in, in the course of a month, but she did not like to ask for it before it was due."

"You will have enough to do, Mary, if you undertake to relieve every case of distress you hear of. However, you know I never pay beforehand, and no one can say I ever kept them waiting a day for their money."

"Lend it to me then," said Mrs. Somerville.

"I have nothing less than ten with me; but don't bother me any more about it, for I have a meeting to attend, and it is time I was there now."

A less importunate spirit than Mrs. Somerville would have said no more; but her sympathies were aroused in behalf of the young girl, who was so nobly striving to support a widowed and invalid mother, and she was not disposed to give up as long as there was any chance of success.

"Give me ten then," said she, "and I'll give you five."

"Here then," answered her husband, throwing a ten-dollar gold piece on the table, as he spoke, and taking in return a five-dollar bank bill—"you women are determined to have your own way, so you might as well have it first as last; but if you lose that, blame no one but yourself. I suppose now I can go to my meeting."

The meeting about which Mr. Somerville seemed so anxious, was a ward meeting for the relief of the poor. On such occasions he was always known as a benevolent man. Soon after the or-

ganization of the meeting, he was called on to make a speech. Most eloquently did he portray the suffering condition of the poor during the inclement season of the year; and then, with increasing fervor, showed that it was not only the duty, but a blessed privilege of those who were blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, to minister to their wants and necessities. Long and ably did he speak, and then closed by making a donation of five hundred dollars. A murmur of approbation ran through the place.

"What a benevolent man!" said one.

"Ay! indeed," remarked another, "pity there's not a few more like him."

"Indeed it is," replied the first speaker. "He always seems at home in this work."

"Yes; and he doesn't do things by halves either. Why it was only yesterday I heard that he had given a thousand dollars to some benevolent object, while Steward, the lumber merchant, gave only two hundred for the same purpose."

"I don't think Steward is as rich as he is, though."

"Oh! no; but he could have given more than that if he had been disposed."

Another speaker was now on the floor, and the conversation dropped.

"I declare, Somerville," said a friend to him as they were going home that night, "I should not wonder if your donation would be more than all the rest of the ward put together."

"I should be very sorry if it would," was the reply. "Surely a ward like ours ought to raise at least two thousand dollars."

"If all were as liberal as you, it might be very easily done; but you know there are some pretty tight chaps amongst us. There's Steward, for instance—by the way, he was telling me this afternoon that the Farmer's Bank, of —, was not in a very safe condition."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; have you any of its notes?"

"To the amount of a hundred dollars, I believe."

"Ah! You will be apt to lose them. Steward says it would only pass for eighty cents in a dollar this afternoon; and it was thought it would be worse to-morrow."

"Well, I suppose I can bear the loss better than some others; so I must not grumble."

Here the friends parted. Although Mr. Somerville thus spoke, he was by no means so well satisfied as he wished to appear. The idea of losing a hundred dollars, or any part thereof, worried him considerably, and he had already several half-formed plans in his mind for getting rid of it without much loss. Whilst thinking over the matter, it suddenly flashed upon his mind that the note he had taken from his wife in the early part of the evening was on that bank. This was a fresh vexation to him. To give good money for bad, was too bad.

"But," thought he, "she may not have come; if so, I will get it back again."

Not wishing to appear over anxious about it, he waited some five or ten minutes after he got home, and then in a careless manner, observed—

"Miss Marten called, I suppose."

"No, she did not," replied his wife. "Most likely

she was not able to leave her mother. She will be here in the morning, no doubt."

"Well, give me that money, and I will give you a twenty-dollar note, and the five you gave me this evening. It will just be as convenient for her, and these small notes will be of use to me in the morning."

Of course, Mrs. Somerville had no objection, and the exchange was soon made.

"Twenty-five dollars secured any how," said Mr. Somerville to himself, "for it is hardly likely that Miss Marten knows any thing about the bank, and even if she is obliged to pass it for less than its full value, she wouldn't like to say anything about it, after I had been so kind as to advance that sum."

About nine the next morning, Mr. S. started for his place of business. On his way he called at a broker's office.

"What's the Farmer's Bank, of —, worth this morning?" he enquired.

"Ninety-nine cents in a dollar," was the reply.

"So good as that? Why I was told it was only worth eighty cents yesterday."

"So it was yesterday afternoon, but we find this morning it is as safe as ever it was."

"Will you take its notes?"

"At one per cent. discount."

Thus assured, Somerville proceeded to his store, where he found a young man awaiting him.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," said he, addressing the young man; "you've brought my bill, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; the first of January, you know, is —"

"No apology, Mr. Johnson; I always pay for my work as soon as it is done. But what's this! One hundred and twenty-five dollars! You certainly have made a mistake, my friend."

"I believe not, sir. I think you will find it all correct."

Mr. Somerville then commenced examining the different items.

"There," said he, pointing to a particular charge, "that is five dollars more than I ever paid before."

Mr. Johnson took the bill and looked at it, and then replied—

"Indeed, sir, that is as low as I ought to do it in justice to myself. I used the best of materials, otherwise I might have done it lower."

"You must take three off, at any rate."

"Well, I don't care; we'll not quarrel about it."

Four or five other charges were pointed out by Somerville as being too high, the result of which was that the mechanic's bill of a hundred and twenty-five dollars was reduced to a hundred and ten.

"Now then we'll settle," said the merchant; "will you have the cash, or a note at three months?"

"The cash if it's convenient," replied Johnson, a good deal astonished at the question.

"Just as lief settle one way as the other," answered Somerville; then taking a bundle of notes from his desk, counted out to the young man, one hundred and four dollars and fifty cents.

"I don't understand this, Mr. Somerville,"

said Johnson; "my bill is a hundred and ten dollars."

"It is always understood, my friend," replied the merchant, "that when we pay cash, it is five per cent off."

"I won't take it then," answered the young man; "I have already reduced my bill fifteen dollars, and if that's not enough, I don't know what is."

"Take a note, then, it's all the same to me," replied Somerville.

Johnson looked at him for a moment, then bundling up the notes, thrust them into his pocket, picked up his hat, and walked out of the store without uttering a word.

"Your receipt!" shouted the merchant after him.

"Get it when you can," muttered the young man to himself; "here I've got one hundred and four dollars and fifty cents. Seventy-five dollars I owe for materials, then I have a little less than thirty for my six weeks' hard work. He called a benevolent man, too! Strange kind of benevolence, I think."

"Well!" thought Mr. Somerville, after the young man had departed, "so much for patronizing new beginners. What encouragement is there to give them work? They don't thank you for it. This chap will get no more from me, the impudent fellow!"

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, a gentleman somewhat past the middle age of life entered the store, and walked directly up to where Mr. Somerville was sitting. A few words passed between them, and then the gentleman observed:

"I would like to have a little private talk with you, Mr. Somerville."

"We are private enough here, Mr. King," was the reply; "you wish to see me about that note, I suppose; it falls due to-day, does it not?"

"Yes, sir; and I am sorry to say that I am not able to meet it."

"Well, then, sir," answered Mr. Somerville, drawing himself up to his full height, and taking a long breath, "allow me to tell you, that I will not be trifled with in this way."

"I do not wish to trifle with you, sir. I can assure you it would be much more pleasant to me, if I was able to meet my engagements."

"There certainly must be something wrong, Mr. King—there certainly is something wrong. It is now two years since you borrowed that two hundred dollars from me. During that time, as you yourself have told me, your school has averaged from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year. Now is it reasonable to suppose that you could not, had you been so disposed, managed to have paid me that small sum?"

"I confess, at first sight, it does appear that I might have done it; but, sir, I do not think that you would like to support a wife and seven children on what remained to me, after paying my house-rent and school-rent. You take no account, either, of my having paid you a hundred and fifty dollars."

"I have not forgotten it; but it was only paid in schooling."

"Very true; yet that amount was included in

the average income of my school. I think, too, I should have been able to pay you the balance, if I had not had so much sickness in my family during the past year."

"I know nothing about that, Mr. King; but I tell you candidly, that it does not look well for a man in your circumstances to be riding out with your wife."

"I did that but three times during the whole summer, Mr. Somerville, although her physician says she ought to have gone at least once a week."

"Well, sir; you can take her as often as you like; but recollect one thing, you don't go pleasuring off of my money; so if the note is not paid by Monday, which is the last day upon it, I shall resort to other means."

So cutting were these last remarks of Mr. Somerville's, that Mr. King was unable to reply. For a few seconds he sat motionless, with his eyes cast upon the floor; then raising them slowly, and looking Mr. Somerville full in the face, he said:

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them;" and then passed out of the store.

This quotation, as appropriate as it was unexpected, so insulted Mr. Somerville, that he determined that, let the consequences be what they might, every cent of this debt, even to the uttermost farthing, should be promptly paid, or legal proceedings immediately instituted.

"What shall I do?" was the first thought that passed through the mind of Mr. King after he had gained the street; "I have not money enough to pay that note, and I see plainly enough that if it's not paid, Somerville will go to law with me. Our wood is nearly out; the children want shoes; we must have victuals to eat, and clothes to wear; and I am sure we have nothing that is unnecessary, either in food or clothing. I am almost sorry I said to him what I did when I was coming away; I ought not to judge him, but when I thought of a man giving five hundred dollars for the benefit of the poor, at a public meeting, and the next day oppressing a poor man for fifty dollars, I felt exasperated. He worth hundreds of thousands, too!"

"Good morning, Mr. King!" said some one who passed at that moment.

Mr. King turned and looked; it was Mr. Steward.

"I wonder if he would advance me that much on his son's schooling?" thought the other. "I hate to ask him, too, for they have only been coming three weeks; but I don't know whom else to apply to. I believe I'll try him any how, and I might as well do it at once."

In accordance with this determination, Mr. King turned and retraced his steps, until he reached Mr. Steward's office. Fortunately for him, that gentleman was alone. He soon made known his errand, taking care at the same time not to mention Mr. Somerville's name.

"I cannot spare that much cash to-day, my friend," replied Mr. Steward, "but I will give you my note at thirty days, which you can easily get discounted. Of course I shall take it up

when it falls due. I suppose that will answer just as well."

"Just as well, sir; may Heaven reward you for your kindness."

"I am doing no more than my duty, Mr. King: I have been in your situation, and know what it is to struggle with a large family. 'As ye would have others do to you, so do ye even so to them,' is the rule I strive to walk by."

"I am afraid there are but few, Mr. Steward, who walk by that rule."

"It is none the less binding for all that: and now another thing—if you can't well spare this money out of the first quarter that falls due, don't be backward in saying so; you can pay it as it suits you."

Reader, is not our sketch a true one? Are there not many private oppressors, known as public philanthropists? Yea, experience hath taught us that it is even so. "A word to the wise is sufficient;" therefore, to such we would say, "these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

SIR THOMAS MORE.

In times when want of principle and failures of integrity are to be witnessed so often in both political and private life, it is truly refreshing to our spirits to turn to the records of history, and contemplate the character of some of those few excellent ones, whose virtue no interest could bribe, and whose lofty purpose no threats, no fears of loss of place, or votes, or popularity, and no party terrors could shake. There have been questions, lately, before some of our State Legislatures which have tried men's souls, and brought to light a want of integrity which saddens many hearts. Rum interests, and other interests, have brought strange influences into operation. The integrity and courage of legislators have been assailed by threats of having their names "wiped from the future political history of their State." And there is too much reason to think that such despicable influences have prevailed with some.

When such things tempt us to think meanly of human nature, we force ourselves to turn to another aspect of that nature, and of those who share it. We endeavor to banish the unwelcome reflections which obtrude themselves by calling to remembrance some of the heroes of history who were made of sterner stuff. Among our favorite specimens of moral courage and inflexible integrity, stands prominent the name of Sir Thomas More. Perhaps it may assist some of your readers to recover from the shock which the observation of human frailties and failings inflicts, if you would indulge me in sketching, in the briefest manner, those circumstances and traits of character which have elevated Sir Thomas More so near the pinnacle of moral heroism.

More was born in 1480, and flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. He was liberally educated, and had the reputation of an elegant scholar; a refined gentleman, and a profound and learned lawyer. He lived in semi-rural retirement at Chelsea, a town situated a little above London, on the Thames. There his chief luxuries were the charms of nature, of domestic life, and of reading

and study, such as the age permitted. His superior mind, manners and accomplishments, made him a favorite of Henry VIII., who used frequently to visit him, and cared not to conceal his delight in the company of his subject. His friends thought him highly honored by these royal visits; but he esteemed them but little, as he had penetrated to the selfish and heartless character of the king. With a prophetic foresight, he early said of Henry that he would cut off his head as soon as visit him, if only his interests or passions required it.

After the fall of Wolsey, Henry made More Lord Chancellor—the highest judicial officer in England. He left his retirement with great reluctance. As a judge, in an age of great licentiousness and general corruption, he maintained an untarnished and unswerving uprightness. He administered justice with unwonted impartiality. The rich had no advantage over the poor in his court. One of his sons-in-law brought a case before him, doubting not that he should win it through family influence. More gave the verdict against him.

When Henry was attempting to procure the divorce of his first queen, Catharine, he endeavored to use his renowned Chancellor so as to give the measure authority and respectability. But More saw that the whole proceeding was both legally and morally wrong. He would not be the tool even of a king, and, to escape the degrading influences brought to bear upon him, he resigned his office. Henry felt this as a rebuke of his course, and never forgave him. While the king's vengeance waited, More was suffered to retire to his retreat at Chelsea, and there he gave himself up anew to the delights of his home, his garden, his studies. He was especially fond of the society of Margaret, his beloved daughter. The rebuked tyrant, however, had marked him for vengeance. A bill legalizing the Queen's divorce had passed the parliament, and the oath to support it and acknowledge the king's supremacy in Church as well as State, was to be tendered, and refusing to subscribe it was made misprision of treason. When the question came to be settled by More, whether he would do wrong to save his life or please his king—whether he would obey God or man—whether the laws of kings and parliaments, or the law of God should be supreme, he did not long hesitate, though the struggle of conscience against love of life and love of friends must have been severe. No man ever had more to live for. On the one side were home, friends, honors, rewards; on the other, death and a clear conscience. He was summoned to take the oath. He refused; and was sent a prisoner to the Tower. His wife could not appreciate his lofty conscientiousness and integrity. She visited him, and reproached him for lying in that miserable prison, when merely subscribing a paper would restore him to such a comfortable home. This seemed little to disturb his firm purpose. But, when Margaret, his "dear Meg," wrote to him, and urged him to subscribe, it cut him to the heart. He sent for her. She came to him in prison. There he attempted to make her understand how contemptible were disgrace, suffering and death, when to be escaped only by the

sacrifice of the glory of incorruptible integrity, of peace of conscience, and the approbation of God. And he succeeded, at last, in infusing his own spirit into the mind of his daughter, and making her share his lofty magnanimity.

The day of his trial came. As a mark of disgrace, he was arrayed in a coarse sack. They had starved him so long in prison, that he walked with difficulty. They had hoped thus to subdue him, or incapacitate him from using his masterly eloquence and learning. The judge was the base, venal, and servile Audley; the jury was packed and overawed. The king's attorney having made out, as he thought, his case, the judge, before charging the jury, asked More if he had anything to say. More stood up, weak and haggard; and the crowded hall was silent as death. The fabric of accusation and testimony which they had piled up with so much labor, he demolished and scattered with the greatest ease. He exposed the sophistry of their pleadings. The effect of his defence was read by his accusers in the eyes of the jury, and they feared a sentence of acquittal. More had cautiously abstained from uttering a word against the divorce or the king's supremacy. He had simply held his peace, and that he argued could not be treason. The attorney, seeing that additional testimony was needed, volunteered as a witness, and swore to a falsehood. He said More uttered words of treason to him when he visited him in the Tower. The judge then charged the jury to find the prisoner guilty, and they obeyed him.

He was now led back to the Tower, with the edge of the sheriff's axe turned towards him, the formal emblem of death. As he walked out of the hall, he was heard to say, "Thank God, I have got the victory." Few, perhaps, understood him; but his virtue, his integrity, his innocence had triumphed. This filled his heart with sustaining joy. When he was marched back to the Tower, there stood his beloved Margaret waiting at the gate. She broke through the guard in spite of their pole-axes, and locked her arms around her father's neck, exclaiming, "My father, O my father!" More soothed her grief, and poured consolation into her breaking heart, the officials all the while standing still, and not daring to disturb majestic innocence and filial love. Some of these rough men had to wipe from their iron features the trickling tears. After Margaret was parted from her father, and the guards were again moving on, she broke through them a second time, and again clung around her father's neck. More was now for the first time overcome by his feelings, and wept like a child.

His execution soon followed. His calmness and courage did not forsake him. He stands on the records of history, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of moral sublimity, of faithfulness to conscience, of inflexible integrity. Few characters shine out from the past with a lustre so pure and attractive. Would that his example might increase the number of those who dare to do right in spite of all temptations, and all sacrifices. Those who, like him, are faithful, even to the loss of all things, are ever the admired of earth, the beloved of Heaven.

THRILLING SKETCH.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at the time the yellow fever prevailed to such a frightful extent, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children in the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be the death of her and no help to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended him. These arguments had no effect on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a long life of satisfaction to her, to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed, and watched with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told them that she never knew how to account for it, but, though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it.

The half hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the town required punctual obedience to the orders received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments.

She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in agony and tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of the idea; but finally overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste, she renewed her efforts to restore him. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and put hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever.

She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. To all their remonstrances she answered them, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her the promise, that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal; forced hot brandy between his teeth, and breath into his nostrils, and held harts-horn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch, and in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreadful voices

would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her—she dropped the head she had been sustaining—her hand trembled violently, and the harts-horn she had been holding was spilled on the face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backwards, and the powerful liquid flowed into the nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened! and when the death men came again, they found him sitting up in bed! He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusual good health.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

ARE WE GOOD LOOKING?

"Are We a Good Looking People?" is the title of a pleasant paper in the March number of Putnam, from which we make an extract:—

"Look at our notabilities; are they not good-looking? better looking than most notabilities elsewhere? Take, for example, our new President Pierce, and compare him with Prince Albert; the former was certainly not chosen for his good looks—the latter was. The artists have done their best for Victoria's consort, and in spite of all their art, their cunning artifices, their flattering touches, their ingenious disposition of light and shade, and their courtly concessions of the true to the ideal, there is not a picture of Prince Albert in which he himself is not essentially the most insignificant object; the feathers and boots, the drapery and background are infinitely more dignified and impressive; Albert's great pastry-rolled out face, without a line or an emotion, looks always like a blank spot in the picture. President Pierce, no thanks to art, has a face with a concentrated expression of energy, with lines of thought, and with eyes full of fire. President Fillmore, too, would take the precedence of any crowned head, in the court of beauty. How Napoleon le petit, the Emperor of all the French, dwarfs and shrinks by the side of him! Mr. Fillmore is tall, portly, and has a frank, expansive face. Louis Napoleon is short, meagre, cold and reserved; his face hidden, for the most part, in a thick-set beard, where an expression of lust and violence lies in ambush. Louis, though no beauty himself, has, however, a taste for beauty in others, especially for the golden hair, the dark eyes, the blooming face, and the seductive graces of the Spanish Senorita Montijo. Having a *caprice*, as the French say, for la Belle Espagnole, and unable to corrupt, he has sworn with his bloody hand upon his heart, a Napoleon oath, to love and cherish her in the holy bonds of matrimony. Looking at General Scott, with the eye of an artist, where can you find a better model of a military hero? Lofy in stature; lifting his head high above the crowd of ordinary men; well proportioned; with broad shoulders and swelling chest; a firmly placed foot and erect posture; a brow of command; an eye of concentration; and a mouth of firm resolve: he has the look and bearing of a gallant soldier, and no wonder he scattered the Mexicans, and stalked into the capital a conqueror. The shade of Daniel Webster rises high among us in our Senate and tribunals, and in the assemblages of the people; solemn and portentous; with the serious aspect

of the anxious patriot; the brow brooding with thought; the eye looking steadily into the darkness of futurity; the lips closing upon their last words of eloquent utterance, in fixed resolve; a dark cloud gathering upon the manly face, and presaging fate; and he passes away in the gloom of death. There never was a more noble-looking man than Daniel Webster, and it has been truly said that in appearance he was the ideal of a great statesman. Our poets and authors, Cooper and Irving and Longfellow, Melville and Lovell, are handsome and superior-looking men. Our artists too, for the most part, can find no better life studies than in their own looking-glasses."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Virtue is little wont to look back after her shadow, Reputation.

Do the *frowns* of Fate startle you? Fear her *smiles* yet more.

The test of an enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind it.

The sun produces life, or causes death, according as its rays fall—and so doth love.

Forget not that human virtue is a polished steel, which is rusted by a breath.

The praises of others may be of use, in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Alas! the flame of friendship shines but in the nights of life; for the sun of prosperity overpowers its rays.

The mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest, and retains the longest, are black ones.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both:—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

The progress of knowledge is slow. Like the sun, we cannot see it moving; but after a while we perceive that it has moved, nay, that it has moved onward.

Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

In a controversy, both parties will commonly go too far. Would you have your adversary give up his errors?—be beforehand with him, and give up yours. He will resist your arguments more sturdily than your example. Indeed, if he is generous, you may fear his over-running on the other side; for nothing provokes retaliation more than concession does.

The tasks set to children should be moderate. Over-exertion is hurtful, both physically and intellectually, and even morally. But it is of the utmost importance that they should be made to fulfil all their tasks correctly and punctually. This will train them for an exact, conscientious discharge of their duties in after life.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

When is money damp? When it's *dew* in the morning, and *mist* at night.

Theodore Parker calls New Hampshire "the land of poor relations and cheap tombstones."

The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies when they wish to avoid anything like a *waist*.

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied, that she was bound to him by several cords of wood, which he had sent to her during a hard winter.

Rev. Thomas Fuller once said, in reference to written and extempore sermons, that he preferred to give his friends cold meat well prepared and on the table, to new meat warm from the spit, half roasted.

"Ike," said a rusty old bachelor of the desk, "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" "Why," replied the young hopeful, "they guesses at one-fourth the distance, and then multiplies by four."

Rabbi Joshua once met a boy who carried something in a covered vessel. "My boy," said the Rabbi, "what have you in your covered vessel?" "If it was intended for you to know," replied the boy, "it would not be covered."

An honest Norfolk grazer, who had seen Richard III. performed one night, waited upon the manager, next morning, to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.

Douglas Jerrold is a well-known wit, and often cracks a good joke with his literary and other friends in the social circle. At a private party in the city of London, a lady—who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring—said to Jerrold—"I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray; I sometimes fancy it must be the 'essence of rosemary,' with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?" "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of *Time* (Thyme)."

AN OBLIGING DENTIST.—A travelling dentist called at a farm-house in Dedham, Mass., the other day, and asked if any one of the family wanted a tooth drawn? "No, sir," said the farmer, "there is not one among us who has a single decayed tooth." The dentist hesitated a moment, and then added, "I am willing to *take potatoes in pay*, sir." "Bless you! my dear man," cried the farmer, "do you suppose we are going to sit down, and have *sound teeth* drawn out of our heads, for the sake of disposing of a few bushels of potatoes?"

The eyes of needles are punched by a machine, which, superintended by one boy, can punch 20,000 in a day. Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

The retirement from office of the Chief Magistrate of a nation like ours, lays claim to a larger notice among the historical facts constantly transpiring around us, than the brief mention of a newspaper paragraph. If the turbulence with which our elective franchise is exercised, and the bitter word-warfare by which it is preceded, lead those who are strangers to our people and ignorant of the working of our political machinery, to imagine a periodical disruption of the Republic, they are not less astonished than mystified to see into what a perfect quietness the lashed elements of the popular furor subside, and with how much humor and resignation the defeated party yields precedence to its conqueror. A change of administration is regarded in every civilized country as an event of marked importance, and is productive of peculiar solicitude among those, the benefits arising from whose labors depend upon the policy pursued by the incoming rulers. With us, even more than with other nations, the transfer of power from one political party to another is always in its nature dangerous, from its tendencies to disorganize industrial operations; though, happily, the moderation ordinarily exercised by the chiefs of both parties, joined to the elastic energy of our people, have hitherto prevented injudicious legislation from effecting more than temporarily the prosperity of the nation. Upon the Chief Magistrate of our Republic devolves a responsibility equivalent to the power he exercises. If, notwithstanding a few political slips, the general tendency of his administration is to give strength to the Republic, and peace and security to the people, he deserves the popular approbation, as much for the dangers he has averted, as for the good he has done.

In this honorable position stands Millard Fillmore. Called suddenly to assume office at a period of great sectional ferment, and at a time when the Cabinet of General Taylor was becoming confessedly unpopular, he, by modifying the policy of his lamented predecessor, by gentleness blended with firmness, by conciliating opposing prejudices, by a wise choice of his cabinet officers, and by the respect which he personally received, rather than demanded, he has been enabled, in the midst of many difficult questions, both foreign and domestic, to guide the ship of State free from all shoals and rocks into a comparatively open sea, and to transmit to his successor an example of a wise moderation in the exercise of political power, in every respect, in character with the simplicity of Republican manners, and the true policy of all who desire to see the perpetuation of our Republican institutions.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

The inauguration of a new Chief Magistrate, and the induction to office of a new ministerial cabinet, always forms an era of importance in the history of this country. The elevation, by the people, of a gentleman hitherto scarcely known beyond the walks of private life,—having

but few political antecedents, and with no particular prestige arising from previous acts, to introduce him prominently to the nation,—occasions no small surprise in foreign lands, and, at the first blush, appears to arise from an act of political necessity, rather than from choice. Happily, whatever machinery may have swayed the nomination, and whatever reasons or motives may have operated to produce the election of a candidate, confessedly so little known to the great bulk of either party, thus far, the indications are, that the baton of office has been committed to no unworthy or degenerate son. Guided by good taste, and an innate sense of propriety, President Pierce has quietly evaded the honors which have been proffered him by zealous or aspiring partisans, and has maintained the simplicity of republicanism by a simple unobtrusiveness of conduct, which has won the regard, even of those who were conscientiously opposed to his election.—Thus far, then, all goes well. Up to this time his claims to the confidence of the nation, without regard to the party, are, undoubtedly, strong.—The modesty of his demeanor has won the national favor. If the generous breadth of his political measures also aim to benefit the entire nation, without respect to partisan prejudices or predilections; if he checks with a firm, resolute hand, the encroachments of our restless and rather turbulent floating population, upon neighboring nations; if he upholds the Constitution as it is, and carries out with dignity, and unflinching exactness, all its provisions, however distasteful they may prove to a class, he will not only entitle himself to the gratitude of the country, but will obtain it, as assuredly as the sun shines, and the water flows.

And here let us say a few words in respect to that clause in the Constitution respecting slavery. In the first place, we regard slavery as a drawback upon the prosperity of the country, and we shall rejoice as greatly as any of its most bitter opponents, to see the blacks emancipated, whenever it can be done without making their own condition worse, or exasperating sectional feeling, and with the least possible injury to the Constitutional rights of the South. But, whatever persons may think of the evils arising from the institution, there is no question, that in the adoption of the Federal Constitution it formed the most important of the three great compromises, without which that glorious bond of federative amity would never have been ratified. A compact thus solemn formed, ought neither to be lightly broken, nor rashly set aside. Whether that compact shall continue to remain in force, depends now, or ought to depend, on the voluntary action of those States, in whose behalf the provision was originally framed. But, while we acknowledge the Southern right to stand by the Constitution—and whatever privileges it may be supposed to confer, we admit the evil that literally *darkens* a portion of our land, and should rejoice to see it remedied. That the remedy will yet be found, we have not the slightest doubt.—

We firmly believe in the vital progress of the country, and in its being rapidly flooded with a teeming population. So soon as white labor comes into competition with black—and in the nearest Southern States it is beginning to do so already—that very moment the final disposition of the colored race becomes only a question of time. One thing is certain,—and the condition of the free blacks here, and at the North proves it,—there can never be any permitted equality between the races. The blacks must always, while they remain among us, be hewers of wood and drawers of water. The prejudices of caste with the Hindoo Brahmins are not stronger than the prejudices of color among us. Nor is it in the nature of things that these obstacles to a fusion of the races are likely ever to be removed. There remains, then, but one final remedy, and that remedy will sooner or later find its way to public favor.

With the daily-increasing facilities for ocean transit, African colonization is becoming a matter of easy accomplishment. There, in Liberia, is already flourishing the promising nucleus of a flourishing Christian nation, Christianized by means of the very evil which we deplore, and destined, at no very remote period, to extend the blessings of religious instruction to those inland nations, which none but descendants of Africans can successfully teach.

THE MARRIAGE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The marriage of Louis Napoleon with Mademoiselle Montego has caused no little sensation in Europe, and various speculations have been hazarded as to the amount of benefit, or injury, likely to accrue to him from the act. So many rumors have been afloat respecting the marital intentions of the new French Emperor, that this unexpected expression of his sovereign pleasure, has taken by surprise nearly all those who have so long indulged their ratiocinations upon the future designs of "the uncle of my nephew."

After all, this marriage clears up many a conjecture which before loomed misty and uncertain enough. To those who thought that the new Napoleon would seek to strengthen his sovereignty by a royal alliance, it evidences the plain fact that the French Emperor regards very lightly the benefit he would be likely to derive from such a source, even if he could have found a daughter of royalty marriageable at this time—which he certainly could not, at least not among those powerful families upon whom he might be inclined to rest, for even a dubious support.

The greatest mistake the first Napoleon made, in all his wonderful and romantic career, was in repudiating the amiable Josephine for that heartless piece of royal statuary, Maria Louisa; and what great good did he derive from this unhappy alliance? Did Austria assist him in his hour of trial; or, rather, were not her eagles among the foremost in the battle-field, and was not the old Kaiser, the father-in-law of Napoleon, among the most eager to restore the hated dynasty of the Bourbons?

France is a region of magical changes; and events which would strike us as extraordinary in any other country, seem only natural to the con-

dition of that. There, the usual laws which guide and govern men, appear to have lost their force, and to have become, not fixed and steady in their operations, but wandering and erratic. The French people still maintain the character given by Cæsar to their ancestors, the Gauls, and are constant only in inconstancy. A gay, reckless frivolity usurps the place of the religious sentiment; vice, licensed by law, is presented in its most attractive forms, and pleasure, for the sake of pleasure, runs unrebuked its wild and riotous course. Always tempting and always alluring, men drink deep at its delicious but poisonous fountains, until dissoluteness becomes the rule, and virtue the exception.

Over such a people, and so constituted, it matters little, to our mind, whether the sceptre of Empire is held by a fat Bourbon or a moustached Napoleon. What we have read of the secret memoirs of royal families, gives us a poor opinion of their intellectual qualifications; a positive conviction of their utter heartlessness; and a profound detestation of their unrebuked and unrestricted sensuality. With these facts staring us in the face, we say, if France, or any other kingdom in Europe, equally low in the moral scale, *must* have a ruler, his hereditary claims—which are but too often accompanied by hereditary imbecility—are of less consequence than the ability to govern in a manner best suited to the genius of the people.

We do not quarrel with Napoleon because he sits upon the throne of the Bourbons. On the contrary, we think him just as well there, as Henry the 5th, or the infant son of the widowed Duchess of Orleans. What we detest him for, is the dissimulation he has practised to win his way to that throne; his sanguinary *coup d'etat*; the grave farce of his election, and the muzzling of public sentiment by the exhibition of brute force. As to the character of his government in its foreign relations, its future course threatens to be portentous enough; though the shadowy indications are shrouded too deeply in mist, to enable us to predict what is to come with any degree of certainty.

The man himself appears to have become equally taciturn and inscrutable; and his policy, thus far, may be characterized as a policy of surprises; not the least of which, to ordinary star-gazers, is his present marriage. Of the antecedents of Mademoiselle de Montego we know but little, except that she is the daughter of a Spanish Count, allied to the celebrated Palatox family, and the grand-daughter of a Scotchman, who was at one time Consul at Malaga. As to the effect which this marriage will have upon the future destiny of Napoleon, there are, and will be, of course, a great variety of opinions. With but few data as yet to go upon, and with no present means of judging fairly, except through similar cases in the past, we ourselves profess to be cautious in hazarding a prediction. This much, however, we think will be found certain. In marrying outside the pale of royalty, Louis Napoleon has adroitly avoided the most important error in the career of his uncle; and while he loses but little increase of honor by what some persons may call a mesalliance, he wins upon the affections of the

people, who remember the Empress Josephine, and will rejoice that the wife of the new Emperor has been chosen from a similar sphere.

BELLADONNA AS AN ANTIDOTE TO SCARLET FEVER.

Since the discovery by Hahnemann that Belladonna was not only a preventive of scarlet fever, but a very important remedy in the disease, the profession, slow to believe that any valuable additions to medical science were to be obtained in that quarter, has gradually come to acknowledge—or, at least the more intelligent and unprejudiced portion thereof—that, as a prophylactic in the disease above named, the article really possesses a remarkable virtue. In a question like this, facts are of primary value, and these are steadily accumulating. Medical writers, both in journals and standard works, are presenting annually more and more testimony on the affirmative side; and Belladonna is now regarded, by a large number of practitioners of the Allopathic School of medicine, as their most reliable medicament in a disease which for years has committed such fearful ravages among children. Among Homœopaths it has been the beet-anchor, so to speak, from the beginning; and it is a well-known fact, that they lose but few cases in scarlatina.

The last number of "Ranking's Half-Yearly Abstract" contains two extracts from Medical Journals on this subject. One, from the "American Journal of Medical Sciences," is a communication by Dr. Andrews; and as the subject is of vital importance, we transfer a portion of the article to the Home Magazine:

"The efficacy of Belladonna, as a prophylactic of Scarlatina, has been the subject of a good deal of controversy, and the following facts may therefore be interesting, as a contribution towards the settlement of this question.

"The scarlet fever manifested itself here in November last, for the first time, as an epidemic, in twelve years. There was, therefore, no lack of material for its ravages. The general experience was, that, in the families in which it manifested itself, few members who had not previously been subjects of attack, and especially few children, escaped. When the epidemic was at its height, I commenced the use of the English extract of belladonna, in the manner recommended by Dr. Fitchell, in the 3d volume of the Transactions of the American Medical Association; I prepared a considerable quantity of the mixture, and at once distributed it to some eighty children, including all those properly belonging to my diocese, who would probably be exposed to the infection. Of these one only was attacked with scarlatina.—Among the noticeable circumstances attending this trial, it is proper that I should mention two or three.

"Sarah S——, aged 11 years, the case just now expected, had commenced the use of the belladonna but about four days before her seizure. The period of incubation of scarlatina is said to range from two or three to twelve or fourteen days. It is altogether supposable that the poison was already in possession, when she commenced

the use of the prophylactic. Her constitution is a decidedly scrofulous one, she having suffered severely and protractedly at different times with strumous ophthalmia, ozaena, otitis, and glandular enlargements. Her attack, however, was an unusually light one. Her brothers and two sisters, with two other children residing close by, and whose frequent visits rendered them almost as of the same family, continued the belladonna, and all escaped.

"Sarah Dunn, aged 12, was taken from the county almshouse into the family of Mr. S——, on the seventh day of the convalescence of Sarah S——. Hitherto she had not been exposed to the infection. The use of belladonna was neglected in her case, and in about two and a half days after her entrance into the house, she was seized with scarlatina, and removed to the county house. There were at this time six children in the house, whose ages ranged from 2 to 7, and from the crowded state of the establishment, all attempts at isolation were useless. I placed all of them immediately upon the use of belladonna, and though constantly in the vicinity of the patient, not one was attacked.

"Mr. M——, the father of four children, had the symptoms of incipient scarlatina, and the children at once commenced the use of belladonna. The father had a moderately severe attack, but all the children escaped.

"This is my mite towards the settlement of this vital question; it is a vital question, and may be settled. I am aware of the difficulties which surround the full and complete establishment of almost any fact in therapeutics: of the fallacies which environ medical experience and observation; and especially of the capriciousness evinced by scarlet fever in regard to the subjects of its attack; but I would respectfully submit that the inestimable benefit which would follow the establishment of this fact, if fact it be, would amply repay for the outlay of time and labor bestowed upon it. As regards the above, it is true that 'one swallow does not make a summer,' neither does one fact establish a general principle, yet a careful collation of cases in which an undoubtedly pure article was used, by the profession generally, would soon set this matter at rest. No authority, however high, should deter from such experiments by the promulgation of the dogma that 'no experience of a merely negative character can be regarded as of much weight when contrasted with such positive experience as is on record.' The carrying out of such a principle into practice would throw us back upon medical prophylaxis as it was 100 years ago, and the world would again be desolated by variola.

"P. S.—The epidemic has fully subsided in this vicinity; and I beg to add the following item as completing the lesson which I have learned during its progress, in reference to the prophylactic powers of belladonna.

"The family of the Rev. Mr. S—— visited some friends in this village, just as the scarlatina was taking its leave. In a few days after their arrival, two of their three children were brought down with the prevalent disease. The family of Mr. C——, which they were visiting, had already been on the use of ex. belladonna, and the

youngest to the production of scarlatinoid eruption. Segregation was impossible, and so it was scarcely and only at first attempted. The children, five in number, with ages ranging from 9 months to 17 years, were freely and fully exposed, every day, excepting, as before stated, a very short time at the first, and then most imperfectly.—Every one escaped.

"The—to me—interesting point in this case is the seemingly permanent character of the prophylaxis. The children of Mr. C— had not taken the extract for some four weeks preceding, and did not resume its use when the danger seemed thus imminent."

In the above, no directions are given for the administration of the antidote. Under the Homœopathic form, two or three globules of belladonna, as often as three or four times a week, would be the prescription. A professional friend hands us the following as the Alleopathic mode of administration:

"One grain extract of belladonna, dissolved in a fluid ounce of rain water. Dose—two drops for a child under one year; one drop added for each year. Given twice a day for a week."

So simple and safe a prescription should be adopted among children in every family, at a season when scarlatina prevails. Facts, and the weight of medical testimony, are entirely on the side of its efficacy.

MRS. REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

We noticed, some short time since, a volume of poems by Mrs. Nichols, entitled, "The Heart and the Hearthstone," as full of true inspiration and exquisite melody. Many times since, have we taken up the volume, and always with a heightened appreciation of the author's ability. Mrs. Nichols has been spending the winter in our city, and has received, we trust, those hospitable attentions to which her high literary merits and womanly virtues so justly entitle her. We copy from the "Columbian and Great West," the following brief personal reference, and the vigorous poem that follows:—

[The following beautiful and touching stanzas are transferred from the columns of the "Cincinnati Commercial;" and will be read with interest by all who are capable of appreciating the deep and genuine inspirations of the Muse; or of sympathizing, in spirit, with the emotions of purity and philanthropy—when called to lament over the wreck of youthful hopes—for ever prostrated beneath the unhappy sway of human passions and infirmities.

The lines are well calculated to recall the startling beauties of that mysterious, but much admired poem, "THE SHADOW," which has been so often extracted from the first poetical volume, issued by the same gifted authoress, in 1843. We are aware, indeed, of no other living writer who can, at once, with so much pathos, grace and delicacy, present to her readers the enthralling but awful "PICTURE" of erring woman's hopeless wretchedness, as our valued friend and correspondent. And we cannot but hope that the good people of New York and Philadelphia, where she has been temporarily sojourning this winter, may not be so unfortunate as to delay the

discovery, till it is too late to profit by it, (until the great West shall have regained its missing songstress of "The Heart and the Hearthstone,") that they have been "entertaining unawares," one of Nature's noblest minds; not unfitly graced, indeed, by those clustering virtues and womanly attractions, which are so well calculated to do honor to the Christian lady, and to adorn whatever circle may be so fortunate as to attract her regard.]

A PICTURE.

BY MRS. REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

I.

In the brief and fitful pauses
Of the plashing rain,
As the large, bright drops are streaming
Down the window pane;
And the winds in sullen silence
Gather strength again,
Else they rush from secret places
Scouring hill and plain,—
Standing by the dripping casement, pallid in the
light,
ONE in fearful heart-abasement, looks out upon the
night.

II.

'Tis not because the drear November
Sunless, leafless dies;
'Tis not because the tempest rushes
O'er the starless skies,
That a shadow, dark and fearful,
On that white brow lies—
That two hot and gushing rivers
Overflow her eyes!

III.

Why should she regret the Summer
Now for ever fled?
Or shudder at the frozen echo
Of the Winter dread?
She who walked among the blossoms
With unconscious tread,—
Pale and proud, but gently drooping,
Like the lily's head!

IV.

Once, 'tis true, an Eden Summer
Bloomed for her delight,—
Song of bird and stream were never
Half so glad or bright!
Winds and waves in angel whispers
Told the moment's flight,
And moon and stars made beautiful
The overhanging night!

V.

Then it was her heart unfolded
Like the wondrous flower,
(Heedless of the wooing sunlight,
Closed to dew and shower,)
That sighs away its life of fragrance
At the midnight hour,—
Thus it was her heart unfolded
'Neath love's secret power.

VI.

But that Summer fled for ever!
Autumn came too soon:
Down the broad aisles of the forest
Drifted leaves of June;
Brooks and birds, and breeze and insect,
All were out of tune.

DAY dragged on without the sunshine—
NIGHT without a moon!

VII.

Round her fell the season's shadow,
Then the Winter came,
Working woe, and pain, and madness,
That she dare not name:—
Long she strove, in vain, to stifle
That proud heart of flame,
While her cheek, for woman's weakness,
Burned with crimson shame.

VIII.

Now, if you should chance to meet her
Where the gay have met,
You might never dream those eyelids
E'er with tears were wet;
All the world with smiles deceiving,
Urged by fierce regret—
She treads the rounds of pride and folly,
Hoping to forget!

IX.

Only in the fitful pauses
Of the dashing rain—
You may see a wan face peering
Through the window pane,—
On the brow a fearful shadow,
On the cheek a stain:—
Once beholding, you would never
Care to look again!

PHILADELPHIA, November, 1852.

DANGEROUS DOCTRINES.

The "progress" doctrines of the day, were they find general favor, would soon create a state social order in too many respects similar to that which existed in France after the public pudation of religion. Our reformers are speaking out more boldly, and we are glad of it; for it leaves us in no doubt as to their ultimate uposes; and, moreover, it lets the simple-minded, but good-intentioned,—who have been awn aside by collateral issues, the tendencies of rich were not clearly apprehended,—see exactly nither their leaders are taking them. Recently, a Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews has en enlightening the readers of the N. Y. Tribune on the evils of what he calls the "arbitrary d artificial" institution of marriage. Mr. Andrews is a man who knows what he means, and s both the disposition and the ability to tell it. speaks as follows:

"I regard marriage as being neither better norse than all other of the arbitrary and artificial tutions of society—contrivances to regulate ture instead of studying her laws. I ask for : complete emancipation and self-ownership of men, simply as I ask the same for man. The oman's Rights women' simply mean this, or not yet know what they mean. So of Mr. nes. So of all reformers. The Observer is ical, shrewd, and correct, when it affirms that : whole body of reformers tend the same way, d bring up sooner or later against the legal or valent theological idea of marriage. It is not, verer, from any special hostility to that insti- tion, but from a growing consciousness of an lerlyng principle, the inspiring soul of the

activities of the present age—the sovereignty of the individual."

Remarking on this very plain declaration, the New York Observer says, after referring to a work that boldly advocates the sweeping aside of all barriers between the sexes:—"Mr. Andrews pleads the same cause here, and has the kindness to give us the secret meaning of the agitation on behalf of 'women's rights.' He gives us the key to all those misty, transcendental, and apparently meaningless phrases, which have been bandied about in speeches and lectures, by men in petticoats and women in pantaloons, for a year or two past. Mr. Andrews tells us that the advocates of 'women's rights,' Mr. James, and 'all the reformers,' 'tend the same way,' i. e. toward the abolition of the 'legal' and 'theological idea of marriage.' Here, then, we have the grand finale to which all these conventions of 'strong-minded' and eloquent women are tending. Mr. Andrews is a dangerous helper to these American Jellybys. He tells tales out of school; lets the cat out of the bag. He uses plain English, and suffers no conventional notions to keep him from denouncing this monstrous wrong, marriage."

We might remark further on this subject, but comment we think needless.

TRIFLES REVEAL CHARACTER.

That character and disposition are very plainly revealed by actions usually accounted trivial or insignificant, is an observation we have occasion to make almost daily. We judge of human character very much according to this maxim. Shrewd people make shrewd guesses in this way. We have recently heard of one very shrewd old man, who made an application of this principle of judgment to assist his son in choosing a wife. Well knowing that any one who loved to see things in their proper places, would not be likely to step over a broom, but would rather pick it up; this old man is said to have told his son never to select one for his wife who would step over a broom, or pass anything by, which could be very easily put into a more proper place. The son taking advantage of this hint from the shrewd old father, schemed it so, on some gathering of young people, that a broom should be laid in the path of some young ladies of the company. As they passed from the house to a grove for out-door recreation, some stumbled over the broomstick, and others stepped or jumped over it, till at length one young lady stooped down, picked it up, and put it away with some carefulness in an appropriate place. This showed thoughtfulness, love of order, and of having things done right; and by this apparently trifling and unconscious revelation of these qualities the young man's choice was determined. In due course of time, the young lady, it is said, became the wife of a wealthy and well educated young man; and he the husband of a prudent, neat, industrious, and lovely wife.

This brings to our recollection a story of choosing a wife by cheese. It is said that a young man was once much puzzled to choose among three objects of attraction. It happened, upon one occasion, that he had an opportunity of observing how they managed in eating cheese. One ate her's without any attention to the rind; the

second in cutting off the rind, cut off and threw away a good share of the cheese with it; and the third carefully scraped her rind clean. The neatness and frugality displayed by the last determined his choice.

Tests of character like these may occasionally be taken advantage of; but there is one, according to the phrenologists, which is much more reliable, and of which advantage may be taken at all times. We notice in the January No. of the Phrenological Journal, that Mr. Fowler claims that the revelations of Phrenology may go far in assisting the young in determining who are likely and who are not likely to be suitable and proper companions. He claims that his favorite science has already done much in enabling mothers and daughters to determine the worthiness or unworthiness of suitors.

With so many helps to a proper choice of a life-companion, we trust, unhappy marriages and ill-suited matches will almost or altogether disappear in the next generation! We much fear, however, that this consummation so much to be desired—this good time coming—will arrive too late to bless our optics, or cheer our heart. We will do what we can, however, to hasten on its coming.

* *

WOMEN'S WAGES.

The prices paid to seamstresses for plain sewing, as set forth in the extract quoted below from one of our city dailies, come very near the starvation point. How to remedy the evil is a question not easily disposed of. Twenty-five years ago prices quite as low as these were paid to poor women who sewed for the "slop shops," as cheap clothing stores were always called at that time; and a great deal, if not quite as much, was then written and said of the injustice thereof, as now. Still the evil exists, and we fear will exist, as long as people who buy give their custom to the man who sells the cheapest, indifferent so that a few pennies are saved, whether the poor women, who make the garments they purchase, earn ten or fifty cents a day in their production.

In looking to a remedy for this low range of compensation for woman's labor, as compared with the price a man's skill or labor commands, the first and most important thing to be done, as we have before suggested, is not only to enlarge the circle of her employments, but particularly to improve the quality of her work. Poor "slop work" will never command anything but poor pay, while good and tasteful work ever receives a higher rate of compensation, increasing in a sort of compound ratio with its degree of excellence; and, what is better, the amount of exhausting application usually decreases in such cases in a like ratio. The more the thought comes into the work, the better it is done, and the less of physical labor is required. The extract spoken of above is the following:

"Pantaloons-makers receive according to the quality of their work, generally from 20 to 40 cents for each pantaloons; occasionally, for special customers, the price reaches 75 cents; the time required to complete the highest-priced article, is about 18 hours; the time requisite to complete the lowest-priced article is about 8 hours. The prices

of vest-making are the same as those received by pantaloons-makers, and vary under the same circumstances. Cap and umbrella-makers, and shoe-binders, are paid for a similar amount of labor, about the same as tailors. The average amount realized in these departments of female industry is about 3½ cents an hour. The wages of factory operatives do not present a weekly aggregate which is greater than that received by other females; but being employed but ten hours of the day, the hourly average reaches 4½ cents. Spooling women receive 16 cents for 100 skeins; 120 skeins requiring a working day of 14 hours to wind. The spooler is thus paid less than one cent and a half for each hour's labor."

In all the above poorly paid occupations, a very low range of skill is required, and, accordingly, the compensation is meagre; and what keeps down this rate of compensation is the fact, that so many thousands of poor women, who seek employment, have no skill for better work, which is always better paid; and, therefore, eagerly compete for such as comes within the range of their ability, thus tending still further to depress the rate of pay.

We throw out these few suggestions on a subject of much interest, hoping that in them may be some gleams of light for those who are really seeking to protect and elevate the poorer classes; and more particularly, poor widows and self-dependent single women.

ACTIVITY OF MIND.

If we trace the qualities and attainments which distinguish individuals and nations from each other to their causes, we will probably find that as large a number of these characteristic differences are owing to the degree in which activity or inactivity of mind has prevailed, as to any other single cause.

Napoleon Bonaparte was not much less remarkable for his intellectual powers and accurate acquaintance with scientific and literary subjects, than for his military talents. According to one of his latest biographers he shone pre-eminent both in literary and scientific circles. Whence came this pre-eminence—this accuracy of information, this maturity and correctness of judgment, this familiarity with all departments of science and literature, with the exception, perhaps, of poetry? He gained those intellectual heights, not by any sudden spring, but by patient, energetic efforts in the acquisition of knowledge, especially in his earlier years. There is abundant testimony in the great mass of essays, memoirs, common-place books, and other papers which he left behind him, written mainly from 1786 to 1793, that he was an active-minded, an ambitious, a hard-working student. It was by activity of mind that he attained that intellectual pre-eminence among the men of his day, which is now universally awarded to him. It was by strenuous perseverance and unwearied activity of mind, that his mental powers attained that vigor, and those treasures of knowledge, which at once secured and demonstrated his pre-eminence. If he was master of many subjects, it was because he had previously employed his mind actively and energetically in the study of them. His ac-

curate acquaintance with history, his clear ideas on legislation, civil polity, social and political questions while Emperor, were the fruits of his activity of mind and unwearied labors while a student and young lieutenant of artillery.

So it is with nations. Going back about 2,000 years, the inhabitants of Great Britain were as barbarous as the aborigines of this Western Continent. There is no reason to suppose them to have been in anything superior to our native savages. During these twenty centuries the red man's mind has been dormant; while that of the white man has been active; and the results of the one and the other are to be seen in the stationary savagism of the one, and the progressive civilization of the other. The one knows nothing beyond hunting and fishing; the other has explored every field of science, and carried the various arts of life to their present wonderful state of perfection.

A GOOD EDUCATION.

Parents generally are desirous of securing for their children what they call a "good education." This is a commendable manifestation of parental affection. It would be still more so, however, if the motives urging them to provide a good education for their children were somewhat more elevated than they usually are. A good education is too generally sought after, merely or chiefly as a stepping-stone to wealth or rank, or respectability in the world. There are considerations rendering a good education desirable, of a much higher and more commendable nature than this. Need we name them? For the present we will leave them to be presented by the conscience and good sense of our readers, while we proceed to say that which we intended to say.

It is this. Parents in desiring a good education for their children, too commonly indulge a very narrow and inadequate conception of what constitutes a really valuable or good education, and also of what influences a child must be brought under in order to secure it. Do not too many regard a good school, a teacher well versed in the usual branches and apt to teach, with approved text-books, about all that is necessary in order to secure the good education which they contemplate for their children? Is it not too generally and too much forgotten, that every conversation which they hear from the lips of their parents, and every action of their lives, which manifest either a low or a lofty character, either worthy or unworthy principles, are a part of the education, good or bad, of their children? Is it not too generally forgotten that every word and every deed of the companions and associates of our children has something to do in making their education either good or bad? Is it not too generally forgotten that the temper, the taste, the habits of their parents, and indeed of all with whom they come in contact, have a powerful influence in making the education of children either good or bad, according as these are of a happy or unhappy character? Let our children see their parents, and all whom their parents receive to their intimacy, living for high, noble, heaven-approved ends and objects—such appearing plainly in all conversation and conduct as the ruling purpose of life—and they

will then be receiving what constitutes the most essential part of what may truly be called a GOOD EDUCATION.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

In whatever light persons of strong political bias may view the election of General Pierce to the Presidency, no one can deny to his conduct, up to the present time, the great merit of republican simplicity, modesty, and circumspection. Kindly, but firmly, declining all the ovations tendered him by his partisans, he has alike objected to gratify that curiosity which makes an interesting lion out of every individual whom rank or talent may have elevated above the level of an ordinary sphere, or in any way to lift himself above those by whose votes he has been chosen Chief Magistrate.

Whether the course thus far pursued by General Pierce has been adopted from policy, or is native to the character of the man, is a question not for us to consider. One thing alone we regard as certain, no one has more largely increased in popularity, of late, than he; and this, not for anything that he has yet accomplished, but because he has simply kept on the even tenor of his way. Seeking to shun proffered honors, they have clustered the more pleasantly above him, and he has only to infuse the same quiet elements into his Chief Magistracy, to win him as many warm, personal friends as ever attached themselves to the most popular of those who have preceded him. How far political differences may tend to detract from this fair fame, lies wholly in the future; but no modern President elect has demeaned himself up to this period with more circumspection, or has won more steadily upon the regard of the people.

JEWISH WORSHIP IN ROME.

In one of her letters from Rome, to the National Era, Grace Greenwood says:—"On a Saturday morning lately, I visited several of the Jewish synagogues in the Ghetto, with a Hebrew gentleman of our acquaintance—the master, by-the-by, who taught the poet-prophetess, Elizabeth Browning, the language of Miriam and Deborah. I found the synagogues to differ from one another only in size and decoration—the ceremonies were the same. All were filled with serious if not devout worshippers. Among these, I saw many a sharp, repulsive face, marked by the hardest and worst Jewish characteristics—cunning, avaricious, pitiless; but I also saw some of the most magnificent and noble-looking men and beautiful lads I ever beheld. No women were present. On entering, every man arrayed himself in a scarf of white silk or barege, striped with blue, first kissing the fringe and pressing it against his eyes. The priests wore high black caps, and read prayers and psalms from an immense pulpit or altar. Of the ceremonies, which were exceedingly simple, I remember two as deeply impressive—the bringing forth of the Bible from its rich sanctuary, and the bearing it about the synagogue, when all kissed it with evident emotion—and the solemn, simultaneous blessing which at one period of the service the fathers who had sons present bestowed—turning toward the East, lifting the eyes to

Heaven, and laying the right hand on the head of the young man, the youth or the little boy. On the whole, the ceremonies, though mostly coldly conducted, were touching and mournfully suggestive."

JENNY LIND.

The New York Commercial says that it has learned, on good authority, that Jenny Lind has signified her determination to make another visit to this country. She will sing at various places in Germany during the present year, and the following season will appear in opera at London. Afterward, she will come to the United States, and give concerts in all the principal cities, remaining here probably two or three years. She will also, it is said, appear in opera. This may or may not be reliable intelligence. Should she return to this country, we hope our people will set their faces firmly against the exorbitant prices that were charged for her concerts when here before. These prices were out of all proportion to the pleasure and advantage derived from her musical performances, incomparable as they were. No concert or musical entertainment is worth more than a dollar for a single admission; and all that is paid above this price is so much uselessly expended.

UNITY OF SENTIMENT.

A contemporary asks—What is true independence? and then adds—"A great many people like an 'independent press,' which chimes exactly with *their own* opinions, but a truly honest press must differ from somebody." Of course it must. If everybody thought the same way, what an unhappy unanimity there would be! To use the phraseology of the Quakers, no speech would be uttered, but some one would jump up and exclaim, "That friend speaks my mind," while all the rest of the auditors would assent by a charming display of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." It has been wisely ordained that tastes should be as dissimilar as individuals, of whom no two are to be found exactly alike; and it is to this opposition, and to these diversities, and these similarities with a difference, that every advancement in knowledge and the arts is owing.

PRESENTS TO GREAT PERSONAGES.

Some person in Boston has lately presented to Queen Victoria a number of Shanghai fowls. It was not long since we heard of flour going from Rochester, and hams from Cincinnati, and a bed quilt from Illinois, to the same august personage. Now, we dare say, her most gracious Majesty is a very nice, little motherly woman in her way; but we were also under the impression that the English Parliament had provided quite comfortably for her and her interesting brood of royal little ones, without the necessity of her being under obligations to republican benevolence. But perhaps Jonathan knows what he is about after all; and while the individual "sovereign" from Boston, or Rochester, or Cincinnati, is sending his benefaction to his "royal sister" Victoria, he has a shrewd eye to the business notoriety he will obtain thereby.

THE VOICE.

A certain writer, speaking of the influence of temper on the voice, makes the following remarks:—"The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness, or ill-nature, will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exists amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities: and it may be remarked, that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please: besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of the mind."

BEAUTY.

True beauty resides in the soul. It is the form of goodness. How charmingly is this expressed in the following:—"Spiritual beauty, and the sweet youthfulness which cleaves to it, unlike the fading beauty of the body, never departs. Rather does it enhance with age, participating in the nature of the angels, and is often loveliest at the moment when the temple it has inhabited falls away from it ruined and dismantled. The better it is known, the more ardently it is loved; and hence it is that at the end of a long life, the woman who is possessed of it, though the rose leaves be all scattered, charms her husband even more than at the first."

THE BOURBON QUESTION.

A note in Putnam's Magazine for March says:—"We learn from the Rev. Mr. Hanson, the writer of the article in our last number, 'Have we a Bourbon among us?' that several new and important facts have come to his knowledge, bearing upon this romantic subject, which he will embody in an article for our April number, wherein he will examine in detail the new work by Beauchamp, on the supposed death of the Dauphin."

REGAINING SIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. DE KROYPT.

BY FANNY FALES.

O joy for thee, poor stricken one!
God grant it may be true,
That once again the pleasant earth
Is dawning on your view;
How bitter was the discipline
Thou'st borne with Christian grace;
A tearful wife—a widow—blind—
All in a little space!

A place within my memory,
Thou'st filled for many days;
And now my heart with trembling hopes,
For thee, to Heaven prays:
O, Father, speak the words sublime,
That call'd earth out of night;
Breathe but upon her darken'd orbs,
And say, "Let there be light!"

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1853.

LIFE'S SUNBEAMS.

THE WORD OF PRAISE.

BY MRS. S. F. DOUGHTY.

A little thing is a sunbeam—a very little thing. It streams through our casement, making the cheerful room still more cheerful, and yet so accustomed are we to its presence, that we notice it not, and heed not its exhilarating effect.

But its absence would be quickly seen and felt. The unfortunate prisoner in his dimly-lighted cell would hail with rapture that blessed stream of light, and the scarcely less imprisoned inmates of the more obscure streets of our crowded cities would welcome it as a messenger from Heaven.

It is even thus with the sunbeams of the human heart. Trifling things they are in themselves, for the heart is wonderfully constituted, and it vibrates to the slightest touch; but without them life is a blank—all seems cold and lifeless as the marble slab which marks the spot where the departed love one lies.

A gloomy home was that of Henry Howard, and yet all the elements of human happiness seemed to be there. Wealth sufficient to secure all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, was theirs, and both husband and wife were regarded by their numerous acquaintances as exceedingly intelligent and estimable people—and so indeed they were. The light tread of childhood was not wanting in their home, although its merry laugh was seldom heard, for the little children seemed to possess a gravity beyond their years, and that glad joyousness which it is so delightful to witness in infancy, was with them seldom or never visible.

Life's sunbeams seemed strangely wanting, yet the why and wherefore was to the casual observer an unfathomable mystery.

Years before that wife and mother had left the home of her childhood a happy and trusting bride. Scarcely seventeen, the love which she had bestowed upon him who was now her husband, was the first pure affections of her virgin heart, and in many respects he was worthy of her love, and, as far as was in his nature, returned it. Her senior by many years, he was possessed of high moral principles, good intellectual endowments, and an unblemished reputation among his fellow-men.

But there was a cold, repulsive manner, at variance sometimes with his more interior feelings, which could ill meet the warm, affectionate disposition of his young wife, who, cherished and

petted in her father's house, looked for the same fond endearments from him to whom she had given all.

Proud of her beauty and intelligence, charmed with her sprightliness and wit, the man was for a time lost in the lover, and enough of fondness and affection were manifested to satisfy the confiding Mary, who had invested her earthly idol with every attribute of perfection. But as months passed on, and he again became immersed in his business, his true character, or more properly speaking, his habitual manners were again resumed, and the heart of the wife was often pained by an appearance of coldness and indifference, which seemed to chill and repulse the best affections of her nature.

Tears and remonstrance were useless, for the husband was himself unaware of the change. Was not every comfort amply provided, every request complied with? What more could any reasonable woman desire?

Alas! he knew but little of a woman's heart; of that fountain of love which is perpetually gushing forth toward him who first caused its waters to flow, and still less did he know of the fearful effect of the constant repressing of each warm affection. He dreamed not that the loving heart could become cold and dead, and that his own icy nature would soon be reflected in the devoted being who now clung to him so fondly.

It was but in little things that he was deficient, mere trifles, but still they constituted the happiness or woe of the wife of his bosom.

The loving glance was seldom returned, the affectionate pressure of the hand seemed unfelt, the constant effort to please remain unnoticed. One word of praise, one kindly look, was all that was desired, but these were withheld, and the charm of life was gone.

Gradual was the change. Bitter tears were shed and earnest endeavors to produce a happier state of things were sometimes made, but in vain. Oh! could the husband but have known how wistfully that young creature often gazed upon him as he sat at the evening meal upon his return from business, and partook of luxuries which her hand had prepared in the hope of eliciting some token of approbation—could he have seen the anxious care with which domestic duties were

superintended, the attention paid to the toilette, the constant regard to his most casually expressed wishes, surely, surely he would have renounced for ever that cold, repulsive manner, and clasped to his bosom the gentle being whom he had so lately vowed to love and cherish.

But he saw it not—felt it not. Still proud of her beauty and talents, he loved to exhibit her to an admiring world, but the fond endearments of home were wanting. He knew nothing of the yearnings of that devoted heart; and while the slightest deviation from his wishes was noticed and reprimanded, the eager and intense desire to please was unheeded—the earnestly desired word of praise was never spoken.

The first year of wedded life passed away, and a new chord was awakened. Mary had become a mother; and as she pressed the babe to her bosom, new hopes were aroused. The clouds which had gathered around her seemed passing away, and the cheering sunbeams again broke forth. The manifest solicitude of her husband in the hour of danger, the affection with which he had gazed on the countenance of his first-born, were promises of happy days to come.

But, alas! these hopes were but illusory. All that a father could do for the welfare of an infant was scrupulously performed, but its expanding intellect, its innocent playfulness, soon remained unmarked—apparently uncared for.

"Is he not lovely?" exclaimed the fond mother, as the babe stretched his little hands and crowed a welcome as the father entered.

"He seems to be a good, healthy child," was the quiet reply. "I see nothing particularly lovely in an infant six months old, and if I did I would not tell it so. Praise is very injurious to children, and you should school yourself from the first, Mary, to restrain your feelings, and utter no expressions which will have a tendency to foster the self-esteem common to us all. Teach your children to perform their duties from a higher motive than the hope of praise."

A chill like that of mid-winter came over the heart of the wife as she listened to the grave rebuke.

There was truth in the words. Our duties should be performed from higher motives than the approbation of our fellow men; but that little word of praise from those we love—surely, surely it cannot be hurtful. It is one of life's brightest sunbeams, encouraging the weak, soothing the long suffering, bringing rest to the weary and hope to the desponding.

Something of this Mary longed to urge, but her husband had already turned away, and the words died on her lips.

Time passed on. Another and another child had been added to the number, until four bright little faces were seen around the family table. The father seemed unchanged. Increasing years had altered neither the outer or the inner man, but in the wife and mother few would have recognized the warm-hearted, impulsive girl, who ten years before had left her father's home, with bright visions of the future floating before her youthful mind.

Whence came that perfect calmness of demeanor, that almost stoical indifference to all that

was passing around her? To husband, children and servants she was the same. Their comfort was cared for, the routine of daily duties strictly performed, but always with that cold, lifeless manner, strangely at variance with her natural disposition.

But the change had come gradually, and the husband noticed it not. To him, Mary had only grown more matronly, and, wisely laying aside the frivolity of girlhood, had acquired the sedateness of riper years. True, there were moments when his indifference was somewhat annoying. Although he never praised, he often blamed, and his lightest word of rebuke was at first always met with a gush of tears, but now there was no sign of emotion; the placid countenance remained unchanged, and quietly he was told that his wishes should be attended to. Certainly this was all that he could desire, but he would have liked to feel that his pleasure or displeasure was a matter of more consequence than it now appeared to be.

And yet the warm affections of the heart were not all dead. They slumbered—were chilled, paralyzed, starving for want of their proper and natural nourishment, but there was still life, and there were times when the spirit again thrilled with rapture, as the loving arms of childhood were twined around the mother's neck, or the curly head rested upon her bosom.

But to the little ones, as to others, there was the same cold uniformity of manner, a want of that endearing tenderness which forms so close a tie between mother and child. Their health, and the cultivation of their minds, were never neglected, but the education of the heart remained uncared for, and the spot which should have bloomed with good and true affection, was but a wilderness of weeds.

The two eldest children were promising boys of seven and nine years old. Full of health, and buoyant, although constantly repressed spirits, they thought not and cared not for aught save the supply of their bodily wants; but with the third child, the gentle Eva, it was far otherwise. From infancy her little frame had been so frail and delicate, that it seemed as if the spirit was constantly struggling to leave its earthly tenement; but her fifth year was rapidly approaching, and still she lingered a blessed minister of love in that cheerless home.

How wistfully she gazed upon the mother's face as she unweariedly performed the many little offices necessary for her comfort, but ever with that same frigid, unchanging manner. How earnestly she longed for that manifestation of tenderness which she had never felt. Even the stern father spoke to her in gentler and more subdued tones than was his wont, and would sometimes stroke the silky hair from her white forehead, and call her his "poor child."

But it was the fondness of a mother's love for which the little one yearned, and with unerring instinct she felt that beneath that calm and cold exterior, the waters of the fountain were still gushing. Once, when after a day of restless pain she had sunk into an uneasy slumber, she was aroused by the fervent pressure of that mother's kiss, and through her half opening eyelids she perceived

the tears which were flowing over her pale face. In an instant the arms of the affectionate child were clasped about her neck, and the soft voice whispered,—

"Dearest mother, do you not love your little Eva?"

But all emotion was instantly repressed, and quietly as ever came the answer—

"Certainly, my child, I love you all. But lie down now, and take some rest. You have been dreaming."

"'Twas such a happy dream," murmured the patient little sufferer, as obedient to her mother's words she again closed her eyes, and lay motionless upon her pillow. Once more she slept, and a sweet smile beamed upon her countenance, and her lips moved as if about to speak. The watchful mother bent over her.

"Kiss me again, dear mother," lisped the slumberer. "Call me your dear little Eva."

None could tell the workings of that stricken heart, as hour after hour the mother watched by her sleeping child; but the dawn of morning found her still the same; statue-like as marble, that once speaking face reflected not the fires within.

Day after day passed on, and it was evident that the spirit of the innocent child would soon rejoice in its heavenly home.

She could no longer raise her wasted little form from the bed of pain, but still her deep blue eyes gazed lovingly upon those around her, and her soft voice spoke of patience and submission.

The last hour drew near, and the little sufferer lay in her mother's arms. The destroyer claimed but the frail earthly covering, and even now the immortal soul shone forth in its heavenly brightness.

"Am I not going to my Father in Heaven?" she whispered, as she gazed earnestly upon her mother's face.

"Yes, dearest, yes," was the almost inaudible reply.

"And will the good angels watch over me, and be to me as a mother?" again asked the child.

"Far, far better than any earthly parent, my dear one."

A radiant smile illumined the countenance of the dying child. The fond words of her mother were sweet music to her ear.

The father approached, and bent over her.

"My little Eva," he whispered, "will you not speak to me?"

"I love you, dear father," was the earnest answer, "and when I am in Heaven I will pray for you, and for my poor mother;" and again those speaking eyes were rivetted upon the mother's face, as if she would read her inmost griefs.

The physician entered, and, in the vain hope of prolonging life, judged it necessary to make some external applications to relieve the difficulty of breathing, which was fast increasing. The pain was borne without a murmur.

"Do I not try to be patient, mother?" whispered that little voice.

"Yes, darling, you are a dear, patient, good little girl."

An expression of happiness, amounting almost

to rapture, beamed in Eva's face, at these words of unqualified praise.

"Oh, mother! dear, dear mother," she exclaimed, "will you not always call your little Eva your dear, good, little girl? Oh, I will try to be so very good if you will. My heart is so glad now," and with the strength produced by the sudden excitement, she clasped her feeble arms about her mother's neck.

"Her mind begins to wander," whispered the physician to the father, but there was no reply. A sudden light had broken upon that stern man, and motionless he stood, and listened to the words of his dying child.

But she had already sunk back in an apparent slumber, and hour after hour those calm but agonized parents sat watching by her side, at times almost believing that the spirit had indeed gone, so deep was the repose of that last earthly slumber.

At length she aroused, and with the same beautiful smile which had played upon her features when she sunk to rest, again exclaimed:

"I am so very happy, dear mother; will you call me your good, little Eva once more?"

In a voice almost suffocated with emotion, the desired words were again breathed forth, and long and fervent kisses imprinted upon the child's pale cheek.

"My heart is so glad," she murmured. "Oh, mother, kiss my brothers when I am gone, and smile upon them and call them good. It is like the sunlight on a cloudy day.

"Put your face close to mine, dear father, and let me whisper in your ear. Call poor mother good, sometimes, and kiss her as you do me, now that I am dying, and she will never look so sad anymore."

"I will, my precious child! I will!" And the head of the strong man bowed upon his breast, and he wept.

A change passed over the countenance of the little one.

"The angels will take me now," she whispered. The eyelids closed, there was no struggle, but the parents saw that her mission on earth was ended. Henceforth she would rejoice in the world where all is light and love.

The mother wept not as she gazed upon that lifeless clay. She wept not as she laid the little form upon the bed, and straightened the limbs already stiffening in the embrace of death; but when her husband clasped her to his bosom, and uttered words of endearing affection, a wild scream burst from her lips, and she sunk back in his arms, apparently as unconscious as the child who lay before them.

A long and alarming state of insensibility was succeeded by weeks of fever and delirium.

How many bitter but useful lessons did the husband learn as he watched by her bed-side. Often in the still hours of the night, when all save himself slumbered, she would gaze upon him with that earnest, loving, but reproachful look, which he well remembered to have seen in years gone by, and murmur:

"Just one kind glance, Henry, one little kiss, one word of love and praise."

And then as he bent fondly over her, that cold,

fixed expression, which she had so long worn, would again steal over her countenance, and mournfully she added:

"Too late, too late. The heart is seared and dead. See, little Eve stands and beckons me to the land of love. Yes, dear one, I come."

But the crisis came, and though feeble as an infant, the physicians declared the danger past. Careful nursing, and freedom from excitement, would restore the wife and mother to her family.

With unequalled tenderness did her husband watch over her, but with returning health returned also that unnatural frigidity of manner. There was no response to his words or looks of love.

Was it, indeed, too late? Had his knowledge of the wants of a woman's heart come only when the heart, which once beat for him alone, had become as stone?

It was the anniversary of their marriage.—Eleven years before they had stood at the altar and taken those holy vows. Well did Henry Howard recollect that bridal morning. And how had he fulfilled the trust reposed in him?—With bitter remorse he gazed upon the wreck before him, and thought of that gentle being once so full of love and joy.

An earnest prayer broke from his lips, and his arms were clasped around her.

"Mary, dear Mary," he whispered, "may not the past be forgotten? Grievously have I erred, but believe me, it has been partly through ignorance. An orphan from my earliest childhood, I knew not the blessing of a mother's love. Cold and stern in my nature, I comprehended not the wants of your gentle spirit. I see it all now: your constant self-denial, your untiring efforts to please, until wearied and discouraged, your very heart's-blood seemed chilled within you, and you became the living image of that cold heartlessness which had caused the fearful change."

But may we not forget the past? Will you not be once more my loving, joyous bride, and the remainder of my life shall be devoted to your happiness?"

Almost fearful was the agitation which shook that feeble frame, and it was long before there was a reply.

At length, in the words of little Eva, she whispered:

"Oh, my husband! my own dear husband! My heart is so glad. I had thought it cold and dead, but now it again beats responsive to your words of love. The prayers of my angel-child have been answered, and happiness will yet be ours. My dear, dear Eva, how often have I wept as I thought of my coldness toward her, and yet all power to show my earnest love seemed gone for ever."

"It slumbered, dearest, but it is not gone. The breath of affection will again revive your warm-hearted, generous nature, and our remaining little ones will rejoice in the sunshine of a mother's love. Our Eva, from her heavenly home, will gaze with joy upon those she held so dear."

Another year, and few would have recognized that once dreary home.

Life's sunbeams shone brightly now. Those little messengers to the human heart,—the look of

love, the gentle touch, the word of praise,—all, all were there. Trifles in themselves, but ah, how essential to the spirit's life!

MOTHERS, DO YOU SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR CHILDREN?

BY MISS C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

Robert Molton was very fond of his aunt Mary. Nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than the permission to spend a few days with her—he loved so dearly to listen to her stories. Indeed, it was a pleasure to sit down at any time and have a talk with aunt Mary, if she did not tell a single story. Robert could bear to hear her talk, even about his faults, far better than he could bear it from any other person. But, for some reason, Robert was a better boy and exhibited fewer faults when with aunt Mary, than at any other time.

"I wish," said Robert to his aunt Mary, one day, "that mother would talk to me as you do. If she would. I believe I should be a better boy when I am at home."

"I do not understand you, Robert," replied his aunt; "I am sure you have one of the kindest of mothers, who loves you as well as a boy can ask to be loved."

"I know my mother loves me," Robert replied. "She would do anything in the world for me, I really believe; but when I do anything she does not like, she don't talk to me as you do, but she —"

Here an awkward pause ensued. Aunt Mary waited for Robert to finish his sentence, but it was left unfinished after all. Robert was going to say, "she does scold so, it makes me so angry," but he well knew that his aunt Mary would not approve of his talking in that way about his mother. He tried to think of some other word which would express the same thing, and be less exceptionable, but of all the words in the English language which occurred to him, no other word but "scold" would express the idea he wished to convey—so he gave it up.

Aunt Mary could guess pretty well what was passing in Robert's mind; but as she did not wish to enter into conversation upon *that* subject, she encouraged Robert in a general way to try and be a good boy, when he returned home, and then began to talk of something else.

"I will be a good boy to-day," said Robert to himself, the morning after his return from his aunt Mary's. "I will try to be as good a boy at home as I am when at aunt Mary's."

Robert had an irritable temper. A trifle would make him angry, and then would come an outburst of passion. These fits of passion were met by those reproofs which were administered in such a manner, and with such tones of voice, that they certainly seemed to Robert more like scolding than like anything else; and were by no means calculated to restore calmness to his irritated feelings.

Robert was aware of his weakness, and knew if he wished to be a good boy that day he must set a double watch upon his temper. This he tried to do.

The morning was not far advanced, however, before his brother, next older than himself, said something which vexed Robert very much. His eye kindled, his cheeks were flushed, and on his tongue was the angry retort. But just then he thought of his morning's resolution, and with a mighty effort forced back the burning words.

Robert instinctively turned to his mother, to see if the conflict and the victory had been observed by her; but no word or glance of hers gave any intimation that she had taken note of the moral conflict which had been transpiring close by her side, or of the moral victory that had been achieved. Yet she had seen it all. She heard the remark of George, and knowing the irritable temper of Robert, had expected an outburst of passion; but, as it did not occur, she merely congratulated herself that she had not, as she expected, been annoyed by an angry altercation between her sons, and dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Robert felt disappointed and discouraged. He could but say to himself, "If aunt Mary were here, she might not have said a word: but the very glance of her eye would have said as plainly as words could do, 'I understand it all, Robert. You have done bravely. I know you have had a hard battle, and I congratulate you most heartily for the victory you have gained.'"

How amply would Robert have been rewarded by such a smile of approbation for all it had cost him to suppress his angry feelings, and how would his soul have been strengthened for another conflict.

But did not his mother know that it had cost her son something to control his temper, and keep back the angry words which had all but escaped? Could she not read the language of that flashing eye and flushed face, and could she not know that there was a work for her to do even when reproof and condemnation were not called for?

Robert did not *reason* very deeply on the subject, but he felt that if it was right for his mother to condemn when he did wrong, it was no more than right that she should *observe* and approve when he did right. But, though discouraged, and feeling much like a soldier fighting alone, he resolved to persevere yet longer, and see if he could not be a good boy all that day.

An hour or two more passed. Robert had taken out his building blocks, and was very busily engaged in erecting a building, upon which he was bestowing a good deal of thought and contrivance. It was nearly completed, and he was just about to call his mother's attention to it, and ask if he had not done well, when his little sister, in playing about the room, chanced to upset a chair, which, in falling, upset, in its turn, the building Robert was so carefully rearing. Robert felt very angry—so angry that he even raised his hand to strike his little sister. But again he thought of his morning's resolution, and immediately girded himself to the great work of ruling his own spirit. It was a hard-fought battle, but Robert was conqueror. The uplifted hand fell gently by his side, and not even an angry word escaped him.

His mother was sitting near, engaged with a

book. When Robert's edifice fell, she was disturbed with the thought, "Now we shall have a storm!" but when all passed off quietly, and the expected storm did not come, she resumed her reading with a feeling of satisfaction that the affair had passed off so smoothly, but without bestowing one approving glance upon the moral hero who stood in her presence, although that hero was her own son.

Robert was discouraged from continuing the unaided struggle. He had spent, as it were, all his moral courage in this last conflict, and all he had gained, as respected his mother, was freedom from reproof. The next time he was tempted, he yielded almost without a struggle. His mother's reproof, which, as usual, followed instantly upon the offence, stung him to the quick. He felt as if he were the injured party.

"I have tried all day," he said to himself, "to be a good boy, and mother has taken no notice of it. I did not speak angrily to George, this morning when he provoked me so; and I said not a word to Lucy for her knocking down my house, but mother never so much as smiled upon me, when I was trying to be good; but if I get angry ever so little, I hear from it quickly enough."

The more Robert thought of these things, the more out of temper he grew. He did not any longer try to control himself, but all the rest of the day was so peevish, it was hardly safe to speak to him.

Now it was not from any want of love for her son that Mrs. Molton erred so greatly in her management of him. As Robert had said, she loved him well enough to do almost anything for him; but she did not cultivate a hearty sympathy with him. "What, if his sister did throw down his play-house? It was *only* a play-house, a very small thing to be angry about, and he did not deserve much credit for not getting angry about such a trifle."

Now this reasoning was wrong, all wrong. If this mother had placed herself back to the days of her own early childhood, and candidly asked herself how she would *then* have felt about the very same thing, she would have felt that it was *not* a trifle to Robert, and she would have learned an invaluable lesson of sympathy for her child in his childish struggles, conflicts and victories.

The exhibition of such sympathy was just what Robert needed to encourage him in the efforts which he really did often make to overcome his faults. All he asked was that these efforts should be appreciated. A smile of approbation, as the reward of one such successful effort as Robert had made that day, would have done more to aid him to overcome his violent temper than all the reproofs he had ever received.

WILKINS MICAWBER, ESQ.—We learn that this individual has amassed an immense fortune since the gold "turned up" in Australia, and will return to England soon. The twins found each a large nugget of gold, which they intend to present to "David Copperfield."

Why are the Emperor of Russia and a beggar very unlike? Because one issues manifestoes, and the other manifests toes without 'is shoes.

MAN AND WOMAN.

It is an undeniable misconception of woman to suppose her at all capable of entering into rivalry with man, capable of competing with him for ecclesiastical and political distinction. It is nothing short of a scandalous misconception of womanhood. We shall be pointed to Elizabeth of England, Catharine of Russia, Mary de Medicis, and the other illustrious women who have exhibited a great genius for affairs. But we do not say that there are not very unwomanly woman to be met with along the course of history. We see them in the street, in the market, in domestic life, every where,—women who fairly compete with men in the pursuits of learning, traffic, and so forth. All we say is, that these women are exceptions to the rule of their sex, that they are extreme or unwomanly women. We have long been persuaded that man and woman have not yet been so sharply discriminated as they shall one day be; that a great actual confusion indeed exists in the sexes, so that there are many technical women who are really or inwardly men, and many technical men who are really women. Man is not man, nor woman woman, primarily by virtue of their formal differences from each other, but by virtue of their spiritual or interior differences, the difference of their genius or temper of mind. And where this fundamental difference does not exist, the outward difference is only transient. The natural body in that case has only to be laid aside by its decease, for the spiritual one to assert its latent sexuality; so that probably many a woman who has unmisgivingly laid down on this side Jordan, in short-gown and petticoat, will wake up by sheer spiritual gravitation on the other side, in corduroys and top-boots; and many a man who has laid down in coat and pantaloons, will similarly come to true self consciousness in petticoat and curl papers.

It is idle, therefore, to argue to woman from certain exceptional women. We must learn to discriminate between women and woman, between the infirm actual and the stainless ideal. Mrs. A, B, and C, are, doubtless, capital women, and properly estimable to all their acquaintance. But they have not the least title to call themselves woman, nor to charge any possible perturbation of their private orbits to the influence of that sweet sanctity. Woman is a grand and divine reality, who is not so foolish as to commit herself to any special guardianship; nor so vulgar as to whisper secrets in any private ear. She appoints no attorneys. No one speaks by her authority. They who know her best and are most transfigured by her intimate loveliness, suspect their great fortune the least, and are still the lowliest in all feminine modesty. It is doubtless excellent to hear Mrs. A, B, or C, discourse of woman, and belabor our sex and hers very deservedly on that behalf. But we cannot help feeling the thing to be sheer comedy all the while. If they will read lectures, or write paragraphs and pamphlets upon the sufferings of the poor maidens who lack suitable and heal by employment, and upon the temptations to vice which such lack engenders; and if they

will scornfully stigmatize our heartless public morality which permits all this temptation, and then visits the shrinking victim with its Pharaonic scorn: then every manly breast in the community will second their eloquent zeal and indignation. Here is a manifest case of suffering, calling upon every passer-by, man and woman, equally to cry aloud for its relief. The extremity of the case sanctions any mode of action which promises to be effectual, and if there were no other means of drawing attention to it, one would excuse a single-minded woman for dressing herself in military costume, or climbing a church-steeple, or riding Godiva-like through the public streets. It is an exceptional exigency, and any sincere mode of advertising it on the part of those whose sympathies are so powerfully assailed, will not only be tolerated but applauded.

But no one believes in this didactic attitude as the normal or permanent attitude of woman. One excuses it only when a certain necessity calls for it, and does not willingly think of woman coming before the public, without such invincible necessity. No man believes, nor ever will believe, in woman, as a teacher or preacher, until he has grown indifferent to her as woman. His instinctive loyalty forbids him to believe her capable of any serious didactic intention. He will believe any good thing you have to say of her, any wonders you have to tell of her devotion to her lover, to her husband, to her child, to her friend, or to the needy at her door. He will believe you when you speak of her disinterested affection, her cheerful self denial, her blithe and genial activity, and the power which these things give her to redeem the longest day from tedium, and people the darkest night with eminent stars of hope and consolation. But he will not believe you when you tell him of her seriously taking the great unwashed condition of humanity at large to heart, and drawing on the seven-league boots of philanthropy, to go forth upon a mission of reform. For woman, in her true and unperverted estate, is incapable of philanthropy, which is the love of all mankind. She loves only man, and cannot be taught to bestow her affection upon the race. The conception is too vague for her affection, the motive too vast for her strictly practical genius. She believes only in the concrete, the tangible, the visible; and her mission, as they call it, is strictly proportionate. Of course, she is so blissfully sympathetic a creature, that if her lover or husband or friend, conceive a concern for the Patagonians, and give up his substance to proselyte the Choctaws, she will very meekly toil up to that cheerless height of virtue, purely by way of keeping him company. But she will not stay there a single moment of her own accord. She would see all Patagonia hanged, and every Choctaw in Halifax, before she would get up any original trepidation on their behalf. For the only credible Patagonian, to her imagination, is the lover or husband of her choice, and the only irresistible Choctaws to her affection, are the dimpled little daguerreotypes, whose sunny faces look up to her from her own floor. The only mission God saw fit to endow her with, was that of civilizing this private Patagonian of hers, and evangelizing these little Choctaws of her own

invention; and no wider ambition would ever enter her beautiful head, had not her native instincts been grossly sophisticated by a morbid sentimentality. By natural and divine right, she fully believes in her capacity to make the individual man happy and blessed; and precisely in so far as she indulges this perfectly womanly aspiration, she must of course remain blind to the forlorn estate of the huge rest of the world.

So much in our opinion is indubitably true of woman's genius. Therefore we will let women invade the pulpit, the rostrum, the quarter-deck, and every other unwomanly place, to their heart's content; but we will do woman the justice to acknowledge, that she firmly disclaims all complicity with these vagaries, and rigidly exacts a totally distinct theatre of action.

The genius of woman differs from man's most obviously in this respect, perhaps, that it is less reflective, less apt to weigh consequences; in short, more impulsive. It is easy for man to obey an external law, to shape his conduct by a wholly outward prudence or expediency. It is not easy for woman to do so. She does not cordially obey anything but her own affections, and where these have been interested, is much too prone to renounce prudence altogether. Woman's activity dates from her affection, man's from his intellect rather. In reference to any thing to be done, man inquires whether it be true or agreeable to his intelligence; woman inquires whether it be good or agreeable to her heart. Man hears a profound voice of warning, saying, Thou shalt not eat of the fruit of this tree, for in the day thou eatest, thou shalt surely die; and he consequently refrains. But woman heeds no warning voice: and merely considers whether or not the fruit be agreeable to the sight, the taste, and so forth, in order to put forth her hand and eat.

This characteristic lack of reflection in woman is the secret, no doubt, of her superior energy, of her superior practical efficiency. She is for ever busy. An idle woman,—except where great wealth and grossly artificial manners have overlaid her native freshness and elasticity—is one of the rarest of sights. An idle man is one of the commonest. To lounge, to snooze, and in that snooze perchance to snore, is a prerogative of man. You will scarcely enter five houses out of ten in an afternoon, without finding some great heap of a husband or brother gathered up upon the sofa, recruiting his overtaken forces by a comfortable sleep. How hard to rouse him from his recumbency at your entrance. First one leg shows signs of life, then an arm wakes, then the other leg, then the whole body stirs, finally the huge head moves, and the entire drowsy mass erects itself, dimly acknowledges the gas-light, yawns once or twice, and after all this preliminary flourish very probably sinks back again to repose. Clearly man is not handsome in himself, or when uninspired by woman. Who could imagine that this had been once the sleepless lover that talked the moon down the western steeps, and swore an eternal alacrity in the divine art of pleasing? Where now is his alacrity?—Alas! he has left it behind him in Pine street and Pearl street, to be put on to-morrow morn-

ing to entertain those occasional Western merchants, and has brought home only his relentless tedium to bestow upon his habitual wife and little ones. Who can wonder that the dullest round of lectures or the least vivacious of theatricals prove so attractive when compared with this tedious domestic paralysis?

It is not so with the other sex. I mean that it is a very much less common thing to see an indolent, self-indulgent woman, than it is to see a man of that sort. Every one knows individual women, possibly, who are untrue to the characteristics of their sex, victims of absurd fashion, distorted by a fatal luxury out of feminine health and grace. But the rule with woman is unceasing activity. The plain reason is, that her action dates so exclusively from herself, is motivated so much more from her affections than from her intellect. It is always the sunlight of affection which kindles her energy, while the poor moonlight of the intellect enlivens man's. Man feels impelled to seek subsistence, physical and social. He has great powers to overcome and clothe with his livery, the powers of earth and air, and the forces of the human mind itself.—These are his destined ministers, but their reduction to his service is slow and wearisome. He has perpetually to remember, and invent, and contrive a thousand modes of progress. He has slowly to sift the teachings of a wide experience, and garner them up in laws and statutes. He has to appoint bounds for this thing and that, to encourage industry, to discourage vice and idleness, to punish crime. He has to defend himself from aggression, to enlarge his territory when population presses on the means of subsistence, to foster education, to establish commerce, to promote religion, to sustain international justice. All this indicates the bent of his genius. It is an outward bent. He does battle with the aboriginal forces of nature, and makes them finally docile to his will. He is engaged in preparing a theatre of life, rather than in actually living. Thus his action is imposed by his outward necessities, instead of his inward taste or inspiration. It accordingly consumes instead of refreshes him. He waters the accursed sod with his tears, and earns his bread in the sweat of his brow. Undoubtedly it is for his good that the ground is accursed, as the good Book tells us. Because if nature brought forth spontaneously to man, if it required no culture, but supplied all his wants at sight or on demand, why then, manifestly, the resources of his genius would have remained for ever unknown. In that case his faculties, for lack of something to call them forth, would have remained for ever hidden from his consciousness, and he would accordingly have gone down to the grave a mere pampered menial of nature, unconscious of God, and indifferent to any life but the sensual one. All this is sublimely true. But it is none the less true at the same time, that the progress of human development is a slow and painful one, and that poor man, meanwhile, being ignorant of the glory that is in store for him, and knowing only the toilsome experience by which it comes about, often sinks down in utter weariness, or renounces life itself in hasty and untaught despair.

But woman's activity leaves her refreshed, because she really lives instead of only prepares to live. For it is very curious and beautiful to observe, that just in so far as man by his stalwart might subdues the domain of nature to himself, woman steps in to glorify it by her enchantments. The aim of all man's exertion since the beginning of history, has been to conquer himself a home upon the earth, nor will he ever flag in that career, until he has secured one proportionate to his powers; that is to say, a home which shall be co-extensive with the uttermost bounds of space, and to which every realm of nature will bring its glad and lavish tribute. But wherever he halts for a night in this career, wherever he establishes a temporary home to in-spirit him against the fatigues of the still beckoning to-morrow, there woman comes to pitch the white tent of her innocence beside him, and make his otherwise inevitable wilderness blossom like the rose. His work has ever been that of the hardy pioneer, stretching forth into the savagery of nature, and rescuing it from the grasp of her own incompetent offspring, the bear, the fox, and the serpent. Her work has ever been that of turning the rude domain thus snatched from nature, into a smiling and blooming home. For man, with the immense love of dominion which characterizes him, would pause nowhere, but go on to oversweep and consume the whole earth, were it not for these angel arms of woman binding him to stay and cultivate his present possessions, that so his future conquests might be the more secure. The rude conqueror he! She, the builder up and fashioner of his conquests! For this is the vital difference of the pair, that man for ever asks more, while woman is always intent upon making the most of what she has. Man is a perpetual seeker, woman turns whatever she finds into a present use and profit. Man's eye is fixed upon the future, woman's upon the present. He sweeps the heavens with his gaze, to see what fairer worlds invite his adventure; she quietly unpacks the trunk of his observation, and appropriates whatever available results it contains to the improvement of his present abode.—*Putnam's Monthly.*

AN AMERICAN LADY'S WIT.—We heard a good anecdote the other day of Mrs. Patterson, of Baltimore, the American lady connected with the Bonaparte family by marriage.

Being in Italy, at an evening party, it fell to her lot to be handed in to the supper-table by a young English nobleman, who, unlike most of the patricians of England, had a good share of the puppy in his composition. Thinking to quiz the old lady, he said—

"You are acquainted with the Americans, I believe?"

"Very well."

"A monstrously vulgar people, aren't they?"

"Yes; but what could you expect when you considered that they descended from the English? Had their progenitors, now, been Italians or Spaniards, we might look for some good-breeding among them."

The nobleman did not venture to tread on Mrs. Patterson's toes again that evening.

NUMBER TWELVE.

When I was a young man, working at my trade as a mason, I met with a severe injury by falling from a scaffolding placed at a height of forty feet from the ground. There I remained, stunned and bleeding, on the rubbish, until my companions, by attempting to remove me, restored me to consciousness. I felt as if the ground on which I was lying formed a part of myself; that I could not be lifted from it without being torn asunder; and, with the most piercing cries, I entreated my well-meaning assistants to leave me alone to die. They desisted for the moment, one running for the doctor, another for a litter, others surrounding me with pitying gaze; but amidst my increasing sense of suffering, the conviction began to dawn upon my mind, that the injuries were not mortal; and so, by the time the doctor and the litter arrived, I resigned myself to their aid, and allowed myself, without further objection, to be carried to the hospital.

There I remained for more than three months, gradually recovering from my bodily injuries, but devoured with an impatience at my condition, and the slowness of my cure, which effectually retarded it. I felt all the restlessness and anxiety of a laborer suddenly thrown out of employment difficult enough to procure, knowing that there were scores of others ready to step into my place; that the job was going on, and that, ten chances to one, I should never set my foot on that scaffolding again. The visiting surgeon vainly warned me against the indulgence of such passionate regrets—vainly inculcated the opposite feeling of gratitude demanded by my escape; all in vain. I tossed on my fevered bed, murmured at the slowness of his remedies, and might have thus rendered them altogether ineffectual, had not a sudden change been effected in my disposition by another, at first unwelcome, addition to our patients. He was placed in the same ward with me, and insensibly I found my impatience rebuked, my repinings hushed for very shame, in the presence of his meek resignation to far greater privations and sufferings. Fresh courage sprang from his example, and soon, thanks to my involuntary physician, I was in a fair road to recovery.

And he who had worked the charm, what was he? A poor, helpless old man, utterly deformed by suffering, his very name unnoticed, or at least never spoken in the place where he now was: he went only by the appellation of No 12—the number of his bed, which was next to my own. This bed had already been his refuge during three long and trying illnesses, and had at last become a sort of property for the poor fellow in the eyes of doctors, students, nurse-tenders, in fact, the whole hospital staff. Never did a gentler creature walk on God's earth: walk—alas! for him, the word was but an old memory. Many years before he had totally lost the use of his legs; but, to use his own expression, "this misfortune did not upset him;" he still retained the power of earning his livelihood, which he derived from copying deeds for a lawyer at so much per sheet; and if the legs were no longer a support, the hands worked at the stamped parchments as diligently as ever. But some months passed by,

and then the paralysis attacked his right arm; still undaunted, he taught himself to write with the left; but hardly had the brave heart and hand conquered the difficulty, when the enemy crept on, and disabling this second ally, no more remained for him than to be conveyed once more, though this time as a last resource, to the hospital. There he had the gratification to find his former quarters vacant, and he took possession of his old familiar bed with a satisfaction that seemed to obliterate all regret at being obliged to occupy it again. His first grateful accents smote almost reproachfully on my ear: "Misfortune must have its turn, but *every day has a to-morrow.*"

It was indeed a lesson to witness the gratitude of this excellent creature. The hospital, so dreary a sojourn to most of its inmates, was a scene of enjoyment to him, every thing pleased him; and the poor fellow's admiration of even the most trifling conveniences proved how severe must have been his privations. He never wearied of praising the neatness of the linen, the whiteness of the bread, the quality of the food; and my surprise gave place to the truest pity, when I learned that, for the last twenty years, this respectable old man could only afford himself, out of the profits of his persevering industry, the coarsest bread, diversified with white cheese, or vegetable porridge; and yet, instead of reverting to his privations in the language of complaint, he converted them into a fund of gratitude, and made the generosity of the nation, which had provided such a retreat for the suffering poor, his continual theme. Nor did his thankful spirit confine itself to this. To listen to him, you would have believed him an especial object of divine as well as human benevolence—all things working for his good. The doctor used to say, that No. 12 had a "mania for happiness;" but it was a mania, that in creating esteem for its victim, infused fresh courage into all that came within its range.

I think I still see him seated on the side of his bed, with his little black silk cap, his spectacles and the well-worn volume, which he never ceased perusing. Every morning, the first rays of the sun rested on his bed, always to him a fresh subject of rejoicing and thankfulness to God. To witness his gratitude, one might suppose that the sun was rising for him alone. I need hardly say, that he soon interested himself in my cure, and regularly made inquiry respecting its progress. He always found something cheering to say—something to inspire patience and hope, himself a living commentary on his words. When I looked at this poor, motionless figure, those distorted limbs, and, crowning all, that smiling countenance, I had not courage to be angry, or even to complain. At each painful crisis, he would exclaim: "One minute, and it will be over—relief will soon follow. *Every day has its to-morrow.*"

I had one good and true friend—a fellow-workman, who used sometimes to spare an hour to visit me, and he took great delight in cultivating an acquaintance with No. 12. As if attracted by a kindred spirit, he never passed his bed without pausing to offer his cordial salutation; and then he would whisper to me; "He is a saint on earth;

and not content with gaining Paradise himself, must win it for others also. Such people should have monuments erected to them, known and read of all men. In observing such a character, we feel ashamed of our own happiness—we feel how comparatively little we deserve it. Is there any thing I can do to prove my regard for this good, poor No. 12?"

"Just try among the bookstalls," I replied, "and find the second volume of that book you see him reading. It is now more than six years since he lost it, and ever since he has been obliged to content himself with the first."

Now, I must premise that my worthy friend had a perfect horror of literature, even in its simplest stages. He regarded the art of printing as a Satantic invention, filling men's brains with idleness and conceit; and as to writing—in his opinion, a man was never thoroughly committed until he had recorded his sentiments in black and white for the inspection of his neighbors. His own success in life, which had been tolerable, thanks to his industry and integrity, he attributed altogether to his ignorance of those dangerous arts; and now a cloud swept across his lately beaming face as he exclaimed: "What! the good creature is a lover of books? Well, we must admit that even the best have their failings. No matter. Write down the name of this odd volume on a slip of paper; and it shall go hard with me, but I give him that gratification."

He did actually return the following week with a well-worn volume, which he presented in triumph to the old invalid. He looked somewhat surprised as he opened it; but our friend proceeding to explain that it was at my suggestion he had procured it in place of the lost one, the old grateful expression at once beamed up in the eyes of No. 12; and with a voice trembling with emotion, he thanked the hearty giver.

I had my misgivings, however, and the moment our visitor turned his back, I asked to see the book. My old neighbor reddened, stammered, and tried to change the conversation; but, forced behind his last entrenchments, he handed me the little volume. It was an old Royal Almanac. The bookseller, taking advantage of his customer's ignorance, had substituted it for the book he had demanded. I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; but No. 12 checked me with the only impatient word I ever heard from his lips: "Do you wish our friend to hear you? I would rather never recover the power of this lost arm, than deprive his kind heart of the pleasure of his gift. And what of it? Yesterday I did not care a straw for an almanac; but in a little time it is perhaps the very book I should have desired. *Every day has its to-morrow.* Besides, I assure you it is a very improving study; even already I perceive the names of a crowd of princes never mentioned in history, and of whom up to this moment I have never heard any one speak."

And so the old almanac was carefully preserved beside the volume of poetry it had been intended to match; and the old invalid never failed to be seen turning over the leaves whenever our friend happened to enter the room. As to him, he was quite proud of its success, and would say to me at each time: "It appears I have made him

a famous present." And thus the two guileless natures were content.

Towards the close of my sojourn in the hospital, the strength of poor No. 12 diminished rapidly. At first, he lost the slight powers of motion he had retained; then his speech became inarticulate; at last, no part obeyed his will except the eyes, which continued to smile on us still. But one morning, at last, it seemed to me as if his very glance had become dim. I arose hastily, and approaching his bed, inquired if he wished for a drink; he made a slight movement of his eyelids, as if to thank me, and at that instant the first ray of the rising sun shone in on his bed. Then the eyes lighted up, like a taper that flashes into brightness before it is extinguished—he looked as if saluting this last gift of his Creator; and even as I watched him for a moment, his head fell gently on the side, his kindly heart ceased to beat. He had thrown off the burden of To-day; he had entered on his eternal To-morrow.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE RULE OF AMERICAN LADIES.

Madame Pulskey, who, with her husband, formed part of the suite of Kossuth, during his late progress through the United States, has written out her American diary, which has been, or will soon be issued from the press of Mr. Redfield. In the following passage she gives her view of the position and influence of American ladies:

"It is a common boast," writes Madame, "with American gentlemen, that their ladies rule, and are more respected than anywhere else in the world. I heard this often repeated in the society of New York, and I inquired of a gentleman who was repeating this pet phrase, in what way they ruled?"

"Why, they have all they like," was the reply: "they dress and go shopping, and have not to care about anything; we even live in hotels to save them the trouble of housekeeping."

"I see," observed I, "you are almost as courteous as the Turks, who allow their wives every amusement in their harems, and about the shops, whilst they attend to graver matters. The elegantly-gilded and painted parlors of your hotels, where the ladies meet to rock away time in the easy rocking-chairs, are admirable harems; but what has all this to do with the rule of your ladies? Even granted that you accepted their wishes as commands, still you are no Pashas, whose whims claim obedience from the community; you, yourselves, rule only by the active part you take in public affairs, and do you mean to say you consult your ladies about these matters?"

"Well, not exactly," answered the gentleman; "but (said he) a lady can travel alone all over the States without danger of an insult, or unbecoming behavior; our daughters go often out, and are in society without their mothers—every man is their natural protector."

"Quite as in Turkey," replied I; "no man, not even the husband, would ever dare to follow his veiled lady in the streets, and if he sees a slipper before the door of her room, the sign that another

lady visits her, not even the Pasha presumes to intrude. And, as to the travels of the unprotected ladies, they are perhaps less frequent in Europe than America, but the manners and customs of our age protect them as efficiently in the Old as in the New World. All the difference perhaps is, that the morality in the United States is more sterling than in France and Italy, or in the capitals of Austria and Russia, and, therefore, flirtations with married ladies are unheard of."

"But in Europe," he said, "women even work in the fields, and they must assist the husbands to earn subsistence for their families; with us, even in the factories, the girls work until they marry, but once married, the maintenance of the family in the care of the husband, and an American farmer would feel degraded if his wife or daughter should hoe the corn or break the flax."

"Of course, I readily acknowledged that owing to the greater facilities of earning a livelihood, the women of the lower classes were much better off than in Europe, but I did not understand in what way the respect for the fair sex is connected with this fact. The gentleman turned to other topics; I sought information on the other side, and understood from some very intellectual ladies that their lords, in general, little consult the opinions of their female rulers, even as concerns their own private affairs. I learnt that it occurs but too often, that a lady who believes herself to be in affluent circumstances, is suddenly informed by her husband that they must give up housekeeping, because they cannot afford it. It appears as if the gentlemen would atone for their all-absorbing passion for business, by the privilege they give to the ladies of idling their time away. And as business is a passion with the Americans—as business is with them not the means, but the very life of existence, they are most anxious to keep this department exclusively to themselves; and, well aware that there is no more infallible way to secure non-interference, than by giving the general impression that they never act for themselves, the ladies rule has become a current phrase, but by no means a fact, in the United States."

NURSERY EDUCATION.—From the earliest age children require the most vigilant care. He who has been reared in a brawling and ill-mannered nursery, can hardly be expected to ripen into a polite man. The elder members of a family should bear in mind that the influence of their own conduct will encircle the children like an atmosphere. There can be little happiness in that household in which the minutest offices are not dictated by a spirit of thoughtful courtesy and delicate consideration for others.

COSMETICS.—Hair-dye and rouge, pearl powder and lotions, still figure on the catalogues of the perfumers, bearing evidence that somewhere they are in demand. Few of the consumers but have the grace to keep their obligations to such aids as quiet as possible—a very decided proof that as refinement progresses we grow ashamed of such empiricism, and that woman is daily learning to trust to higher charms than mere physical beauty to make her beloved and respected.

BLOOMERISM.

It is only natural that the founder of a sect should excel all its adherents in the peculiar qualities which distinguish it. Who could expect to be a better Fourierite than Fourier? or a better Grahamite than Graham? or a more captivating Bloomer than Mrs. Bloomer? No one. Mrs. Bloomer has been in our midst; she has spoken at Metropolitan Hall: she has walked in Broadway; and been greatly invited out to tea. She came at an auspicious time, when every crossing of every street was eloquent in praise of short dresses and protected ankles. I have seen Mrs. Bloomer. I have walked curiously round about her. I have considered her short dress, reflected upon her open corsage, and pondered her pantaloons. Let me confess frankly that I have rarely seen a woman so elegantly, so becomingly, so conveniently dressed as Mrs. Bloomer. Distrusting my own taste, I tried to "get the sense of the meeting" upon the subject, and could hear but one opinion, and that opinion was, that if all Bloomers could be as tastefully attired as Mrs. Bloomer, it is a pity that all ladies are not Bloomers. Brown silk was the material both of her dress and trousers, around both of which ran stripes of black velvet; two round the skirt of the dress, and three or four round each — of the trousers. The coat was a garment between a man's frock-coat and a lady's dress. It reached a little below the knees, and was open in front, where a beautiful chemisette, with a diamond pin, relieved the sombre hue of the rest of her attire. The trousers were of the Christian, not Mahomedan pattern, about as loose as those worn by the monster sex, and nicely adjusted to the foot. Gaiters wore she, and a very pretty pair of shoes. Her hair was plain in front, and on the back of the head was a head-dress of black velvet and cherry ribands. Imagine, unbelieving reader, a dress like this, exquisitely fitted to a rather slight, but erect trim, elegant figure, and say what could be more pleasing to the beholder, more comfortable to the wearer?—*Correspondent of the Home Journal.*

NOURISHMENT OF MEATS.—To preserve in dressing the full nourishment of meats, and their properties of digestiveness, forms a most important part of the art of cooking; for these ends the object to be kept in mind is to retain, as much as possible, the juices of the meat, whether roast or boiled. This, in the case of boiling meat, is best done by placing it at once in briskly boiling water: the albumen on the surface and to some depth is immediately coagulated, and thus forms a kind of covering which neither allows the water to get into the meat, nor the meat juice into the water. The water should then be kept just under boiling until the meat be thoroughly done, which it will be when every part has been heated to about 165 degrees, the temperature at which the coloring matter of the blood coagulates or fixes: at 133 degrees the albumen sets, but the blood does not, and therefore the meat is red and raw. The same rules apply to roasting: the meat should first be brought near enough a bright fire to brown the outside, and then should be allowed to roast slowly.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A FAIR RETORT.—A party of wits once supped at a tavern. When the feast was over one of the number called in the hostess.

"Angelique," said he. "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of that great platonic year, when everything must return to its first condition? Know, then, that in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again, on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?"

The hostess, however, had her reply.

"I am perfectly willing," she retorted: "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

ETHIOPIAN PHILOSOPHY.—"Mr. Crow, can you explain to de subscriber why dat 'licious wegitable called de nutmeg neber comes to maturity?"

"Neber comes to maturity?"

"Yes; why dey am always small potatoes?"

"Why dey always small 'taters?"

"Yes, Mr. Crow. Why dey neber get to be some punkins?"

"Why dey neber?"—

"Yes, yes, Mr. Crow. "Why don't de nutmegs, as a class, grow large instead of always growin' small?"

"No, Julius Cæsar, I don't know noffin about it. You must ax some gardener man about wegitables."

"Well, Mr. Crow, I kin tell you why nutmegs, as a class, don't grow large. It's because ebery individual nutmeg knows dat de largest nutmeg in de world am liable to come across a *grater*!"

ALL THE BERRIES.—A celebrated comedian arranged with his green-grocer—one Berry—to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due.

The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said—

"I say, here's a pretty *mul*, Berry; you've sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry; your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such such a *goose*, Berry. But you need not look *black*, Berry—for I don't care a *straw*, Berry—and shan't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry."

A GOOD WRITER.—We recollect reading an anecdote of a young gentleman of a gin-and-water and Byronic turn of mind and collar, who was determined, in his admiration of the intellectual, not to wed unless the object of his adoration was an accomplished woman and a good writer. A practical old friend of his, who attached a very literal meaning to expressions, told him he knew a young lady who would just suit him.

The introduction took place, and the young gentleman went directly to the point. "Miss —," said he, "are you a writer?"

"Yeth, thur," replied she, blushing.

"Who are your favorite authors?—Johnson, Scott, Steel, Addison, Goldsmith, or whom?"

"Oh, thur," she naively replied, "I don't know nothing about them thur—I write thm all hand!"

SPARING TO SPEND;

OR,

THE LOFTONS AND THE PINKERTONS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was late on a pleasant afternoon in summer-time, a few months after the Loftons had removed to their new and better home. Lucy Arden had called in to spend an hour or two, her frequent custom. Her attachment to Mrs. Lofton daily grew stronger. More and more, as the real character of the latter developed in her new position, its purity, strength, sweetness, and native dignity became apparent, and she was quietly gathering around her an appreciating few from the best social circles in the city; and these were drawing her forth, as opportunities occurred, from her happy seclusion, so that she might be seen and known, and justly valued.

The sentiment felt for Mrs. Lofton by Lucy Arden, was that of the purest affection; a day spent with her always shone brightest in the calendar.

It was late in the afternoon, as we have said, and Mrs. Lofton and Miss Arden sat engaged in such earnest conversation, that the rapid passage of time was unnoticed.

"Bless me!" suddenly exclaimed Lucy. "Who is that?"

The rattle of a latch-key was heard in the door, and a moment after the voices and footsteps of Mr. Lofton and his partner were heard in the passage.

"I never dreamed it was so late!" said Lucy, a gentle flush giving a new beauty to her countenance. "I must be away in a twinkling."

"No—no," interrupted Mrs. Lofton, laying her hand upon the arm of Lucy. "You can't go now. Stay and take tea with us."

"O, dear, no! Not this evening. I must run away home. Ma is wondering now what is keeping me so late."

Lucy was rising with these words on her lips, when Mr. Lofton and Mr. Ackland entered the sitting-room.

"Miss Arden!" exclaimed the former, coming forward quickly and grasping her hand. "This is really an unexpected pleasure."

Mr. Ackland met the young lady with less freedom of speech and manner, but evidently with no less of real gratification. Lucy's face showed a still warmer hue as she took his offered hand, and her eyes fell softly to the floor beneath the gaze he fixed upon her.

"I was saying to Ellen only yesterday," remarked Mr. Lofton, "that I was fearful you were offended with me."

"Offended with you, Mr. Lofton! How could you think so?" returned the young lady.

"Do you imagine that I have forgotten the pleasant time we used to have around the tea-table? No—no, Miss Arden. There's something the matter. But, are you not offended with me? Come, tell me! An 'honest confession'—you know the rest."

"Why, how strangely you talk, Mr. Lofton!

Offended with you! What cause of offence have you given?"

"Just what I would like to know?" said Lofton, pleasantly. "But, come, be seated again."

"Thank you; I was just going as you came in."

"Indeed, then, and you are not going at all until after tea."

"O, but I must go," returned Lucy quickly. "They will expect me at home."

"They know where you are?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. They know you are in good hands, and will not be in the least uneasy at your absence. So you must stay. We—or at least I—have been so long deprived of your good company, that I must claim the pleasure of it for at least one evening."

To this, Mrs. Lofton and Mr. Ackland added their persuasions, and Lucy, unable to escape, consented to remain. In her heart, she was more pleased at being so detained, than she would have been, if suffered to depart.

It was a little remarkable that neither Lucy Arden nor Mr. Ackland were so much at their ease as usual. Both seemed under slight restraint; and yet both, it was evident, were pleased to be near each other. Oftener than he was, perhaps, himself aware, the eyes of Mr. Ackland sought the maiden's lovely countenance; and each time they rested thereon, every lineament of beauty seemed heightened.

For the first time, both Mr. and Mrs. Lofton became aware of the state of feeling existing between Lucy and Mr. Ackland; and they now understood many things which had before seemed to them a little strange. How were they affected by the discovery? We answer, pleasantly. None knew better than they the high moral character of the one, or the loveliness, purity, and womanly virtue of the other. None knew so well how admirably they were suited for a happy union. Never, in the least particular, had Mr. or Mrs. Lofton sought to turn the thoughts of one upon the other. That was a responsibility they could not venture to take. But now, that a mutual interest became all at once apparent to their eyes, the feeling of pleasure it awakened was intense.

Ackland, whose thoughts had for months been gradually going forth towards Lucy Arden, had never, before this occasion, been able to see deep enough into the young lady's heart to find even a dim reflection of his own image. The discovery now made, that it was really there, was as the breaking upon his life of a new morning. From that time he became a regular visitor at the house of Mr. Arden, and by no means an unwelcome one to any. Mr. Arden, the moment he saw that between the young man and his daughter existed a mutual interest, called upon Mr. Lofton, stated to him the fact, and asked, in strict confidence, his honest opinion of his partner's character, and his views of his fitness to make one like Lucy a wise and good husband. The answer was prompt, and all that he could desire.

In this case, at least, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding, the current of "true love did run smooth." There was not a ripple in its flow that did not reflect the joyous sunlight—nor a

widening of its surface beneath the shadow of overhanging trees, where hearts might not repose and dream of a happy future. We will not trace its peaceful current. Enough for the reader that the good time came when heart leaped to heart with a passionate thrill, as the soft hand of the bride was laid in that of the bridegroom, and the voice of the minister floated on the air above the hushed assembly, in the impressive injunction—"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Pass we now over a period of six years, with but brief mention of intervening occurrences. The reader will not be much surprised to hear that, on the maturity of the notes given to Mr. Thornhill, the father-in-law of Pinkerton was unable to lift them, and that, in order to save the credit of the firm, and prevent the fact of his endorsement from becoming known to his partner, the latter had to raise the means of payment. This he did not find a very difficult matter, as he was now Director in one new Bank, and in two Savings Fund Associations, besides having an acquaintance with three or four shrewd money speculators, who were quietly involving him in their toils, with a view to using him extensively in the time to come. He had, therefore, only to take Mr. Allen's notes for the sum needed, place on them his own endorsement, and get a friend, who would ask as much from him, to add his name also, in order to procure all that was needed. He had a "friend at court," in more than one bank, or moneyed institution, who was always ready to get through any paper that he chose to offer, up to a certain amount; a favor that he was careful, when opportunity offered, to reciprocate.

In these money speculations of his son-in-law, Mr. Allen was quick to perceive the means of serving, materially, his own ends.

The rage for banks and paper money had not yet reached its height; but a few, who saw how readily this kind of machinery could be made to serve individual interests, were securing as extensive connexions as possible with organizations based mainly upon credit and confidence.—Among those who early saw the advantages of these connections, was Mr. Allen; and he did not see it clearly until, from being unable to take up his notes to Mr. Thornhill, he became aware of some of the facilities for raising money out of his business, possessed by his son-in-law. From that moment, he did not rest until he procured, through adroit management, his election to the office of President of — Savings Fund, an institution professing to have in view only the advantage of mechanics and working-men, yet in the hands of a set of individuals who were utterly unscrupulous as to the means they employed to secure their own ends.

So much had Mr. Allen gained through Pinkerton. But, from that time, he was to become the leader and teacher. He certainly had a more suggestive and expansive mind than the latter—was bolder and less scrupulous—understood human nature better—saw the modes by which relations with moneyed men could be ex-

tended, large facilities obtained, and immense profits secured. Pinkerton was to become a tool in his hands, and no very long time passed before he was inextricably involved in transactions—mostly with stocks—to a very large amount.

In the mean time, the house of Pinkerton & Lee continued to do a large and increasing business, and to make heavy profits. The mental activity of Pinkerton increased with the increasing demands upon his thought. His mind was always on the alert, and quick in the despatch of everything that presented itself for consideration. Upon nearly all with whom he was brought into association, he made an impression favorable to his business capacity; and this, not only because he could talk shrewdly on business themes, but because he was always confident, always sanguine, and business men, just at that time, had faith in those who had faith in themselves.

It is in no way surprising, that the general impression in regard to Pinkerton, should be adopted by his partner, notwithstanding many things in the business, and in the private movements and operation of the former, did not accord with the unbiased views of Mr. Lee. But, it was only necessary for him to question or object, to be completely flooded with reasons in favor of what Mr. Pinkerton was doing or wished to do. And so he was carried along in the progressive movement, conscious, most of the time, that he gave to it but a small impetus.

A year sufficed to make it clearly apparent, both to Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton, that their new residence on Charles street was by no means to be regarded as a model of imposing elegance. Daily it grew meaner in their eyes, until Mrs. Pinkerton almost blushed when certain of her fashionable acquaintances called to see her. If his ideas of a residence had not wonderfully expanded during this time, Pinkerton would now have felt himself abundantly able to build. But these ideas were very much enlarged. Five or six thousand dollars, at the time of his removal into Charles street, would have built him a house in every way equal to his desires; but twice the sum now would scarcely have proved sufficient. So large an amount he could not command, and so the building of a house had still to be deferred. Mrs. Pinkerton proposed another removal; but, to this her husband objected. The matter was compromised by re-furnishing in a most expensive manner. The cost of this, Mr. Pinkerton defrayed outside of the business, as he had now various stock speculations on hand, and was using his individual credit pretty freely, and in rather a dangerous way. So far fortune had been in his favor. His operations were usually profitable, a fact set down in his mind to his own shrewdness; and this made him bolder and more confident.

And so things went on, expanding year after year, the under-current of expense steadily increasing in velocity, until Mr. Pinkerton's ambition, stimulated by that of his wife, would be satisfied with nothing less than a residence of his own. He was tired of living in houses paid for by other people's money. Whatever was around him, he wished to call his own.

During these five or six years of rapid progress,

quite a change in the fortunes of Mr. Allen had occurred. That gentleman had discovered a royal road to opulence, and he was moving along with rapidly advancing feet. As the President of the — Savings Fund, he had been brought into connexion with a class of men who found in him the very qualities that could be used to mutual advantage. The cue they gave him he was ready to take. For a time he worked for them, and served them primarily; but they had dealt cards to a skilful player, and one who would never rest until he had the advantage in the game. Primarily, in the end, he worked for himself. The advantage once on his side, he was careful to retain it afterwards.

The stock and money operations of Pinkerton, outside of his business, and in connexion with Mr. Allen, had increased to an enormous extent, far beyond what Mr. Lee imagined, even remotely.

In these operations, the endorsement of the firm was used freely and without the knowledge or consent of Pinkerton's partner, who had not the least suspicion of the extent to which he was implicated.

Mr. Allen, as we have said, had discovered a royal road to opulence. He was no longer dependent on professional fees, nor under the necessity of appropriating the proceeds of estates that came into his hands for his own private purposes. A series of fortunate speculations had elevated him far above this embarrassing position, and he could now look the world in the face with as confident an air as any. He did not hesitate to call himself worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars, nor to indulge the pleasing anticipation of one day being the possessor of half a million of money. This being the case, it was the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Allen to get the building fever from his son-in-law and daughter. He must also have an elegant residence of his own. The thought scarcely grew active, before the purpose was confirmed. What followed came naturally. Mr. Allen and his son-in-law would build side by side, in uniform style, and at equal cost. Their houses were to be somewhat imposing in appearance—ostentatious pride demanded this. The outside estimate of each was twenty thousand dollars; this exclusive of the furnishing. In regard to the latter, the ideas of both parties were yet vague; but, in the mind of Mrs. Pinkerton, certain fancies were in play, that had a very decided French coloring.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lots were bought for the two dwellings, plans and estimates obtained, and the work of erection commenced.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Pinkerton were both present when the first stroke of the pickaxe was made in the earth that was to give place for the foundations of their elegant homes. Neither of them, however, experienced the high degree of satisfaction they had anticipated, for, within a week, certain cards they had played with a confidence made bold by repeated good fortune, turned up unfavorably. Even small successes, give to the mind a degree of confidence; opposite is the effect of reverses, however lightly they may affect a man's prosperity. The losses sustained

by Mr. Allen and his son-in-law were not of a serious nature—not sufficient in themselves to dampen the ardor of their building excitement. But, they caused their minds to be infested with doubts and questionings—produced a sense of insecurity—a consciousness that the ground upon which they had been standing with such an assurance of stability, was not so firm as they had fondly imagined it to be.

Pinkerton had returned to his store, and was absorbed in business, when a note came from Mr. Allen, asking him to step around to his office immediately, as he had something of importance to communicate. The request was at once obeyed. "Bad news," said Mr. Allen, the moment his son-in-law entered.

"What?" eagerly enquired the young man.

"I have a letter from Mr. Eldridge."

"He has arrived out, then?"

"Yes, and his report is discouraging enough."

"Are they not working the mine?"

"No. The man we sent out to put up and run the engine, went no further than Vera Cruz. He had a good offer there, and broke his engagement with the company. After many delays the engine was taken to the mines at an expense equal to the original cost. The only machinist who could be found willing to go there, was a drunken fellow, who, after reaching the ground, proved utterly incompetent for the work he had engaged to do. He was over a month in getting the engine in its place and in motion. Then, to put the cap-sheaf to these drawbacks and disasters, it was found that the pump would not discharge per minute, over half the quantity of water that was flowing into the mine from the large vein which had so unfortunately been opened by the miners in sinking a shaft."

"Most disastrous!" exclaimed Pinkerton.

"A result for which I was altogether unprepared," said Mr. Allen. "Just to think, that one of the richest silver mines in Mexico should be rendered useless by this failure. Not the least doubt had I, that the miners were already among the rich deposits, and that liberal shipments of the precious ore were on their way to this country. Yesterday I refused sixty dollars a share for two hundred shares. When this intelligence is known, they will not bring five dollars."

"Has Eldridge written to any one else?" enquired Pinkerton, with a meaning in his tones that was well understood.

"Of that I am in ignorance. As the secretary of the company, all official correspondence comes through me, but he has several friends here interested in the stock, and without doubt has promptly communicated with them."

While he was yet speaking, a gentleman came in somewhat hurriedly. Mr. Allen knew him to be one of the individuals to whom he had just made reference.

"Have you anything from the agent of the Ixcotel mines?" he enquired, affecting a carelessness of tone which did not deceive his auditors.

"Nothing," was the cool reply of Mr. Allen.

"How is the stock selling now?"

"I hold mine at sixty-one," said Mr. Allen.

"Will you buy at sixty?"

"Yes. How many shares have you?"

"Forty."

"Very well; I'll take them. Have the transfer made in the course of the day. To-morrow I will hand you a check for the amount."

"Would it not be convenient to-day?" asked the man. "I have some large payments to make."

"Not exactly convenient," replied Mr. Allen. "I have already checked out my balance. But several notes will be paid in to my credit during the day."

A memorandum of the transaction was made, and the man departed.

"I don't understand that," said Pinkerton, looking at his father-in-law with a troubled aspect.

"It is clear that he has received news from Eldridge."

"No doubt of it in the world," replied Pinkerton.

"It is also now clear that until to-morrow he will keep his own secret."

"I see! I see! We are safe until then, so far as he is concerned." Pinkerton spoke with animation.

"We must not be the owners of a share of the stock at the going down of the sun to-day," said Mr. Allen, resolutely.

"Not a share!" responded the young man.

"Whatever is done, Mark, must be done quickly. Not a moment is to be lost. And yet, the utmost circumspection must be used. I had better manage the whole business: for I am cooler than you. Here, execute this power of attorney, authorizing me to sell your 'Ixcotel Silver Mine Stock;' and then go back to your store. We must not be seen together again to-day, or we may be charged with collusion in the matter. When the truth is known, there will be a buzzing in the hive; but we must be secure from the stings. As for our friend who has just left us, we can afford to pay for his stock in the morning if we sell our four hundred shares to-day. And then, the fact that I bought on that date, will be a good offset to the fact of selling on this, and will be regarded as conclusive evidence that I was not in possession of any disastrous intelligence."

"I see—you can teach me in these matters," said Pinkerton. "So I will leave all in your hands."

The two men now parted. At five o'clock they met again.

"What news?" asked Pinkerton, earnestly.

"All right," was the cheerful response. "Every share sold."

"Good!" Pinkerton clapped his hands together joyfully.

"And what is better," added Mr. Allen, "I have also sold the forty shares I am to pay for to-morrow, and have the note therefor in my pocket."

"All safe! How my mind is relieved! But, the danger was most imminent. These transactions are attended with fearful risks, sometimes."

"So they are, Mark, and also with liberal gains. Just look at the advantage in the present case. We bought at twenty dollars a share, and have sold at sixty—a clear gain of sixteen thousand dollars. I should like to see one of your mercantile operations pay like that."

Pinkerton shrugged his shoulders, and looked well-pleased at the exhibit of his father-in-law.

On the next morning, one of the papers contained this paragraph:

"We learn, from reliable authority, that the steam-pump sent out to the silver mine in Mexico by the Ixcotel Company, has failed to answer the proposed end."

Down went the stock from sixty to ten dollars a share, the depression ruining two or three individuals who had risked all they were worth in the stock. Of the shares sold by Mr. Allen, one hundred were purchased by a gentleman as an investment for a widow, under the assurance that it would pay at least ten per cent, and in all probability, twenty. It was her all!

To screen himself from suspicion, Mr. Allen pretended still to be the holder of a large number of shares; and of course, one of the losers. And he did not escape entirely free of loss. One of the purchasers of the very stock he threw into market, who was ruined by the transaction, owed him five thousand dollars, of which he never received a copper. The final result, therefore, was not so pleasant as he had anticipated.

As for the Ixcotel mine, it has remained flooded until this day; and will probably so remain for as long a time to come.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The incident of the Ixcotel Mining Company will give the reader some idea as to the kind of operations in which Mr. Allen was engaged; and how he was a party in transactions that truly honest men would not hesitate to stigmatize as swindling. It will also be seen that both he and his son-in-law, with all their unscrupulous shrewdness—with all their reputation for wealth and stability—were trading on very dangerous ground. In their own minds they had greatly over-estimated their real wealth; and in determining to erect for themselves costly dwellings, had committed a serious error.

Pinkerton, however, felt very safe in the matter. So fortunate had been his stock and other speculations carried on in connexion with Mr. Allen, that he felt himself perfectly able to spend twenty thousand dollars on his house, and not draw anything from his business. And yet, his purchase of ground was made on time; and his first instalment to the builder, who was under contract for the erection of his new house, was a note at four months for two thousand dollars. Money could be used to too great advantage in stock speculations to be paid away for work or building materials, when notes of hand could be made to answer just as well.

Mr. Allen proceeded on the same plan; and to enable the builder to get his notes discounted readily, he procured Mr. Pinkerton's endorsement; and in return, endorsed Mr. Pinkerton's notes for a like purpose. In fact, their affairs were so involved, one within the other, that at times they seemed to have but a common interest.

This giving of notes for material and workmanship answered very well for a time. But, as the buildings progressed rapidly, by the end of six months our two gentlemen found the sums necessary to be withdrawn from their somewhat

involved money operations, and laid down irrecoverably in bricks and mortar, rather inconvenient to raise; and it almost invariably happened that to procure these sums they were obliged to sell off shares of stock in a depressed state of the market.

Fancy stocks were then quite as plenty as now; and galvanized banks, situate in places remote from the great money vortices, as favorite means of swindling the public. Then, as now, gambling transactions in this class of stocks, and with these dead and alive banks, was a precarious business, and the shrewdest and most far-seeing were often thrown suddenly to the wall. In the very midst of their building operations, and at a time when both Mr. Allen and Mr. Pinkerton began to feel the drain in this direction to be a most exhausting one, a certain bank, in the stock of which they had each ten thousand dollars invested, and on which the advance had been steady for some weeks, suddenly closed its doors. Perfectly aware had they been of the entire unsoundness of this bank, and of the necessity of its early failure. But they, with a few others, had put in circulation, false but specious reports touching its resources, in order to advance the stock. The maximum rate to which they aimed to bring this stock was nearly reached, and they were about selling at a handsome profit, when the inevitable disaster came. It was only meet that they should be joint sufferers with those they had been such active agents in wronging.

It so happened, that in the case of both Mr. Allen and Mr. Pinkerton, the stock was under hypothecation for considerable loans, which were about becoming due, and which the sale of the stock was to liquidate. The immediate production of a large sum of money was, therefore, rendered necessary. It would not do to show the smallest degree of hesitation, or to seem in any way embarrassed by the failure of the bank. This would only weaken their credit, and render their condition the more precarious. But to maintain a good position—to let all seem entirely fair to the public—sacrifices of a most serious character had to be made.

Had the question of building now been an open one, the decision would have been instant, and in the negative. But, everything was in active progress, and must be carried through. To suspend operations would be to create suspicion that all might not be as well with them as the public had imagined. More paper had, therefore, to be created, and new schemes of raising money devised. In order to meet a suddenly occurring exigency, Pinkerton was drawn aside into the error which led to a dissolution of his first co-partnership. In this case, however, he exercised a shrewder forethought. Instead of issuing the notes of Pinkerton & Lee for discount, and so losing control of them, he obtained, for half per cent. a month, the post-notes of a certain institution, the credit of which was good, and deposited firm notes as collateral security for his individual paper. If his own notes were paid at maturity, the existence of the collateral would not, of course, become known to his partner. It would come back into his possession, and be destroyed.

The first transaction covered the sum of five thousand dollars; and it was made with such ease, and apparent safety, that it only served as a temptation to take further steps on the dangerous road. The cost of these transactions was, however, rather a heavy item. To obtain the post-notes of the Maryland Insurance Company, six per cent. per annum had to be paid; and from six to twelve per cent. more was abstracted from the post-notes, before they were turned into cash.

At such sacrifices was money now obtained to carry on the building operations of both Mr. Pinkerton and his father-in-law. But, the erection of their elegant edifices, now more than two-thirds completed, must go on, even though the envied owners thereof had lost all pleasure therein. The longer this drain upon their resources continued, the more did they become oppressed with an exhausting sense of inability; and the more earnest—we might say, desperate—became their struggles to sustain themselves. How little did the public imagine, as they admired the two mansions, that grew up in beautiful order and harmony of proportion, under the hands of a skillful architect, and more than half envied the wealthy owners thereof, that, when the last stroke of the painter's brush had been given, and all was ready for the upholsterer and the cabinet-maker, each was burdened with a heavy mortgage. Without this, the building must have been suspended.

Yes, all was completed at the last; and at a cost, in each case, of five thousand dollars beyond the original estimate. Fifty thousand dollars had been absorbed in the two buildings. Months before their completion, the subject of furniture came up for earnest discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton. The ideas of the former were far from being as liberal as in the beginning, and very far from corresponding with those of his wife. She had set her heart upon ordering their parlor furniture from Paris; and, as she had talked very freely on the subject to all her fashionable acquaintances, and given out that they would certainly have French furniture, she urged the matter with a degree of fervor that quite troubled her husband, who had begun to inspect, somewhat curiously, the furniture already in possession, to see how far it would answer for the new dwelling.

In spite of the remonstrances, tears and persuasions of his wife, Pinkerton refused to give an order for Paris furniture. A most unhappy time he had of it for weeks afterwards. Poor Mrs. Pinkerton was almost heart-broken. The bitterness of her disappointment passed away at last, though she remained very sober. When sufficiently recovered from her affliction she yielded to her husband's repeated solicitations, and finally consented to accompany him to New York, where a most liberal order was given to a fashionable cabinet-maker. Rather serious did Mark Pinkerton feel, as on his way back to Baltimore, he mentally summed up the prices of the various articles ordered, and brooded in silence over the heavy aggregate. The mother of Mrs. Pinkerton, who had lived longer, and seen more of the ups and downs of life, did not approve the unbecoming extravagance of her daughter,

and offered some slight opposition to her will. But, this was entirely disregarded. The pride and ambition of Mrs. Pinkerton had grown into inordinate strength, and there was little hope of their ever being fully satisfied.

It did not escape the observation of Mr. Lee, that his partner's mind was becoming more and more abstracted from business; nor did he fail to note, that his periods of absence from the store were getting longer and more frequent. He was also aware that Mr. Pinkerton's drafts of money were getting to be heavy beyond any precedent. The fact of his building—a thing that Mr. Lee opposed in the beginning—readily accounted for this. Occasionally a whisper would reach his ears, awakening the suspicion that everything might not be right with his partner. On all this he pondered deeply.

"No business," he would say to himself, "will bear the exhausting drain to which a man like Pinkerton must subject it. His ideas are ever in advance of him. To think of building, at a cost of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, at this point of business success, is utter folly. He talks of having made large sums outside of trade. Well, perhaps this is so—perhaps it is not. In gambling, every one must have his run of ill-luck sooner or later—and I regard his stock and other speculations as nothing more nor less than gambling."

And so Mr. Lee thought and reasoned. Nor fruitless were his thoughts. Though not a man of very large views, or comprehensive grasp of thought, he had more prudence than his partner; and possessed a degree of shrewd forecast that was now exercised to very good purpose. It was impossible, under the circumstances, for Pinkerton to give that attention to the details and progress of business, that was absolutely required for its successful prosecution. He had too many ends to serve outside of the store and counting-room, to leave opportunity for this. And when Mr. Lee proposed to advance the salary of their head clerk, a thorough business man, and give him certain discretionary and more general powers, Pinkerton was ready to acquiesce.

From that moment Mr. Lee's interest in his partner subsided. He no longer leaned upon him—no longer consulted him—no longer felt that the successful prosecution of their business was dependent upon his intelligence. In their principal clerk, he found a man on whose judgment he could rely with even more confidence than he had ever been able to rely on that of Mr. Pinkerton; and one who possessed none of the doubtful qualities that were so prominent in the other. Gradually, from this time, he gathered the reins into his own hands, and acted with more independence, and a clearer intelligence.

It was impossible for this state of mind and action to exist on the part of Mr. Lee, without his sooner or later coming into unpleasant collision with Pinkerton. The latter had been so long accustomed to have his views regarded as law in the business, that to find them treated as of little importance, was a thing not only to surprise, but to chafe him.

One day a few rather sharp words had passed between the two men, growing out of this inde-

pendent action on the part of Mr. Lee. Something, during the excitement, dropped from the latter, which lingered in the mind of Pinkerton, and annoyed him more and more the longer his thoughts dwelt upon it. On his way home, on leaving the store, he called, as was his custom, at the office of Mr. Allen, in order to have some conference with him in regard to business. The result of this conference was by no means satisfactory. Twenty-four thousand dollars must be raised by them on the next day, or hopeless ruin would be the result. But how were they to raise it? All, and more than all they were really worth, had been locked up in two handsome houses; beyond this property, there was little to show as a basis for the extraordinary line of accommodation paper that was in market, bearing their signatures and endorsements. Why all this had been created, Pinkerton hardly knew. The whole range of operations with his father-in-law had become so interwoven, that the clue was completely lost.

An hour of earnest scheming on the part of the two men did not give them much light, and they separated in no very enviable frame of mind; Mr. Allen remaining in his office, and Mr. Pinkerton returning to his home, in a state of gloomy depression. Never before had so dark a cloud spread itself over his mind—never before had so heavy a weight rested on his feelings. A mountain seemed to be suddenly thrown across his path—a thick veil drawn before his future. It was in vain that his wife sought to interest him. She had been busy all day in making costly purchases for the adornment of their new home, and she was eloquent in her descriptions of the various beautiful articles which she had selected. But, her words, instead of exciting pleasant images, only served to make deeper the depression from which he was suffering.

Thus it was, when, early in the evening, a message came that Mr. Allen had been taken suddenly ill, and desired the immediate attendance of Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton. The summons was hurriedly obeyed. On reaching the house of Mr. Allen, they found the family in alarm and consternation. One glance sufficed for Pinkerton, as he entered the chamber of his father-in-law. There was no mistaking the sign stamped on that pallid brow. The finger of death had made the impression. As he advanced to the bed, the dying man stretched forward his hands, and grasped him eagerly. But, all in vain he essayed intelligent speech,—even while struggling for a last utterance, the death-rattle sounded in his throat, and he sunk back lifeless upon the pillow from which he had attempted to raise himself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Not like a strong oak did Mark Pinkerton battle with the tempest which now began to sweep over him; but, like the weak bullrush, he yielded at once, bending low and powerless to the very earth. He knew that to struggle with the tornado would be hopeless; and he scarcely made a show of resistance.

Well was his grief-stricken wife assured that something more than sorrow for the death of her

father caused him to walk the floor of their chamber from midnight until the dawn of day; and if vaguely terrifying fears haunted her sleepless hours, they were too sadly confirmed by the haggard countenance which the cold light of morning revealed. To the many earnest entreaties addressed to him, he had maintained a rigid silence, or answered them with vagueness and impatience.

"Oh, Mark! What ails you? Why are you in such distress?" urged Mrs. Pinkerton, all her fears and anxieties aroused anew as she saw, by the searching daylight, the change which had been brought upon his face. "Do speak to me, husband! Your looks frighten me terribly! What is the matter?"

"Is not the sudden death of your father cause enough for affliction?" was replied evasively.

A gush of tears and sobs was the wife's response. But, could such an answer satisfy her? No—no. The personal attachment between her husband and father was not strong enough for this. His words were but a cloak to hide from her a more terrible calamity that now impended, or had actually fallen upon them. Of this she felt assured; and the impression so filled her mind with anxious fears, that for a time the death of her father seemed but a light affliction. But neither by tears nor entreaties could she break the stern reserve of her husband.

Early in the day Mr. Pinkerton sent for a carriage, and was driven to the house of mourning, accompanied by his wife. After a brief interview with the family touching the last sad rites that must soon follow, and a preliminary conference with the undertaker, he returned alone to his dwelling, where he shut himself up, and with as much courage and calmness as was possible under the circumstances, endeavored to look the approaching calamity in the face. In the absence of memorandum and account books, memory supplied sufficient data to show that his obligations, in connexion with those of his deceased father-in-law, were so far beyond his available resources, that to attempt their liquidation was utterly hopeless. The death of Mr. Allen cut off the very means of raising money which had been so long and so liberally used. The two men could no longer play into each other's hands—and the less skillful player felt himself to be wholly at the mercy of his opponents.

Ah! Those long hours of self-communion, how full of bitterness they were to Mark Pinkerton! A little while before, though on a pinnacle, he had stood firm, and imagined his footing secure. Now, alas! the downward plunge was inevitable, and he could see nothing below but a dark and fearful abyss. No wonder that he shrunk back and trembled.

Many times through the day had the sound of the ringing door-bell met his ears, and each time he waited and listened for the servant's approach, to announce some visitor who wished an interview. Ah, those coming interviews! How the bare thought of them made him sick at heart! Not, however, until late in the afternoon came the expected tap at his door.

"A gentleman—Mr. Lee—is in the parlor," said the waiter.

All day Mr. Pinkerton had been in hourly expectation of a visit from his partner; yet now, as his name was announced, he started.

"Tell him that I will be down in a moment," he replied to the waiter.

The man withdrew. For several minutes Pinkerton walked the floor, striving to think clearly. The fact that his partner came at this particular hour, clearly indicated his errand. A large amount of the paper which in consequence of the death of Mr. Allen, had to come under protest, bore the endorsement of Pinkerton & Lee. The notary had, of course, called at the store of the endorsers, thus exposing to his partner the dishonorable transactions in which he had been engaged: transactions which he feared were likely to involve their house in the ruin that must inevitably fall upon him. At last, feeling that longer delay was useless, Pinkerton descended to the parlor. The compressed lips and knit brow of his partner showed that he had rightly guessed the purport of his visit. The two men bowed distantly. Without making allusion to the death of Mr. Allen, Lee said—

"Are you aware that certain notes to a large amount, and bearing your name, either as drawer or endorser, have laid over to day?"

"I have presumed as much," was the subdued yet somewhat firm answer of Pinkerton.

"I am not very greatly surprised at this result," said Mr. Lee, coldly, "but there is one thing at which I am surprised." And he looked fixedly at his partner. No reply being made, he continued—

"Over five thousand dollars of this paper bears the endorsement of Pinkerton & Lee. Will you explain the meaning of this?"

"It needs no explanation," said Pinkerton, doggedly.

"I beg your pardon," returned the other, quickly. "It does need explanation. By what authority did you use the name of the firm out of our regular business?"

"I am in no state of mind to discuss this matter with you, Mr. Lee," said Pinkerton—"in no mood to answer sharp interrogatories. You have the fact before you, and that admits of no controversy."

"But I want explanations, Mr. Pinkerton. There is too much involved—too much at stake. I am not to be put off in this way."

"What do you want to know?" said Pinkerton, rousing up and assuming something like a defiant air.

"In the first place, I wish to know," said Lee, "by what authority you used the name of the firm outside of our legitimate operations? and in the second place, I wish to be informed as to the extent to which it has been carried?"

"As to your first question," replied Pinkerton, "it requires no answer; and as to the second, I am not at present under circumstances to speak advisedly. All my affairs are inextricably involved with those of Mr. Allen, whose sudden death has produced the present unfortunate state of things. I cannot get immediate access to his books and papers; nor do I know the value of his estate, after his obligations are met."

"You at least know," said Mr. Lee to this,

"whether there is any more paper out bearing the endorsement of the firm. This is a matter in which I am vitally interested, and I, at least, have a right to expect from you all the information now in your power to give. If the amount is hopelessly large, I wish to know it at once; so that my course of action may be promptly determined. The five thousand dollars presented to-day lies under protest; but if the amount of the same kind of paper yet to come due does not reach beyond a certain sum, I will take from the hands of the notary that now in his possession before bank opens in the morning. Is there as much more of this paper in the market?"

"Yes; five times as much more," replied Pinkerton.

"Unhappy man!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, starting to his feet, and moving hurriedly about the room. "Into what a desperate strait has your miserable folly driven you, and all who are so unfortunate as to have any connexion with you whatever."

Both of the men were now silent for a long time; but the thoughts of each were busy. At length Mr. Lee said,—

"Do you think that forty thousand dollars will cover the whole amount of this paper?"

"It ought to do so," replied Pinkerton.

"But will it?" was the quick interrogation.—"Will it? That is the great question now."

"Fifty thousand will, I know, more than cover everything," said Pinkerton.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" ejaculated his partner. "Fifty thousand! And what property have you to set off against this?"

"Enough, I trust, to liquidate the whole, provided hurried sales, involving ruinous sacrifices, are not made."

"Pinkerton," said Mr. Lee, somewhat sternly, "don't mislead me in this matter. I shall suffer wrong enough, at best. What is this property of which you speak?"

"There is my house, which cost over thirty thousand dollars, to begin with."

"But I am told that it is heavily mortgaged."

"Only for some fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars."

"Very well; what next?"

"I have many hundred shares of good stocks."

"Not under hypothecation for loans, or as security for endorsements?"

Pinkerton hesitated to answer. A deep sigh passed the lips of his partner, who said—

"I see how it is. Mortgages and securities will render valueless a great proportion of what you call property. And, doubtless, it will be so with the estate of Mr. Allen. Let me ask another question. For how much paper are you responsible, either as drawer or endorser, beyond the fifty thousand dollars just alluded to?"

"It is impossible now to tell. My bill book is in Mr. Allen's office," replied Pinkerton.

"Will the sum fall short of fifty thousand dollars more?"

"Perhaps not, including endorsements. But then, Mr. Allen's estate will be responsible for his obligations, though they do bare my endorsement."

"Some light, at least," said Mr. Lee, abstractedly, as he paced the floor. "But what a condi-

tion of things it reveals!" Then, after a pause, he asked—

"When is the funeral to take place?"

"On the day after to-morrow," was replied.

"Very well; until that is over, little can be determined upon. Will you be at the store in the morning?"

"I presume not."

"Can I see you here at ten o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Can you not, in the meantime, draw up a statement of your affairs so accurate, that the true position in which you stand may be fully determined?"

"I think so."

"Will you do it?"

"I will."

"But, have you the correct data? Have you, in this intervolved business of note-giving and note-endorsement, which it appears you and Mr. Allen have carried on to an enormous extent, been careful to keep reliable memoranda?"

"As soon as I get my books from Mr. Allen's office, which I will do to-day, I can make up a statement very nearly approximating the truth."

"And this you engage to do at once?" said Mr. Lee.

"It shall be ready by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, if it requires the whole night for its preparation," answered Pinkerton.

"Very well. I will lift the five thousand dollars at a venture; thus saving the credit of the house, and personal exposure to yourself. To-morrow will determine my future action."

Without further remark, the two men separated.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Mr. Lee called on the next morning, he found his partner in a most gloomy and distressed state of mind. Accurately, as it was possible under the circumstances, he had made up his account, and figures, which "do not lie," confirmed all his worst fears. In possession of the Maryland Insurance Company, and in the hands of individual capitalists, were notes, bearing the signature of the firm, amounting, in all, to over thirty thousand dollars, which had been placed there as collateral security, and which, failing to be reclaimed by himself, would come into bank for collection at maturity. Besides these, as near as he could ascertain, notes for at least thirty thousand dollars more were in existence, on which he had placed the endorsement of the house. Beyond this, we need not particularize; as it is of no great use to estimate with accuracy the extent of pressure which exceeds that necessary to crush to atoms the object unfortunately lying beneath.

After a long and careful examination of the figures placed before him by his unhappy partner, Mr. Lee said—

"My first proposition you, no doubt, anticipate; it comes in course, and as a matter of necessity. Our partnership must be dissolved."

Pinkerton slightly inclined his head, but made no answer.

"As carefully, as was possible under the circumstances, I have examined into the state of

our business. It is sound, and has made liberal profits. But it cannot bear the sudden abstraction of fifty or sixty thousand dollars. It would crumble like a wall of sand. Now, what I propose is this. An immediate dissolution, under an obligation, on my part, to lift all the paper you have created or endorsed by virtue of the signature of Pinkerton & Lee, to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. This payment, on your account, to be considered a full equivalent for all interest in the business whatever. Should the sum to be paid not reach sixty thousand dollars, the difference will be so much to your credit."

"Have you not just remarked," said Pinkerton, "that the business will not bear so large an abstraction of capital?"

"Nor will it. Not for a month could I stand alone."

"You expect, then, to fill my place?"

"All is hopeless without a partner. And he must have ample means," said Mr. Lee.

"Can you find such a one?"

"If not, the case is desperate."

"It is very questionable," said Pinkerton, "whether the firm is responsible for any of this paper. Of one thing I am certain—it might be bought in at a large discount. Most of the holders would be glad to realize fifty cents in the dollar rather than encounter the delays and uncertainties of legal proceedings."

Mr. Lee shook his head gravely. "It won't do, Mr. Pinkerton," he said. "The moment the house resists the payment of notes to so large an amount, and on the plea that they were created by one of the firm, outside of the regular business, that moment its credit receives a shock which must ultimately prove its destruction. No—no. There is but one safe course open, and I will walk in none other. As for prolonging our present relations, that is impossible. I would choose, rather, an immediate closing up of the business. As for yourself, your only hope lies in the arrangement proposed. It will at once relieve you from heavy personal responsibilities, and place it in your power to render available to the fullest extent the property you have accumulated in stock and other speculations. If I take care of fifty or sixty thousand dollars for you, surely you can manage safely everything beyond, and come out with a surplus."

Eagerly caught Pinkerton at this view of the case. Light and hope broke in suddenly upon his mind. If his partner would lift so large a sum of the obligations he had created, enough would remain, he believed, to enable him, with the knowledge possessed of money transactions, in some measure, to recover himself. He must step down from his social position many degrees lower, that was plain. But he need not descend so low as, at first, seemed inevitable.

"I do not ask your instant assent to this arrangement," said Mr. Lee. "It is due to yourself, first, to look at a statement of our affairs, and determine whether the notes proposed to be lifted are equal in amount to your interest in the house. I can only say that, taking into consideration the large sums you have drawn out for your own purposes, in excess of my personal account, sixty thousand dollars is something be-

yond your share of the business. This, however, you can readily determine for yourself."

And, when the question came up for final decision, Mr. Pinkerton was at no loss what course to pursue. On the one side, was the broadest exposure of his dishonorable course, in using the firm signature, involving law-suits and humiliating exhibitions of private transactions, with almost certain ruin as the final consequences; while, on the other, was the hope of extrication from the worst of his present embarrassments. A memorandum, as the basis of a dissolution of the firm of Pinkerton & Lee, being drawn up, was signed by both parties, and Mr. Pinkerton went out, in reality, a poor man, from a mercantile establishment in which his interest, had he not madly destroyed it, could scarcely have been purchased for a hundred thousand dollars!

CHAPTER XXXI.

The marriage of Mr. Ackland with Lucy Arden, whose father was a merchant of great wealth, rapidly advanced the interests of the young house of which Lofton was a member. Larger capital was placed at their disposal, and extended facilities came as a legitimate consequence. Few business establishments in the city were more broadly based, or more firmly built up.

During the period of six years, briefly referred to in preceding chapters, though the house of Ackland and Lofton had been steadily, but safely, extending its operations, and though the sum of profits passed to the credit of each partner, year after year, was beginning to count, not by thousands, but by tens of thousands, still the Loftons remained in the comfortable dwelling where we last saw them, and were not in the least troubled with ambitious thoughts. Entirely above the weakness of social rivalry, their minds were never fretted by contrasts between their own household style and arrangements and those of their neighbors and acquaintances. With them, whatever of happiness they enjoyed, flowed from within outward.

Since Lucy Arden's marriage with Mr. Ackland, a gradual change had taken place in her feelings towards Mrs. Lofton. From regarding her as a true-hearted friend, in whose welfare she took a lively interest, she now began to feel towards her the earnest love of a sister. Their earlier intercourse was more or less marked by a consciousness, on both sides, of existing social disparities; but, with the marriage of Lucy, this barrier was removed, for, as the wife of Mr. Ackland, her position was on the same plane with that of Mrs. Lofton. From that time, a new bond united them.

There is little in the peaceful flow of a sun-bright rivulet, as it winds its way among green fields and through quiet valleys, to win the attention or strongly impress the imagination. The picture is a sweet one to look upon, and the heart treasures it. But, to the sketcher, it affords no theme for an imposing display of art. So we find it in the quiet home-life of Mr. and Mrs. Lofton. Its gentle current lapsed pleasantly along, as the years progressed, darkened by no clouds, and whitened into foam-wreaths by no

down-rushing tempest. We will not linger, therefore, to show you the many beautiful pictures that were mirrored upon its surface during the seasons that passed since you last saw them. But another and a note-worthy event is now about to occur, and we pause to make the record.

It was about two months after the death of Mr. Allen. Somewhat later than usual, Mr. Lofton returned home from his store, one evening, and, the moment he entered, Mrs. Lofton saw that his countenance had a thoughtful air beyond its wont. During the tea hour, he seemed abstracted, and said but little. Mrs. Lofton began to feel a shadow of concern hovering about her heart.

"Does anything trouble you, Archie?" said Mrs. Lofton, with a look of tender concern, as soon as she was alone with her husband.

"Do I really look troubled?" enquired the young man, as a smile, half forced and half natural, brightened his face.

"Troubled may be too strong a word. But you have been very silent and, to all appearance, very thoughtful since you returned home this evening."

"And I am thoughtful, dear—very thoughtful, and with good cause," said Lofton.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, in your business?"

"O, no—no," was the quick answer. "Everything is right there. All a hundred-fold better than I ever expected. But let me tell you a little piece of news. You know the two elegant houses built by poor Pinkerton and his father-in-law?"

"Yes."

"They were just completed, as you remember, and the two families were preparing to occupy them, when the death of Mr. Allen took place. I need not speak of the disaster that followed. Both of these houses were heavily mortgaged, and are to be sold, to-morrow, at public sale, for the satisfaction of parties holding the mortgages."

"But is not Mr. Pinkerton able to retain the one he built? I thought, under the arrangement which you told me his partner had made with him at the time of their separation, that he would have a handsome property left."

"So it was said. But Mr. Allen's estate was utterly insolvent, and Mr. Pinkerton's affairs were so mixed up with his, that, after a brief struggle to save himself, he was crushed down and overwhelmed in the general ruin."

"How sad! How very sad! Where is he at present, and what is he doing?"

"I have not seen him for a month. I believe he is not at present engaged in any business."

"Where are his family?"

Mr. Lofton shook his head.

"Ah! what mistakes both he and his wife committed!" said Mrs. Lofton.

"His whole life has been a series of mistakes," replied her husband. "And the only wonder with me is, that he progressed so far without breaking down. Ultimate ruin was inevitable. All prudent, far-seeing men anticipated the inevitable result. Poor fellow!"

There was a silence of some moments, and then Lofton said—

"But, to go back to the houses which are to be sold to-morrow. Mr. Arden was in to see us to-day, and says he is going to buy one of them for Lucy."

"Indeed! How pleased I am to hear you say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Lofton, a light breaking over her countenance. "Dear Lucy! She deserves it all. And what a kind, good father she has! I shall take as much pleasure in seeing her the mistress of one of these elegant mansions, as if the position were my own."

"It is proposed that you shall be the mistress of the other," said Lofton. He tried to speak in a perfectly even tone; but a slight unsteadiness betrayed his feelings.

"Why, Archie!" exclaimed the startled wife, her countenance slightly flushing, and then becoming very pale.

"It is even so, dear," said Lofton, gravely. "Both Mr. Arden and Mr. Ackland insist that I shall purchase the other house."

"To live in?"

"Certainly. That is the end proposed—Ackland and his family to live in one, and we in the other."

"If," said Mrs. Lofton, forcing a smile, "you had, like Mr. Ackland, a rich father-in-law to buy the house for you, then we might have nothing to object. But, to do so now, would be a piece of ostentatious extravagance that nothing would justify."

"So I urged. But neither Mr. Arden nor Mr. Ackland will hear to any objection. The purchase of one of the houses for Lucy is a thing determined upon. Mr. Arden is prepared to overbid all competitors, for he has taken a fancy to the house. But it is not probable either of them will bring over twenty thousand dollars, though they cost every dollar of thirty thousand."

"Twenty thousand dollars! Do you not think it would be wrong for you to draw that large sum from the business?"

"So I said. But no objection would be admitted—or rather, every objection was at once answered, and with a conclusiveness that left me little to say."

"But how was that answered?" said Mrs. Lofton.

"Readily enough. Mr. Arden said that he would make arrangements for all the funds that were needed above ten thousand dollars, while Mr. Ackland asserted that I could draw out of my profits in the business, ten or fifteen thousand dollars, without the least inconvenience being suffered. The fact is, Ellen, it is a settled point in the minds of these two gentlemen, that we are to occupy one of these elegant houses, and Mr. Ackland and Lucy the other. Opposition on our part will only provoke increased importunity on theirs."

"But see, Archie," said Mrs. Lofton, "what an expense beyond the purchase it will involve. New parlor furniture, at least, will have to be bought, and that of a costly kind, to be in keeping with the style of the house. The expense of living, too, will be largely increased. Can we afford all this?"

"I believe we can," said Lofton. "The annual profit on our business is large—so large, that many men would deem it amply sufficient

to warrant a much larger cost of living than we shall have to meet should we remove into one of these houses."

"Dear Archie!" said Mrs. Lofton, the tears springing to her eyes, "when I heard that Lucy was to be the mistress of one of these elegant homes, my heart gave a bound of pleasure; but, it sinks and trembles at the thought of a like elevation for myself. We have been very happy here, Archie—very happy"—she added, with a gush of tender emotions. "Shall we be as happy there, if the change is made? I fear not, dear husband!"

"Keep the same loving heart—the same unselfish regard for the good of others, dear wife!" replied Lofton, with feeling, "and you will not only be as happy there as you have been here, but retain equal power to minister to the happiness of others. Have we been less happy here, than in the humble abode which we first called by the blessed name of home?"

"Oh no—oh no," was answered.

"Why then need this change, if we are fully able to make it, rob us of a single home delight? It will enlarge your social sphere, as a natural consequence; bringing you into contact with many who have cared not to associate with us, or who, because we have kept ourselves obscure, have had no opportunity to know you as one with a congenial spirit; yet, if the love of the world be not permitted to enter our hearts, Ellen, we have nothing to fear. We may go up to a higher position—may accept these added temporal blessings, and still retain that sweet tranquillity of mind which is worth more than all this world has to offer. It is the contented mind that finds delight in what it possesses—that truly enjoys life. The unhappy are they who are ever looking intently into the future for blessings which may never come, while they neglect the good that is given for their enjoyment in the present. This fatal error we have, thus far, avoided. Let us continue to do so, and we have nothing to fear."

While they yet talked about this important change, Mr. and Mrs. Ackland came in. Lucy had known nothing of what was proposed until her husband returned from business on that evening. Of course, she had no scruples about going into the elegant house her father intended buying for her. To be the mistress of such an establishment, just suited her fancy. When she learned, still further, the wishes of both her husband and father in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Lofton, and also the objection urged by the former when the subject was mentioned to him, she declared, in her off-hand, emphatic way, that they should have the other house.

"Come," said she to her husband, as soon as tea was over, "I shall not rest one moment until I see Ellen; and then I don't mean to let her rest until she comes over to our side about the house. Oh, won't it be delightful! What a sensation we shall make! But don't I know a lady or two who will be ready to bite their finger-ends off when they see Mrs. Lofton step up, in her quiet, lady-like way, and take a place far above them."

"But it won't do to approach Mrs. Lofton, on

the subject, in this spirit, Lucy," said her husband, smiling. "You cannot move her by influences so potent in the case of most ladies of our acquaintance. There is a large share of unbending principle in her composition—gentle, unobtrusive, and apparently yielding as she is."

"No one knows her better than I do. So don't fear but what I shall approach her with all due caution; yet, I hope, with consummate tact. I think I understand pretty well her vulnerable points."

In this spirit Mrs. Ackland called, with her husband, on the Loftons. Of all that passed between these deeply-attached friends, it is needless to speak in detail. Enough, that, when the two houses were sold on the next day, one was purchased by Mr. Arden, and the other by Mr. Lofton—each for the sum of nineteen thousand, six hundred dollars.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The new hope that sprung up in the heart of Mr. Pinkerton, on reviewing the proposition of his partner to lift some sixty thousand dollars of the obligations he had created, was soon darkened. He had little dreamed of the true state of Mr. Allen's affairs; nor was he fully aware of the extent to which he was involved therein. A few months sufficed to make all clear—to show him that he was utterly and irretrievably ruined. Gradually, but surely, the circle of his operations narrowed; and, with each contraction, it became too sadly apparent, that to struggle with his fate, only drew tighter the cords that were binding him hand and foot.

Some months had passed since the death of Mr. Allen. Already the two families had united into one, for economical as well as other reasons. But, even this failed to accord with their decreasing means; and they had removed from the handsome house in Charles street to one farther from the centre of the city, which they procured at the greatly reduced rent of two hundred dollars.

How quickly did the crowd of fashionable friends, for whose eyes their costly furniture had been purchased, and their elegant mansion built, recede from them in the time of adversity! They sunk beneath the waves, and the ripple caused by the disaster soon gave place to a calm and sunny surface, leaving no sign of their departure. In the cord by which they were united to the worldly-minded and self-seeking, were no heart-fibres; and it broke without causing a pang. Not a few, who had been most intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton—who had partaken of their generous hospitalities, and basked in the brighter sunshine of their prosperity—rejoiced in heart over their fall; and now could see nothing worthy of remark in their recent elevation, but weak, social ambition, upstart pride, and disgusting vulgarity.

"They carried their heads a world too high," said one.

"I always thought of the fable of the ox and frog," said another; "and, now only wonder that the catastrophe was so long delayed."

"Water is sure to find its true level," remarked a third.

"I never could tolerate them," said a fourth.

who had been one of Mrs. Pinkerton's "dearest friends."

And so the changes were rung. In the meantime, the unhappy subjects of these ungenerous comments were suffering a degree of mental anguish, even a faint picture of which would make the reader's heart ache. But, we are in no way inclined to draw the veil, and exhibit to curious eyes their impotent anguish. It was too great not to be accompanied by deforming exhibitions of pain. Crushed pride and disappointed ambition could not but cry out at the loss of all in life that seemed worth living for; could not but exhibit, in corresponding externals, the bitterness of those inward pangs which seemed as if they would palsy the very heart.

No—no; we will not lift the veil. While the seething fermentation goes on, let their anguish of spirit be a sacred thing. When the wine of life, chastened by its wild, internal conflict, is clearer, and receives the pure light into its bosom, we may bring the reader briefly, into their presence again. A little incident, however, we must not pass over.

One morning—it was when the mind of Pinkerton was almost paralyzed by a crushing sense of coming poverty—he went to the post-office, as was his daily custom, and received therefrom two letters. He did not notice the post-mark on either until he arrived at the office where he had, for some months, transacted the small matters of business that required his attention. Then, as he threw them on a table, he saw the well-known name of his native village, clearly written out on one of them. A sigh escaped his lips as he took this letter in his hand, and broke the seal. He had a foreshadowing of something unpleasant; and his anticipations were by no means at fault. The letter read:—

"SIR.—I don't know that I shall get any thanks for my pains; but, I suppose I must do my duty for all that. In a word, then, your aunt Mary Jones, who has lost, by some hocus-sing of the lawyers, all her little property, and who has been bed-ridden all winter at the house of a poor neighbor, with the rheumatiz, was yesterday sent to the poor-house, as there was no one here that was willing, who felt able, to take the burden of her support. Poor old lady! It is a hard case; and I thought it would break her heart. Howsoever, she's a Christian woman; and if man forsakes her, I suppose God will comfort her in her old age and helplessness. But, it is a hard trial, Mr. Pinkerton, for one like her to be made a pauper of. I thought all night about it last night—it kept me awake till day-dawn. So, this morning, I said to myself, Mr. Pinkerton, her nevy in Baltimore, they tell us is as rich as a Jew. I'll just write to him all about it. So, now, sir, you know that your aunt Mary Jones, your mother's only sister, and the one who was so long a tender mother to your sick, and now dead sister Lucy, is in the poor-house. If you leave her there—why, ignorance of the fact, at least, will be no excuse.

"Obediently yours,

"JOHN CASTOR."

There was scarcely the sign of an emotion

visible as Pinkerton read this letter. At its conclusion, he laid it quietly aside, pressed both hands over his face, and bent forward until his forehead touched the table. It was full ten minutes before he aroused from the painful abstraction of mind which the epistle had occasioned. As he lifted his pale face, his eyes rested on the other letter, which had been forgotten; and now, for the first time, he saw that it bore the same post-mark as this, though addressed in a different hand. The seal was broken, and the letter read in turn. It was as follows:—

"MR. MARK PINKERTON.—Enclosed is a bill of twenty-five dollars, my charge for placing tombstones over the grave of your sister Lucy. You may say that you never ordered them, and if you do, I suppose that must settle the matter. But, I thought, may be, you wouldn't just like to have the grave-stones of an only sister remain unpaid for; and so concluded just to write you on the subject. It is more than two years since Mrs. Jones, your aunt, came to me, and said—'I want you, Mr. Carver, to put up a marble headstone and footstone to dear Lucy's grave. I thought her brother Mark would have done it long ago; but, I suppose he has forgotten all about it. He never was very apt to remember promises. I can't bear to see the weeds and briars all so choked and tangled over the ground; nor to see the grave of one so good and so loved, all neglected, while other graves are cared for properly.' And so she chose the kind of stones she wanted, and I put them up. Well, it wasn't long before poor Mrs. Jones got into more trouble with her little place. A shark of a lawyer here found out that her title wasn't just all right; and the upshot is, that she's lost everything. All winter she lay sick and helpless, and yesterday, I regret to say, was taken to the county almshouse. I never asked her about my bill while all this lawyer-work was going on, for I knew she hadn't the money, and I didn't want to increase her trouble. Of course, there's no chance for me now. But, it has seemed to me, that you wouldn't like the bill for your sister's grave-stones to remain unsettled, and so I send it to you. I shall be glad if you will pay it, as I am a poor man, and can't afford to lose so much money.

"Respectfully, HENRY CARVER."

The first impulsive act of Pinkerton was to write a hurried answer to this letter, to the effect that he enclosed the amount of Mr. Carver's bill, and was sorry he had not been advised of its existence before. Then, taking out his pocket-book, he unfolded a small roll of bills. Their whole sum, on counting them over, did not exceed twelve dollars. With a sigh, the money and pocket-book were replaced. A long time the unhappy man sat musing. How painfully and constrictingly did a sense of destitution press upon his mind! He had no income whatever, and was in no business that gave promise of an income. The little he had been able to retain from the wreck of his fortunes was nearly all expended, and his heart had already begun to feel oppressed with fears of absolute want. Rising, at length, he took the sheet of paper on

which he had written, and deliberately tore it into shreds. Then placing in his desk the two letters received on that morning, he went from his office, not because he had business that required his attention, but in the vain effort to get rid of thoughts whose pressure on his brain were almost maddening him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

More than a year has passed since Mrs. Lofton, with a degree of reluctance and misgiving of heart that few can appreciate, left her comfortable and rather modest home in Courtland street, and became mistress of the elegant mansion built for Mr. Pinkerton. New cares, new responsibilities and new associations, came as the consequence; but entering into all of these with an earnest, self-negating spirit, Mrs. Lofton experienced none of those drawbacks she had feared. Intensely thankful for the good things of life that now surrounded her in liberal profusion, she was in no danger of losing the present enjoyment thereof, through envy of others, or a weak desire for things more costly and elegant. In a very short time, she ceased to reflect on the new relations of things into which she had been brought; her mind being wholly occupied in the discharge of her domestic and social obligations. She was the true wife and mother, the faithful friend, the self-denying Christian—loved and esteemed by all with whom she was in any way brought into contact.

One day, as she sat reading to her children, in the nursery, the door opened, and a middle-aged woman came in. It was the reader's old acquaintance, Bridget. Though we have appeared to lose sight of her for a number of years, such was not the case with Mr. Lofton. She has occupied, ever since his marriage, the same relation to his family that she occupied to him previous to that event.

"Good morning, Bridget," said Mrs. Lofton, in her kind way.

"Good mornin', mem," returned the Irish woman, respectfully.

"You've come for our clothes?"

"Yes, mem. And they're all ready for me. But, with y'r leave, mem, I'd jest like to speak a word or two, that I think, may be, I ought to say, if it's only for humanity's sake."

"Sit down, Bridget," said Mrs. Lofton, showing an immediate interest in the proposed communication. "And now," she added, as the woman took a chair, "speak out freely anything you have to say."

"It is wonderful, though, how things do come about in this world!" remarked Bridget, with a slight air of mystery, and then her eyes took a deliberate survey of the room. "But I knew it couldn't always last. Dear—dear—dear!" And she sighed heavily.

Mrs. Lofton waited patiently the passing away of this mood of mind in Bridget, who soon came to the point touching the matter she desired to communicate.

"It's about Mrs. Pinkerton that I wished to speak with ye, mem," said she.

"Of Mrs. Pinkerton! What of her?" Mrs. Lofton was now all interest.

"Ah, mem, it isn't well with her at all, I can assure ye."

"But where is she, Bridget? I've lost sight of her for some time. After her mother died, I was told that she had gone to the south with her husband."

"She's never been out of the city, mem."

"Indeed! And where is she now, Bridget?"

"Ye know the little house, out Lexington street, where good Mrs. Wilson used to live, a long time ago?"

"I have cause to remember that house, Bridget, as you very well know. I should fear that I was changing for the worse, if I had forgotten that humble dwelling. Some of the sweetest hours of my life were spent there. But what of it, now, Bridget?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton are living there."

"Why, Bridget!"

"It's true as gospel, mem. And that isn't all; they're in actual suffering. I found 'em out a few weeks ago, by accident like, and, since then, I've been there a good many times. Mr. Pinkerton is sick; and poor Mrs. Pinkerton looks like a shadow. She's got everything to do. They don't keep a girl, for I 'spose the expense is mor'n they can afford."

"Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Lofton, in real distress at the picture the humane washerwoman had drawn.

"It is dreadful, indeed, mem, when we think of how it was with 'em once on a time," said Bridget. "Oh, but pride had an awful fall in their case! I wonder it hadn't a killed Mrs. Pinkerton outright. And I'm thinking she would about as lief have died. But she isn't the woman she was, I can tell you, Mrs. Lofton. Oh, no—no; not in any sense. D'ye know, she said to me, only yesterday, 'Bridget,' says she—'Bridget'—and she spoke in such humble kind of way—beseechin' like—'couldn't you get me some work from the clothing stores? I think I might earn a little, sewing, on evenings and odd times, if it was only enough to keep the children, poor things, in shoes.' I felt choked right up, Mrs. Lofton, at that. It did seem so hard. Poor, dear lady! She wasn't brought up to do the likes o' that."

And the kind-hearted Irish woman wiped her eyes with her coarse check apron. As for Mrs. Lofton, she did not attempt to restrain the tears that gushed instantly over her cheeks.

"Before trying to get her the work," continued Bridget, after a pause, "I thought I'd just come and tell you all about it, as the best thing to be done. I knew your heart was good and your hand liberal; and that if for nothing else, for old remembrance sake, you and Mr. Lofton—God bless him for his many kind acts!—would do something for the family."

"We certainly will, Bridget," was the quick reply of Mrs. Lofton. "I am only sorry that you did not tell me about them sooner. It was only a day or two ago that I asked Mr. Lofton if he knew anything of Mr. Pinkerton or his family, and he said that, for some months, he had lost sight of them altogether, and was under the impression that they had left the city. This confirmed what I had previously heard remarked

about their going south some short time after the death of Mrs. Allen."

"It's jest as I tell ye, mem," said Bridget. "And I hope you will see them right soon, for I'm afraid they are in great need."

"I will go there this very day, Bridget."

"Bless your kind soul! I knew it would be jest so!" said the Irish woman, with the warmth of speech peculiar to her people.

In less than an hour from the time Bridget made her communication to Mrs. Lofton, that lady's hand was on the gate opening into the little yard in front of the house occupied by the Pinkertons. How happy had she been with her husband in that humble abode; how wretched were they, hiding themselves there from observation, in want and misery! Her tap at the door was answered by a pale, sad-faced woman, in a plain morning wrapper.

"Is Mrs. Pinkerton at home?" The question had passed the lips of Mrs. Lofton, ere she recognized the changed woman before her as the one she sought.

"Mrs. Lofton!" was the low, sad response of Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Excuse my calling upon you," said Mrs. Lofton, as she grasped, with a heartiness that could not be mistaken for anything but the sign of genuine good-will, the hand of Mrs. Pinkerton—"Until to-day, I was under the impression that you had gone South with your husband. But having learned that you were in the city, that your husband was sick, and that—" Mrs. Lofton's slightly paused, when Mrs. Pinkerton said, with scarcely a sign of wounded pride in her countenance or tone of voice—

"We were in greatly straitened circumstances——"

"That, Mrs. Pinkerton, I was exceedingly pained to hear," continued Mrs. Lofton. "And so I have come, without delay or ceremony, to tender such good offices as you may be willing to accept at my hands."

With a half-wondering, yet grateful look, Mrs. Pinkerton gazed for some moments into the face of her visitor. All seemed to her, for a time, like a dream; and she did not reply until Mrs. Lofton said—

"How is your husband? I hope he is not very sick."

"I hardly know whether he is suffering most from sickness of the body or sickness of the mind," replied Mrs. Pinkerton. "In their union, however, he is completely prostrated."

"Is he in any business?"

Mrs. Pinkerton merely shook her head. This reference to Mr. Pinkerton, and the rather unsatisfactory response, caused a slight embarrassment on both sides. It was quickly removed by Mrs. Lofton, whose enquiries were made in another direction. Sometime, however, elapsed before she was able entirely to break through the shrinking reserve of Mrs. Pinkerton—who could not but have her thoughts turned back upon the past; who could not but remember the time when they had met in this very room—and oh! under what a different relation to each other! But, all this soon passed away. She felt that Mrs. Lofton had come to her as a real friend,

and she was in too great need of a friend to hesitate about meeting the proffered kindness. Ere they separated, she had opened her whole heart to Mrs. Lofton—had related the touching particulars of her sad history, since that unhappy day when a desolating tempest broke suddenly upon her, while yet not even a murmuring prelude of its approach had reached her ears. Scarcely two years had passed since the death of her father, yet in that time they had been reduced to a condition of utter destitution. After a fruitless struggle with fortune, her husband, when he found that every attempt to regain a firm resting-place for his feet was but a vain effort—and that as misfortune closed darker around him, former friends turned coldly away, while those who had him in their power, scrupled not to take from his pocket the last dollar it contained—lost all spirit and all activity; folded his hands, in fact, and sat down for a time, idle, gloomy and utterly despondent. Then he aroused himself, and made a feeble effort to procure employment. But, unsuccessful, he shrunk back again into his hiding-place. Now he was seriously ill. So much in regard to him Mrs. Lofton was able to gather from his wife.

A delicate regard for the feelings of Mrs. Pinkerton prevented the offer of money or direct relief of any kind. That would have seemed too much like charity. But Mrs. Lofton spoke to her encouragingly, and in a way to inspire the most lively hopes.

"My husband," said she, "has not the most distant idea of Mr. Pinkerton's real situation. The moment he hears of it he will call to see him; and as he has it in his power, so will it be in his mind to aid him. Take heart then, my dear madam. The darkest hour, you know, is just before the break of day. You have reached the lowest point in the descending circle, and now the movement must be upward again."

Mrs. Pinkerton shook her head—"It will never be upward with us, I fear. We abused our position and our privileges—I say it in sorrow and humility—and we may never hope to see them return."

"You may never rise so high again," replied Mrs. Lofton. "But your happiness need not depend on that. It is born of no external condition. Believe me, Mrs. Pinkerton, I was as truly happy in this room as I have ever been in my life. And so may you be. With food and raiment, we should all learn to be content. This is true Christian philosophy. Live no longer for yourself—think no longer of yourself—but let your best wishes and your best efforts be for your husband and children. You will find in this a rich reward. Faint not—murmur not. There is sunshine on the path of every one; even though at times the rays be few and feeble."

If Mrs. Pinkerton had not been able to see the rays of sunshine on her path before the visit of Mrs. Lofton, she saw them plainly enough now. They were falling here and there around her; for a broad rift was in the cloud which had so long enveloped her sky.

Pained as well as surprised, was Mr. Lofton at the intelligence his wife had to communicate on his return from business. He lost not a moment in visiting Pinkerton, whom he found so utterly

prostrate in body and mind, as to be almost beyond the inspiration of hope. But the unhappy man soon perceived the real interest felt for him by an early friend, and that friend one possessing full power to give the aid of which he stood so much in need. This quickened a new life within him, and did more to check the bodily disease from which he was suffering, than all the physician's skill.

"Are you in any business?" enquired Mr. Lofton, as soon as the mind of Pinkerton had been awakened into some kind of activity. This was on the occasion of his first visit.

"None," was gloomily answered.

"Would you be willing to accept a clerkship at a moderate salary?"

"Willing, Mr. Lofton! Not only willing but truly thankful for such an opportunity to get bread for my family," was the earnest reply.

"Very well. I will see to-morrow what can be done for you. A secretary is to be appointed next week in one of our Insurance Companies, and as I am a Director, and possess considerable influence in the Board, there will be little difficulty in getting you the appointment. The salary is a thousand dollars."

"My earliest and now my latest friend!" said Pinkerton, with visible emotion, as he grasped the hand of Lofton—"How shall I express my thankfulness and gratitude? To-day, all hope had died out of my heart! Sick, broken-spirited, destitute, I felt that I was forsaken of God as well as man. But your good wife came in as an angel of mercy, throwing a few gleams of light across the frowning sky; and now you are here, filling the whole air with sunshine. God bless you, my kind friend! God bless you!"

He was silent for a few moments, and then resumed—"I have been a very foolish, reckless man, Mr. Lofton, as you know but too well. How often have I thought of your steady, safe, upward movement—slow, cautious, but safe. I used to call it dull plodding; and I deemed you lacking in enterprise and true business capacity. Ah! If I had but taken a few lessons from your example, how different would all have been with me now. What a desperate game I played! I only wonder that fortune favored me so long. But I have suffered a terrible penalty. I have drained the cup of consequences, even to the dregs. For myself, I might not have cared so much, had the power remained with me to remove that bitter cup from the lips of those I loved."

"The bitterness, I trust, is past now," said Mr. Lofton, encouragingly. "And had I known how it was with you—had you come to me ere overtaken by so sad an extremity—much that you and yours have suffered might have been prevented."

"But do you think, Mr. Lofton," said the other, with some little anxiety in the tones of his voice, "that I stand anything like a fair chance for the situation you have mentioned? There will be other applicants who may have strong friends in the Board."

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that," replied Mr. Lofton. "If I do not succeed there, I will in some other quarter. You have good capacity and knowledge of business, and these are al-

ways in demand. Let your heart be entirely at rest. In the mean time, the wants of your family must be supplied. There"—and he placed a small package of bills in the hand of Mr. Pinkerton—"are a hundred dollars. Use the money as you have need. Consider it a loan for twelve months; or longer, if need be. As for Mrs. Pinkerton, I hope she will regard my wife as a real friend who desires to serve her."

Pinkerton had no words to express his gratitude. In the weakness of mind and body, he gave way to a rush of feeling and wept like a child. While he was yet vainly struggling with this overpowering emotion, Lofton arose, and after whispering, as he bent to his ear, a few words of encouragement, retired from the house and took his way homeward.

In two weeks from that day, Mr. Pinkerton entered upon his duties as Secretary of the — Insurance Company. How changed he was to the eyes of every one! It seemed almost impossible for two years to have so marred the countenance and worn down the vigorous frame. Some scarcely recognized the subdued, low-spoken, humbled man, as he quietly discharged the duties of his office. One act, following right early upon this change of fortune, marked a new and better state of mind. Aunt Mary Jones was removed from the almshouse, whither she had been sent in her sickness and poverty, and taken into his own home, where she quickly won to herself the love of all. Sorrow and suffering had given to Mrs. Pinkerton a purified vision, and she early saw the almost angel-qualities of good aunt Mary, and found in her a faithful counsellor—a wise and loving friend. How soon she began to lean on and to confide in her. To perceive in her pure principles a consistent faith in God, a power to sustain the heart amid all trials. The wish to be like her was, to Mrs. Pinkerton, the beginning of a new state. A germ from heaven was implanted in her mind. In due time it swelled with influent life, and soon the tender green leaves expanded to the dews and sunshine, giving promise of a goodly plant. A trial it was to Mrs. Pinkerton when aunt Mary, a stranger of whom she had scarcely heard, was brought into her house as a permanent inmate. As cordially as it was in her power, under the circumstances, did she welcome her when she came. But how little dreamed she at the time, of entertaining an angel unawares.

Ten more years have glided away. As to the Loftons, no change, worthy of record here, has transpired. The Pinkertons have, during the time, been slowly on the upward movement. Mark Pinkerton is a man possessing large experience and no ordinary business capacity. These have enabled him again to form an advantageous connexion. But he is in no danger, we believe, of receding into former errors. The lessons of the past are graven too deeply on his memory.

THE END.

The fish "most out of water," in the "wide wide world," is a bashful man at a soiree, where he has but one acquaintance, and that acquaintance quite as modest a masculine as himself. What a pair!

THE MASQUE OF THE NEW YEAR.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the Years.—SPENSER.

I.

Out from tower and from steeple rang the sudden
New Year bells,
Like the chousing of genii in ærial citadels;
And, as they chimed and echoed overthwart the
gulfs of gloom,
Lo, a brilliance burst upon me, and a Masque went
through the room.

First, the young New Year came forward, like a
little dancing child,
And his hair was as a glory, and his eyes were
bright and wild,
And he shook an odorous torch, and he laughed,
but did not speak,
And his smile went softly rippling through the
roses of his cheek.

Round he looked across his shoulder; and the Spirit
of the Spring
Entered slowly, moved before me, paused and lin-
gered on the wing:
And she smiled and wept together, with a dalliance
quaint and sweet,
And her tear-drops changed to flowers underneath
her gliding feet.

Then a landscape opened outwards. Broad, brown
woodlands stretched away
In the luminous blue distance of a windy-clear
March day;
And at once the branches kindled with a light of
hovering green,
And grew vital in the sunshine, as the Spirit pass-
ed between.

Birds flashed about the copses, striking sharp notes
through the air;
Danced the lambs within the meadows; crept the
snake from out his lair;
Soft as shadow sprang the violets, thousands seem-
ing but as one;
Flamed the crocuses beside them, like gold drop-
pings of the sun.

And the Goddess of the Spring—that Spirit tender
and benign—
Squeezed a vapory cloud, which vanished into
heaven's crystal wine;
And she faded in the distance where the thickening
leaves were piled;
And the New Year had grown older, and no longer
was a child.

II.

Summer, shaking languid roses from his dew-be-
dabbled hair,
Summer, in a robe of green, and with his arms and
shoulders bare,
Next came forward; and the richness of his pa-
geants filled the eye;
Breadths of English meadows basking underneath
the happy sky;

Long grass swaying in the playing of the almost
wearied breeze;
Flowers bowed beneath a crowd of the yellow-
armored bees;
Sumptuous forests filled with twilight, like a
dreamy old romance;
Rivers falling, rivers calling, in their indolent ad-
vance;

Crimson heath-bells, making regal all the solitary
places;

Dominant light that pierces down into the deep
blue water spaces;
Sun-uprisings, and sun-settings, and intensities of
noon;
Purple darkness of the midnight, and the glory of
the moon;

Rapid, rosy-tinted lightnings, where the rocky
clouds are riven,
Like the lifting of a veil before the inner courts of
heaven;
Silver stars in azure evenings, slowly climbing up
the steep;
Corn-fields ripening to the harvest, and the wide
seas smooth with sleep.

Circled with these living splendors, Summer passed
from out my sight,
Like a dream that filled with beauty all the caverns
of the night;
And the vision and the presence into empty no-
thing ran;
And the New Year was still older, and seemed
now a youthful man.

III.

Autumn! Forth from glowing orchards stepped he
gayly, in a gown
Of warm russet, freaked with gold, and with a
visage sunny-brown;
On his head a rural chaplet, wreathed with heavily-
dropping grapes,
And broad, shadow-casting vine-leaves, like the
Bacchanalian shapes.

Fruit and berries rolled before him, from the Year's
exhaustless horn,
Jets of wine went spinning upwards, and he held a
sheaf of corn;
And he laughed for very joy, and he danced from
too much pleasure,
And he sang old songs of harvest, and he quaffed a
mighty measure.

But above this wild delight an overmastering
graveness rose,
And the fields and trees seemed thoughtful in their
absolute repose;
And I saw the woods consuming in a many-colored
death—
Streaks of yellow flame, down-deepening through
the green that lingereth,

Sanguine flushes, like a sunset, and austere-sha-
dowing brown;
And I heard within the silence the nuts sharply
rattling down;
And I saw the long dark hedges all alight with
scarlet fire,
Where the berries, pulpy-ripe, had spread their
bird-feasts on the briar.

I beheld the southern vineyards, and the hop-
grounds of our land,
Sending gusts of fragrance outwards, nearly to the
salt sea strand;
Saw the windy moors rejoicing in their tapestry of
fern,
And the stately weeds and rushes, that to dusty
dryness turn.

Autumn walked in glee and triumph over moun-
tain, wood, and plain,
And he looked upon their richness as a king on his
domain;
All too soon he waned, and vanished over misty
heaths and meres;—

And the New Year stood beside me like a man of fifty years.

IV.

In a foggy cloud obscurely, entered Winter, ashy pale,
And his step was hard and heavy, and he wore an icy mail:

Blasting all the path before him, leapt a black wind from the north,
And from stinging drifts of sleet he forged the arrows of his wrath.

Yet some beauty still was found; for, when the fogs had passed away,
The wide lands came glittering forward in a fresh and strange array;
Naked trees had got snow foliage, soft and feathery, and bright,
And the earth looked dressed for Heaven in its spiritual white.

Black and cold as iron armor lay the frozen lakes and streams;
Round about the fenny plashes, shone the long and pointed gleams
Of the tall reeds, ice-encrusted; the old hollies, jewel-spread,
Warmed the white, marmoreal chillness with an ardency of red.

Upon desolate morasses, stood the heron like a ghost
Beneath the gliding shadows of the wild fowls' noisy host;
And the bitter clamored harshly from his nest among the sedge,
Where the indistinct, dull moss had blurred the ragged water's edge.

But the face of Winter softened, and his lips broke into smiles,
And his heart was filled with radiance as from far enchanted isles;
For across the long horizon came a light upon the way—

The light of Christmas fires, and the dawning of new day.

And Winter moved not onward, like the rest, but made a stand,
And took the Spirit of Christmas, as a brother, by the hand;

And together tow'rd the heavens, a great cry of joy they sent;—

And the New Year was the Old Year, and his head was gray and bent.

Then another New Year entered, like another dancing child,

With his tresses as a glory, and his glances bright and wild;

And he flashed his odorous torch, and he laughed out in the place,

And his soul looked forth in joy, and made a sunshine on his face.

Out from spire, and from turret, pealed the sudden New Year bells,

Like the distant songs of angels in their fields of asphodels;

And that lustrous child went sparkling to his aged father's side,

And the New Year kissed the Old Year, and the Old Year gently died.—*Household Words.*

THE LAST CURIOSITY.—A piece of the poet Laura ate.

A COUPLE OF MULROONEY STORIES.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

Some time ago, I was pleasantly surprised by receiving a visit from Harry Stanley, an old and valued friend of mine, who owns a noble plantation some ten miles distant from my residence. He had ridden across, as country-folks often do, not so much because of any particular business he had with me, as to have a chat about old times, and the crops, and politics, and those lesser matters of common interest to both. As I had not seen Harry for several months, owing to the illness of Mrs. Stanley, his visit was even more than usually agreeable to me, inasmuch as it proved that my old college chum was still the same frank, easy, warm-hearted fellow as ever. My first question naturally touched upon the health of Mrs. Stanley, which I was gratified to learn had greatly improved of late. Afterwards, we fell into a social confab; and, when the newer topics of the day were exhausted, Harry strolled with me around the farm, noting with a practised eye the growing grain, and speculating upon the probabilities of a bountiful harvest. Having extended our walk across the fields, we took to the hills beyond, and at length seated ourselves beneath a fine old chesnut-tree, from whence there was a noble prospect of the surrounding country.

Taking a cigar from a case he was accustomed to carry in his pocket, my friend proceeded leisurely to light it; and, when this feat was accomplished, and a few whiffs had been taken in silence, all at once, and to my great surprise, he suddenly broke out with—

"I say, Urban, do you know anything of one Peter Mulrooney?"

"Why do you ask?" said I.

"Oh, nothing; only he claims you as a warm friend of his, and referred me to your respectable self for his character. I didn't want to bother you, however, at the time; but, happening just then to need a hand, I hired him at once, and I do assure you his character soon made itself apparent without any further trouble. After he had been with me for a week or so, doing nothing properly, I thought it just possible you might have discharged him for some misdemeanor or other, and concluded to catechize my gentleman a little.

"So you know Mr. Urban, Mulrooney?" said I.

"'Deed, sir," said he, "'tis proud I am to say that same; for sure there isn't a dacenter jintleman, barrin' it's yerself, in all Ameriky."

"I am happy to hear him so well spoken of; but, if you were so much attached to him, why did you quit his service?"

"Sorra one o' me knows," he replied, a little evasively, as I thought—"Ayeh! but 'twasn't his fault, anyhow."

"I dare say not. But what did you do after you left Mr. Urban?"

"Och, bad luck to me, sir, 'twas the foolishhest thing in the world. I married a widdy, sir."

"And became a householder, eh?"

"Augh!" he exclaimed, with an expression of intense disgust, "the house wouldn't bould me long; 'twas too hot for that, I does be thinkin'."

"Humph! You found the widow too fond of having her own way, I suppose?"

"Thru for you, sir; an' a mighty crooked way it was, that same, an' that's no lie."

"She managed to keep you straight, I dare say."

"Straight! Och, by the powers, Misther Stanley, ye may say that! If I'd swallowed a soger's ramrod, 'tisn't straighter I'd ha' been."

"And the result was that, not approving of the widow's discipline, you ran away and left her?"

"Sure, sir, 'twas aiser done nor that. Her first husband, betther luck to him, I say, saved me the trouble o' that."

"Her first husband! What! has she another husband living?"

"Oh yis; one Michael Conolly, a sayfarin' man, that was reported dead; but he came back one day, an' I resthored him his wife and childher. Oh, but 'twas a proud man I was to be free again?"

"With these explanations, our conversation for the time terminated; but some days afterwards, a colt, of no great value, looking rather sluggish and heavy, I thought I would test Master Peter's usefulness about the stables, so I sent for him to come to the house."

"Peter," said I, "do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm mash this evening?"

"As he stared at me for a minute or two without replying, I repeated the question."

"Is it a mash, sir?" said he. "Sure, I'd like to be plasín' yer honor, any way, an' that's no lie."

"As he spoke, however, I fancied I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face; but, taking it for granted he knew what I meant, I paid at the time no farther attention to it. The conversation which followed immediately after, by one of those singular coincidences which so frequently happen in life, turning upon the subject of horses, tended still more to impress me with that belief. Now don't laugh, Urban; for, though I perceive by your quizzical look that you are pretty well acquainted with your Irish friend, even you cannot possibly have any conception of the manner in which the affair terminated."

"In some egregious blunder, Stanley, I'll be bound. But pray proceed with your narrative."

"Peter stood for some time crushing his hat uneasily between hands, and occasionally shifting the weight of his gaunt person from one foot to another, until I began at length to entertain a faint suspicion that perhaps he had not exactly understood me, after all; so I said to him—

"A warm bran mash for the black filly. You will not forget it I hope, Mulrooney?"

"Och, 'tis an illigant mimory I have," said he; "an' niver a word dhrops from yer honor's lips but I'll be bound to hould it as fast as the lobster did Neal McGowk."

"How was that, Peter?" said I.

"Bedad, sir, but 'tis a quare sthory," said he, bursting out into one of his rich laughs. "You see, sir, there wasn't a handier boy in the matther of horse-flesh in all County Galway than Neal McGowk. Ayeh! but 'twas he that had the keen

eye for a bit of the raal blood! An' so the rich gentry all the country round pathronized him, an' called him Misther McGowk, 'an' trated to a bit an' a sup; an' may-be they sometimes crossed his hands wid silver an' goold besides. 'Deed, sir, 'twas mighty affectionate they wor wid him. 'Twas always "The top o' the mornin' to ye, Misther Neal," or "'Tis glad I am to see ye, Misther McGowk!" for they entertained a respect for his scientific acqirements in the matther of horses that was beautiful to see. Whenever they wanted to buy a splendid hunter, or a span of fine horses for my lady, or a pony about the size of a month-ould calf for the childher, who but Neal McGowk must ride with them to the fairs, an' the markets, 'an' discourse upon the qualities of the bastes? By a mystarious gift, he could tell their ages, too!"

"That is not at all difficult," said I, a little contemptuously. "Any fool can tell that by looking at their teeth."

"'Tis of Irish horses I am spakin', yer honor," responded Peter, with an air of the utmost simplicity.

"I know of no difference between Irish and American horses in that respect," said I, laughing.

"Och, but did I ever hear the likes o' that!" exclaimed Peter. "Sure it doesn't become a poor boy to impache yer honor's larnin'; but—here he cast a queer, side-long glance at me from under his half-closed eyelids—"there isn't an ould maid, wid all her silks, an' her satins, an' her goold, an' her bright sparklin' jewels, that does be more frac-tious about havin' her age tould than an Irish horse."

"It was almost impossible to resist this; but I managed to restrain my disposition to burst out into a hearty roar, and merely said—

"Poh! poh! Have done with your nonsense, Mulrooney, and go on with your story."

"Sure enough, 'twas by the teeth, sir, that he tould the age of a horse; for why would I be tellin' yer honor a lie about it? But 'twas only the coaxin' way he had that put the comether on the jealous baste, and persuaded it to open its mouth."

"Ah, I know; you Irish are famous for blarney."

"'Deed, sir, that's thrue, any way," said Peter. "Well, Neal was but a poor crayther, afther all; for, by rason of the gentry colloguing wid him, be began to turn the could shoulder to his ould frinds, an' to brag, 'an' to boast, as if he bate the world for wisdom. Arrah, where was the use of a dacent man demaneing hisself in that way? Well, one day he took it into his head to thravel to Dublin for divarshin; an' a mighty purty divarshin he made of it, sure enough. Och; but it's a beauty of a city, that same Dublin, wid its four coorts, an' its strates of fine houses, an' its college green, an' its bridge over the Liffey! By an' by, Neal sthrolls to the market. Bedad, but 'twas his evil janius tuk him there, I does be thinkin'! Afther admirin' the hapes of pitatees, and the lashins of bafe, an' mutton, an' other vegetables of a similar characther, he comes to a fisherman's stall, where he sees iver so many black things pokin' out their thin legs an' dhrawin' them back agin, in a lazy sort of a way."

"What's thim?" sez Neal to the fisherman.

"Lobsters," sez the man.

"'Tis jokin' ye are," sez Neal. "Lobsters are red craythers, as red as sojers' coats," sez he; "for Misthress Hoolagan, the housekeeper at Squire Doolin's, tould me so."

"Misthress Hoolagan is a dacent woman, an' tells the thruth," sez the fisherman. "'Tis the bilin' does it. The hot wather turns 'em."

"Ayeh! but that bates bannagher!" sez Neal.

"I'll be plazed to sell ye one," says the man.

"'Tis the illigantest atin!" 'Tis what they feed the great lords and ladies upon."

"So Neal thought what a mighty fine thing it would be to take a lobster home wid him, an' dine for wanst in his life for all the world like a jintleman.

"Is this baste fat?" sez Neal, pointin' wid his finger to the biggest fellow on the board.

"Begorra, ye might thry him down an' make sparm candles out of him," sez the fisherman.

"But it sthrikes me the baste isn't young," sez Neal, dubiously.

"'Tis aisy to see for yerself," sez the fisherman, slyly.

"How will I do that?" sez Neal.

"Hasn't he got two mouths wid teeth in 'em?" sez the fisherman.

"Bedad, but that's thrue," sez Neal.

"An', wid that, he lays hould of it as bould as brass, whin wow! clip goes the claws into his hand."

"Och, murther!" cries Neal, shakin' his hand wid the black lobster clingin' to it, an' he skip-pin' about like a monkey on a barrel-organ. "Murther! I'll be killed intirely!" says he. "Take the baste off, will ye! 'Tis a dead man I am this blessed day! Och! wirra! wirra! what'll become of Biddy an' the childher? Murther! murther! the varmint is sucking all the blood from my body. 'Tis that makes the lobsters so red. Sure I ought to have known it afore. Oh, blissed Saint Patrick, what'll I do! Good people have pity on me! 'Tis a poor divil I am, wid a wife an' six childher down in Galway. Take the baste off, I say! Will any good jintleman cut his head off, or run a knife down his throat?"

"But the crowd they wor screechin' wid laughter, an' bouldin' their sides, an' niver a soul of 'em stirred, till a big butcher bruk through 'em wid his cleaver.

"Hould your hand down upon the board," sez he to Neal. And, wid that, he chopt off the claws, an' set McGowk free.

"Now I'll pay ye for the lobster, if ye plaze," sez Neal, in a passion, to the fisherman.

"Oh," sez the man, "if 'tis a batin' ye're afther, ye're welcome to it." An' wid that, he saz a couple of lobsters by the small of the back, and flourishes thim at arms' length. "Ar-rah, come on!" sez he.

"But, as soon as Neal heard the lobsters shakin' an' rattlin' near his face, he dhrops his fists, an' runs out of Dublin, wid the people shoutin' at his heels. Faix! when he came back to Galway, there wasn't many o' the boys that wor bould enough to ask Neal McGowk to tell 'em

the age of a lobster by lookin' at his teeth. An' that's the story, sir."

"Very admirably embellished, I dare say. And now, Mulrooney, I can dispense with you for the present; so bear in mind what I told you."

"About the mash, sir?"

"Certainly, about the mash."

"Still, Peter unaccountably lingered; and I was about to ask why he waited, when he said, softly—

"I beg yer pardin, sir; but 'tis bothered intirely I am. Will I give her an ould country mash, or an Ameriky mash?"

"I don't know of any distinction between them," I answered, rather puzzled in my mind at what he was aiming at. I found afterwards he was ignorant of what a mash was. 'I don't know,' said I, 'of any distinction between them.'

"Arrah, 'tis rasonable enough that ye shouldn't," responded Peter.

"Look here, Mulrooney," said I, impatiently. 'I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a bucket of warm water, and after stirring the mixture well, to give it to the black filly. That is what we call a bran mash in this country. Now do you perfectly understand me?'

"Good luck to yer honor," replied Peter, looking very much relieved; for the rascal had got the information he was fishing for. 'Good luck to yer honor, what 'ud I be good for if I didn't? Sure, 'tis the ould country mash, after all.'

"I thought as much," said I; 'so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake.'

"'Tisn't likely I'll do that, sir," said he, looking very confidently. 'But about the warm wather, sir?'

"There's plenty to be had in the kitchen."

"An' the naygur? Will I say to her 'tis yer honor's ordhers?'

"Certainly; she'll make no difficulty."

"Oh, begorra, 'tisn't a traneeen I care for that. But will I give her the full of the bucket, sir?'

"'Twill do her no harm," said I, carelessly. And with that, Peter made his best bow, and departed from the presence.

"It might have been some ten minutes after this that Mrs. Stanley entered the room where I was sitting, and, as she was still somewhat of an invalid, I laid down the book I had in my hand, and leading her to the sofa, arranged the pillows to her liking.

"I wish you would go into the kitchen, George," she said, as I was disposing a light shawl about her person. 'I am afraid there is something wrong between that Irishman of yours and Phillis. Both their voices appeared to be a good deal raised as I crossed the hall; and I heard the man say something about some orders you had given him.'

"Oh, 'tis nothing, my dear," I said, half-laughingly. 'I understand it all. Mulrooney requires some warm water, which Phillis, who bears him no love, has, I suspect, declined to give him.'

"My explanation scarcely satisfied Mrs. Stanley, who seemed to think that the disturbance was greater than would be likely to arise from such a trifle. However, she said nothing more, and I was searching for a passage in my book, which I thought would please her, when, all at

once, we were startled by a distant crash of crockery ware—plates and dishes, in fact, as I afterwards discovered. To add to our annoyance, this crash was speedily followed by a half-suppressed shriek. Mrs. Stanley started up in alarm.

“Do go and see what is the matter, George,” said she. “I told you I was sure it was something serious. That Irishman will be the death of Phillis some of these days. They are always quarrelling.”

“Scarcely pausing to listen to the closing portion of my wife’s speech, I hurried from the room, and soon heard, as I passed through the hall, an increasing clamor in the kitchen beyond. First of all came the shrill voice of Phillis.

“‘Ha’ done, I say! I won’t hab nuffin’ to do with the stuff, nairaway!’

“‘Ye ugly an’ contrairy ould naygur, don’t I tell ye ’tis the master’s orders?’ I heard Peter respond.

“‘Tain’t no such a thing. Go way, you poor white Irisher! I tell ’ee I won’t. Who ebba hearn ob a colored ’oman a takin’ a bran mash afore, I’d like to know?’

“The whole truth of what I had been suspecting for some time flashed upon me at once, and the fun of the thing struck me so irresistibly that I hesitated for a while to break in upon it.

“‘Arrah, be aisy, can’t ye, an’ take the dose like a dacent naygur?’

“‘Go way, I tell ’ee!’ screamed Phillis. ‘I’ll call missus, dat I will.’

“‘Och, by this an’ by that,’ said Peter, resolutely, ‘if ’tis about to frighten the beautiful mistress ye are, an’ she sick too at this same time, I’ll soon put a stop to that.’

“Immediately afterwards, I heard the sound of his heavy step across the kitchen floor, and then came a short scuffle and a stifled scream. Concluding that it was now time for me to interfere, I moved quickly on, and, just as the scuffling gave way to smothered sobs and broken ejaculations, I flung open the door and looked in. The first thing that caught my eye was Phillis seated in a chair, sputtering and gasping, while Mulrooney, holding her head under his left arm, was employing his right hand in conveying a tin-cup of bran mash from the bucket at his side, to her upturned mouth.

“‘What in the name of all that is good, are you doing now, Mulrooney?’ said I.

“‘Sure, sir,’ said he, ‘what ’ud I do but give black Phillis the warm mash, accordin’ to yer honor’s orders? Augh, the haythen! Bad ’cess to her! ’tis throuble enough I’ve had to make her reasonable an’ obedient, an’ that’s no lie. The stupid ould-thafe of a naygur!’

“My dear Urban, you may imagine the *finale* to so rich a scene; even Mrs. Stanley caught the infection, and laughed heartily. As for Peter, the last I heard of him was his muttering, as he walked away—

“‘Aye! why didn’t he tell me? If they call naygurs fillys, and horses fillys, how should I know the differ?’”—*Lady’s Book*.

Modesty is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy there must be something underneath it.

ABOUT POVERTY.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I wish that more of us had the courage to be poor; that the world were not gone mad after fashion and display; but, so it is, and the blessings we might have are lost in the effort to get those which lie outside of the possible.

We are as one who sees the bright top of a mountain, and climbs and climbs till his strength is gone and the noontide heats burn him up, and then sees too late the cool deep shadows at the base.

And what is it after all that we want? What is this reaching and working and complaining all about? What is it that we really need, which by a little honest endeavor we may not attain? In the little and limited experiences of my life, how many sorrowfully-tinted pictures I have seen—pictures that might just as well have been turned toward the sunshine as not.

Let me show you the first that rises in my mind. It is of an old-country-house—the roof all green with moss, the windows broken, and the paint washed from the walls. The trees that grow about it are unpruned, and the weeds in the door-yard have choked out the flowers, if there were ever any flowers there: everything looks ruinous.

The well-curb is shattered, and leaning to one side, the sweep broken, but in its useless condition, standing yet; so that the water is drawn by means of a milk-pail, and the clothes line—a few stunted currant-bushes and a bunch of worm-wood indicate the spot where the garden has been. The fences are down, and the briars are up. In short, it looks thriftless and comfortless, and why? it was not always so.

I remember when all the farm and the house were neat and trim, as you can imagine,—when the household was astir at daybreak, and the dozen sleek cows were milked, and turned into the pasture before sunrise. Now the four or five scrawny creatures are sometimes neglected till near the noonday, and stand lowing and switching the flies about the milk-yard, in place of chewing the cud in the maple shadows.

The housewife, that used to look so tidy, as she stood churning under the cherry-trees, at the door, is rarely to be seen now, and when she is, it is in slovenly dress, and with melancholy air. The doors are close shut, and I suspect the spiders work in and about the old place, at pleasure. Sometimes at ten o’clock in the morning the owner of these premises is seen yawning about the door, with uncombed hair, and in languid spirits, seemingly.

He used to be plowing when the larks began to sing, and whistling as merrily as they. And what has wrought all this change? Why are the children, that used to be skipping to the free school with faces so round and so merry, kept at home now, to roam wild through the woods, and forget all they ever learned at school?

This, and simply this, is the reason of it all.

A rich man has come to the neighborhood, and the shadow of his fine house falls across the doorway of farmer D., as we may call the person of whom we are writing.

"Our neighbors don't milk a dozen cows, and make butter," says Mrs. D. "Suppose we sell ours, and try some other way of doing?" The farmer demurs a little, but one after another the cows are sold: "it makes the hands of the children so big and awkward to milk," says Mrs. D., "and if we want them to be like any body, (meaning the rich neighbors) we must not have them milk."

They don't try anything else, however, in the place of the butter-making, and before long the dresses of the children are too old and worn to wear to school—there is nothing with which to buy new ones, and Mrs. D. thinks it is small difference whether they go at all, as it is as well to stay at home, if they can't do any more like other folks. Referring, of course, to the rich neighbors, whose children go to the academy.

The weeds grow up in the door-yard. "Bless me," says Mrs. D., "our old hollibocks and sunflowers don't look much like the beautiful flowers some people have. I don't care whether they are planted or not." And so things go.

Sabbath morning comes, and the wagon in which they used to ride to church is not drawn from beneath the shed. Mrs. D. thinks people that can't have a carriage may as well stay at home and read a sermon; besides, she noticed when she went last that her bonnet didn't look like some ladies' bonnets. And the rich neighbor goes by in his carriage, and the farmer wanders about the fields, looks at the colts and the cows, diminishing in numbers and excellence, and at last goes home dissatisfied with himself and the world. Because they can't do all their rich neighbors can do, they will do nothing, when, if they had kept evenly and steadily forward, they might have enjoyed many things for which they are now vainly sighing.

True, their door-yard might not have been enclosed with a stone wall, but a white-washed picket fence they could have made, and that, with the hollibocks and the roses gleaming through, would have been pretty if not grand. They might not have driven a fine coach, but a neat and comfortable carriage might have been theirs, and their children might have been educated at the free-school as well as at the academy.

As it is, the parents are unamiable, envious, jealous, while their family are growing up in idleness and ignorance, and with proud and ambitious notions, too, that they will never be likely to have the means of indulging.

Again, I say I wish we were not so much afraid of being poor, or that we were less discontented at the opulence of others. Suppose our neighbor looks down upon us, for that our roof is low—well, and what of it? does the storm beat through because of his proud looks? if not, I see not that we are the worse. If my dress be of one cloth, and the gown of my friend be of another and a costlier one, shall we cease to be friends because of it? Not if she be one whom I care to have my friend.

If I have not much gold and silver, I can narrow my wants if I will, and after all the best things are the free gifts of God. The fresh air and the sunshine are mine as well as the rich man's, and though he may have a luxurious house, he may be blind to the splendor of the

sunset, the glory of the stars. Under my low cottage roof, at midnight, I have had visions that wealth could not buy: from the simple wood flowers, and the hum of bees, and the songs of birds, I have gathered pleasures that the walls of a palace would have shut out. And now, as I feel the sunset light slant against me, and see the black March boughs giving out their fresh buds in the softening air, I am content, even though my lot be humble, and my portion small.

I remember of talking with a neighbor lady of ours, years ago, it is now, about the good fortune that had come to her, for she and her husband were suddenly become rich.

They had lived in an unpretending, little house, in the midst of thick woods, when I first visited them, and were poor. Naturally enough, I alluded to our first acquaintance, and to one of its many seasons of enjoyment.

"O, it was a dear, old place, that house in the woods," she said, with a sigh. "Such sweet flowers we had there, such a nice garden, and then we had little Freddy, a baby—it was the happiest year of my life. We were not long married, you know, and my husband was always at home."

She slept within the gorgeous drapery of the window, as she spoke, and, wiping her eyes, gazed long and sadly toward the woods that hid the old house away. She had seen there the best days of her life. She had Freddy still, and she had more flowers now than then, together with many stylish things undreamed of there, but, alas, she was less happy.

Wealth had brought with it a train of dissipation, and before their false glitter the young love had faded, and the charm of life was lost.

No more the sunset brought her tired husband from the field, and so she looked at the old house and wept.

INDUSTRY ESSENTIAL.—If you are not possessed of brilliant talents, you can at least be industrious; and this, with steady perseverance, will compensate for many intellectual gifts. The history of almost every really eminent man, no matter in what pursuit he has signalized himself and served mankind, abounds with proofs that to industry, fully as much as to genius, have all really great human achievements been attributable. Great scholars, for instance, have always been not merely laborious, but they have also studied both methodically and regularly; they have had for every portion of the day its proper and allotted study, and in no wise would they allow any one portion of time to be encroached upon by the study to which another portion was especially appropriated in their fixed plan of action.

The Bishop of Oxford, having sent round to the church-wardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was:—"Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" The church-warden near Wallingford replied:—"He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

DREAMS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY MEETA.

It was the hour of twilight—beautiful, hushed, and shadowy. I sat upon the little vine-wreathed porch, watching the creeping shadows as they waved and mingled among the elms.

No arrowy-moonbeam, fraught with silvery light, disturbed the brief reign of pensive twilight; no star-jewel rested its quivering radiance upon her dark yet beautiful brow. Ah, none! Softly, silently, calmly, with her glow-tinted shades, and sweet musings, held she gentle sway over her mortal habitations.

Unthinkingly, my soul went out through the dream-loving twilight, and opened a pathway to the well-beloved plains of the Past, that beautiful shadow-land of the heart, peopled with early loves and dreams, dim, distant, yet cherished for ever—the lost Paradise of life. In those sunny, silver days, I attended the beautiful and rural seminary of L—, with many young and lovely companions. There are among school-girls, generally, three particular Graces, without which presiding deities the temple of instruction must certainly be at a loss, and our seminary could boast of all three, namely: a beauty, a wit, and a blue, all equally indispensable at their respective altars.

Mabel Lorimer, a stately, graceful Venus, was our "beauty," and well she deserved that favored appellation. She was a dark, flashing, magnificent creature, endowed with a rich, glowing complexion, jetty hair and eyes, and a certain half-pleasing, half-proud air, very winning to us.

Fannie Travers was our "blue," a quiet, gentle girl, who studied her lessons sufficiently to recite for half-a-dozen delinquents, and who always pursued "the even tenor of her way."

But Nell—, saucy, wild Nell, she, the merry, laughter-loving hoyden, was the most blithesome, witty, little creature that ever was enclosed within the walls of a seminary. She was our "wit," the pleasure-builder and favorite of all the school; no teacher could withstand her merry sallies or mock-coaxings; no head or heart was proof against her well-pointed shafts of wit and sarcasm.

We loved them all three, each so different in her own sphere—Nell, with her wilful, capricious mirth; Fannie, so apt to win a certain reserved corner in the heart; and Mabel, so stately, proud, yet incomparably beautiful.

One lovely afternoon in summer, just before the vacation was to commence, Nell, Fannie, Mabel and I sat chatting together idly beneath the trees in the park, our books lying unopened beside us. For once, we had succeeded in drawing Fannie from her books, and now we sat conversing together whilst awaiting our hour for recitation. We spoke of our parting, and a shadow seemed to droop into Nell's flashing eyes and steal their smiles away. A thought seemed to strike her suddenly, and, picking up one of her books, she asked me for my pencil.

"Now, young ladies," said she, solemnly, with something of her usual mock-gravity, "I am going to mark down in this book the time of

the month and year, and I propose that each one of us shall write underneath it their dearest wish—provided they have any."

We all applauded this singular freak, and each one prepared to obey.

Mabel Lorimer took the pencil first, and thought for a moment, biting her coral lip. Then she wrote, in a firm, smooth hand, the words, "A queen, to command," writing her name in full beneath it.

Nell laughed a low, musical laugh as she glanced at it. "So," she cried, "thou wouldst be a Zenobia among thousands!"

Mabel answered the glance and the laugh with her proud smile, and bowed her head gracefully. So beautiful she looked, then, that we could not blame her in our hearts for wishing thus.

Nell took the book with a grave air, yet a slight blush suffused her face as she wrote. "There," she cried, throwing back her head and tossing her bright ringlets, "that's a wish worth penning." "A heart" were the words traced upon the page, and the bewitching little authoress laughed as heartily as if her spirit were free from the malice of such a wish—a school-girl wish, truly!

I wrote mine beneath it, and would have avoided the scrutiny of Nell's dark eyes, if it were possible; but her quick glance caught the words, "A name," and, with a certain comical expression, she bent towards me, whispering,

"Ah! thou shouldst not belie thy nun-like deportment and devout face, my demure maiden."

The gentle Fannie took the book next; a softened shadow suffused her sweet face, and a pensive expression rested in her blue eyes; then she wrote beneath ours, "A home." As each one read this wish, a certain sorrowful feeling disturbed our gaiety. It seemed so like a gentle reproach to our idle wishes; for Fannie was an orphan, homeless and loveless—alone in the world. Two bright crystal tears trembled upon Nell's silken lashes, and rolled down her crimson cheeks; then dashing them away, half-surprised with herself, half-ashamed, she strove to regain her former brilliancy.

Closing the book, she handed it to me, saying earnestly—"Here, take this book, and remember me sometimes; and in after years open it and read these wishes—then turn to the reality, and see if they have been fulfilled."

I have that book yet. I have kept it sacredly ever since the day we parted from L— Seminary. Yesterday, in looking over some old papers in my escritoir, I came across this little memento of friendship. An emotion, sweet, yet mingled with pain, entered my spirit, as I gazed upon those well-known names and beloved hand-writings.

Mabel Lorimer! Thou camest before me in thy pride of youth and loveliness. Thy wish has been fulfilled, but how strangely! In her youthful beauty she bestowed her hand and proud heart upon a young man of lowly birth and fortune. Soon after their marriage he fled with her jewels and money, leaving her forsaken. And now she moves in her humble sphere—beautiful, but in the depths of poverty, a queen among the lowly; a "Zenobia among thousands."

And Nell, capricious, laughter-loving Nell, she has realized her youthful dreams. A heart, kind, loving, sympathizing, accompanies hers through life; and the wild, merry girl, now a sober matron, dwells contentedly in her cottage-home—happy in the love of one true heart, and the carresses of her little ones.

But Fannie!—thou of the sensitive heart and mild countenance, hast thou realized thy early dreams? Ah yes! a beautiful, holy home has been given thee—a stately home, where are flowers and fragrance and kind words. A crown of jewels also encircles those golden tresses, and a white robe has been given to thee, such as only the holy and beautiful wear. Thou, alone of us all, hast realized fully thy youthful dreams. Thy frail bark, sorrow-laden, hath found shelter and peace upon the shores of the eternal land.

A gush of moonlight breaking through the hushed and deepened gloom, awakened me from my musings. The vine-leaves stirred and whispered in the moonlight, tracing their delicate shadows on the floor. An angel-presence seemed to make holy the hour. Fannie stood beckoning in the silver light, wearing her gleaming crown and flowing robe—she placed her face close to mine and seemed whispering softly: her countenance beaming with the old, fond smile.

I looked around me; all was still and peaceful, but my heart wandered far away through the orest to a little grave beside the brook. There, where the violets nod to the breeze, and the white blossoms of the hawthorn drop down around it, breathing fragrance and love.

And I thought I could hear the brook singing at it gurgled down among the trees:—"Life is short and dreams are beautiful; the clouds, the roses, and the mortals dream; why should they not? Ah! it is very beautiful to dream."

Then I thought of how I had dreamed, and still was dreaming; still wandering in thought with that idle, girlish wish—watching and waiting until either the shadows of life blot it from my soul, or the glad sunshine make glorious and beautiful its existence.

I arose and walked through the moonlight towards the entrance, and as I bid the world with-out "good-night," my heart would whisper to my spirit softly, "Dream on, for ever dream."

CINCINNATI, February, 1868.

AS GOOD AS IF IT WERE IN ÆSOP.—The Nantucket Islander says the following story was lately told by a reformed inebriate as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards:—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out.

The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you."

The mouse piteously replied, "That would be far better than to be drowned in beer."

The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole.

The cat called upon the mouse to come out; "Did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah!" replied the mouse, "I did, but I was in liquor at the time!"

INDIAN NAMES.

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

Writing as I am from the Valley of the Mississippi, it may not be amiss to say a word concerning the mighty river that constitutes its great physical wonder. Who first committed the outrage on Indian literature, by christening the aboriginal name Mississippi, "Father of Waters," we know not. Could one of the ancient natives, who first gave the sound that symbolized their mighty river to French ears, come amongst us modern Americans, and hear it called "Father of Waters," he would express his feelings of horror by his emphatic "*hugh*," as a strong expression of wonder and contempt. "Father of Waters" may sound poetical to refined ears, but it conveys a most villainous falsehood.

There is not the least mystery about the meaning of the name of this river. The greenest vocabulist in the Algonquin tongue knows its meaning. *Seepe*, or in French orthography, *sippi*, means *water*, and nothing else. It is used to express the generic idea of river or lake. It is one of their most common forms of speech. The prefix *messe*, or *missi*, is equally significant, and with slight variations of sound (and consequently orthography, when put into English dress,) is a part of many words and proper names of the Indians. Its meaning is *great*.

Mississippi, then, is "*Great River*." We have heard the sound often from Indian lips. Mr. Schoolcraft, from whose authority on this subject there is no appeal, says:

"The name of this river is derived from the Algonquin language, one of the original tongues of our continent, which is now spoken nearly in its primitive purity by the different bands of Chippewas;—less so by the Knisteaux and Ottawas;—with great corruptions by the Foxes, Sauks and Pottawatomies, and some other tribes; and in various dialects by the five bands of Iroquois of New York. It is a compound of the word *missi*, signifying *great*, and *sepe*, a river. The former is variously pronounced *missil*, or *nichil*, as in Michillimacina;—*michi*, as in Michigan;—*missu*, as in Missouri;—and *missi*, as in Mississineway and Mississippi. The variations do not appear greater than we should expect in an unwritten language."

Mr. S. further says of the Chippewas:—"They have no other word to express the highest idea of magnitude, in a moral or physical sense, and it may be considered as synonymous not only with our word *great*, but also, magnificent,—supreme—stupendous,—sublime,—enormous,—extensive, prodigious,—ample, &c." These words are not synonymous in our language, but there is no other term by which they can be translated into the language of the Algonquin race, but the prefix to "*sepe*" for the great river of this central valley.

The Mississippi and Missouri are substantially the same name in the aboriginal sense. The Algonquins called the latter river *Pe-ki-tan-cui*, or the muddy, as some have explained it, when Margnette and Joliet first passed down the "Great River," in 1673.

They called, also, the Wisconsin, "*Misconsing*,"

as in Margnette's Journal, and on the map he drew. Here we have again the descriptive word "great" as a prefix. Indian names have become singularly corrupted in passing into a written language, by the French, English and Americans. Very few who first attempted to put these barbarous and uncouth sounds into words, were capable of forming a correct vocabulary; and then in transferring from French to English gross errors have been committed.

It is now a hopeless task, and never would "pay cost," which is a grand desideratum with Americans, in this material age, to correct the orthography and pronunciation of our proper names, derived from the languages of the aborigines.

Illinois is a gross corruption of *lenno*, man, with a French termination. *Oi-tah-wah* has been flattened down into *Ottaway*, and *Moingwena* went first into *Moingonan*, and then into *Des Moines*. *Kauzau*, (in French *Kanzas*), with the French prefix *Az*, got worked over into *Arkansas*. *Osage*, the sound of which from one of the nation is *Wos-sosh-e*, within half a century has been flattened down into *Osage*, and for half that period it has been strangely metamorphosed into *Ozark*, and the name in this shape applied to a range of mountains which no traveller ever saw in south-western Missouri. We ought to give credit for this last "leap in the dark," with Indian names, to the venerable William Darby.

Kentucky has been declared in almost every book to mean "bloody ground," and "the dark and bloody ground," and terrible fancy tales have been told of Indian battles there, and of whole tribes exterminated like the legend of the Killenny cats. *Kan-tuk-ee* is a Shawanese word that signifies "the head of the river," and appears to have been given by that nation on their first migration from the south-east, across the mountains to the waters of the river that now gives name to the State. This was about the middle of the seventeenth century. There was nothing "dark" or "bloody" about it, for it was "neutral ground," and a common hunting-range between the Cherokees of the South, and the tribes north-west of the Ohio river. The Shawanoes, in their migration from the borders of the Atlantic, below the country of the Powhattans, passed down the valley of its river, and lingered within its borders for half a century, when they joined their grandfathers, the Me-aumees, north-west of the Ohio. No Indian nation occupied Kentucky when Boon made his first exploration in 1769. Bands of hunters with their families visited it, but not as permanent residents. "*Verbum sat*."

John G. Saxe says many witty things in rhyme, and not always without a moral. Here is one of his "drives" at Proud Flesh:—

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

JEANIE BURNS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Ah! human hearts are strangely cast,
Time softens grief and pain;
Like reeds that shiver in the blast,
They bend to rise again.

But she in silence bowed her head,
To none her sorrow would impart;
Earth's faithful arms inclose the dead,
And hide for aye her broken heart!

Our man James came to me to request the loan of one of the horses, to attend a funeral. M. was absent on business, and the horses and the man's time were both greatly needed to prepare the land for the fall crops. I demurred; James looked anxious and disappointed; and the loan of the horse was at length granted, but not without a strict injunction that he should return to his work the moment the funeral was over. He did not come back until late that evening. I had just finished my tea, and was nursing my wrath at his staying out the whole day, when the door of the room (we had but one, and that was shared in common with the servants) opened, and the delinquent at last appeared. He hung up the new English saddle, and sat down by the blazing hearth without speaking a word.

"What detained you so long, James? You ought to have had half an acre of land at least ploughed to-day."

"Verra true, mistress. It was nae fau't o' mine. I had mista'en the hour. The funeral didna' come in afore sun-down, and I cam' awa' directly it was ower."

"Was it any relation of yours?"

"Na, na, jist a freend, an auld acquaintance, but nane o' my ain kin. I never felt sae sad in a' my life as I ha' dune this day. I ha' seen the clods piled on many a heid, and never felt the saut tear in my e'en. But puir Jeanie! puir lass! It was a sair sight to see them thrown doon upon her."

My curiosity was excited; I pushed the tea-things from me, and told Bell to give James his supper.

"Naething for me the night, Bell—I canna' eat—my thoughts will a' rin on that puir lass. Sae young—sae bonnie, an' a few months ago as blythe as a lark, an' now a clod o' the earth. Hout, we maun all dee when our ain time comes; but, somehow, I canna' think that Jeanie ought to ha' gane sae sune."

"Who is Jeanie Burns? Tell me, James, something about her."

In compliance with my request, the man gave me the following story. I wish I could convey it in his own words, but though I can perfectly understand the Scotch dialect when spoken, I could not write it in its charming simplicity; that honest, truthful brevity, which is so characteristic of this noble people.

"Jeanie Burns was the daughter of a respectable shoemaker, who gained a comfortable living by his trade in a small town in Ayrshire. Her father, like herself, was an only child, and followed the same vocation, and wrought under the same roof that his father had done before him. The elder Burns had met with many reverses, and now, helpless and blind, was entirely dependent

upon the charity of his son. Honest Jock had not married until late in life, that he might more comfortably provide for the wants of his aged parent. His mother had been dead for some years. She was a meek, pious woman, and Jock quaintly affirmed, 'That it had pleased the Lord to provide a better inheritance for his dear auld mither than his arm could win, proud and happy as he would have been to have supported her when she was no longer able to work for him.'

"Jock's paternal love was repaid at last; chance threw in his way a canny young lass, baith guid and bonny; they were united, and Jeanie was the sole fruit of this marriage. But Jeanie proved a host in herself, and grew up the best-natured, the prettiest, and the most industrious lass in the village, and was a general favorite both with young and old. She helped her mother in the house, bound shoes for her father, and attended to all the wants of her dear old grandfather, Saunders Burns, who was so much attached to his little handmaid, that he was never happy when she was absent.

"Happiness is not a flower of long growth in this world; it requires the dew and sunlight of Heaven to nourish it, and it soon withers, removed from its native skies. The cholera visited the remote village. It smote the strong man in the pride of his strength, and the matron in the beauty of her prime; while it spared the helpless and the aged, the infant of a few days, and the parent of many years. Both Jeanie's parents fell victims to the fatal disease, and the old blind Saunders and the young Jeanie were left to fight alone a hard battle with poverty and grief. The truly deserving are never entirely forsaken. God may afflict them with many trials, but He watches over them still, and often provides for their wants in a manner truly miraculous. Sympathizing friends gathered round the orphan girl in her hour of need, and obtained for her sufficient employment to enable her to support her old grandfather and herself, and provide for them the common necessities of life.

"Jeanie was an excellent seamstress, and what between making waistcoats and trowsers for the tailors, and binding shoes for the shoemakers—a business that she thoroughly understood—she soon had her little hired room neatly furnished, and her grandfather as clean and spruce as ever. When she led him into the kirk of a Sabbath morning, all the neighbors greeted the dutiful daughter with an approving smile, and the old man looked so serene and happy that Jeanie was fully repaid for her labors of love.

"Her industry and piety often formed the theme of conversation to the young lads of the village. 'What a guid wife Jeanie Burns will mak!' cried one. 'Ay,' said another, 'he need na' complain o' ill-fortin who has the luck to get the like o' her.'

"'An' she's sae bonnie,' would Willie Robertson add with a sigh, 'I would na' covet the wealth o' the hale world an' she were mine.'

"Willie was a fine, active young man, who bore an excellent character, and his comrades thought it very likely that Willie was to be the fortunate man.

"Robertson was the youngest son of a farmer in

the neighborhood. He had no land of his own, and he was one of a very large family. From a boy he had assisted his father in working the farm for their common maintenance; but after he took to looking at Jeanie Burns at kirk, instead of minding his prayers, he began to wish that he had a homestead of his own, which he could ask Jeanie and her grandfather to share. He made his wishes known to his father. The old man was prudent. A marriage with Jeanie Burns offered no advantages in a pecuniary view. But the girl was a good, honest girl, of whom any man might be proud. He had himself married for love, and had enjoyed great comfort in his wife.

"'Willie, my lad,' he said, 'I canna' gi'e ye a share o' the farm. It is ower sma' for the mony mouths it has to feed. I ha'e laid by a little siller for a rainy day, an' this I will gi'e ye to win a farm for yersel' in the woods o' Canada. There is plenty o' room there, an' industry brings its ain reward. If Jeanie Burns lo's you as weel as yer dear mother did me, she will be fain to follow you there.'

"Willie grasped his father's hand, for he was too much elated to speak, and he ran away to tell his tale of love to the girl of his heart. Jeanie had long loved Robertson in secret, and they were not long in settling the matter. They forgot in their first moments of joy that old Saunders had to be consulted, for they had determined to take the old man with them. But here an obstacle occurred of which they had not dreamed. Old age is selfish, and Saunders obstinately refused to comply with their wishes. The grave that held the remains of his wife and son was dearer to him than all the comforts promised to him by the impatient lovers in that far foreign land. Jeanie wept—but Saunders, deaf and blind, neither heard nor saw her grief, and, like a dutiful child, she breathed no complaint to him, but promised to remain with him until his head rested upon the same pillow with the dead.

"This was a sore and great trial to Willie Robertson, but he consoled himself for his disappointment with the thought that Saunders could not live long, and that he would go and prepare a place for his Jean, and have everything ready for her reception against the old man died.

"I was a cousin of Willie's," continued James, 'by the mither's side, and he persuaded me to accompany him to Canada. We set sail the first day of May, and were here in time to chop a small fallow for a fall crop. Willie Robertson had more of this world's gear than I, for his father had provided him with sufficient funds to purchase a good lot of wild land, which he did in the township of M—, and I was to work with him on shares. We were one of the first settlers in that place, and we found the work before us rough and hard to our heart's content. But Willie had a strong motive for exertion—and never did man work harder than he did that first year on his bush-farm, for the love of Jeanie Burns.

"We built a comfortable log-house, in which we were assisted by the few neighbors we had, who likewise lent a hand in clearing ten acres we had chopped for fall-crop. All this time Willie kept up a constant correspondence with Jeanie Burns;

and he used to talk to me of her coming out, and his future plans, every night when our work was done. If I had not loved and respected the girl myself I should have got unco' tired of the subject.

"We had just put in our first crop of wheat, when a letter came from Jeanie, bringing us the news of her grandfather's death. Weel I ken the word that Willie spak' to me when he closed that letter: 'Jamie, the auld man is gane at last—an', God forgi'e me, I feel too gladsome to greet. Jeanie is willin' to come whenever I ha'e the means to bring her out, an' hout man, I'm jist thinkin' that she winna' ha'e to wait lang.'"

"Good workmen were getting very high wages just then, and Willie left the care of the place to me, and hired for three months with auld Squire Jones. He was an excellent teamster, and could put his hand to any sort of work. When his term of service expired, he sent Jeanie forty dollars to pay her passage out, which he hoped she would not delay longer than the spring.

"He got an answer from Jeanie, full of love and gratitude, but she thought that her voyage might be delayed until the fall. The good woman with whom she had lodged since her parents died, had just lost her husband, and was in a bad state of health, and she begged Jeanie to stay with her until her daughter could leave her service in Edinburgh and come to take charge of the house. This person had been a kind and steadfast friend to Jeanie in all her troubles, and helped her to nurse the old man in his illness. I am sure it was just like Jeanie to act as she did. She had all her life looked more to the comforts of others than to her ain. But Robertson was an angry man when he got that letter, and he said—'If that was a' the lo'e that Jeanie Burns had for him, to prefer an auld woman's comfort who was naething to her, to her betrothed husband, she might bide awa' as lang as she pleased, he would never trouble himsel' to write to her again.'"

"I did na' think that the man was in earnest, an' I remonstrated with him on his folly an' injustice. This ended in a sharp quarrel between us, and I left him to gang his ain gate, an' went to live with my uncle, who kept a blacksmith's forge in the village.

"After a while, we heard that Willie Robertson was married to a Canadian woman—neither young nor good-looking, and very much his inferior in every way, but she had a good lot of land in the rear of his farm. Of course, I thought that it was all broken off with poor Jeanie, and I wondered what she would spier at the marriage.

"It was early in June, and our Canadian woods were in their first flush o' green—an' how green and lightsome they be in their spring dress—when Jeanie Burns landed in Canada. She travelled alane up the country, wondering why Willie was not at Montreal to meet her, as he had promised in the last letter he sent her. It was late in the afternoon when the steamboat brought her to C—, and without waiting to ask any questions respecting him, she hired a man and cart to take her and her luggage to M—. The road through the bush was very heavy, and it was night before they reached Robertson's clear

ing, and with some difficulty the driver found his way among the logs to the cabin-door.

"Hearing the sound of wheels, the wife, a coarse, ill-dressed slattern, came out to see what could bring strangers to such an out-o'-the-way place at that late hour. Puir Jeanie! I can weel imagine the fluttering o' her heart when she spier'd of the woman for ane Willie Robertson, and asked if he was at hame?

"Yes," answered the wife, gruffly; 'but he is not in from the fallow yet—you may see him up yonder, tending the blazing logs.' While Jeanie was striving to look in the direction which the woman pointed out, and could na' see through the tears that blinded her e'e, the driver jumped down from the cart, and asked the puir girl where he should leave her trunks, as it was getting late, and he must be off.

"You need not bring these big chests in here," said Mrs. Robertson; 'I have no room in my house for strangers and their luggage.'

"Your house!" gasped Jeanie, catching her arm. 'Did you na' tell me that he lived here?—and wherever Willie Robertson bides, Jeanie Burns sud be a welcome guest. Tell him,' she continued, trembling all ower, for she told me afterwards that there was something in the woman's look and tone that made the cold chills run to her heart, 'that an auld friend from Scotland has jist come off a lang, wearisome journey to see him.'

"You may speak for yourself!" cried the woman, 'for my husband is now coming down the clearing.'

"The word 'husband' was scarcely out o' her mouth, than puir Jeanie fell as ane dead across the door-step.

"The driver lifted up the unfortunate girl, carried her into the cabin, and placed her in a chair, regardless of the opposition of Mrs. Robertson, whose jealousy was now fairly aroused, and who declared that the bold hussy should not enter her doors.

"It was a long time before the driver succeeded in bringing Jeanie to herself, and she had only just unclosed her eyes when Willie came in.

"Wife," he said, 'whose cart is this standing at the door, and what do these people want here?'

"You know best," cried the angry woman, bursting into tears; 'that creature is no acquaintance of mine, and if she is suffered to remain here, I will leave the house.'

"Forgi'e me, good woman, for having unwittingly offended ye," said Jeanie, rising. 'But, merciful Father! how sud I ken that Willie Robertson, my ain Willie, had a wife? Oh, Willie!' she cried, covering her face in her hands, to hide all the agony that was in her heart, 'I ha' come a lang way, an' a weary way to see ye, an' ye might ha' spared me the grief—the burning shame o' this. Farewell, Willie Robertson! I will never mair trouble ye nor her wi' my presence, but this cruel deed of yours has broken my heart!' She went away, weeping, and he had not the courage to detain her, or to say one word to comfort her, or to account for his strange conduct; yet, if I know him right, that must ha' been the most sorrowfu' moment in his life. Jeanie was a distant connection of my uncle's,

and she found us out that night on her return to the village, and told us all her grief. My aunt, who was a kind, good woman, was indignant at the treatment she had received, and loved and cherished her as if she had been her own child.

"For two whole weeks she kept her bed, and was so ill that the doctor despaired of her life; and when she did come again among us, the color had faded from her cheeks, and the light from her sweet, blue eyes, and she spoke in a low, subdued voice, but she never spoke of him as the cause of her grief.

"One day, she called me aside, and said—

"'Jamie, you know how I lo'ed an' trusted him, an' obeyed his ain wishes in comin' out to this strange country to be his wife. But 'tis all ower now,' and she pressed her sma' hands tightly over her breast, to keep down the swelling o' her heart. 'Jamie, I know now that it is a' for the best; I lo'ed him too weel—mair than any creature sud lo'e a perishing thing o' earth. But I thought that he wud be sae glad an' sae proud to see his ain Jeanie sae sune. But, oh!—ah, weel;—I maun na think o' that; what I wud jist say is this,' an' she took a sma' packet fra' her breast, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks. 'He sent me forty dollars to bring me ower the sea to him—God bless him for that!—I ken he worked hard to earn it, for he lo'ed me then—I was ne'er idle during his absence. I had saved enough to bury my dear auld grandfather, and to pay my ain expenses out; and I thought, like the gude servant in the parable, I wud return Willie his ain with interest; an' I hoped to see him smile at my diligence, an' ca' me his bonnie gude lassie. Jamie, I canna' keep this siller—it lies like a weight o' lead on my heart. Tak' it back to him, an' tell him fra' me, that I forgi'e him a' his cruel deceit, an' pray to God to grant him prosperity, and restore to him that peace o' mind o' which he has robbed me for ever.'

"I did as she bade me. Willie looked stupefied when I delivered her message. The only remark he made, when I gave him back the money, was—'I maun be gratefu' man, that she did na' curse me.' The wife came in, and he hid away the packet and slunk off. The man looked degraded in his own eyes, and so wretched, that I pitied him from my very heart.

"When I came home, Jeanie met me at my uncle's gate. 'Tell me,' she said, in a low, anxious voice, 'tell me, cousin Jamie, what passed atween ye? Had he nae word for me?'

"'Naething, Jeanie; the man is lost to himself—to a' who ance wished him weel. He is not worth a decent body's thought.'

"She sighed deeply, for I saw that her heart craved after some word fra' him; but she said nae mair, but pale and sorrowfu', the very ghaist o' her former sel', went back into the house. From that hour she never breathed his name to any of us; but we all ken'd that it was her love for him that was preying upon her life. The grief that has nae voice, like the canker-worm, always lies ne'est to the heart. Puir Jeanie! she held out during the simmer, but, when the fall came, she just withered awa' like a flower nipped by the early frost, and this day we laid her in the earth.

"After the funeral was ower, and the mourners were all gone, I stood beside her grave, thinking ower the days of my boyhood, when she and I were happy weans, an' used to pu' the gowans together on the heathery hills o' dear auld Scotland. An' I tried in vain to understan' the mysterious providence o' God, who had stricken her who seemed sue gude and pure, an' spared the like o' me, who was mair deservin' o' His wrath, when I heard a deep groan, an' saw Willie Robertson standing near me, beside the grave.

"'Ye may as weel spare your grief noo,' said I, for I felt hard towards him; 'an' rejoice that the weary is at rest.'

"'It was I murdered her,' said he, 'an' the thought will haunt me to my last day. Did she remember me on her beath-bed?'

"'Her thoughts were only ken'd by Him who reads the secrets of a' hearts, Willie. Her end was peace, an' her Saviour's blessed name was the last sound upon her lips. But if ever woman died fra' a broken heart, there she lies.'

"'Oh, Jeanie!' he cried, 'mine ain darling Jeanie! my blessed lammie! I was na' worthy o' yer love—my heart, too, is breaking. To bring ye back aince mair, I wud lay me down an' dee!'

"'An' he flung himsel' upon the grave, and embraced the fresh clods, and greeted like a child.

"When he grew more calm, we had a long conversation about the past, and truly I believe that the man was not in his right senses when he married yon wife; at any rate, he is not lang for this world; he has fretted the flesh off his banes, an', before many months are ower, his heid will lie as low as puir Jeanie Burns's."

LORD NELSON.—An English writer tells several entertaining anecdotes of Lord Nelson, among which are the following:—He was loth to inflict punishment, and when he was obliged as he called it, "to endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made his bow to the officers, and, reading the articles of war, the culprit had infringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty."

The lash was instantly applied, and, consequently the sufferer exclaimed, "Forgive me, admiral, forgive me."

On such an occasion Lord Nelson would look round with wild anxiety, and as all his officers kept silence, he would say, "What! none of you speak for him? Avast! cast him off!" And then added to the culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle, remember me;" and he became a good fellow in future.

A poor man was about to be flogged—a landsman—and few pitied him. His offence was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and, falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming, "Pray forgive him, your honor, and he shall never offend again."

"Your face," said Nelson, "is a security for his good behavior. Let him go; the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature in his care."

This man rose to be Lieutenant; his name was William Pye.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

"The Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of the Episcopal Church, has published in the *Evangelical Catholic* newspaper, of which he is the editor, the following account of this beautiful hymn. We have been so repeatedly urged by several of our readers to give them the whole of the original of '*I would not live alway*,' that we at length comply, though somewhat reluctantly, as it has appeared at various times in print before—first, in the *Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*, somewhere about the year 1824. It was written without the most remote idea that any portion of it would ever be employed in the devotions of the church. Whatever service it has done in that way, is owing to the late Bishop of Pennsylvania, then the rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, who made the selection of the verses out of the whole, which constitutes the present hymn, and offered it to the committee on hymns, appointed by the General Convention of —. The hymn was at first rejected by the committee, of which the unknown author was a member, who, upon a satirical criticism being made upon it, earnestly voted against its adoption. It was admitted on the importunate application of Dr. Onderdonk to the bishops on the committee. The following is a revised copy of the original:"—

"*I would not live alway*."—JOB. VII., 16.

I would not live alway—live alway below!
Oh, no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets
of God,

Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,

Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine, ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head,
Oh, peaceful the slumbers on that hallowed bed!
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal thro' the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold!
The king all arrayed, in His beauty behold!
O, give me, O give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above!
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would
soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu overmore.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

When the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearled with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

O, the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies.

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife.

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze.

And striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel, half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meadows
With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn.

And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays, nor in vain,
For soft, loving voices
Will answer again.

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

[*London Leader*.]

Mr. Gardiner, a celebrated musical amateur, gave £10 for a tooth of Shakspeare. After it had been in his possession about fourteen years, he exhibited it one evening to a celebrated surgeon, who discovered that it was the tooth of a calf! However, as it cost so much money, the virtuoso still retains it, and will not be persuaded that he was imposed upon.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

A Spanish poet, in love with a star, addressed it, "Burning doubloon of the celestial bank!"

It is said that the bite of a rope is perfectly harmless.

The more wealthy a man becomes, the more he is courted with so-called *friends*.

"That's the end of my tail," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bull-frog.

The scholar who "fell into a reverie," last week, was immediately taken out, and it is said will recover.

A "gent" is generally supposed to be one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest—kid gloves and hair.

There is only one thing less profitable than suing people, and that is going security for them.

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

An elegy, in an old paper, upon a lady who had been thrice married, and left thirteen children, begins, "Adieu, sweet maid!"

It costs the people of New York half a million dollars a year for the water which they buy with their milk!

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.

Serenity of mind is nothing worth, unless it has been earned; a man should be at once susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said: "Let the rest be called Smith."

He who encourages young men in the pursuit of agriculture is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

The brightness of the plow-share will prove a better security to our republican institutions than all the windy patriotism of long speeches in Congress.

The perfection of religion and science will be united, their sphere of operation ascertained, and their periods of vicissitudes known in that better age, which is approaching.

An increase of farm products lessens the market price, and the consumer is more benefited than the producer. Therefore the encouragement of agriculture is the interest of the whole people.

"I don't believe it is any use to vaccinate for small-pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window and was killed, in less than a week after."

Epitaph in Denmore Churchyard, Ireland:—"Here lie the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world is not worth a fig, and I have good raisins for saying so."

A philanthropist in Missouri has just invented a cradle, which, on being wound up like a clock, will rock the baby twenty-four hours, without stopping. "A real blessing to mothers."

Madame de Genlis, says somebody, reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without placing a prayer-book between them."

The habitual and spontaneous recognition of a principle in our actions, is the mark of a healthy conscience; but all paltering with our likings, or compromising principle with expediency, marks an unhealthy state of the conscience.

To be blind to good in others, indicates the absence of the "light of life," in which good is discerned with clearness and delight. The want of this light indicates neglect in following the Lord, for to those who follow the Lord, this light is promised.

A traveller in one of the Western States, came upon a negro by the roadside, pulling the fleece from the carcass of a sheep, and inquired, "What ailed the critter, Cuffy?" "Ah, mas'r," answered the grinning black, "all dis chile know 'bout 'im be, he died in *de wool*."

When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun! why, that must be a *grand sun*!"

Judge of books, as of men. There is none wholly faultless, or perfect. That production may be said to be a valuable one, by the perusal of which a judicious reader may be the wiser and better; and is not to be despised for a few deficiencies or inconsistencies.

Some persons think, remarks the editor of the "Columbian and Great West," that it is a great task to stand up during a prayer of fifteen minutes. In the "good old times" men were not so weak in the joints. In speaking of his pulpit services, under date of April 13th, 1738, Parson Smith says: "I had extraordinary assistance. Was an hour and a-half in prayer, A. M., and above an hour, P. M." Parson Smith probably forgot that he was not heard for his much speaking. We can remember having stood up to the work forty-five minutes by the watch, as the worthy preacher delivered the annual fast-day prayer.

Fanny Kemble says, "I firmly believe that we must not look for the real feelings of writers in their works; or rather that what they give us, and what we take for heart-feeling is head-weaving—a species of emotion engendered somewhere betwixt the bosom and brain, and bearing the same proportion of resemblance to reality that a picture does; that is, like feeling, but not feeling; like sadness but not sadness—like what it appears, but not indeed that very thing. And the greater the man's power of thus producing sham realities, the greater his main qualification for being a poet."

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

How rarely is an absent one mentioned with commendation, that a fault of character is not immediately set forth to qualify the good impressions. "Mr. A— is a man of fine talents, you say; and forthwith is responded, "O, yes, a man of fine talents, but he has no control over his passions." "Mr. B— is a man of excellent principles." "But," is answered, "I don't like some of his practices." "Mr. C— is a kind father and husband." "But if all I have heard be true, he is not over-nice in regard to his word." And, ten chances to one, if the commendation is not forgotten, while the disparaging declarations find a prominent place in the memories of all who heard them, and color their estimation of A—, B— and C—.

It is remarked by Swedenborg, that whenever the angels come to any one, they explore him in search of good. They see not his evil, but his good qualities, and, attaching themselves to these, excite them into useful activities. Were they to see only the man's evils, they would recede from him, for they could not conjoin themselves to these; and thus man would be left unaided, to be borne down by the powers of evil.

If, then, we would help our fellow-man to rise above what is false and evil in his character, let us turn our eyes, as far as possible, away from his faults, and fix them steadily upon his good qualities. We shall then aid him in the upward movement, and give external power to the good he really possesses. And now, by way of illustration.

A young man, named Westfield, was the subject of conversation between three or four persons. One of these, a Mr. Hartman, had met Westfield only recently. The first impression formed of his character was quite favorable, and he expressed himself accordingly. To his surprise and pain, one of the company remarked,

"Yes, Westfield is clever enough in his way, but—" And he shrugged his shoulders, and looked a world of mystery.

"No force of character," said another.

"I have never liked the way he treated Mr. Green," said a third. "It shows, to my mind, a defect of principle. The young man is well enough in his way, I suppose, and I wouldn't say a word against him for the world, but—"

And he shrugged his shoulders. Ah, how much wrong has been done to character, and worldly prospects, by a single shrug!

From no lip present came even the smallest word in favor of the young man. No one spoke of the disadvantages against which he had struggled successfully, nor portrayed a single virtue of the many he possessed. No one looked at the brighter qualities of his mind. And why? Poor, weak human nature! Quick to mark evils and defects, but slow to acknowledge what is good in the neighbor. Prone to flatter self, yet offering only extorted praise at the shrine of another's merit. How low art thou fallen!

A few evenings after the little conversation we have mentioned, Mr. Hartman was thrown in

company with Westfield. The latter, remembering his first interview with this gentleman, whose position in society was one of standing and influence, met him again with a lively glow of satisfaction, which showed itself in countenance and manner. But the few disparaging words spoken against the young man, had poisoned the mind of Mr. Hartman, and, instead of meeting him with the frank cordiality expected, he received him with a cold repulse.

Disappointed and mortified, Westfield turned from the man towards whom warm feelings and hopeful thoughts had been going forth for many days, and, in a little while, quietly retired from a company, in mingling with which he had promised himself both pleasure and profit.

"That hope blasted!" exclaimed the young man, striking his hands together, while a shadow of intense pain darkened his countenance. He was now alone, having returned to his chamber for self-communion.

There existed, at this time, an important crisis in the young man's affairs. He was a clerk, on a very moderate salary. His own wants were few, and these his salary would have amply supplied; but a widowed mother and a young sister looked to him as their only support. To sustain all, was beyond his ability; and, much to his anxiety and deep discouragement, he found himself falling into debt. His offence towards Mr. Green, which had been alluded to as involving something wrong on his part, was nothing more nor less than leaving his service for that of another man, who made a small advance in his salary—a thing which the former positively refused to do. He had been with Mr. Green from his boyhood up, and, somehow or other, Mr. Green imagined that he possessed certain claims to his continued service, and when the fact of Westfield's having left him was alluded to, gave to others the impression that he was badly used in the matter. He did not mean to injure the young man; but he had been valuable; the loss fretted him and produced unkind feelings—and these found relief in words. Selfishness prevented him from seeing, as he ought to have seen, the bright side of Westfield's character, and so he injured him by throwing a shadow on his good name.

"That hope blasted!" repeated the unhappy young man.

And what was this fondly cherished hope, the extinguishment of which had moved him so deeply? A few words will explain. Mr. Hartman was a man of considerable wealth, and had just closed a large contract with the State, for the erection of certain public works, to be commenced immediately. On that very day Westfield had learned the fact that he was quietly in search of a competent, confidential, disbursing clerk, whose salary would be double what he was receiving; and it was his purpose to see him immediately, offer himself, and endeavor, if possible, to secure the situation. He had called at his office twice during the day, but failed to see him. The manner in which Mr. Hartman met his advances in the evening, satisfied him that to ask for the situation so much desired, would be altogether vain.

Westfield was a young man of integrity—com-

petent in business matters, and industrious. He had his faults and his weaknesses, as we all have; but these were greatly overbalanced by his virtues. Yet was he not above temptation. Who is? Who has not some easily besetting sin? Who can say that he may not fall?

To Mr. Hartman, as a private clerk, Westfield would have been invaluable. He was just the kind of a man he was in search of. Moreover, he was thinking of him for this very position of private clerk, when the poison of ill-natured detraction entered his mind, and he turned his thoughts away from him.

The more he brooded over his disappointment, and pondered the unhappy condition of his affairs, the more deeply did the mind of Westfield become disturbed.

"I cannot bear these thoughts," he said, starting up from a chair in which he had been sitting in gloomy despondency and, in the effort to escape his troubled feelings, he went forth upon the street. It was late in the evening. There was no purpose in the young man's mind as he walked, square after square, with hasty steps; and he was about returning, when he was met by a man with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and who seemed particularly well pleased to see him.

"The very man I was thinking about," said Mr. Lee—that was his name. "Quite a coincidence. Which way are you going?"

"Home," replied Westfield, somewhat indifferently.

"In any particular hurry?"

"No."

"Come with me then?"

"Where are you going?"

"To the Union House. There's to be a raffle there, at ten o'clock, for six gold watches—chance in each watch only one dollar. I've got five chances. They are splendid watches. Come along and try your luck."

"I don't care if I do," said Westfield.

He was ready to catch at almost anything that would divert his mind. Under other circumstances, this would have been no temptation. So he went to the Union Hotel, ventured a dollar, and, most unexpectedly, became the owner of a gold watch. New thoughts and new feelings were stirring in his mind, as he took his way homeward that night, excited as well by some things seen and heard at the Union House, as by the good fortune which had attended his first venture of a small sum of money in the hope of gaining largely on the deposit.

The effect of his cold treatment of Westfield, did not escape the observation of Mr. Hartman. He saw that the young man was both hurt and troubled—that he kept aloof from the rest of the company, and soon retired.

"Do you know young Westfield?" he inquired of a gentleman, with whom, sometime afterwards, he happened to be in conversation.

"Very well," was the answer.

"Has he good business capacity?"

"Now young men excel him."

"Do you know anything of his character?"

"It stands fair."

"I have heard that he did not treat his former employer, Mr. Green, very well."

"He left him for a higher salary; and, as he has a mother and sister to support, he was bound, in my opinion, to seek the largest possible return for his labor."

"Had Green no particular claim on him?"

"No more than you or I have."

"I heard the fact of his leaving the employment of Mr. Green commented on in a way that left on my mind an unfavorable impression of the young man."

"Some people are always more ready to suppose evil than good of another," was replied to this.

"I am in search of a competent young man as a private clerk, and had thought of Westfield; but these disparaging remarks caused me to decide against him."

"In my opinion," said the gentleman with whom Mr. Hartman was conversing, "you will search a good while before finding any one so well suited to your purpose, in every respect, as young Westfield."

"You speak earnestly in regard to him."

"I do, and because I know him well."

A very different impression of the young man was now entertained by Mr. Hartman. It was past eleven o'clock on that night as he rode homeward, passing on his way to the Union House, and just at the moment when Westfield, in company with several young men, came forth after the closing of the raffle. They were talking loud and boisterously. Mr. Hartman leaned from the carriage window, attracted by their voices, and his eyes rested for a moment on Westfield. The form was familiar, but he failed to get a sight of his face. The carriage swept by, and the form passed from his vision; but he still thought of it, and tried to make out his identity.

Not many hours of tranquil sleep had Westfield that night. As he lay awake through the silent watches, temptation poured in upon him like a flood, and pressing against the feeble barriers of weakened good principles, seemed ready to bear them away in hopeless ruin. In a single hour he had become the possessor of a gold watch, which could readily be converted into money, and which, at a low valuation, would bring the sum of fifty dollars,—equal to a month's salary. How easily had this been acquired! True, to raffle was to gamble. And yet, he easily silenced this objection; for at religious fairs he had often seen goods disposed of by raffle, and had himself more than once taken a chance. Another raffle for valuable articles had been announced for the next night at the Union, and Westfield, urged by the hope of new successes, resolved to be present, and again try his luck.

The following morning found the young man in a more sober, thoughtful mood. He did not show his watch to his mother, nor mention to her the fact of having won it. Indeed, when she asked him where he had been so late on the night before, he evaded the question.

On his way to the store in which he was employed, Westfield called in at a jeweller's, and asked the value of his watch.

"It is worth about seventy-five dollars," answered the jeweller, looking very earnestly at

Westfield, and with a certain meaning in his countenance that the young man did not like.

"It is perfectly new, as you can see. I would like to sell it."

"What do you ask for it?"

"I will take sixty dollars."

"I'll buy it for fifty," said the jeweller.

"Very well, it is yours."

Westfield felt like a guilty man. He was certain that the jeweller suspected him of having obtained it through some improper means. The money was paid over at once, and thrusting the sum into his pocket, he went hurriedly out. As he was leaving the store, he encountered Mr. Hartman, who was entering. He dropped his eyes to the ground, while a crimson flush overspread his face.

"Ah, Mr. Westfield," said Mr. Hartman, detaining him, "I am glad to meet you. Will you call at my office this morning?"

"If you wish me to do so," replied the young man, struggling to overcome the confusion of mind into which the sudden encounter, under the circumstance, had thrown him.

"I do. Call at eleven o'clock—I wish to see you particularly."

"Do you know that young man?" inquired the jeweller, as Mr. Hartman, to whom he was well known, presented himself at his counter.

"What young man?" inquired Mr. Hartman.

"The young man with whom I saw you speaking at the door."

"Yes. His name is Westfield; and a very excellent young man he is. Do you know anything about him?"

"I know that he has just sold me a watch for fifty dollars, which I sold for seventy-five yesterday, to a man who told me was going to raffle it."

The jeweller didn't say this. It came in his thoughts to say it. But he checked the utterance, and merely replied:

"Nothing at all. He is a stranger to me."

Had that first impulse to produce an unfavorable impression in regard to a stranger, been obeyed, the life prospects of Westfield would have been utterly blasted. The evening that followed, instead of finding him at home, rejoicing with his mother and sisters over the hopeful future, would have seen him again in the dangerous company of unscrupulous men, and entering in through the gate that leads to destruction. Now he saw clearly his error, the danger he had escaped, and wondered at his blind infatuation, while he shuddered at the fearful consequences that might have followed, had not a better way opened to his erring footsteps at the very moment when, in strange bewilderment, he was unable to see the right path.

Mr. Hartman never had cause to regret his choice of a clerk. He often thought of the injustice which the young man had suffered at the hands of those who should have seen his good qualities, instead of seeking for, and delighting in, the portrayal of bad ones. And he thought, too, of the actual injury this false judgment had come near inflicting upon a most worthy, capable and honest person. He did not know all. The reader can penetrate more deeply below the surface, and see how a few carelessly-uttered, dis-

paraging words, proved hidden rocks, on which the hopes of a fellow-being, for this life and the next, were near being wrecked.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

THE RED APPLE.

Little Delia was one day sent by her mother to do some errand in the yard. A wood-sawyer was at work there, and a pile of wood was thrown up directly before the door. Little Delia climbed carefully over the wood and did her errand. When she was on her way back, the wood-sawyer took her up in his strong arms and set her down safely in the door-way, smiling as he did so, and saying to her in a soft tone, "There, my little girl; I was afraid you might fall, and I didn't want you to."

Delia thanked him very pleasantly, and went up stairs to tell her mother. "Now, mother, I like the woodman very much, for he was so good to me," she said; "may not I give him something?"

"What would you like to give him?"

"That large red apple that you gave me this morning. Wouldn't that be nice?" said Delia.

"Yes, that would do very well," her mother answered.

Delia ran down and gave the apple, quite delighted.

"Thank you; you're a good dear," said the wood-sawyer, as he received it; "and what shall I do with it? Wouldn't you like to have me give it to my poor little Johnny?"

"Johnny! and who is Johnny?"

"My poor little boy, that is burnt and crippled by the fire. When he was a baby he was tied into a chair, and tipped himself over against the hot stove, and his clothes took fire, and he was sadly burned indeed. But he's a good little thing, and so loving; shall I give him the apple?"

"Yes, indeed," said Delia; and she ran quickly back into the house, and with her mother's permission, brought out a little brown wooden-horse with a red soldier on his back. "There, give that to Johnny, too," said she; "for I'm sorry that he's so burnt."

When the wood-sawyer returned home at night, little Johnny sat watching for him at the window; and when he gave him the horse and apple, Johnny thought he had never seen so fine a plaything as the horse, nor so large and red an apple before. He kissed his father, and thanked him heartily; and then he kissed the horse and the soldier, and the apple too. When he learned who sent them to him, he said, "How good she is to me; how I should like to see her."

"What are you going to do with your presents?" said his father.

Johnny thought a moment—"I know what I shall do with the apple," he said. "Don't you know that big boy that looks in here and makes me cry sometimes, looking so bad, shrivelling up one side of his face, and drawing his head down to his shoulder, as if trying to make fun of me, because I am so burnt, and my head is all drawn to one side by the fire—don't you know that boy?"

"Jim Norton, do you mean?" asked the father.

"that bad fellow that I drove away from the window last week? You don't like him so much, do you?"

"Not so much; but I want him to like me. I want to show him that I don't hate him because he tries to make me feel bad, and makes fun of what I can't help, and what I am sometimes so sorry for, though I know I ought not to complain, for God knows what is best for me."

The next day little Johnny watched at the window, and when he saw the bad boy that tried to make fun of his misfortune, he beckoned to him to come nearer. "Here, Jim," said Johnny, "here's a nice apple. I don't hate you. Won't you love me now, Jim?"

The bad boy reddened with shame and guilt. To use Bible words, Johnny had "heaped coals of fire upon his head." He could not take the apple. "No, little boy," he said, "I don't want your apple. I can get apples."

"Yes, I want you to take it," said Johnny; "then you won't hate me, perhaps."

The apple was tempting, and Jim took it; but as he went away, he thought, "What a good boy that Johnny is, when I've acted so to him. I'm sorry I took his apple, for I don't suppose he gets half as many as I do. I wish he had it back again." He could not eat the apple, so he took it home and divided it among his brothers and sisters, which was a new thing for him to do. He made no more bad faces at Johnny, and soon began to smile as he passed his window; and Johnny, as you might know, was very glad to see the change in him, and always smiled pleasantly in return.

Jim Norton sometimes thought, "I wish I had something to give Johnny. I ought to give to him, rather than he to me." Then he thought, "I have sometimes earned a few cents for myself by selling shavings; why can't I earn some for Johnny?"

He set about it, and sold two baskets of shavings. With the cents so gained, he bought a few hickory nuts and some sugar-plums. He gave them to Johnny, and was never so happy in his life before. He was now by degrees growing generous and kind to every body, but particularly to Johnny, for he felt something like gratitude towards him, and he was learning to pity him and love him. When the spring came, he brought him green boughs and flowers, which he gathered for him whenever he went into the fields beyond the city.

One day he told Johnny of a plan he had to snare a little bird and bring it to him, so that he might hear its fine song in his own room, since he was lame and could not go out into the fields and woods, and was so often alone; but Johnny said, "No, Jim: it is hard enough for me to be so shut up here, and I'm used to it since I was a baby. The bird isn't used to it, and it would be very dreadful for it; I don't want any thing to be miserable for me; I shouldn't be happy. I'd rather not, Jim. The flowers you bring me are enough."

So Jim left the birds to sing in freedom in the pleasant woods, but he took up a root of pretty sweet briar and planted it in a little pot, and set it in Johnny's window; and though it does not

bloom very often, it is always fresh and sweet, like the odor of good deeds.

Have not you noticed, little reader, how, in this story, one little good act brought along another and another, till there was quite a chain of kind deeds? There are little good acts for you to do all the time. Be sure you do them; and who knows what may come of them? A little seed makes a great tree when God smiles on it.—*Child's Paper.*

MARRIAGE.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

In the truest sense of the word, woman was created to be man's comforter, a joyous helpmate in hours of sunshine, a soother, when the clouds darken and the tempests howl around his head; then, indeed, we perceive the divinely beautiful arrangement which marriage enforces. Man in his wisdom, his rare mental endowments, is little fitted to bear adversity. He bows before the blast, like the sturdy pine which the wintry storm, sweeping past, cracks to its very centre; while woman, as the frail reed, sways to and fro with the fierce gust, then rises again triumphant towards the blackening sky. Her affection, pure and steadfast, her unswerving faith and devotion, sustain man in the hour of darkness, even as the trailing weed supports and binds together the mighty walls of some mouldering ruin.

Would you know why so many unhappy marriages seem to falsify the truth that they are made in Heaven? Why, we see daily diversity of interests, and terrible contentions, eating the very life away, like the ghoul in the Arabian tales, that preyed on human flesh? It is that women are wrongly educated. Instructed, trained, to consider matrimony the sole aim, the end of their existence, it matters not to whom the Gordian knot is tied, so that the tressaeu, wedding and eclat of bridehood follow. Soon the brightness of this false aurora borealis fades from the conjugal horizon; and the truths of life, divested of all romance, in bitterness and pain rise before them. Unfitted for duties which must be fulfilled, physically incapacitated for the responsibilities of life—mere school-girls in many instances—the chains they have assumed become cables of iron, whose heavy weight crush into the heart, erasing for ever the foot-prints of affection, and leaving instead the black marks of deadly hate. Then comes the struggle for supremacy. Man in his might and power asserts his will, while woman, unknowing her sin, unguided by the divine light of love, neglects, abandons her home; then comes ruin, despair and death. God help those mistaken ones, who have thus hurried into union, ignorant of each other's prejudices, opinions and dispositions, when too late they discover there is not, nor ever can be, affinity between souls wide as the poles asunder.

Notwithstanding these miserable unions, we must consider marriage divine in its origin, and alone calculated to make life blessed. Who can imagine a more blissful state of existence than two united by the law of God and love, mutually sustaining each other in the jostlings of life; to-

gether weathering its storms, or basking beneath its clear skies; hand in hand, lovingly, truthfully, they pass onward. This is marriage as God instituted it, as it ever should be, as Moore beautifully says—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!"

To attain this bliss, this union of the soul, as well as of hands, it is necessary that much should be changed. Girls must not think, as soon as emancipated from nursery control, that they are qualified to become wives and mothers. If woman would become the true companion of man, she must not only cultivate her intellect, but strive to control her impulses and subdue her temper, so that while yielding gently, gracefully, to what appears, at the time, perhaps, a harsh requirement, she may feel within the "calm which passeth all understanding." There must be a mutual forbearance, no fierce wrestling to rule. If there is to be submission, let the wife show how meekly Omnipotent love suffereth all things. Purity, innocence and holy beauty invest such a love with a halo of glory.

Man, mistake not then thy mate, and hereafter, bitterly repenting, exclaim at the curse of marriage. No, no, with prudent foresight, avoid the ball-room belle—seek thy twin soul among the pure-hearted, the meek, the true. Like must mate with like; the kingly eagle pairs not with the owl, nor the lion with the jackal. Neither must woman rush blindly, heedlessly, into the noose, fancying the sunny hues, the lightning glances of her first admirer, true prismatic colors. She must first chemically analyze them to be sure they are not reflected light alone, from her own imagination. That frightsome word to many, "old maid," ought not to exercise any influence over her firmly balanced mind; better far, however, lead a single life, than form a sinful alliance, that can only result in misery and wretchedness. Some of the purest and best women that ever lived, have belonged to that much decried, condemned sisterhood.

Wed not, merely to fly from an opprobrious epithet, assume not the holy name of wife, to one who brings trueness of heart, wealth of affection, whilst you have nought to offer in return but cold respect. Your first love already lavished on another: believe me, respect, esteem, are but poor, weak talismans to ward off life's trials. Rise superior to all peurle fancies; bear nobly the odium of old maidism, if such be thy fate, and if, like Sir Walter Scott's lovely creation, Rebecca, you are separated by an impassable gulf, from your heart's chosen, or have met and suffered by the false and treacherous, take not any chance Waverley who may cross your path. Like the high-souled Jewess, resolve to live on singly, and strive with the means God has given you, to benefit, to comfort your suffering sisters.

Would man and woman give to this all-important subject, so vital to their life-long happiness, the consideration it requires, we should not so often meet with men, broken in spirit—*memento mori* legibly written on their countenances; with women prematurely old—unloving wives, care-

less husbands. Meditate long before you assume ties to endure to your life's end, mayhaps to eternity. Pause even on the altar-stone; if only there, thou seest thy error; for a union of hands, without hearts, is a sin against high heaven. Remember,

"There are two angels that attend, unseen,
Each one of us; and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action, closes
His volume; and ascends with it to God;
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page."

"IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE."

BY MRS. C. MARIA LONDON.

How often in this ever-changeable world, where we experience, alternately, clouds and sunshine, felicities and disappointments, tears and smiles; where the years, as they flit by us into the bosom of the Past, wreath variegated chaplets of flowers and thorns about our hearts—how often are we reminded of the unstable nature of all things below the sun, and the foolishness of hoping for enduring happiness in any earthly object! It is true the earth is very lovely, flowers rich and beautiful are strewn along our path; but how often, among the luxuriant foliage and the newly bursting buds are seen gleaming fiercely up the eyes of those poisonous serpents, Treachery and Distrust; and even where these are not, the flowers soon wither and fall to the ground, and the beauty and glory of them are gone for ever. But this seems a hard lesson for us to learn. We many times see those who have had the monitions of many years and many sorrows, still clinging to the very idols that have so often deceived them—still searching for peace and substantial enjoyment among the fading, transient toys by which they are surrounded. Like an imprisoned bird, the spirit flutters helplessly around, seeking rest and finding none. Would that the prisoner would look upward—there is light; there is escape. We are not left to walk in darkness and alone through the valley of tears; we have a Friend who never will leave or forsake us, but will love and sustain us even unto the end.

With what perfect trust—with what implicit faith, should we rely upon this glorious Friend—the holy One of God, who left the glory that He had with His Father, and became poor and despised, that we might be rich—who was scourged that we might be healed—who suffered and died that we might live—who rose that we might know that the grave shall not have dominion over us for ever. The Saviour knows all our temptations and besetments; He was tempted even as we are, yet He sinned not; He knows the trials and disappointments that we have to encounter; He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. We need not fear that we are so low and weak as to be beneath His notice; for He who is mighty to save to the uttermost all who will trust in Him, was meek and lowly in heart and in life.

In taking a view of the example and sufferings of Him who was bruised for our transgressions, we pause with grateful reverence to contemplate one period when He experienced much of human

grief. It was evening in Gethsemane—weary and sorrowful, Jesus had repaired thither, accompanied by a few who had left all to follow Him. Bidding them watch and pray, He went alone to commune with His Father—to pray that if it were possible the cup might pass from Him. As He knelt in the stillness of that awful hour, the Angel of Night hovered with drooping wings above Him; His locks were moist with her tears, and her deep low sigh fanned His pale and throbbing brow, on which were the crimson drops of more than mortal agony. But at length, being strengthened, He arose and came to His disciples, but they were asleep; there was none who loved Him enough to watch with Him one hour. In that same fearful night, another, who had seen His wonderful works and had heard His words of love, betrayed Him with a kiss; and still another, who had vowed to follow Him even unto death, denied that he had ever known Him. In all these manifestations of carelessness, treachery and cowardice, the Redeemer of the world gave us an example of patient endurance, meek forbearance and forgiving love, which it would be well for us to imitate. At least, let us for whom Christ had died, look well to our own lives and see that we are not among those who sleep, betray or deny. The word which He has given to us is a complete and unerring chart to guide us through the thorny maze of life: if we adhere firmly to its teachings, our feet shall not stumble.

I have seen an old man tottering with feeble steps to the last resting-place of her who has been his friend and his counsellor through many happy years. She has smoothed the rugged places in his path; when he has been cast down she has cheered him by her unchanging love, her untiring devotion to his happiness, and above all by her unwavering faith in Him who doeth all things well. All his burdens have been lightened, all his cares have been lessened by her sweet, pure presence. But now it is all over. The old man is left alone. But as the tears of affection stream down his furrowed cheeks, a heavenly radiance is in his sunken eye; he does not mourn as those who have no hope: he knows that his dear one has gone where the weary are for ever at rest, and in a few short days he will be re-united to her in that better home “where none wander and none die.”

I have seen a fair young mother whose earthly hopes were all centred in a tender and beautiful child. Wherever she went that bright one was at her side, with her gleesome laugh and her sweet earnest voice. When the blue loving eyes were close in sleep, the little shining curls nestled close to the heart of that fond and hoping mother. Thus was it a joy and a blessing to her continually. But the Angel of Disease came with poisoned breath and kissed the lips of the cherub, and they grew pale and thin, and murmured with pain. Those joyous eyes became almost wild in their expression of suffering—we saw the tiny hands extended pleadingly, and the quivering lips faltered “Kiss me once more, mamma,” and the little one was gone. It was all in vain that the stricken mother strained the little hands to her almost bursting heart—it was all in vain that she laid her lips close to that white still face and whispered, “Darling, it is mamma.” Her trea-

sure, her idol was taken from her, and she could not call it back. But when the first fearful shock of this great grief was past, a sweet and calm serenity, a peaceful, humble resignation filled the heart of the bereaved one. She knew that her Father was infinite in wisdom and goodness, and in the depths of her spirit she said, “Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.” She knew that the Saviour who said, “Suffer little children to come unto Me,” had prepared a place for her child in Paradise, and had taken her to Himself.

I have seen one in the pride and beauty of early manhood, crushed to the ground like a tempest-riven oak, by the falsehood of her in whom he had confided the richest and holiest treasures of his noble, generous spirit; for her he had braved the frowns of Fortune and the scorn of the world. For he had left his home and all that was dear to him, and in a foreign land had delved deep and untiringly into the mines of knowledge to gain a name of which she might be proud. He had deemed her the type of all that was lovely, pure and true. She was the source, the centre and the end of his every thought and aspiration—the very soul of his being.

But now the joy-dream of his life is dispelled; he has awakened, but ah! how dark is the night—how terrible the storm-cloud that has burst in one fierce, mighty torrent upon his head! Like an avalanche of despair, rushed the conviction of her treachery upon his soul, crushing all the bright buds of peace and joy and hope that have been nestling there. In the utter anguish of this rayless midnight he prays for death—for annihilation—for anything that will free him from memory. The future is shorn of all its glory—the present is agony—the past mocks at his grief with its pictures of bliss. Truly he is draining to the very dregs the bitterest cup of human woe. But there is a balm in Gilead that can heal even his wounded, quivering, bleeding heart. There is a Physician there who can sympathize with his sufferings, and apply a perfect and lasting cure. There he will find a Friend that changes not—a love that grows not cold. There he may learn that “Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal.”

We might fill scores of pages with these life-pictures, to show how the Dove of Peace has descended with healing in its wings to hearts made desolate by shattered hopes and severed ties. We are surrounded with proofs of this cheering fact, that through all the changes, disappointments and sorrows of life, we may find peace in Him who is a strong tower, a rock of defence unto all who diligently seek Him. And when at last our feet must tread through the valley of the shadow of Death—we need fear no evil, for the right hand of Him in whom we have trusted shall support and comfort us, and lead us safely through to the portals of the land of rest—the eternal inheritance which He has gone to prepare for us.

CANTON, PA.

“The candles you sold me last were very bad,” said Suett, to a tallow-chandler. “Indeed, sir, I am sorry for that?” “Yes, sir, do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then *burn no longer*.” “You surprise me; what, sir, did they go out?” “No, sir, no; they *burnt shorter*.”

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

CONCLUDED.

We will now relate some instances of the memory of the horse. One belonging to a gentleman of Taunton strayed from a field at Corfe, about three miles from thence. After a long and troublesome search, he was at last discovered on a farm at Branscombe, in Devon, a distance of twenty-three miles, being the place where he was foaled, although it is certain that the animal had not been there for ten years, having during the whole of that time been in possession of the gentleman who then owned him.

The other is not less remarkable:—A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he reached his destination. Two years afterwards he had occasion to pursue the same route. He was benighted three or four miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head; he had a black and dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he was to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. "Here am I," said he to himself, "far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope." He threw the reins on the animal's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend, in about half an hour. It must be remarked that the horse could not possibly have been that road with the exception of the time before-mentioned at two years' distance, as no person ever rode him but his master.

Here is a story of an equine geographer, who was the cause of saving his master some distance in travelling. Mr. Cunningham, in his amusing account of New South Wales, relates the following interesting anecdote of a horse:—"A friend of mine, in the habit of riding a good deal, found, that whenever he approached a gully, his sagacious horse invariably opposed his wishes to cross at the particular spot he had been accustomed to, always endeavoring to lead off to another part of the gully, where no passage was known to exist by his rider. Resolving to see whither the cunning rogue would go, he gave him the rein, and soon found himself carried over the gully by a route he had never before followed. Still, however, thinking that the former way was the nearest, he was curious enough to have both measured, when he found the horse's judgment correct, that way being the nearest by several hundred yards."

In the story we are now about to relate, we hardly know whether most to praise the intelligence of the dog or the docility of the horse.

Dr. Smith, of the Queen's county militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar. These animals were mu-

tually attached, and seemed perfectly acquainted with each other's actions. The dog was always kept in the stable at night, and universally lay beside the horse.

When Dr. Smith practised in Dublin, he visited his patients on horseback, and had no other servant to take care of the horse, while in their houses, but Cæsar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend the dog. When it happened that the Doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Cæsar; they both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, until he came out again.

While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's county, the horse seemed to be as implicitly obedient to his canine friend as he could possibly be to his groom. The Doctor would go to the stable, accompanied by his dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and, giving the reins to the former, desire him to take the animal to the water. They both understood what was to be done, when off trotted Cæsar, followed by the horse, who frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to a rivulet, at the back of the town, about three hundred yards distant from the stable, and after the horse had quenched his thirst, both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out.

The Doctor frequently desired Cæsar to make the horse leap over this stream, which might be about six feet broad; the dog, by a kind of bark, and leaping up towards the horse's head, intimated to him what he wanted, which was quickly understood; and he cantered off, preceded by Cæsar, and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then desired to bring him back again, and it was speedily done in the same manner. On one occasion, Cæsar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he immediately trotted up to the dog, who took hold of the bridle and led him through the water quietly.

White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, proves the sociable disposition of the horse by the two following anecdotes, and adduces the first as exhibiting a striking instance of an association between animals totally dissimilar in their organization:

"Even great disparity of kind does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship; for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals; the fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself quietly against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when

he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems somewhat mistaken,—

"Much less can bird with beast, or fah with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape."

"Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbor's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavoring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet."

The following anecdote is given on the authority of Dr. Macdonnel, of Belfast, well known for his great talents as a naturalist:

"A gentleman with whom the Doctor was acquainted, had a horse, which had been observed to disengage his head from the halter, then to open the door of the stable, and go out in the middle of the night only, and regale himself upon corn in a field at a considerable distance. The horse returned to his stall before the break of day, and had continued this practice for some time without being detected. He adroitly opened the door, by drawing a string fastened to the latch with his teeth; and it is said, that on returning to the stable, he shut the door."

Between the years 1750 and 1760, a Scottish lawyer of eminence made a journey to London. At that period such journeys were usually performed on horseback, and the traveller might either ride post, or, if willing to travel economically, he bought a horse and sold him at the end of his journey. The gentleman above alluded to, who was a good judge of horses, as well as an excellent horseman, had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had sold the steed on which he rode from Scotland as soon as he arrived in London. With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse. About dusk, a handsome one was offered to him at so cheap a rate, that he was led to suspect the animal was unsound, but as he could discover no blemish, he became the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey; his horse had excellent paces, and the few first miles, while the road was well frequented, our traveller spent in congratulating himself on his good fortune, in having made so good a bargain. On Finchley Common, and at a place where the road ran down a slight ascent, and up another, the traveller met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody within sight, and the horse by his manoeuvre plainly intimated what had been the profession of his former owner. Instead of passing the chaise he ran close up to it, and stopt it, having no doubt but his rider would embrace so fair an opportunity of exercising his vocation. The clergyman never doubting the identity of the equestrian, produced his purse unasked, and assured the astonished lawyer that it was quite unnecessary to draw his pistol, as he did not intend to offer any resistance. The traveller rallied his steed, and with many apologies to the gentleman he had so innocently and unwillingly affronted, pursued his journey.

The horse next made the same suspicious ap-

proach to a coach, from the windows of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciations of death and destruction to the rider, though *sack-lashes*, as he used to express it, of all offence in word or deed. In short, after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicions to which the conduct of his horse gave rise, and his liberty as often threatened by peace-officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as the notorious highwayman who had formerly ridden him, he found himself obliged to part with the inauspicious animal for a mere trifle, and to purchase at a dear rate one less showy, and of inferior action, but of better moral habits.

It is well known that the cry of the hound has a powerful influence on any horse that has been accustomed to follow the chase. A remarkable instance of this occurred in 1807, when the Liverpool mail was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton and Newcastle-under-Line. The horses which had performed the stage were taken off and separated, when Sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds were heard in full cry. They immediately started after them with their harness on, and followed the chase until the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, until reynard ran to earth in a neighboring plantation. These spirited animals were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton that evening.

A Wiltshire gentleman lent a well-bred and fiery mare to a friend from town, who had come down to try the Essex dogs against the Wiltshire breed of greyhounds. At the close of a very fine day's sport, the huntsmen had beat a small furze brake, and for the purpose of better threading it, the London gentleman dismounted, and gave the bridle of the mare to the next horseman.

Puss was soon started; the "hallo" was given; the person who held the mare, in the eagerness of sport, forgot his charge, loosed his hold, and, regardless of any other than his own steed, left the mare to run, like Mazeppa's, "wild and untutored." But, to the astonishment of all, instead of so doing, or even attempting to bend her course homewards (and she was in the immediate neighborhood of her stable,) she ran the whole course at the tail of the dogs; turned, as well as she could, when they brought the prey about; and afterwards, by outstripping all competitors (for the run was long and sharp,) she stopped only at the death of the hare, and then suffered herself to be quietly taken and remounted.

What renders it still more remarkable is, that she had only twice followed the hounds previous to this event, which strongly indicated her natural love of sport. The brace of dogs that were slipped at this course were the property of the owner of the mare, and the groom had been in the habit of exercising them with her. Whether this had any effect on her actions, is quite uncertain; but be this as it may, the circumstance is not the less worthy of our admiration.

It is no uncommon circumstance in Ireland for gentlemen, on a good hunter, to clear a six-foot wall, with a course of flints at the top. In most of the lower districts of Ireland, the country is

subdivided by mud walls, with a ditch on each side; so that the horses are trained to make a double leap over these—first, by leaping on the top of the dyke, and then over the second ditch. All hunters' plates in that country are run for over ground where there are four-foot drains twice to cross. It is mentioned in the *Sporting Magazine*, that Irish horses have been known to clear twenty-two feet at a leap, over a rivulet in the swampy meadows at Frimley, in Surrey, even in the heat of the chase.

Two Irish grooms were drinking at a public-house door, one upon his master's hunter then in exercise; the bet of a noggin of whiskey was made, that the horse could not clear a neighboring wall. The height of it, viewed from the horse's back, was tremendous; nevertheless, full to the brim, both of right Irish mettle and of whiskey, Patrick offered the leap standing to his nag; the horse was as truly Irish as his rider, but had drunk no whiskey, and, therefore, after a little hesitation, he reluctantly refused the offer; on which the half-mad groom, turning the horse about, and cantering him to a considerable distance, turned him again, and with his riding switch up about the horse's ears, ran him at the wall. The generous and noble animal, ashamed to refuse a second time, made a desperate leap; but being incapable of overtopping such an altitude, his fore-feet struck against the summit; yet the violence of his exertion carrying him over, he grounded on the other side on his head and fore quarters, both his fore-legs being broken in the fall. Most unfortunately for example's sake, the fellow escaped with only a few contusions. The wretched horse, from the absence of his proprietor, was kept several days in torture before he was shot.

A gentleman, on the point of matrimony, riding his hunter over the farm, was stopped by a five-barred gate; in stooping to unfasten it, his heel touched the horse's side; the obedient hunter, mistaking it for a signal to take the gate, made his leap while it was swinging, and his hinder legs being entangled, he came down upon his unfortunate master's body, and crushed him instantly to death! It was fully an hour before any witness arrived; and the noble and generous horse was standing close by his dead master, as if sensible of and lamenting his fate.

A monkey, who was kept in the late Duke of Richmond's stable in Sussex, was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is fond of riding," replied his Grace, "we'll endeavor to give him enough of it;" and, accordingly, provided a complete jockey dress for the monkey. The next time the bounds were out, Jacko, in his uniform, was strapped to one of the best hunters, and the view hollow being given, away they went, through thick and thin.

The horse being fond of the sport, and carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farmhouse, inquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox?

"Ay, zure," said the man, "he is gone over yon fallow."

"And was there any one up with him?"

"Ay, zure," said John, "there be a *little man in yellow jacket*, just gone by, riding as though the evil one be in un. I hope from my heart, the *young gentleman* mayn't meet with a fall, for he rides most monstrous bould."

The experiment had the desired effect; Jacko was sufficiently chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of the stable ever afterwards.

During a fox-hunt, some of the party were stopped by a high fence, when one of the horses was so impatient to follow the chase, that he absolutely took a flying leap over the head of a gentleman who had dismounted, and was in the act of removing the upper sliding bar of six, that served as a gateway upon particular occasions.

The celebrated horseman, Johnson, being at Derby in one of his excursions, married the daughter of Alderman Howe, who then kept one of the principal inns, and succeeded him in his business. He conducted himself so as to be well esteemed by the gentleman of his county; and his black horse, which he still kept, was one of the favorites of the Vernon hunt, then probably the first in England. The following feat, performed by him and his horse, is worth remembering.

The hunt were taking leave of Lord Vernon one day, by the side of the Ha ha, when his lordship told Johnson it was extraordinary he had never been tempted, in the course of any day, to do more as a horseman, than all the members of the hunt could do.

"Well, my lord," said he, "what would you wish me to do?"

"I am not to choose," said his lordship, "but surely you can do something more than others."

"I will go over that Ha ha, my lord."

"So can others; myself for one."

"But I, my lord," said he, "will go over it in a way in which your lordship cannot."

He rode his black horse up to the brink, and as he stopped, laid his hands upon the pommel of the saddle, and sprung from that posture, clean over the Ha ha.

The hunt applauded; but the performance was not over. He was something shaken by the fall, and did not immediately rise; the horse looked at him attentively all the while, and when he had got out of the way, followed him over, rode up to him, and stood by his side till he mounted.

It is related of a well known veteran sportsman, that he had pursued the fox, on the *same horse*, not less than *seventy-five* times, and on a fair statement riding each meeting a distance of twelve miles to cover! This famous and favorite animal was not once bled, or had the slightest operation performed upon him during the whole season; and, remarkable as it may appear, throughout his arduous task he never received the slightest injury, or appeared the least distressed; but, on the contrary, to the very last day in the field, he maintained his undaunted spirits, triumphing in the blithe echo, "Hark forward, tally ho, gone away!" This extraordinary fact stands unprecedented in the annals of sporting history.

The Sheltie, a diminutive horse, not larger than a Newfoundland dog, is to be found in Shetland and all the islands on the north and west of Scotland, also in the mountainous districts of the

mainland along the coast. They are beautifully formed, and possess prodigious strength in proportion to their size. The heads are small, with a flowing mane and long tail, reaching to the ground. They are high-spirited and courageous little animals, but extremely tractable in their nature. They run wild about the mountains, and there are various methods of catching them, according to the local situation of the district which they inhabit.

The shelties are generally so small, that a middling-sized man must ride with his knees parallel to the animal's shoulders, to prevent his toes from touching the ground. It is surprising to see with what speed they will carry a heavy man over broken and zig-zag roads, in their native mountains. When grazing, they will clamber up steep ascents, and to the extreme edge of precipices, which overhang the most frightful abysses, and there they will gaze around with as much complacency as if on a plain.

These small animals are not, however, to be considered a degenerate breed, for they are possessed of much greater physical strength, in proportion to their size, than larger horses. They are called in the Highlands, garrons, and, till very lately, were broken in a very harsh, and even cruel manner. A rope was tied around their hind leg, and they were beat most unmercifully with a great stick, while the horse kicked furiously, and struggled violently for his liberty; and sometimes the garron would lie down, and sometimes the Highlander, and often both together, but still the man generally kept his hold.

Many years ago, when turnpikes were first established in Scotland, a countryman was employed by the Laird of Coll to go to Glasgow and Edinburgh on certain business, and furnished with a small sheltie to ride on. Being stopped at a gate near Dumbarton, the messenger good-humoredly asked the keeper if he would be required to pay toll, should he pass through carrying a burthen; and upon the man answering, "Certainly not," he took up the horse in his arms and carried him through the toll-bar, to the great amusement of the keeper.

A gentleman, some time ago, was presented with one of these handsome little animals, which was no less docile than elegant, and measured only seven hands, or twenty-eight inches in height. He was anxious to convey his present home as speedily as possible; but, being at a considerable distance, was at a loss how to do so most easily. The friend said, "Can you not carry him in your chaise?" He made the experiment, and the sheltie was lifted into it, covered up with the apron, and some bits of bread given him to keep him quiet: he lay quite peaceably till he reached his destination: thus exhibiting the novel spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.

A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream, and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.

The following interesting fact was witnessed

by the Most Rev. Dr. Plunket, Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath. A gentleman had a white pony, which became extremely attached to a little dog that lived with him in the same stable, and whenever the horse was rode out, the dog universally ran by its side. One day, when the groom took out the pony for exercise, and accompanied as usual by his canine friend, they met a large dog, who very violently attacked the diminutive cur; upon which the horse reared on his hind legs, and, to the astonishment of the groom and the bystanders, so effectually fought his friend's battle with his fore feet, that the aggressor found it his interest to scamper off at full speed, and never again venture to assail the small dog.

This diminutive animal sometimes acquires a great age. The following appeared in the York Herald, of the 30th October, 1790:—"There is at present, in a village to the south of Haddington, a very small black pony, not exceeding eleven hands high, of the Shetland breed, which was foaled in the year 1743, and in the year 1745 was rode at the battle of Prestonpans by a young gentleman, who afterwards sold it to a farmer near Dunbar, from whom it came to the present proprietor. This pony, which is now forty-seven years of age, looks remarkably fresh, and can trot above eight miles an hour, for several hours together; has a very good set of teeth; eats corn and hay well; is able to go a long journey; and has not, to appearance, undergone the least alteration whatever either in galloping, trotting, walking, or in body, for these twenty years past."

The horse is naturally a playful animal, as may be seen when several of them are running in a meadow together. I remember one, as frolicsome as a kitten, which was kept along with an ass, in a park. These animals frequently attracted the attention of many spectators, for they would chase each other about in the most playful manner, biting one another in the manner that dogs play, and then scamper off together, kicking and plunging, with their ears thrown back in mimic hostility. Thus they would continue to amuse themselves for hours.

I have read in the Sporting Magazine that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire was possessed of a three-year old colt, a dog, and three sheep, who were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlor window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and leap back to his pasture.

The following is a surprising instance of the affection and sagacity of the horse:—"A gentleman, one dark night, riding home through a wood, had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The animal, immediately returning to the house which they had left, about a mile distant, found the door closed, and the family retired to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened, than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, who led him

rectly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint."

Although the horse seldom exerts its strength and power to the prejudice of his master, we have an instance of recollection of injury and an attempt to revenge it, inserted in a work of D. Rolle, Esq., of Torrington, in Devonshire.

A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long run he dined, and again mounting, rode him furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable his strength seemed exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The baronet, some time after, entered the stable, when the horse made a furious spring upon him, and, had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power ever again to misuse his animals.

"A friend of ours," says Mr. Macdiarmid, "who revels a good deal in the course of the year, passing by the way many outlandish corners, where inns and mile-stones are alike scarce, has a mare that follows him like a pet dog, and fares very much as he does himself. Her name is Jess, and when a feed of corn is difficult to be got at, he can breakfast, dine, or sup on oat-cake, loaf-rum, or barley-meal scones, seasoned with a whang from the gudewife's kebbuck. In the remotest parishes such viands are generally forthcoming; and failing these, the animal is so little given to fastidiousness, that she will thrust, when invited, her nose into a cogful of porridge, or owens, or even the kail-pot itself when the contents are thick and sufficiently cool. Though her staple beverage is drawn from the pump trough, her crystal well, or the running brook, she can sippie at times as well as her betters, particularly when the weather runs in extremes, and is either sultry and oppressively hot, or disagreeably raw, frosty, and cold. In the warm days she prefers something cooling, and very lately we had the honor of treating her to a bottle of ale! A toll-keeper, when summoned, came to the door with a bottle in one hand, and a screw in the other, but a clumsy butler we never saw; and what with his fumbling, the mare got so impatient, that she seemed ready at one time to knock him down. The liquor, when decanted, was approached in a moment, and swallowed without the intervention of a breath. For some miles, its effects were visible in the increased speed and spirits of the animal; and we are informed, that the same thing takes place when the cordial is changed in winter to a gill of whiskey! The spirit, of course, is diluted in water, several per cent. below the proper strength of seamen's grog; and her master is of opinion, that a little spirits, applied in time, is as useful a preservative against cold in the case of a horse, as of a human being. Our friend's system is certainly peculiar, but his mare thrives well under it; and we will be bold to say, that a roadster more sleek, safe, and docile, is not to be found in the whole country."

A novel race took place in London, in June, 1822. Precisely at five o'clock, an eight-ordered alley, containing eight picked watermen, set off

from the centre arch of Vauxhall Bridge, to row to the Red House at Battersea, against a gentleman of sporting celebrity, mounted on a fine blood hunter, who started from the Pimlico side of the bridge, crossed, and took the Nine Elms road. The race was won by the horse beating the boat one minute and a half. The tide was running strong up, and the wind blew in the opposite direction, otherwise it is supposed the watermen would have been successful. The wager was for a considerable sum.

Here is an extraordinary instance of the endurance and great speed of the horse. At four o'clock in the morning, a gentleman was robbed at Gadshill, on the west side of Chatham, by a highwayman, named Nicks, who rode a bay mare. Nicks set off instantly to Gravesend, where he was stopped nearly an hour by the difficulty of getting a boat; but he made the best use of the delay, to refresh his horse: from thence he got across to Essex, and reached Chelmsford, where he again stopped about half an hour to bait his horse.

He then went to Braintree, Bocking, Westfield, and over the downs to Cambridge, and still pursuing the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stratford to Huntingdon, where he rested about an hour; then holding to the north road, and keeping at full gallop most of the way, he arrived at York the same afternoon, put off his boots and riding-clothes, and went dressed to the Bowling-green, where, among other promenaders, happened to be the Lord Mayor of the city. He there studied to do something particular, that his Lordship might remember him; and asking what o'clock it was, the Mayor informed him that it was a quarter past eight.

Upon prosecution for the robbery, the whole safety of the prisoner rested upon this point. The gentleman swore positively to the time, the place and the money; but on the other hand, the proof was equally clear of his being in York at the time specified. The jury acquitted him, upon the supposed impossibility of his being at so great a distance from Kent at the time he was seen in the Bowling-green.

A gentleman in Leeds had a horse which, after being kept up in the stable for some time, and turned out into the field, where there was a pump well supplied with water, regularly obtained a quantity therefrom by his own dexterity. For this purpose, the animal was observed to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with his head, in a way exactly similar to that done by the hand of man, until a sufficiency of what nature called for, was produced in the trough.

What will you say to a horse going up into the hay-loft to procure more provender? Such an extraordinary circumstance did happen: the horse had finished his ration of hay for the night, and, it is very clear, from the circumstance, had designed serving out a second course for the accommodation of himself and his associates of the stable. He slipped the halter off his head, and mounted up, by a very narrow pair of stairs, into the hay-loft, above the other horses. Having performed this unheard-of feat, and nearly accomplished his design, the floor gave way under his weight, and he fell partly through the loft, his body hanging

over one of the beams, his legs through the boards, and his head down into the rack. In the violent struggles which he made to relieve himself from this excruciating situation, he cut and bruised himself so terribly, that when released by the men, his condition was most distressing.

A curious and hazardous enterprise, somewhat similar to the last, was performed at Dover, in 1812, for a trifling wager, by a gentleman of that neighborhood. There is a shaft excavated in Dover, from Snaregate street to the heights, comprising one hundred and forty steps, nearly perpendicular, and much resembling those in the Monument of London. The gentlemen's servant first led his master's horse up the steps of the shaft, and, to the astonishment of every person who followed him, he then led the animal to the bottom; after this, the gentlemen gallantly mounted, and arrived safe at the top of the shaft, in nearly a trot, by which he won the wager.

A gentleman riding in the afternoon, on the road between Ravensglass and Whitehaven, on a very high-spirited blood horse, not far distant from Egremont, passed by a single-horse chaise, which occasioned the animal to be very unruly. Thinking to pacify him, by passing the chaise, he cantered forwards; but the horse, no longer to be restrained, bolted off at a full gallop, and coming upon Egremont bridge, (the middle of the battlements of which presents nearly a right angle to the entrance upon it,) was going with such fury, that unable to retrieve himself, he leaped sidelong upon the parapet, which is upwards of four feet high. The rider, finding it impossible to recover the horse, and seeing the improbability of saving either of their lives, had he floundered over head-foremost, just as the horse was falling headlong down, had instantaneous presence of mind to strike him on both sides with his spurs, and force him to take a clear leap. Owing to this precaution he alighted upon his feet, and the rider firmly keeping his seat, held up the horse, till, reaching the bottom, he leaped off unhurt. When we consider the height of the bridge, which has been accurately ascertained to be upwards of twenty feet of perpendicular height from the top of the battlements, and that there was not one foot depth of water in the bed of the river where they alighted, it was quite miraculous that they were not both dashed to pieces by the fall. The gentleman, however, travelled with his accustomed vigor, from Egremont to Whitehaven, a distance of five miles. The only injury he received was a slight sprain in one foot, which confined him three days at the King's Arms Inn, at Whitehaven. He remained there three days longer, waiting the recovery of his horse, who had a slight wound in the stifle-joint.

A gentleman in the neighborhood of Chester, sending his servant to the post-office on a clumsy hackney, that had never been known to leap till that day, a glazier, who had been mending some windows at the house, asked permission to ride behind him, which was allowed. No sooner was he mounted, than the horse, hearing the crate of glass rattling at his back, started off at full speed, and coming to the lodge-gate, which was five feet six inches high, spiked on the top, and the ground on each side paled, cleared it all at a leap; and,

wonderful to say, neither of his riders, although it was the glazier's first appearance on horseback, were thrown from their seats, nor received any injury from their perilous situation.

A curious instance of instinct, which occurred at Bristol, proves the great local memory possessed by horses. A person, recognizing a horse bestrode by a countryman to be one which he himself had lost about nine months previous, seized his property, and said, "This is my horse; I will prove it in two minutes, or quit my claim." He then liberated the animal from restraint, let him go at large, and declared his proof to be that the horse would be found at his stable at some distance; a fact that was ascertained in a few minutes, by the two claimants and several bystanders repairing thither, where they found the horse quite at home.

Such instances of the horse's memory are by no means uncommon. A gentleman related to me a circumstance which occurred to himself, in nearly the following words:—

"When a boy at school, I had a fine-spirited Highland pony, which had been bred and reared upon Drumchany, the property of my late worthy and gallant friend, General S—.

"About five years after the pony had been brought to Edinburgh, I rode him to Perthshire, in company with several gentlemen. We were advancing in the direction of Drumchany, when it was proposed that a trial should be made of the animal's memory. The evening being considerably advanced, and darkness rapidly approaching, we were desirous of taking a ford which led directly thither, but were uncertain of the precise place, although we knew it could not be far off: my pony was therefore allowed to take the lead, and advanced cheerily, when he suddenly paused, and turning quickly to the right, trotted down a furrow, through a potato-field, that led directly to the ford in question, which he crossed in the same decided manner, and piloted the rest of the way to Drumchany. During my stay there, I may add, that he got out of the stable one night, and was found next day pasturing among the mosses where he had been bred."

BASIL KEITH'S REVENGE.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

CHAPTER I.

"Is mother very sick, Matty?"

"I'm afraid she is, my poor child, but maybe she would be better if 'twas warmer here. This room is cold enough to freeze one's very breath," and Matty Ridge, kneeling upon the broken hearth, tried in vain to fan the feeble fire into something like a blaze.

"There's no use in trying to make these chips burn, they are too wet: but don't look grieved about it, Jane—I'll run over home and get something to make you up a nice fire;" and, brushing the ashes from her apron, the kind-hearted neighbor left the dreary room.

Jane Keith sat down on the floor, and shiveringly pulled her little shawl around her shoulders, but she soon sprang to her feet, for from the low bed in the corner came a voice—

"Jane! Jane! where are you?"

"Here, close by you, mother;" and the child pressed her rosy cheek to the thin, white hand of the sick woman; "but are you worse?—do tell me, do you want anything?"

"No, nothing; only I am chilled from head to foot. Jane, it is very cold here."

"I know it, dear mother. The fire will not burn, but Matty Ridge has gone to get some wood. Perhaps, when she comes back we will be warmer."

Gertrude Keith gave no heed to these words. She closed her eyes, and lay thus so long and so silently that the little girl thought she slept. But Jane was mistaken, for, when she sought to move away, the cold fingers tightened upon hers, and the low, sweet voice murmured—

"Don't leave me, Jane; I want to talk to you. You are cold, child; come close to me;" and, creeping under the miserable covering, Jane Keith clung with a shudder to her mother. "Is there any money in the house, Jane?"

The child shook her head sadly.

"Have we any wood?"

"Only little pieces that the neighbors give us;" and Jane hid her face in the pillow, and cried.

"Poor darling, so young and yet so wretched," said Gertrude Keith, passing her hand gently over her daughter's silken curls. "I could cry, too, not for myself, but for you."

"And I was crying for you, mother;" and the little girl wiped her eyes and tried to smile.

"Well, then, daughter, we will have no tears; and now tell me where is Basil?"

"He went away early this morning. He has gone to look for work."

"Then he got none yesterday?"

"No, mother."

"Poor Basil! poor Jane!" faintly murmured the sick woman. Then again she closed her eyes, but this time Jane knew she was not sleeping. Gertrude Keith was praying, and the cry of her agonized heart was, "Lord, have mercy on my children."

Along the dark passage came a quick, boyish step, then the door opened, and Basil Keith came into the room. Mrs. Keith raised herself upon her elbow, and looked eagerly at her son—

"Can you get any work, Basil?"

"No—no," and, with a sort of sobbing moan, the boy knelt beside the little bed. "I don't mind being so poor for myself, mother, but it makes my heart sick to think I can do nothing for you and Jane."

"As for me," said Gertrude Keith, calmly, "I shall soon be where hunger and cold cannot come. Don't cry, my darlings. I sorrow only for you, dear son, sweet daughter; this will be, indeed, the bitterness of death, to go from you, and leave you so lonely, so miserable."

And little Jane answered her mother only by a passionate burst of tears; but Basil, raising his head, said cheerfully—

"You will not die, mother: you will get well, and then I can get work, and we will all be happy once more."

"Poor dreamer," whispered the sick woman, and then she twined her arms more fondly round

her children, and the three, clinging together, wept bitterly.

That wretched home, with its dreary room, that weeping, shivering mother and her children, made a sad picture. Yet, after all, it was but one of many. Grievous Want was forever painting such, and scattering them through that great city; but Charity slept, and men's hearts were slow to look on these woful pictures.

A bright fire leaped up on the hearth, and Matty Ridge, turning from her work with a glad heart, felt that it was more blessed to give than to receive.

"Don't thank me any more, Mrs. Keith," she said, "it is sure my pleasure to help you. I'll do anything for you I can, and I am grieved enough that I can do so little, for it is cutting me to the heart to see a delicate born lady like you in such a place."

CHAPTER II.

"Basil, I thought of it as I lay awake last night in the cold, white moonlight. It seems to me all that can be done; there is no other way. I know this cup is very bitter. Child, can you take it?"

"Mother, I cannot. Oh! tell me, is there nothing but this?"

And from Gertrude Keith's pale lips sadly came the answer—

"No—nothing."

"I would save your high spirit this, if I could, but we are starving, we are freezing, and aid must be sought. Go but to one person, Basil. If Ryall Marsh refuses you, ask no one else."

Basil Keith looked moodily on the floor. A fierce struggle was going on in his proud heart, and he answered in a stifled voice—

"Mother, it will kill me to beg."

"No—no, boy, it will not; the pang will be sharp, but it will soon be over. Why, Basil, how strangely you talk: hunger and cold you have battled stoutly with, and yet you say it will kill you to beg."

Gertrude Keith said this in a quick, excited way, and Basil turned towards her; then he met her large black eyes fixed imploringly upon him. That look went to his heart, and, burying his face in his hands, the boy wept. At length, Basil grew calm, and, brushing away the tears, he said, slowly and firmly—

"It is over now, mother. I will go."

Yes! the sharp conflict was ended. Poverty had triumphed! Pride was conquered.

"Bless you, Basil, for this. I have long shrunk from this step, but my heart is weak; I cannot endure much. Perhaps, I do wrong in sending you to Ryall Marsh, yet he may help us; and want is stern and bitter."

"I know it, dear mother, and let me go now—now, whilst I am braced for it;" and the boy picked up his cap, but his mother checked him.

"Take Jane with you, she is so little, and so fair, and it may be she can help you the better to plead your story. Perhaps, together, you can move his heart; and, Basil, remember, boy, you do not go to Ryall Marsh as an every-day beggar. You have a right to ask help from that man. His injustice, his oppression, robbed your father

of his possessions, and sent him to an early grave. Ryall Marsh made us what we are, and I send you to him to ask but your own again."

And Basil Keith pinned the scanty shawl carefully around his little sister, and smoothed with loving fingers the brown curls under the old hood. Then he took her by his side, and his hand was on the latch when his mother again called him—

"I have just thought of something, Basil," said she, earnestly; "will you get me a piece of paper and a pencil?"

Basil wondered.

"There is nothing here, mother, but the leaf of an old book."

"That will do. Push the pillows under me while I write. There, 'tis done. Don't look at it, my child. Put it in your pocket, and should Ryall Marsh sternly refuse you, give him this. Don't tell him your names," and, gasping for breath, the sick woman sank back in her bed.

"Take care of mother when we are gone, Matty," whispered Basil, as he passed the kind neighbor in the little entry. "We will come back soon."

Matty promised, and the children hurried into the street. They looked round more than once at their home, and half wondered if they ought not to run back again to tell Matty to take care of their mother.

"And Basil thought *his* struggle was hard. Ah! if he had but known how my heart shrank from sending him to that man. Bitter straits—sharp sufferings—have driven me to it, though. God grant that Ryall Marsh may have mercy on me and my children;" and with tears Gertrude Keith hid her face upon her pillow.

Basil and Jane Keith went hand in hand through the crowded streets, shiveringly clinging to each other, whilst the rich and the gay pushed past the little children, unheeding their wretchedness. The air was biting cold, and from the dull, sad sky overhead came ever and anon a tiny snow-flake. Basil and Jane Keith shuddered when it fell on them. Snow was full of cold misery to them.

Ryall Marsh's great brick house, with its gleaming marble steps, loomed out grimly in the distance, and Basil felt his heart sinking as they crossed towards it.

"We are little beggars, now, Jane," whispered he, bitterly, as he lifted the heavy knocker. "We have come to ask this man for money; don't you feel as though you could kill yourself for very shame? I do."

"No, Basil," said the little girl, lifting her large, black eyes to her brother's flushed face, "no I do not; we are only doing as mother told us. Would *she* send us here if there was shame in it?"

"She wouldn't, I am sure. Ah! Jane, you are right; but this thing grieves me to the soul."

CHAPTER III.

"Two children who would see you, sir," and with this the servant threw open the door. And Basil and Jane went into a grand, gloomy-looking parlor, richly carpeted, and hung with great mirrors and rare paintings; there they stood silent

and wondering, till a sharp voice from the upper end of the room caused them to start and turn thither. It was Ryall Marsh who spoke, and his words were rough—

"If you want anything of me, out with it, and begone, for I have little time to waste on you."

Then Basil, followed by Jane, went close up to the stern-browed man, who sat in his cushioned chair by the fire, and the two stood before him with downcast eyes, for in their childish hearts they were afraid.

"What have you come for? Why don't you speak?" and these angry questions seemed by their harshness to infuse new strength in Basil, for he raised his head, and said—

"We have come to ask money of you. Sir, we are starving, we are very cold at home; will you not help us?"

Ryall Marsh pushed back his spectacles, and looked keenly at the boy.

"You are a cool young beggar, I see; but be off, I have nothing for you."

But Basil pleaded—"Do not send us away, we are so very poor, so very wretched; give us but a little, and the dear angels will bless you for it."

"It certainly don't matter to me if you are so very poor; I am not bound to support every lazy young beggar who strolls about. Come, you had better be tramping," and the old man's brow wrinkled with an angry frown.

Then out spoke the fiery heart of Basil Keith—"How dare you, sir, call me a lazy young beggar? I am not such; but you are a wicked man—you cheated my father out of all that he had; I have a right to come to you; I am asking but my own again."

Ryall Marsh looked up in fierce amazement. "What does the fool mean? I never knew your father, boy, and for your insolence take this;" and as the excited old man advanced towards Basil, little Jane threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Don't strike Basil, sir," she sobbed; "don't be angry with him, but do please have mercy on us, we are so very poor, and mother is sick, and so cold—do help us."

"Get along, you crying brat!" sternly said Ryall Marsh, and then he roughly pushed Jane from him. The child staggered, and fell on her face. She was not much hurt, but sorely frightened. Her tears flowed faster than ever. And Basil Keith, his slight figure trembling, his pale cheek crimsoning, and his black eye flashing with fierce rage, sprang forward.

"You are cruel, Ryall Marsh," he said, bitterly, "and as cowardly as you are cruel. Old man, how could you strike a little girl to the floor? I despise you, I spurn you; and now, if you offered me your gold, I would dash it in your face. Come, Jane, come darling, we will go away from here," and the boy took his sister lovingly by the hand. But ere the two reached the door, Basil again spoke—"I hope God may forgive you, old Ryall Marsh, for this hour's bitter work, but I cannot. We are so poor, and we came to you humbly asking alms. And how have you answered us? By harsh words, cruel refusals, and blows. And, mark me, sir, I will have revenge for this, yes, full revenge, even were it thirty years hence;"

and ceasing to speak, Basil Keith passed out with a firm proud step, from Ryall Marsh's presence. And home went the children, even as they came, sorrowing and friendless; but, in Basil's heart was kindled an angry fire, and on his lips trembled a bitter word—*revenge! revenge!*

"Mother, I have told you all. Ryall Marsh had no mercy on us, and I dashed the paper on the floor, and left him; I left him sitting amongst his fair and goodly things whilst we passed out miserable. Mother, I will have revenge on that old man; I told him so, and I mean to keep that vow," and Basil's face flushed with passion.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," slowly and solemnly said Gertrude Keith; "son, remember what the Book says, 'Bless them which curse you, pray for those who despitefully use you.' Ryall Marsh has dealt harshly with my children, he has done me other wrongs you dream not of; yet, God helping me, I forgive him. Basil, do even this—forgive, as you hope to be forgiven." And this was the mother's last counsel to her boy, for, as the night deepened, Gertrude Keith grew faint and weak, and her voice became low and gasping, so that the neighbors who stood about her knew that the angel of death had called her. "The swellings of Jordan" were not terrible to the dying woman; a sure Comforter was crossing with her, and upon Him she leaned rejoicingly.

When the morning came, it found a white-robed earth, pure with glistening snow, but as for Gertrude Keith she had put on a whiter raiment, one goodly and fair, even the spotless robe of a "blessed immortality."

CHAPTER IV.

"At your peril let those insolent young beggars darken my doors again." And after this rough command, Ryall Marsh dismissed his servant, and sat moodily down by the fire. A tiny piece of paper lay on the carpet, and the old man, hardly recking what he did, stooped and picked it up. Then he read with misty eyes, and a strange sudden sinking at his heart, these three words—"Remember little Getty." This was the paper the beggar boy had dashed down so proudly, and this was its pleading message—"Remember little Getty." And memory took Ryall Marsh back to earlier years, when he first sat a lonely man in his grand house. She brought to his side a fairy child with long raven curls and great black eyes, who looked up lovingly in his face, and murmured, when he caressed her—"dear unole."

That was "little Getty," his orphan niece, his adopted daughter, and the old man groaned as the vision faded away. And memory drew another picture, and Ryall Marsh's heart smote him as he looked upon it. Kneeling before him, in the moonlight, was a white-robed figure with clasped hands and pleading words, but he seemed to repulse her angrily, and when she clung to him he struck her to the ground. Then a tall, slender man, with high, haughty brow, darted forward, and raising the weeping girl to his bosom, soothed her, saying—"We will go from here, Gertrude, cease to plead with your unole—am I not your husband; better to you than all the world?"

And when this scene faded, old Ryall Marsh knew that he had looked upon his niece, and her husband, Pierre Keith, even as they had sought his forgiveness after their marriage. Then Ryall Marsh sat in his counting-house, and papers lay before him, and as he looked on them he rejoiced, for he saw that but a stroke of his pen would make Pierre Keith a beggar. As he hesitated, the tempter stood by him, and whispered—"Why show mercy on the man who stole away the blossom of your heart, your little Getty? Revenge yourself on him, and punish her disobedience." And Ryall Marsh yielded, and the deed was done. Now came back the days of tearful entreaties, and beseeching letters, all of which the old man cast from him with scornful mockery and a hardened heart: then silence followed, profound, prolonged—"little Getty" had ceased to plead.

"And those little beggars were her children, that was the reason their black eyes thrilled me, so like hers—yet I drove them from me. Oh, 'Getty,' if I had but known."

But Ryall Marsh's heart, as though amazed at this unwonted mood, fell suddenly and heavily back into its iron case, the child's play was over—the old man was himself again, stern and unrelenting; and, with a grim smile, he cast the paper into the fire.

"Remember little Getty." Well, had she not been remembered with bitter faithfulness for at least a weary hour, and was not *that* enough?

Like a skilful artificer, who noiselessly doeth his work, Time hurried on, and wrought marvellous changes. Basil and Jane Keith went out into the great world, and, for a while, struggled sorely; but their path was not *always* to lie over the bleak and rugged moor, or by the bitter waters, and, in due season, came a change. Pierre Keith's oldest brother, wealthy and childless, (by what some would call a lucky chance, yet, what was God's gracious providence,) discovered these children, and adopted them as his own. Then to Basil and Jane, poverty ceased to be the stern, living reality which had for so many years walked closely by their sides; it became only the misty memory of a dark dream. And to others came changes. Ryall Marsh fell suddenly from his high estate. Gold took wings, and fled from him, and his name vanished from amongst the rich and the strong of the city. And, as Ryall Marsh's wealth had been great, so now was his poverty. The old man became a beggar.

He who does not see the dread seal of *mutability* upon all things earthly, has looked upon life with but dim and mistaken eyes. Oh, walk ye warily amongst the high places, and "let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

CHAPTER V.

Across the Heavens were sailing great black clouds, through which the stars looked out faintly, and up and down the earth went moaning a keen searching wind. It was a bleak November night, full of cold and gloom.

Upon the broad steps of a great hotel, crouched an old and wretched-looking man; he was sick and faint, but the din of the city drowned his

moans, and the crowd hurried by unheeding his misery. At last, before the hotel, there stopped a travelling carriage, and from it alighted two persons—Basil Keith and his sister. They came up the steps with light laughter and merry words, and as the old sick beggar raised his head and saw their costly furs and warm wrappings, he drew his miserable rags closer round him with a shudder. He was so *very* cold.

After a time the hall door opened, and Basil Keith stood again upon the steps; as he turned to descend them, his quick eye fell upon the crouching figure, which, half-hidden in the shadow, seemed as though it were trying to shrink away into the very bricks and mortar. Basil bent over the old man and spoke kindly to him, but he was too chilled and weak to give any answer.

"Who is this wretched creature?" Basil asked of a servant.

"That, sir," said the waiter, "is one of the most troublesome beggars as is in this city. It's old Ryall Marsh; he comes here about fifty times a day, and according to what *he* says, he is always either freezing or starving."

"Bring him in," said Basil so earnestly, that the servant started; "bring him in, place this old man in one of your best rooms; take care of him. Tell your master the responsibility of this matter shall rest upon myself. Why do you linger? I have money. You will not lose by it."

But the servant shrank back from touching the miserable beggar, and Basil Keith himself raised the old man from the steps, and supported him into the hall.

"He is benumbed and bewildered with cold," said Basil, as he looked pityingly in Ryall Marsh's pallid face; "here, take him to a warm room, place him in bed, care well for him; I will pay you."

* * * * *

"Jane, do you remember Ryall Marsh?"

Jane Keith shuddered, then she looked up from her luxurious chair wondering at her brother. But she did not see his face. Basil was leaning against the mantel-piece, steadily gazing into the fire.

"Yes, I remember him," she answered, mournfully; "but, oh! Basil, why did you ask me *that* question? It has awakened such a host of bitter memories."

Basil Keith crossed the room, and sat down beside his sister.

"Jane," he said gravely, "if Ryall Marsh should by some strange Providence come before us, not as the proud rich man, but as a miserable, destitute beggar, seeking our alms, what ought we to do? What would *you* do? Remember the past, and tell me."

"Basil, with the memory of the past brightly before me, I answer you. I forgave Ryall Marsh long ago. Now, were he to seek aid from me, he should have it. I would pity him. I would help him gladly—freely."

"And yet, Jane, he struck you."

"Brother, have you forgotten it is written, 'return good for evil?'" and Jane Keith looked up with a beaming, tearful smile, in Basil's face.

"No, dear and noble-hearted sister, I have not. I have talked thus but to try you. Ryall Marsh

is indeed a wretched beggar. I found him sick and cold upon the hotel steps, and but one hour ago, I had him brought into this house. Jane, we will befriend this old man, and let us completely forget the past, and remember only that he was our mother's uncle."

And *this* was Basil Keith, the Basil who long years before had vowed from his boyish heart fierce revenge upon Ryall Marsh. That fiery heart was changed and purified, its bitter enmity was put away, and Basil Keith, now a humble follower of "Him, who when He was reviled, reviled not again"—could truly say to Ryall Marsh, "I forgive thee."

CHAPTER VI.

Worn out with want and suffering, the old man sickened. A terrible scorching fever burned ever in his brain, so that he knew not, nor could he clearly see the faces of his tender and constant watchers—Basil and Jane Keith.

And one night when Basil slept heavily, for he was wearied by continual watching, Jane came to his side and awoke him. "Get up, dear Basil," she said, "and come with me to Ryall Marsh's room; the fever has left him, and he is calm and quiet now. When I handed him some water, he looked up in my face with a pleasant smile, and called me 'little Getty'—perhaps he thinks I am mother; but come and see him, a change has come over the old man."

And when the brother and sister went again to Ryall Marsh's bedside, he looked steadfastly in their faces, and asked, "Are not you Basil and Jane, the children of Pierre and Gertrude Keith?"

Jane started at this question, but her brother calmly answered, "We are."

"And tell me," went on the old man with a kind of nervous earnestness, "do you know how harshly I drove your mother from my house after her marriage; how cruelly I worked her husband's ruin?"

Again he paused for an answer, and again Basil bowed his head and answered, "We do."

"Yet another question," said Ryall Marsh, "are you the children who came to my house that winter-day asking help, and whom I sent from me with such bitter, angry refusals?"

Then answered both brother and sister, "We are indeed the same, but we have forgiven all that long since."

"What manner of creatures are you?" asked Ryall Marsh, half mockingly; "surely not like every-day flesh and blood, that you can thus forgive and befriend the man who has shown nothing but harsh enmity to you. How can you do this?"

"Not of ourselves, indeed, sir," replied Jane Keith, "have we done this, but by the gracious help of the Almighty Forgiver. From His word we have learned to bless those who curse us, and pray for those who spitefully use us."

"Those are sweet words, Jane Keith, and you said them in a loving voice, like my 'little Getty's.' Your eyes and hair are like her's, too, so beautiful and black; kneel down beside me, and tell me again that you forgive me."

And this the lady did, earnestly and tearfully. "You told me years ago, Basil Keith, that you

would have revenge on me. Now that hour has come, and your revenge is complete; it stings me to the heart; it verily is as 'coals of fire upon my head.' " And the old man groaned.

"Be comforted, sir," said Basil, kindly; "think no more of these things; they are long since past and forgiven, most truly by Jane and myself. As for my boyish threat of revenge, forgive that. My mother chided me for it, and on her death bed she bade me forgive you even as she had done."

A smile came over Ryall Marsh's wrinkled face. "Forgiven by 'little Getty' and her children; that is sweet—and now, oh! God, will Thou not too forgive me, a wretched, dying sinner?"

When morning light came, it found Ryall Marsh cold and rigid upon his bed. The stern old man was dead; his dark life was ended, and he had closed his eyes, tenderly watched and soothed by those whom he had most injured.

Basil Keith had a fair monument placed over Ryall Marsh's remains, and this people yet look upon with wonder. They know that old Ryall Marsh, the beggar, rests beneath, but they do not know *why* the rich stranger and his beautiful sister nursed him with such tender care, and at last placed his body in so lovely a resting-place. And this was Basil Keith's revenge, threatened so fiercely in his boyhood, executed so gloriously in his manhood. Surely it was not of *this* world, for earth's children would scorn *such* a revenge.

THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY.

There was no one at home except baby's mother, and baby, and I. Baby had just gone to sleep, when baby's mother remembered a trifling commission which she had promised to execute for me in the village. With an injunction to touch the cradle if baby awoke, she departed, leaving me proud of my new employment, and lulled by past immunity into a state of fatal security. History is full of similar examples.

With one eye on my book, and the other on the cradle, like a faithful watch-dog, I listened to the retreating footfall that should have warned me, but did not, "to look out for squalls." I had no idea of the awful responsibility which I had taken upon myself, or I should have shrunk from it as a cat does from water, or a mastiff from a churning-machine. In fact, I rather suspect that I felt, in a trifling degree, ambitious that baby should open one eye—only one—that I might have the pleasure of shutting it again. Unwary mortal! How little do we know when we are well off! My ambition was but too soon to be gratified; I had yet to learn by bitter experience how weary is the lot of those who—tend on babies.

I wonder whether infants are conscious in their sleep of their mother's absence, and know that an opportunity has arrived for "cutting up their dices?"

The baby, over whose slumbers I had become the guardian genius—how the flies pitched into its nose!—was as sound asleep as any baby could be when its mother departed; but no sooner had her shadow faded from the room than symptoms of wakefulness began to appear. First came a sigh: then a chuckle, that said, as plain as a chuckle could say, "Now for some fun;" then one

eye opened and shut, and then both began peeping about, till the head seemed inclined to bob off the pillow.

I felt a little nervous at these symptoms—only a little. "Poh!" said I to myself, "a roll or two of the cradle will soon settle your business, youngster." But it did not. Baby was bound to have a spree. It knew that "its mother was out." That big, bothersome blue-bottle fly, too, tired of watching for the ship over the clock face, started on a voyage of discovery on its own account, and the first promontory which it reached was the nose of the baby, a tempting spot, upon which it landed for refreshments, buzzing most villainous as it did so. It was a ticklish landing, however, and baby soon drove it off with a sneeze that astonished its nerves, and mine, too, more than the fly's, for the fly was accustomed to ticklish situations, which I was not. Baby was thoroughly roused. Up went its round, chubby arm; but a rock of the cradle soon sent that back to its place. I did rock that cradle beautifully. The little head rolled to and fro as easily as if it had been fastened on by a toy mandarin's neck. I could not help admiring myself for the way in which I did it, and I am sure that any reasonable baby would have gone to sleep again, if only for compliment's sake; but the baby in the cradle didn't. The moment the rocking ceased, up popped the little head, like Judy's in the show, with a small peevish cry. That cry! it was like the "fizzing of the fuse" of a powder magazine, sure to end in an explosion.

Were you ever roused in the middle of the night by the maid-of-all-work coming in her slippers and night-cap to inform you that the house was on fire? Did you ever stand near a Dutchman who was weighing gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth? Did you ever stand over the boiler of a Mississippi steamboat, and expect every moment to be landed on the tree-tops half a mile inland? If not, you cannot conceive my horror when I heard that cry. I was in a cold perspiration from head to foot. I have no doubt that hail-stones as big as peas might have been picked off my forehead. I rocked for dear life, and baby bounced about like a ball of India-rubber. But it was all useless. I sang all the songs that I could think of, from the cabalistic "Hushaby!" to "Cease, rude Boreas!" I tried tenor, and I tried bass; but the baby did not know the difference. It seemed to think it all base. The louder I sang, the louder it cried. It was bawl and squall; and squall beat. The cry peevish became the cry indignant, and the cry indignant became the squall imperative. Blue-bottle buzzed with delight, and danced a hornpipe on the window, while the clock kept up a tantalizing "Go it! go it!"

In an unlucky moment, I lifted the little tempest out of the cradle. Never, never, never will I commit such an act of thoughtless imprudence again! Before I did so, I could have truly sung with the poet, "The white squall raves;" but afterwards the fiercest blasts of Boreas seemed belching from that little throat.

In the hope of quieting the tornado, I took it in my arms, waddled it to and fro the room; tossed it up and down till my shoulders ached;

dandled it on my knees, now the right one, now the left; but nothing would do. Like an easterly gale, that multiplied squall seemed to be endless. I felt really alarmed. I was completely terrified. I saw visions of convulsions and such-like ills that infant "flesh is heir to." If I had been in the city, I am sure that a crowd would have collected. I might have been taken up and accused of an attempt to commit infanticide—perhaps been published in the papers as a wretch guilty of cruelty to dumb animals. Dumb! How I wished that the dear family organ *had* been dumb! I even envied the deaf men that pick up cinders.

I looked at the clock and exclaimed, in despair, "When will the mother return?" and the clock answered, with mocking monotony, "Not yet! not yet!" Blue-bottle had ceased its buzzing, and returned to its old quarters over the dial-plate, to watch for the reappearance of the ship; perhaps asking, as impatiently as I did, the question, "When will she return?" while the clock continued to repeat, unceasingly, "Not yet! not yet!"

I knew not what do, and rushed a dozen times to the door, hoping to see the coming relief. But the walls of the distant church and the houses beyond were thick, and I could not look through them. The brook was laughing in the sunshine, and murmuring joyously as it glided over the stones, and I felt a strong temptation to pop the piping part of baby into it. I am sure the clock cried, mockingly, "Do it! do it!" But the thought of a coroner's jury restrained me; a country jury of Dutch boors, with short pipes in their mouths, and skulls two layers of brick thick.

There was a rooster upon the fence flapping his wings and crowing like a Trojan—I do believe it was over my perplexity; the pigs were grunting in their sty, pulling each other's ears for amusement; and a cow was giving nourishment to her calf in a distant field. Suddenly, a bright idea struck me. I seized an old tobacco-pipe that had been stowed away upon the mantel-piece, and, immersing the bulb in a tumbler of water, thrust the stem into baby's mouth. Baby was no genius. I became satisfied of that in a minute. It is an attribute of genius to accomplish its desires with imperfect instruments. There was no stop page in the pipe. I tried it myself.

I was at my wits' ends, and laid the baby on the floor, cramming my fingers into my ears. It was of no use. I could not shut out the sound. It was like a thousand "ear-piercing pipes" drilling me through and through. I was riddled with screams that touched like galvanic wires on every nerve. The clatter of a three-story cotton-mill, with a hundred girls talking of new bonnets through the din, was nothing to it. All the locomotives in the Union, tortured into a state of agony, would alone compare with it. But mill and locomotive might be stopped, and baby could not be quieted, even for a moment. Anything but a baby's lungs would have been worn out by such an abuse of power. But their strength only increased, seeming to acquire new pipes at every blast. What would I not have given for the sight of a petticoat bearing down to my relief? Never did Robinson Crusoe on his desert island

gaze more longingly over the ocean in search of a sail, than I did down the road for a bonnet and curls. I could have smiled lovingly on the fattest dowager that ever sweltered in the West Indies, or the thinnest scrub that pays her devotions to the door-steps. But the feminine, like other useful commodities, had all vanished when most wanted. Even the cat, accustomed to nursing as she was—even the cat, sensible creature, had disappeared. Like the distressed hero of a novel, I was left to my own resources, and had no resources left. There was a baby flopping about on the floor like a porpoise on a ship's deck, as if lying on its beam ends was a natural position. I righted it a dozen times, but over it went again, as if all its ballast had shifted to the head. I brought the shovel and tongs and the bellows from the fireplace, but baby wouldn't look at them, not a bit of it; although I took the trouble to blow the bellows in the blue-bottle's face, and sent the threads on the carpet flying about the room. Even the clothes-brush and nutmeg-grater proved no attraction, and I broke a suspender-button hopping about like a frog on all-fours. If I had stood on my head, and shook the pennies out of my pockets, it would have had no effect. Even a lump of sugar would not bribe it to be quiet. It made wry faces at the mirror, and pitched savagely into the pillow, turned indignantly from the tea-kettle and squared off at the rolling-pin. If I had given it the carving-knife, I do verily believe that it would have cut off its own head, and made two squalls instead of one; but I forbore. Give me credit for my magnanimity! I forbore.

For nearly a mortal hour—an age—was I thus kept in a state of frenzy. My hairs stood up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." They have always stubbornly refused to lie down smoothly since. If my trials had lasted much longer, I should certainly have had a "gray head upon young shoulders." Perhaps I should have sunk into the grave with a nervous fever, and had "Died of baby-nursing" for an epitaph upon my tombstone. Fortunately for the public in general, and me in particular, I was spared such a catastrophe by the return of the mother, who burst panting into the room at the critical moment when my Job-like patience had miserably perished—by degrees, as the water leaks from a broken-hooped bucket. With what a feeling of relief did I look up at the old clock as it announced to me, in its most cheerful tones, "She's come! she's come!"

Would you believe it?—but I'm sure you can't, the fact seems too great an enormity—that little piece of perversity was as quiet as a lamb in a minute! Why, the mother was so deceived that she actually called it her "precious lamb!" I heard her, and was astounded. I wonder she didn't feel sheepish; I know I did. Lamb, indeed! If that was being a lamb, what would it be when it became mutton? Why, it was fast asleep again in no time, and laughing in its dreams over the fun it had enjoyed. Didn't I vow never to be caught alone with a baby again? If ever I am, may I be — served in the same manner again.

and industry can alone render it supportable.

fewer causes us to be weary of its length: cares

HARMONIES.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

When falls the daylight's silver bar,
When darkness bringeth clearer sight,
Gaze on the ebon cope of night,
Count if ye can each rising star;
A mighty sun, to worlds afar,
Is yonder gem of trembling light.

A mighty sun, thick clustered round,
Through years by infant Time begun,
With vastest orbs from chaos won;
That to the future's mystic bound,
Through varying seasons circling round,
Serene their radiant cycles run.

Though seeming in confusion strown,
On the broad bosom of the night,
Each has a path unbounded and bright,
Each has a pathway all its own;
And walks its habitudes alone,
In wide infinitudes of light.

And as we map each twinkling star,
Lone island on yon azure seas,
We find but beauty dwells with these,
The beauty that no chance can mar;
Nor wrong can spoil, nor discord jar,
Their high celestial harmonies.

And shall alone, insentient clay,
The laws of Heavenly order bind?
And chaos rule the spheres of mind,
That still in darkness devious stray?
Shall suns have their appointed way,
And man his orbit never find?

A being with himself at strife,
O'erborne by passion, want, and sin;
Lost in the eternal household din,
With which his wandering soul is rife,
He can but make his outer life
A reflex of the life within.

Wide wandering in primeval gloom,
A world just rounding into form;
Amid the elemental storm,
And earthquake shocks of fiery doom,
We list to discord's endless boom,
And pale and tremble with alarm.

But on the ripening ages run:—
Erewhile creation's rising morn,
Far shining on the dark forlorn,
Shall hail his orb to order won,
High, circling round life's central sun;
To other, higher heavens upborne.

Each has an orbit pure and bright,
To which no darkling fear shall bind;
Would all that better pathway find—
'Tis but to learn to live aright;
Love's blest cynosure unite,
As organs of one only mind.

So shall we find our part to do,
And let our light in labor shine;
And knowing nature's high design,
Be to her better purpose true;
Our life be beautiful and new,
An efflux of the life divine.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE, Mich., 1853.

NOT IN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

She waited in the drawing room,
Good Mrs. Mabel Moore;
Six flounces of a pretty lace
Were on the dress she wore;
Upon her bosom a French rose,
And on her cap some satin bows.

One little foot just peeped without
Her petticoats so white;
Her hair, a little gray, 'tis true,
Was put in curl, and bright;
And sweet her glances shone around,
As if some good thing she had found.

The clock was on the stroke of eight,
And still she sat apart,
Now listening close, and laying now
One hand upon her heart;
And toying with her curls and rings,
And doing other girlish things.

At length a step was heard, and then
A ringing at the door;
"Five minutes and a half too soon,"
Said Mrs. Mabel Moore.
Then to her maid—"It is no sin,
Go quick, and say I am not in;"

"For if he loves me as he says,
He can afford to wait,
And come again precisely at
Five minutes after eight.
My nerves are really quite unstrung,
So very earnestly he rung."

But true love never did run smooth,
As oftentimes is told.
And when the door was opened wide,
And shivering in the cold,
The maid beheld the expected guest,
She smiled and cursteyed her best.

And told him with a grace as sweet
As if she craved a boon,
Her mistress had declared it was
A little bit too soon;
And that she thought it was no sin
To send him word she was not in.

"Ay, very well," the guest replied,
'In truth I make no doubt,
That whether she be in or no,
I've surely found her out."
And she who sent him from the door
Remaineth Mrs. Mabel Moore.

Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save that one, and add another as soon as you can.

Let humility be the virtue of the wise man, that he may appear like the fruit-burthened bough, pressed down by the weight of his own worth.

Memory is like a picture-gallery of our past days. The fairest and most pleasing of the pictures are those which immortalize the days of useful industry.

THE MAN WHO STRUCK HIMSELF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jason Elder belonged to that rather large class of persons who find pleasure in the sufferings or misfortunes of their fellow-men. This is stating the case rather broadly, and we do not, in the least, doubt that Jason, should he ever chance to discover this introduction of himself to the public, will eject our classification, so far as he is concerned. We make it understandingly, however. The fault we have indicated is usually the companion of another. The man who feels pleasure in the ill-fortune of his neighbor will hardly hesitate to inflict an injury, if it can be done with impunity.

Men of the class to whom Jason Elder belonged rarely pass far on their life-journey without misunderstanding with some of their fellow-passengers. Of course, they are always in the right, and their fellow-passengers in the wrong. And, as they are the injured and the oppressed, it is the most natural thing in the world for them to feel indignant, and quite as natural to retaliate—giving blow for blow.

"The man who wrongs me, I neither forgive nor forget." This was one of Jason Elder's sayings, and a very bad saying we cannot help declaring it to be—particularly so in Jason's case, for he quite lived up to his principles. Of course, judgment as to wrong was always rendered by himself, and on evidence wholly *ex parte*. If he believed that another meant to do him wrong—and he could believe, sometimes, on very slight evidence—an evil purpose was as quickly born in his mind as if positive testimony were before his eyes.

In fact, Jason Elder was a very bad sort of a man, and often very troublesome to those who had any dealings with him.

Among those who were favored with the hearty dislike of Elder, was a master-mechanic in a small way, named Martin Lee, who, by industry and economy, had accumulated enough to buy himself a house of moderate size, as a home for his family. Elder also owned a house in the same neighborhood. These houses were built on a piece of ground that originally belonged to the same estate.

Mr. Lee was a very upright man—too upright and independent to have much intercourse with a man like Elder, and not mortally offend him. He had so offended him, and the offence was neither forgotten nor forgiven. In more than one instance his enemy had sought to do him injury, but the poisoned arrows, flung from his bow, had flown harmlessly by him.

One day, while in conversation with one of those idle gossiping individuals, who give more attention to other people's business than they do to their own, the latter said, in responding to some ill-natured remark uttered against Mr. Lee: "I learned a fact yesterday that, may be, you would like to hear?"

"About that Lee?" eagerly inquired Elder.

"Yes, or, I might better say, about the ground on which he has built that snug little house."

"Indeed!" Our gentleman was all alive now, and commenced rubbing his hands in delighted expectation. "What about the ground?"

"Title defective," was the laconic answer.

"No!"

"Fact. Had it from old Larkin; and I rather think he ought to know something about it."

"Well, that is news! Got a bad title, eh? I wonder who's on the hip now, Mr. Martin Lee?" "But surely, Mr. Elder," said his informant, "you will not take advantage of this information to injure our friend Lee?"

"Won't I, indeed! Wait and see. If I don't deal him a staggering blow, my name is not Jason Elder—that's all. I always said I'd bide my time. Ha! ha! A flaw in his title. But that's just his way of doing business. I'd like to see any one pick a flaw in mine."

True to the evil purpose declared, Elder took the first opportunity to search out the party to whom the property owned by Lee would revert, in case a defect really did exist in his title, and communicated the fact alleged. This individual, whose name was Earl, seemed at first incredulous; but when Larkin was mentioned as authority, seemed to feel quite an interest in the matter.

"I am really indebted to you," he said, with a bland smile; "should it prove true that there is a defect, I shall have quite a windfall; and it could not have reached me in a better time. I will have the matter investigated at once."

"That blow will tell hard, surely. I have planted it below the fifth rib," said Elder to himself, in a tone of cruel exultation as he left the presence of Mr. Earl.

Through much self-denial and hard labor, continued through many years, had Mr. Lee been able to provide a modest homestead for his family. He had been the more anxious to accomplish this, from the fact, that declining health warned him of the approach of a day—how speedily it might arrive, he knew not—when the beloved ones who leaned on him so confidently, would have none to care for them. If he could secure a home, into which they might cluster together, he felt that much would be gained. And this he had accomplished; but the effort cost too dearly. He had taxed his physical system to an extent that produced a serious reaction; and, though he secured a dwelling for his family, he permanently weakened his constitution.

One day, in making a sudden effort, he ruptured a blood-vessel, and was taken home in a dangerous condition. This was on the very day that Jason Elder made the unfortunate discovery of a defect in the title of his property. Little dreamed he, as with death knocking at his door, he found consolation in the thought that his family, even if he were taken from them, would not be left without a home; that at the very time, there was a movement on foot to deprive them of their little patrimony. And well for him was it that the veil of ignorance was before his eyes; for, had he known of the threatened danger, the knowledge would surely have cost him his life.

On the day following, a gentleman called at the house of Mr. Lee, to notify him that proceedings were about being instituted for the purpose

of testing the validity of his title; but learning that he was dangerously ill, he went away without leaving any word as to the purport of his business.

In the meantime, Elder, who had not heard of Mr. Lee's illness, was awaiting, with some interest, to see the ultimate effect of the blow he had struck. There were times when, in a fit of remorse, he repented of what he had done. But the repentance was not very deep; and his ill-will towards Mr. Lee soon obliterated all traces thereof.

On the third day Elder received a brief note from Mr. Earl, desiring him to call at his office, as he wished to see him on particular business. There was something in this note that affected Mr. Elder unpleasantly. What it was, however, he could not discover, although he read it over and over again, at least half a dozen times.

"I wonder what he wants with me?" he said, uneasily, as he started off promptly, to obey the summons.

"Ah, Mr. Elder! I'm glad to see you." Mr. Earl smiled, and offered his hand. But there was something wrong in the smile, and no heart whatever in the pressure of his hand.

"I've been investigating that matter you brought to my notice," said Mr. Earl, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect.

"Ah! Have you? Well, sir, did you not find it as I said?"

"There is a flaw, certainly, and a very serious one."

"I was sure of it, from what Larkin said. He's never at fault in matters of this kind."

"You aimed a heavy blow at Mr. Lee, my friend," said Mr. Earl. There was a quick change in his manner, followed by a pause. Then he added:

"But it passed him unharmed, and struck another?"

"Who?" eagerly inquired Elder.

"Yourself!" was the startling response.

"Me! I do not understand you, Mr. Earl!" The countenance of Jason Elder had become suddenly overspread with alarm.

"Mr. Lee's title is perfectly good."

"It is?"

"Yes. But—yours is defective!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Elder, turning pale.

"Not at all. Mr. Larkin is rarely at fault in matters of this kind. He knew there was a flaw somewhere in the property that once belonged to my uncle's estate, but erred in this instance. Mr. Lee is safe, but your title is not worth a copper. I am much obliged to you for hunting up this windfall for me—I should hardly come across it myself; and in consideration thereof, will deal with you as leniently as possible. Of course, I do not expect you to take my word in regard to the flaw. Its existence, however, will soon be demonstrated. You had better see your lawyer, and ask him to call on me. In the meantime, I will say that, for various reasons, I am ready to compromise. I don't wish to encounter the vexations, delays and expense of legal proceedings; and, therefore, if you are disposed to meet me amicably, I will not be too exacting. In a word, then, I have in my own mind the sum for which

I will execute a quit claim to the property. That sum is five hundred dollars.

Jason Elder groaned aloud.

"If my claim to the property is good—and I know it to be," resumed Mr. Earl—"I can recover three times that sum. If you compromise, I will act in a spirit of great moderation. But if you compel me to resort to law, I will take all the law awards."

Poor Jason Elder! The blow was a heavy one, and it staggered him. A careful examination by his lawyer only proved the assertion of Mr. Earl. His title to the property was not worth a dollar. Glad enough was he to accept the proffered compromise, though at the clear loss of over five hundred dollars!

Well for Mr. Lee was it, that the blow aimed with such bitter malignity, did not execute the will of him by whom it was given. The consequence would, to all human foresight, have proved fatal. Not until he was sufficiently recovered from his dangerous illness to be out again, did he learn of the evil that had been meditated, and how it had recoiled upon the head of his enemy.

His pointed answer was:

"He dugged a pit for another, and himself fell into it."

The declaration of Elder, made to more than one, that he had struck Mr. Lee a heavy blow, was remembered in connection with his serious loss from a defect in his title; and for a long time afterwards, he was spoken of, familiarly, among those who knew him, as the "man who struck himself."

A broad illustration this, at what is taking place daily, in hundreds of instances, around us. The evil that is meditated against others, usually comes back, in some form, upon those who seek to do their neighbors a wrong. In this matter, there is a law of compensation which acts with unerring certainty. The blow that is struck in malice at another, may not seem to rebound. But, as surely as it is given, will its power to do harm remain unspent, until the circle of consequences is completed.—*Illustrated News.*

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own.

A young lawyer, trying to establish himself in business, is in one respect like a young physician. He needs *patience*.

He that cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven.

In Rome, Verdi's new opera, the *Troubadour*, has been brought out. An *anvil chorus*, with an accompaniment of *sledge hammer*, is introduced with *striking effect*.

A Scotch philosopher, on hearing of the performances of the Distin Brothers, said, that "nae man could mak him believe that five pairsons played on *sax horns*."

WHAT LOVE WILL ACCOMPLISH.

"This will never do," said little Mrs. Kitty; "how I came to be such a simpleton as to get married before I knew how to keep house, is more and more of an astonisher to me. I *can* learn, and I *will*! There's Bridget told me yesterday there wasn't time to make a pudding before dinner. I had my private suspicions she was imposing upon me, though I didn't know enough about it to contradict her. The truth is, I'm no more mistress of this house than I am of the Grand Seraglio. Bridget knows it, too; and there's Harry (how hot it makes my cheeks to think of it!) couldn't find an eatable thing on the dinner-table yesterday. He loves me too well to say any thing, but he had such an ugly frown on his face when he lit his cigar and went off to his office. Oh, I see how it is,

"One must eat in matrimony,
And love is neither bread nor honey,
And so, you understand."

"What on earth sent you over here in this dismal rain?" said Kitty's neighbor, Mrs. Green. "Just look at your gaiters."

"Oh, never mind gaiters," said Kitty, untying her 'riquette,' and throwing herself on the sofa. "I don't know any more about cooking than a six weeks' kitten; Bridget walks over my head with the most perfect Irish nonchalance; Harry looks as solemn as an ordained bishop; the days grow short, the bills grow long, and I'm the most miserable little Kitty that ever mewed. Do have pity on me, and initiate me into the mysteries of broiling, baking and roasting; take me into your kitchen now, and let me go into it while the fit is on me. I feel as though I could roast Chanticleer and all his hen-harems."

"You don't expect to take your degree in one forenoon?" said Mrs. Green, laughing immoderately.

"Not a bit of it! I intend to come every morning, if the earth don't whirl off its axle. I've locked up my guitar and my French and Italian books, and that irresistible 'Festus,' and nerved myself like a female martyr, to look a gridiron in the face without flinching. Come, put down that embroidery, there's a good Samaritan, and descend with me into the lower regions, before my enthusiasm gets a shower-bath;" and she rolled up her sleeves from her round white arms, took off her rings, and tucked her curls behind her ears.

Very patiently did Mrs. Kitty keep her resolution; each day added a little to her store of culinary wisdom. What if she did flavor her first custards with peppermint instead of lemon? what if she did 'baste' a turkey with saleratus instead of salt? what if she did season the stuffing with ground cinnamon instead of pepper? Rome wasn't built in a day—cooks can't be manufactured in a minute.

Kitty's husband had been gone just a month. He was expected home that very day. All the morning the little wife had been getting up a congratulatory dinner, in honor of the occasion. What with satisfaction and the kitchen fire, her cheeks glowed like a milkmaid's. How her eyes sparkled, and what a pretty little triumphant

toss she gave her head, when that big trunk was dumped down in the entry! It isn't a bad thing, sometimes, to have a secret even from one's own husband.

"On my word, Kitty," said Harry, holding her off at arm's length, "you look most provokingly 'well-to-do' for a widow 'pro. tem.' I don't believe you have mourned for me, the breath of a sigh. What have you been about? who has been here? and what mine of fun is to be prophesied from that merry twinkle in the corner of your eye? Any body hid in the closet or cupboard? Have you drawn a prize in the lottery?"

"Not since I married you," said Mrs. Kitty; "and you are quite welcome to that sugar-plum to sweeten your dinner."

"How Bridget has improved," said Harry, as he plied his knife and fork industriously; "I never saw these woodcock oddone, even at our bachelor club rooms at ——— House. She shall have a present of a pewter cross, as sure as her name is McFlanigan, besides absolution for all the detestable messes she used to concoct with her Catholic fingers."

"Let me out! let me out!" said a stifled voice from the closet; "you can't expect a woman to keep a secret for ever."

"What on earth do you mean, Mrs. Green?" said Harry, gaily shaking her hand.

"Why, you see 'Bridget has improved:' i. e. to say, little Mrs. Kitty there, received from my hands yesterday a diploma, certifying her Mistress of Arts, Hearts and Drumsticks, having spent every morning of your absence in perfecting herself as a housekeeper. There now, don't drop on your knees to her till I have gone. I know very well when there is a crowd, or, to speak more fashionably, when I am '*de trop*,' and I'm only going to stop long enough to remind you that there are some *wives* left in the world, and that Kitty is one of 'em."

And now, dear reader, if you doubt whether Mrs. Kitty was rewarded for all her trouble, you'd better take a peep into that parlor, and while you are looking, let me whisper a secret in your ear confidentially. You may be as beautiful as Venus, and as talented as Madame de Stael, but you never'll reign supreme in your liege lord's affections, till you can roast a turkey.

[*Olive Branch.*

FANNY FERN.

MORAL NEGATION.—Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourrock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon, one Sunday morning. Deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the Rothsay Mail steamer, "to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him as he was gaun down that way at ony rate."

"But what's the difference, pray," asked the negotiator, "between being rowed over with oars and by the paddles of the steamer?"

"Difference! there's a hantle difference between rowing by the power o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pu'ing us; in other words, gin ye wad he' us to be, mair pointedly particular, a steam-engine's no a moral being—it's no accountable awgent!"

THE PIONEER.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

It was a Sabbath morning in early summer, many years ago, a bright Sabbath morning, and Nature had donned her fairest garments, as if in honor of the day, and her many voices seemed tuned anew to the praise of the great Creator.

The sky had assumed its dress of deepest blue, gemmed here and there with a pearly cloud; the earth, yet unscorched by the hot summer sun, seemed, as the light capricious breeze swept over the tall grass of the prairie which stretched far away beyond the horizon, like a rippling emerald sea, interspersed with islets of beauty and sweetness; and nearer, the ancient forest lifted its tall head. With the song of the wild bird welling out from among the closely woven branches, and blending with that song its low, soft whisperings. A little stream was gently purling along its reedy banks, insects of various kind were filling the air with their incessant hum, and the myriad prairie fowls kept up a continual whirring.

All in nature was beauty and gladness and song on that bright Sabbath morning—and man, in that little settlement in the far West, had not quite forgotten this was the day of rest, though few preparations appeared to have been made for the worship of the Eternal.

To the eye of the child, who had been accustomed to the handsome church of a flourishing village, with its pillared walls, its carpeted floors and richly cushioned pews, the rosewood pulpit and its covering of crimson velvet, the crowd of well dressed people, the sweet music of the deep-toned organ, and the trained voices of the choir—how strange seemed the place of worship to which she was led that fair June morning.

It was a log school-house, yet unfinished, for the only flooring was the green earth, and the roof was but half laid; the windows, if it was designed they ever should be glazed, were yet but apertures in the walls—there was nothing which served for a door to the building, and the seats were rudely split logs lying across the whole width of the room.

The appearance of those who were gathered there, compared very well with their place of worship. There was scarcely one well-dressed man present: several individuals, though they had come miles to the meeting, wore no coat, and more than one had the not scrupulously neat linen sleeve rolled far back from the wrist, but with the head and throat by no means uncovered. There were warm, true hearts among those men, and natures susceptible of refinement; but how like savages they seemed, with their sun-burnt faces, and their restless eyes looking out from those masses of uncombed hair!

The female portion of the assembly did not present a much better aspect. There was here and there one who made pretensions to some gentility of appearance; but the oddly-fashioned silk dress and the antiquated yellow straw, did not look half as well as the cheap calico, and the gingham sun-bonnet, which most of them wore.

The men had ranged themselves on one side of the building, and the women on the other, and

while the former were conversing in loud tones on every subject, but that which should have been occupying their silent thoughts, the latter were busily talking and laughing with each other, and trying to silence the little ones.

How strangely looked that congregation—what a place had they chosen to worship Heaven in! and though He who sees not as man sees, observed there, perhaps, as much to approve, and less to condemn, than in the refined and fashionable congregation of the splendid church: how illy attuned seemed their hearts to the service of the Holy One! and the eye turned gladly to nature's great temple, and the senses caught with rapture the pure incense going up from its altars, and the songs of praise from the sweet-voiced worshippers.

But suddenly the confused murmur within that rude school-house ceased.—Had the clergyman arrived? No, only a young girl had stepped softly into the cabin, and taken her seat among a group of children, who, as they moved to make room for her in their midst, raised their eyes timidly, but confidently, to her face. There was no marked difference in the dress of the young girl from that of the rest of the females, but there was an air of neatness and refinement about her, not observable in the others. For a moment after she sat down the silence was unbroken, and then a sweet voice commenced singing that beautiful hymn of Doddridge—

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love!"

That voice! The lines were familiar, and the air in which they were breathed was an old, familiar one; but there was something strange in the music of that low voice, a sweetness of tone, and the expression of a purity of feeling new to one heart, at least; and the great organ and the trained choir were forgotten, and the stranger-child wept, she knew not why, as she listened; and though many years have passed since that fair June morning, the eye cannot now restrain its tears as memory echoes that sweet, melodious tone.

That place of worship had seemed very far off Heaven: but now, surely, Heaven was nearer than ever it had been before. Not only was it in the blue sky, on the green flowery earth, in the waving trees, in the song of the bird and the hum of the insect, but its presence was told by the now calm, thoughtful expression of those sun-burnt brows, and the silent tear coursing its way down woman's cheek; and not only near, and pure and bright, but so full, too, of peace and love, and the voice warbling those strains one might have believed already "immortal."

Other voices, rude and discordant, blended with that sweet tone, but they marred not its beauty. It seemed as if a joyous, pure spirit, and incapable of defilement, had stooped to earth, to lift up from the dust a bowed and fainting heart, and bear it to a sphere where the bright waters would cleanse from all pollution, and the pure atmosphere would give immortal vigor to the soul. And was it not so? Did not that voice carry the hearts of some who listened up to Him to whom it was itself ascending? So it appeared, for when the hymn was ended, an old man knelt on the earth and breathed a short and simple, but fervent prayer. This was

the first time, he said, though it was ten years since that remote settlement had been commenced, that the people had met together for Divine worship; and he prayed earnestly that the duty might never again be neglected. When he had ended, another individual rose, and taking the Bible which the sweet singer had brought into the cabin, read the parable of the Prodigal Son; but though he remained standing for a moment after the Book was closed, apparently attempting to put into words the thoughts which were occupying his mind, he at length sat down without offering a remark, and no one else seemed more ready than himself to address the little company.

The silence had not been, however, of many minutes' duration, when that young lady raised the face, which was not turned before to the assembly, and glanced about her. That face, once looked upon, could not easily be forgotten; but it was not its touching, exquisite beauty which most interested the beholder; not the lustre of those deep blue, gentle eyes, not the chiselling of that full, broad brow, the dimpled rosy cheek and that beautiful mouth, nor the soft brown hair which fell in wavy curls low over the shoulders—not all of these which made that fair being remembered; but that look of purity, that angelic expression—why may it not be so called, since she was at so short a remove from the world of spirits?—which beamed from every feature. A deep color came to that cheek as the young lady rose from her seat, but the sweet voice was not tremulous, and the blush of timidity soon passed away.

"When he was yet a great way off," she repeated, "his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

The stranger-child who listened had often heard those words before, and their import had seemed very plain to her; but the slow repetition of them by that voice gave to the faintly delineated picture the aspect—the reality of life; and the child saw the guilty but conscience-stricken youth raise himself from the depth into which he had plunged, and with the words of repentance on his lips, looking toward's his father's mansion, from whence he had wandered, but tremblingly, tearfully, fearful that his resolution might fail, and fearful too of the reception he might meet with on his return. But the father saw him "when he was yet a great way off," and waiting not till he had come that long way so hard for him to take, had knelt at his parent's feet, and made that humble confession. "His father saw him," and with a smile on his face, and love in his heart, hastened to meet him, "and fell on his neck and kissed him."

The beautiful language of the young lady cannot now be recalled; but the impression then first made on the heart of the child, has never been effaced—the impression of the infinite compassion of the Great Father towards His erring children, and His greater readiness to forgive guilt, than the sinners to be forgiven.

What effect was produced on others of that little group, the child could not tell, for the expression of that beautiful countenance, and the ideas which those words conveyed, completely absorbed her thoughts.

A week had passed away, and the inhabitants of Oak Grove had assembled in greater numbers than on the preceding Sabbath, at the log school-house. The day was as beautiful as the last had been; the wild bird was singing as merrily in the branches of the old oak; the bee was humming among the flowers which bloomed beside the purling rivulet; flocks of prairie fowl were winging through the air, and the tall grass was bending before the breeze. But within that cabin, all was hushed as the grave, save that now and then a low sigh broke from the lips of one of those pale mourners.

All were mourners there that day, every countenance was blanched and grief-stricken, and every eye was downcast. No, one brow was unclouded, one countenance wore a quiet, happy smile, but that was the sweet, angel face which lay within the coffin!

Ah, was she indeed dead—that fair young girl? was the light of that eye, which, through its tears of gratitude, so beamed with rapture, when she spoke of the infinite love of the Great Father—was that eye for ever dimmed? and that low voice—was its music for ever hushed? Alas, yes, on earth! but who could doubt but another was added to the choir of "immortal tongues?" that she had indeed gone where—

"Nor sin nor death shall reach the place!"

The clergyman who had been sent for to a neighboring settlement, to perform the last rites over the dead, was unable to attend the funeral; and for half an hour after the people had assembled, was that solemn silence unbroken, save by the voice of glad nature without, and the half-smothered sigh within.

At length one, a man in middle life, with a stern iron visage, walked with a slow step to the coffin's side, and, lifting the dark pall, gazed on the countenance of the dead.

For a moment there was a convulsive movement about his features, and then, placing one hand on the coffin, and raising the other towards Heaven, he said, in a slow, solemn tone—"Her words shall not be lost! The God she worshipped shall be my God, and while reason is spared me, and means is at my command, ever, as the holy Sabbath returns, shall the voice of prayer and praise be heard in this settlement!" and the whole assembly, to a man, rose to their feet, and responded—"Amen!" and then, around that coffin they knelt, and many a lip, unused to pray, asked Heaven's assistance in carrying that resolution into effect.

Under the oak tree which overshadowed the log cabin, the spot which she had herself chosen, that fair young being was laid to rest. Short had been her stay among that people; this was but the third Sabbath since she had come, a stranger, to Oak Grove. On the first, she had brought the children of the settlement together, and organized a Sunday school; on the second, through her earnest solicitations, the parents had met for divine worship, and, to-day, they had followed her to the grave.

Brief had been her season for labor, but a vast work was accomplished. Years have passed away,

yet her influence is as powerful now among that people as on the day they knelt around her dust.

No marble marks her resting-place, but a better monument perpetuates her memory—a tall white spire, pointing up to Heaven, and the sweet-toned bell whose voice, on each Sabbath morning, calls a congregation of sincere worshippers, to the house of prayer.

THE GRAVES OF THE FLOWERS.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

The woods are full of tiny graves,
The sweet graves of the flowers
That sprang in every sheltered nook,
Amid the spring-time hours.
The buttercup lies on the slope,
Where first the sunlight fell;
The violet sleeps beside the rill,
The daisy in the dell.

Upon no stone is carved the name
Of April's children fair;
They perish'd when the sky was bright,
And gentle was the air.
To the soft kisses of the breeze
They held, half trembling, up,
Full many a small transparent urn,
And honey-laden cup.

But when the roses budded out,
In summer's balmy hours,
No little mound was made to tell
Where slept the gentle flowers.
Those early flowers—they seem to me
Like little children sweet,
Who smile a moment on our path,
Then perish at our feet.

We know they cannot linger, e'en
In love's most fond embrace;
We see the mark of Paradise
Meek shining from their face.
And soon their tiny graves are made,
But years go circling by,
And not a stone can tell us where
The little children lie.

But some are sleeping on the hill,
Beneath the emerald grass,
Where gay birds soaring to the sky,
Pause singing as they pass.
And many in the churchyard sleep,
And many in the dell,
And many near the cottage homes
Of those who loved them well.

Oh, many an Indian baby lies,
In forest old and grand;
Its rustic playthings fallen from
The mouldering little hand;
And flowers have sprung, and flowers died
Upon its silent breast—
Their nameless graves are side by side—
None mark them as they rest.

Yet, in each grassy, humble mound,
Where sleeping childhood lies,
A bud is bursting into bloom,
A blossom for the skies.
But, ah! the flowers, the April flowers,
Their graves are small and low,
We know they lie in woodland bowers—
And more we cannot know.

GENTLE HAND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I did not hear the maiden's name; but in my thought I have ever since called her "Gentle Hand." What a magic lay in her touch! It was wonderful.

When and where, it matters not now to relate—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village towards which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I, therefore, preferred seeking shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through an ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

A deep, quick bark, answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. I was now near enough to see the savage aspect of the animal, and the gathering motion of his body, as he prepared to bound forward upon me. His wolfish growl was really fearful. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken.

"Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you," said a voice, that to me sounded very sweet and musical.

I now came forward, but in some doubt as to the young girl's power over the beast, on whose rough neck her almost childish hand still lay. The dog did not seem by any means reconciled to my approach, and growled wickedly his dissatisfaction.

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority, yet, in her gentle tones, was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and, as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy looking man took the dog's place in the door.

"Who are you? What's wanted?" There was something very harsh and forbidding in the way the man spoke. The girl now laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned, with a gentle pressure, against him.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

"A long distance; and I'm stranger, and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful."

I saw the girl's hand move quietly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you."

There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; "and he wants us to let him stay all night."

The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied, coldly:

"We don't keep a public house."

"I'm aware of that, ma'am," said I; "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way yet to G——."

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly, "so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed."

So unobtrusively, that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her, I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, that as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said:

"Yes, it's a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him. Have you had any supper?"

I answered in the negative.

The woman, without further remark, drew a pine table from the wall, placed upon it some cold meat, fresh bread and butter, and a pitcher of new milk. While these preparations were going on, I had more leisure for minute observation. There was a singular contrast between the young girl I have mentioned, and the other inmates of the room; and yet, I could trace a strong likeness between the maiden and the woman, whom I supposed to be her mother—browned and hard as were the features of the latter.

Soon after I had commenced eating my supper, the two children who were playing on the floor, began quarrelling with each other.

"John! go off to bed!" said the father, in a loud, peremptory voice, speaking to one of the children.

But John, though he could not help hearing, did not choose to obey.

"Do you hear me, sir? Off with you!" repeated the angry father.

"I don't want to go," whined the child.

"Go, I tell you, this minute!"

Still, there was not the slightest movement to obey; and the little fellow looked the very image of rebellion. At this crisis in the affair, when a storm seemed inevitable, the sister, as I supposed

her to be, glided across the room, and stooping down, took the child's hand in hers. Not a word was said; but the young rebel was instantly subdued. Rising, he passed out by her side, and I saw no more of him during the evening.

Soon after I had finished my supper, a neighbor came in, and it was not long before he and the man of the house were involved in a warm political discussion, in which were many more assertions than reasons. My host was not a very clear-headed man; while his antagonist was wordy and specious. The former, as might be supposed, very naturally became excited, and, now and then, indulged himself in rather strong expressions towards his neighbor, who, in turn, dealt back wordy blows that were quite as heavy as he had received, and a good deal more irritating.

And now I marked again the power of that maiden's gentle hand. I did not notice her movement to her father's side. She was there when I first observed her, with one hand laid upon his temple, and lightly smoothing the hair with a caressing motion. Gradually the high tone of the disputant subsided, and his words had in them less of personal rancor. Still, the discussion went on; and I noticed that the maiden's hand, which rested on the temple when unimpassioned words were spoken, resumed its caressing motion the instant there was the smallest perceptible tone of anger in the father's voice. It was a beautiful sight; and I could but look on and wonder at the power of that touch, so light and unobtrusive, yet possessing a spell over the hearts of all around her. As she stood there, she looked like an angel of peace, sent to still the turbulent waters of human passion. Sadly out of place, I could not but think her, amid the rough and rude; and yet, who more than they, need the softening and humanizing influences of one like the Gentle Hand.

Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of her hand and voice—the one gentle, yet potent as the other.

On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer, in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke.

But Dick moved not a step.

"Dick! you vagabond! get up." And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him, with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared-up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt, to the number of a half-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all his end was gained.

A stout lad now came out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward,

using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clenched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!" I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stubborn air vanished.

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a child-like hand.

"Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added, in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew upon the bridle. The pony turned towards her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchets had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

He looked at me for a moment, as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said, briefly:

"She's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts? The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for a better name, I must still call "Gentle Hand."

A gentle touch, a soft word. Ah! how few of us, when the will is strong with its purpose, can believe in the power of agencies so apparently insignificant. And yet all great influences effect their ends silently, unobtrusively, and with a force that seems at first glance to be altogether inadequate. Is there not a lesson for us all in this?—*Illustrated News*.

From a statistical digest, just published, it appears that the human family numbers 700,000,000; and its annual loss by death is 18,000,000, which produces 624,400 tons of animal matter, which, in turn, generates by decomposition 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of gases, which are cleared away by the atmosphere, and by vegetable matter decomposing and assimilating them for their own uses.

THE CICADA.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It is very singular that in a nation dumb as all these little animals are, the most prevalent taste, among the fine arts, should be for that of music. I have already related to you many true and wonderful stories about these creatures, whose admirable intelligence is inferior to that of no other animal of superior classes, but I have not yet spoken of their vocal and instrumental music.

I have just said that insects are dumb; it is for this reason: in order to sing, cry, speak—in a word, to produce articulate sounds and have a voice, pulmonary respiration is indispensably necessary. Now, insects have no lungs, and for this reason, can have no voices. Fishes which breathe through the gills, mollusca, and zoophytes, which breathe I know not how, are as dumb as insects. These latter, nevertheless, all breathe the air, but not through the mouth; they have on the sides of each ring of their bodies a little hole, a *stigmata*, as the entomologists call it, and this opening often assumes the form of a button-hole. It is through this that the atmospheric air is introduced, by very delicate canals, called the *aeriferous trachea*, which transmit it to all parts of the body; whence it results that these animals breathe as vegetables do, if vegetables breathe, and are necessarily dumb. I need not tell you that the sounds of voices are produced by the passage of air driven from the lungs with more or less energy.

Take notice that I do not speak here of a chest voice, or head voice, as a *habitué* of the opera would say; for there are among these little animals, ventriloquists! that is to say, species which have a voice and which sing by their *stigmata*. This ventriloquial sound is what you hear during the flight of an insect—a sound to which you give the name of a buzzing, and which ceases to be heard when the animal is at rest. Some scientific men, however, attribute this buzzing to the rapidity of the motion of the wings. As for myself, I am but a simple man, and do not pretend to decide questions of such high importance.

Since we have commenced by vocal music, we will quote another singer. Every body knows the curious butterfly, vulgarly called the *death's head sphinx* (*sphinx atropos*, LÉN) because it has on its brown thorax a paler spot, which bears a resemblance to the head of a human skeleton. When it is caught and tormented, it utters a plaintive sound which resembles the cry of no other insect. It has long been a matter of inquiry by what organ these strange sounds are produced. Fortunately it has been ascertained that this sphinx is not a ventriloquist, but that it plays the *cornet à piston*. Decidedly it should not be a vocalist, but an instrumentalist.

Its instrument is a little and very short trunk, which you will find rolled under its forehead, between its two feelers. It is pierced throughout its length by a central canal, like a trumpet; this canal conducts to a cavity in the head, at the entrance of which are placed muscles that by contracting, make the air enter the interior, and, expanding, make it go out. This explanation, we must confess, is far from solving all difficulties.

This is all which is known of the vocal music of insects; but their instrumental music is much more varied, and rests on incontestible facts. Their instruments are as different in form as in the sounds they produce, and all insects do not use them for the same object. Some use them, like the shepherds of Theocritus and Virgil, to celebrate the sunrise, the first moments of a beautiful day the beauties of nature; and these play pastoral music; others sing only love. There are those which are elegiac and whose plaintive music always expresses sorrow; others still sing only to make a noise, or through vanity these are the most insupportable.

The musician who enjoys the greatest celebrity is, unquestionably, the Cicada; and we may here remark that it is only in the orders of *hemiptera* and *orthoptera* that we find the special organs destined alone for the production of sounds. The singing Cicada (*Cicada plebeia*, LÉN) belongs to the first of these orders. It has two membranous wings, covered by two *elytra*, but the latter are soft, transparent, blackish, veined with russet; it does not leap nor has it elongated hind legs like the common grasshopper. It lives in hedges or bushes and trees, the sap of which it sucks. The Cicada plays the kettle-drum. On each side of the base of its abdomen is a semi-lunar cavity, forming the cylinder of the drum; in this cylinder is a dry membrane, folded, outwardly convex; this is the skin of the drum; inwardly this membrane is fastened by a muscle attached to its concave side.

When the insect wishes to sing it contracts its muscle; the latter draws the membrane, and the drum becomes concave instead of convex as it was; then the muscle is relaxed, the dry membrane by its ordinary elasticity becomes again convex without, and this movement is rapidly repeated. As the Cicada has two drums, one on each side, and plays both at once, it produces a very noisy and very monotonous music, which it appears to love much, for it is heard all summer, especially when the sky is clear and the sun very warm. When you wish to know whether a musician is fond of his art, see what care he takes of his instrument. I one day saw Paganini, all out of breath and covered with perspiration, after having played one of those *tour de force* concertos which astonish the ear without speaking to the heart. He wiped his forehead with the back of his long and crooked hand, blew his nose and wiped his fingers with a rag, which he called his pocket-handkerchief; then he borrowed a handkerchief, trimmed with lace, from the Countess of R., to wipe carefully his bow and his violin, before placing them in their box of ebony.

The Cicada loves his art, as I have said, for he takes the greatest care of his instrument. If the sky is covered with the lightest cloud, if a few drops of rain moisten the foliage, if in fine, he wishes to interrupt his song for any cause whatever, he re-covers each of his drums with a cartilaginous scale hermetically closed in the form of a shutter.—*Musical World and Times*.

Longfellow, in his prose tale of "Kavanagh," calls Sunday the "golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week."

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE.

IDLENESS.—Get rid of the habit as fast as you can, for you may rely upon it that it is one of those evils which grow amazingly. Some one, in casting up his accounts, put down a very large sum *per annum* for his *idleness*. But there is another account more *awful* than that of our expenses, in which many will find that their idleness has mainly contributed to the balance against them. From its very inaction, idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil, as a palsy is more to be dreaded than a fever. The Turks have a proverb which says, *that the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil*.

IS HOUSEKEEPING AN ESSENTIAL PART OF FEMALE EDUCATION?—Undoubtedly it is. For a young woman in any situation in life to be ignorant of the various business that belongs to good housekeeping, is as great a deficiency as it would be in a merchant not to understand accounts, or the master of a vessel not to be acquainted with navigation. If a woman does not know how the various work of a house should be done, she might as well know nothing, for that is her express vocation; and it matters not how much learning, or how many accomplishments she may have, if she is wanting in that which is to fit her for her peculiar calling.

AUSTRALIA THE ANTIPODES OF ENGLAND.—Everything there is antipodical of home. The geranium is a large shrub, which forms good walking sticks; the fuschia grows openly in abundance; and the valuable sarsaparilla is a coarse running weed. The *rara avis in terra* of the ancients—the black swan—is there in numerous flocks, frequenting the salt lakes, and is good eating, and the skin is valuable. The lark, with little song, is a ground bird, familiar as the robin red-breast; while the note of the magpie charms the ear. The snakes are neither very numerous nor very dangerous, with the exception of the deaf adder, whose bite and sting occasion death in ten minutes—the body changing to the prismatic colors of the rainbow. The north wind is hot and sultry—the south cold. The west wind brings rain instead of driving it away; and the east is variable, seldom lasting above a few hours.

PARTIES.—Your enjoyment of a party depends far less upon what you find there, than on what you carry with you. The vain, the ambitious, the designing, will be full of anxiety when they go, and of disappointment when they return. A short triumph will be followed by a deep mortification, and the selfishness of their aims defeats itself. If you go to see, and to hear, and to make the best of whatever occurs, with a disposition to admire all that is beautiful, and to sympathize in the pleasures of others, you can hardly fail to spend the time pleasantly. The less you think of yourself and your claims to attention, the better. If you are much attended to, receive it modestly, and consider it as a happy accident; if you are little noticed, use your leisure in observing others.

ANGELS AND SPIRITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE DOVE."

The Bible is the most wonderful of books, in its adaptation to the exigencies of all times, and the individual wants of the human mind. At the present day, when a morbid excitement exists, in wandering minds, with regard to spiritual manifestations, and a thirst for the marvels and wondrous revelations of another life, how satisfactory it is to turn to the Divine Word with a full assurance of its truth, and slake this thirst of the mind at a pure fountain. What beautiful stories of spiritual manifestations are everywhere found in the sacred record; and who can doubt, after reading them, that angels and spirits are our constant attendants, interested in all of our states and conditions, possessed of warm and active sympathies, which they exercise in the most effective ways, even when we are wholly unconscious of their presence? This comforting fact was revealed to the early Christians in the most palpable and tangible manner; and no one can doubt it, who accepts the testimony of the Apostles. For instance: "Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And behold the Angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, 'Arise up quickly.' And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, 'Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals;' and so he did. And he saith unto him, 'Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.' And he went out, and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision. When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, which opened to them of his own accord; and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him."

Who can read this narration, and doubt that angels can act upon matter? Or that they bend their high intelligence, through love, to the trivial wants and necessities of our outer life? It seems very wonderful that so powerful an angel, whose mere presence filled the dark prison with light, should bid Peter *gird himself, and bind on his sandals, and cast his garment about him*, and even Peter thought it a dream or vision; but the ponderous iron gate, that had opened before the will of his bright attendant, and the free, open street in which he found himself, were tangible proofs of the material actuality of his experience.

And yet the angel could not have been in a material body. Had he been thus subject to the laws of matter, the iron gate would have been to him impassable and impregnable. He was acting from a higher and more potent sphere of existence upon matter. And this narration is a wonderful revelation of the powers of the spiritual corporeity. The angel was in a human form, and so like to a man in his sympathies, that he remembered that Peter would need his sandals and outer garment in the street. And yet his connection with the material body of Peter must have been through the spirit of Peter. Like as

a man walks in his sleep must Peter have walked forth from the prison—in a state of spiritual wakefulness and in a bodily unconsciousness—but suddenly the body ceases to sleep, and, lo! the angel is no longer seen; and Peter finds himself not chained in the prison between two soldiers, but free in the open street, and goes to seek his friends. The lovers of the marvellous surely have food for wonder in this account, and they would find many such in the Acts of the Apostles.

And that the spirit of man may have consciousness in scenes and places where his body is not, is abundantly proved in the account of Philip who discoursed with the eunuch who was travelling on the road from Jerusalem to Gaza. But "when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing. But Philip was found at Azotus."

It must have been that the spirit of Philip was brought into a state of conscious intercourse with the spirit of the eunuch. And this is a revelation fraught with the most consoling and beautiful truths. How often, when we yearn for an understanding of what we read in the Divine Word, it may be that a bright angel or a wise man approaches us in the spirit and guides us into perceptions of the truth as it is in Jesus, while we remain unconscious in the body of our delightful companionship. And we have yet a higher proof that the spirit, clothed in materiality, may take cognizance of things without the sphere of its material senses. When our blessed Lord walked the earth, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," He saw that Nathaniel prayed under the fig-tree, when as yet he had not approached within the range of His material vision. And in many other instances He revealed this power of discerning spiritually that which the laws of matter prevented His discerning materially. Indeed, through the whole of the New Testament runs this revelation, that man, as a spirit, possesses powers far superior to those with which he is endowed through his material organization. The angels that were seen by the women at the sepulchre had rolled the stone away from its mouth (which seemed immovable to the women) by the mere force of their will. And what a beautiful revelation are these angels in human forms! and "clothed in shining garments!"

How perfectly they set at naught the vague theory that the spirit of man is a vapor or ether, floating in space, without form or vitality, awaiting its final reunion with matter! How is it possible for such a supposition to stand in the light of the Bible? How can we read of the resurrection of the Lord, who, after death, appeared as a man—endowed with the same beautiful sympathies—the same identity of individuality—and yet doubt that we shall live the self same men, our identity perfectly apparent to our own consciousness, and to the consciousness of our associates? And how clear and beautiful grows this question of spiritual intercourse, in the light of our Lord's life upon the earth! That He was in a conscious association

with beings not of this world, is apparent through His whole history, and was foreseen from the beginning, for David declared that "He shall give His angels charge over Thee." And the disciples also perceived, in His great earthly temptations, that "angels ministered unto Him;" and He promised to guileless hearts that they should "see the heavens open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." Thus man, as may be seen when he is in a state of full and perfect order, may be conscious in that "kingdom of Heaven" that is within him.

But the Divine Word is not without its warning voice to those who heedlessly, in a state of self-will, force themselves by abnormal means into this state of consciousness.

The woman of Endor, who was possessed of a familiar spirit, by whom she was enabled to communicate, through thought, or spiritual presence, with Samuel, produced no good effect upon Saul, when she acted as his *medium* in bringing him into communication with Samuel. Saul, by evil of life, had been cut off from influx from God and the angels, but from his own self-will he determined to re-open this communication through means external to his own existence. And no one can read the history of his interview without feeling that he committed a sin. But in those narrations of angels (who were commissioned of God) speaking to men, a feeling of blessedness pervades the mind. Who can read without delight of Mary, when the angel came in unto her, and said, "Hail! thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee?"

And in the narration immediately preceding this, Zacharias "saw an angel of the Lord standing on the right hand of the altar of incense," and the "angel said unto him, 'I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings.'"

There is something joy-giving in imagining the presence of these bright and beautiful messengers of Heaven, and they seem to open to us a world of such bright existences—existences of far more actuality and power than the clay moulds we see moving around us. And it is not good that we should ignore the spirit-world and its manifestations. We shrink with disgust and aversion from those profane mediums who would wrest from man the foundations of his belief in the holy Word of God, who deny the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and seek to flood the world with a false and demoralizing philosophy. But these things grow out of the very nature of man. In this world, we see the good fall into natural associations with the good, and the evil with the evil. And in our spiritual life, also, "like must seek its like." If, then, a bad man, one who does not implicitly believe the sanctities of the Divine Word, and acknowledge Christ as his God, should, by his own act, force himself into a state of spiritual consciousness, by himself, inducing certain mental states, or by mesmeric influences inducing an outer unconsciousness, how naturally, and as a necessary consequence, he should find himself associated with beings of like thoughts and feelings, and how they would de-

light to draw him into an open expression of the concealed enmity of his heart to things divine and holy.

But the good and pure man has no such self-will—he prays to the Lord, and reads his Bible, in that beautiful spirit of obedience in which Zacharias and Elizabeth were, who were "both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless." And if to such an one an angel should come, it would be an angel from the presence of God, bringing some "glad tidings."

In the present wonderful crisis in human affairs, men run into dangerous extremes. The credulous are led away by too ready a credence in marvels, and the rational are so shocked by these marvels, that, rejecting the testimony of the Divine Word, they pronounce them all impostures and impossibilities. But this is not good; man's *rationality* is not *reason*, it is simply the faculty of drawing conclusions from external circumstances; his *reason* is a high, inner spiritual perception. Through the faculty of rationality, or ratiocination, man can acquire no spiritual knowledge, for spiritual facts do not come within the cognizance of his rationality. But to his *reason* revelation submits a vast amount of spiritual facts, which he may confirm or deny, according to the moral state of his reason; he is left in a state of full and perfect freedom to do so. But this state of the reason depends wholly on the innate affections and desires of the man, for what he loves he thinks of—hence thought is simply the manifestation of an affection. If a man loves Heaven and the angels, he thinks of them; he is more readily made cognizant of their existence, for he realizes in himself a spirit which is within the body, and one with it, and yet entirely distinct and superior to it. In such a man reason can receive the truths of revelation and confirm them, because they accord with his desires and the testimony of his inner consciousness. But if a man love only the earth and the things of the earth, he is bound down to the sphere of his external rationality; he feels in himself no witness of spiritual verities; hence he rejects all mention of them, and regards them as insanities unworthy the attention of a rational mind. And there is yet another class, whose inner affections are so evil that they realize in themselves a spirit that can scoff at the divine. They seek an open intercourse with spirits that will confirm them in their unbelieving tendencies; they delight in those declarations from the spiritual world that deny all the divine facts of the Christian religion. How true it is, "if they believe not Moses and the Prophets, they would not believe, though one should speak to them from the dead." For in the spirit like speaks to like.

Happily, there is a standard by which all spirits may be tried. The Bible is the rule by which they are to be measured, that is, the *written* Word of God, and stands fixed and unchanged amid all the transitions of the human mind. It is the sure anchor of faith to us—and while no future spiritual revelation can ever set this infinite and holy Word aside, we can reject or receive spiritual communications simply as

they accord with the truths and revelations of the Divine Word or not.

That a new era is opening upon the world cannot be doubted or denied; one might as well deny the wonders of the electric telegraph, as to deny all of the testimony brought forward to prove that at this day spirits do speak with men. There is no safety in an obstinate denial of the fact. It is better that the wise and good should look at it in the light of truth, and see if its perversions lead to so deplorable an insanity; that on the other hand, if such a thing should, in the providence of God, come also to the believing Christian, might it not lead to a beautiful wisdom of life. If it might be, that men *could* live in an open speaking intercourse with angels, would not life be a beautiful blessing upon the earth? for death would then have lost its sting and the grave its victory. If the hearts of the disciples were so comforted by seeing, after death, the beloved person of their Lord, would not the hearts of many weary mourners be also comforted in seeing their beloved dead? Could the mother weep for the angel-child revealed to her in its new and glorious life and wondrous beauty? Ah! no—angels and spirits could then minister with new power to the hearts and minds of men.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A wise man never grows old in spirit; he marches with the age.

Conclude, at least, nine parts in ten of what is handed about by common fame to be false.

A sense of honor is the only sure and broad foundation of a sense of religion.

Common honesty is the indispensable basis of charity; and common sense, the sure and needful resting-place for a soaring intelligence.

The character of the sincere Christian is imperfect until it finds embodiment in that of the true gentleman.

There is no occasion to trample upon the meanest reptile, nor to sneak to the greatest prince. Insolence and baseness are equally unmanly.

Lord Shaftsbury says that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

The longer we live, the more our experience widens; the less prone are we to judge our neighbor's conduct—to question the world's wisdom.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

We may glean knowledge by reading, but the chaff must be separated from the wheat by thinking. Knowledge is proud that he has earned so much—Wisdom is humble that she knows no more.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, *without uttering a word*.

A day or two afterwards, the good woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap, went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap. "Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. Snap. "Speak," said she. Snap. "Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak." And away she went, cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

AN INCIDENT.

We find the following in an essay of Proctor, (Barry Cornwall:)

"There is something inexpressibly touching in an anecdote which I have heard of a foreign artist. He was an American, and had come hither (he and his young wife) to paint for fame and—a subsistence. They were strangers in England; they had to fight against prejudice and poverty; but their affection for each other solaced them under every privation, every frown of fortune. They could *think*, at least, 'all the way over' the great Atlantic; and their fancy (little cherished here) had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes which they had left behind. A gentleman who had not seen them for some time, went one day to the artist's painting room, and observing him pale and worn, inquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered only, 'She has left me;' and proceeded in a hurried way with his work. She was dead!—and he was left alone to toil, and get money and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and Fame itself was but a shadow."

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD STUDENT.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant Governor Phillips, of Andover, Mass., was a student of Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he left the University and went home. His father was a very grave man, of sound mind and few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast, he said, speaking to his wife, "My dear, have you any cloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trowsers?"

She replied, "Yes."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son."

Samuel kept pace with his father, as he leisurely walked near the Common, and at length ventured to ask,

"What are you going to do with me, father?"

"I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice; return to college, or you must work."

"I had rather return," said the son.

He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became an excellent and useful citizen. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a more plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

"MY WIFE IS THE CAUSE OF IT."

It is now more than forty years ago that Mr. L—— called at the house of Dr. B—— one very cold morning, on his way to H——.

"Sir," said the Doctor, "the weather is very frosty, will you not take 'something to drink, before you start?'"

In that early day, ardent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveller always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

"No," said Mr. L——, "I never touch anything of that kind, and I will tell you the reason: *my wife is the cause of it.* I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening, for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shop, and liquors were introduced. After a while we met not so much for playing as drinking, and I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door, affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied, 'I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out.'"

"This always troubled me; I wished in my heart that she would only begin to scold me, for then I could have retorted and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for months, when I at last resolved that I would, by remaining very late and returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus by creating another issue between us, unburthen my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said, 'Come in, husband; I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved that moment that I would never touch another drop while I lived, and I never will."

He never did. He lived and died practising total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, in a village where intemperance has ravaged as much as any other in this State.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The fact above related I received from the Doctor himself, when on a visit to my native village, not long since.

May we not safely assert, that were there more wives like my blessed mother, there would be fewer confirmed drunkards.

THE ARTIST AND DUCHESS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Register* tells an amusing anecdote of a young painter, who is not yet celebrated, but whom a young duchess consented to advance by allowing him to take her portrait for the exhibition. She gave him several sittings, and when the picture was finished, she took several of her friends to the studio, to have their opinion.

As usual, no two agreed: one thought the nose too long; another, the eyes too blue; another, the mouth too large; in short, it was decided that the painter had failed. He, however, convinced that he had, on the contrary, succeeded most admirably; and being, therefore, totally averse to making any change, proposed that the decision be left to an impartial judge, and as the duchess had a little King Charles which was exceedingly attached to her, it was agreed that the dog should settle the question of resemblance or no resemblance.

Accordingly, the picture was sent to the hotel, the next day, and the painter, the duchess and her friends assembled in the saloon. The portrait was placed upon the floor, leaning against the wall; the duchess hid herself, and the little spaniel was called in. He immediately looked around for his mistress, and, not seeing her, began a search. After smelling around a minute, he approached the portrait, but had no sooner seen it than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The assembled friends, moved almost to tears, declared the painter's triumph, for even when the duchess showed herself, the little dog refused to leave the picture.

The critics argued that the artist had probably retouched the portrait during the night, and were unanimous in their opinion of its resemblance. The painter had, it is true, retouched the picture, but simply with a light coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eyes.

A WOMAN'S DESERT.—The following illustrative idea of what is a desert in a female mind, is extracted from a novel entitled "Marriage."

Douglass saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and clasping her in his arms—

"Are you indeed so changed, my Julia, that you have forgot the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly not changed; but I—I did not then know what a desert was; or, at least, I had formed rather a different idea of it."

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband, laughing; "do tell me, love!"

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give *dejeunes* and *feles champetres*."

VARIETIES.

A vocalist says he could sing "Way down on the old Ter River," if he could only get the *pitch*!

A man writing an anonymous note, is like a puppy inside an enclosure, barking at you with his nose under the gate.

We see by the papers that Ben Bolt has replied to certain questions propounded to him with regard to his remembering. He says he does remember distinctly.

An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles, in an Eastern paper, has the following:—"N. B. Ladies who wish *cheap shoes*, will do well to call soon, as *as they will not last long*."

Eyes are the Electric Telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

"I am glad you are going to stay here to tea, this afternoon!" said a little boy to a lady visitor of his maternal parent. "Why so, my son?" "Cause we always get hot biscuit when there's company to tea."

Many of the editors are now debating whether a *wife is a lady*. When they have arrived at a satisfactory conclusion on the point, we offer them as a subject for their gigantic intellects, whether a *husband is a gentleman*.

Poetry is the flour of literature—prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

Theories are the mighty soap-bubbles with which the grown-up children of science amuse themselves; while the honest vulgar stand gazing in stupid admiration, and dignify these learned vagaries with the names of wisdom.

One boy in a shop is as good as a man. Two boys, however, are worse than none at all. If there be but one youngster in a room he is quiet and sedate as a Quaker. Introduce another, and ground and lofty tumbling and somersets over the stove are the order from sunrise till dark.

A witty lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding-housekeeper the following question:—"Mr. —, if a man gives you five hundred dollars to keep for him, and dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. —, "I pray for another like him."

GOOD LOGIC.—"Brudder Bones, can you tell me de difference 'tween dieing and dieting?" "Why, ob corse I can, Lemuel. When you diet you *lib* on noffin, and when you die you hab *naffin* to lib on." "Well, dat's different frum what I tort it wus. I tort it wus a race atween de doctorin stuff and starvation, to see which wood kill fust."

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; a lie is troublesome, and

sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

"Mother," asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin, "why don't the book never mention Topsy's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it spoke of her, but it has not once spoke." "Why, she had no other name, child." "Yes she had, mother, and I know it." "What was it?" "Why, Turvey—Topsy Turvey." "You had better go to bed, my dear," said the mother.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." This much quoted line is now generally considered to be inaccurate. It is nevertheless true in this sense, that we are prone to value ourselves most for kinds of knowledge in which we least excel. Had we advanced far enough to see the extensiveness of the subject and the difficulties in our way, our estimate of our attainments would have been more moderate.

A remarkable example of the laconic style has recently taken place, which would put Leonidas and his countrymen to shame. An Edinburg Quaker sends to a brother Quaker, in London, a sheet of letter-paper containing nothing whatever in the writing way save a note of interrogation, thus: (?) His friend returned the sheet, adding for a sole reply an O. The meaning of the question and answer is as follows: "What news?" "Nothing."

A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur, but unfortunately, he transcribed, to the scandal of the society, the whole verse:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer, *but ye have made it a den of thieves*."

Why is Fanny Elssler like a brewer? Because she gets her living by hops. Why is she like an absconding sub-treasurer? Because she makes rapid use of her heels. Why is she like an old woman at her wheel? Because she is spinning her tow (toe.) Why is she like a celebrated racer? Because she is a "Lady Lightfoot." Why is she like a skilful painter? Because she draws good houses. Why does she stand higher than the Belgian giant? Because she excels him in toe-toe (toto.) Why is she like a government defaulter? Because she carries away lots of the people's money.

FUNNY MISTAKE.—A short time since, a lady took passage in the cars on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad. She put her ticket in her dress pocket where she had several other articles, and seating herself, became earnestly engaged in conversation with a friend. The conductor soon came around for the tickets. When he came to this lady, she drew from her pocket what she supposed to be the ticket, and without looking at it offered it to the conductor, and continued talking; but after extending it for a short time, and he not taking it, she looked up, and discovered that she was offering the conductor a *fine tooth comb*.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

MANAGING THE PUBLIC.

The success of a prominent singer, or theatrical star, has come to depend materially on the adroitness of the "Manager," whose duty it is to see after that rather captious and uncertain individual, the Public. His first act, if he understand the business, is to get on the sunny side of certain influential editors in New York, who, for a consideration—of what nature we do not pretend to say—will sing to any tune the leader may desire; and his second act is to secure the same advantageous relationship to one or more telegraphic reporters for the press in other cities, who will make the wires, if necessary, say that black is white. If these arrangements are securely made, and the manager has the requisite skill to work his machinery, he may calculate, with little chance of disappointment, on doing with the public pretty much as he pleases.

The tricks of managers are various, and the amount of genius displayed is sometimes remarkable. Occasionally, the hand is seen in some bungling passes; but, for the most part, the obedient public remains self-complacently ignorant of the game that is so successfully played against them.

Sometimes, as in the instance we are about to give, the "manager" stoops to a degree of baseness that outrages our best feelings, and should call down upon his head the strongest execration. Recently, the return of Jenny Lind to this country was announced, coupled with the declaration that the marital connections of the "Nightingale" had not proved happy, and that a separation was anticipated. To this, a New York paper answers:—"*The report is only a 'dodge' of the manager to get the lady talked about.*" (!)

Here we have a lower depth of baseness than we remember to have seen in connection with this particular kind of business. Does not every true heart throb in instant indignation at so mean an outrage! Who is this tricky manager? The public ought to know his name.

SANTA ANNA.

The eventual fate of Mexico can by no possibility be a problem to those who have courage enough to look steadily into the future. Professing to be governed by republican institutions, the national administration has exhibited, for many years, but one continuous scene of military misrule. The working classes, and especially those of mixed blood, are in a condition of servitude and dependence, inferior to that of the Russian serfs; inasmuch as the peon system is a voluntary act of degradation, from the assumed bondage of which very few are ever released. Bankrupt in means, torn to pieces by repeated civil convulsions, with an inefficient police, and a cowardly army, there never was, perhaps, so fine a country in so wretched a condition.

Rich in mineral wealth, fertile in the extreme, and with almost every variety of climate, Mexico

has become among the poorest and most despised of nations. Caressing one military chieftain to-day, and pronouncing against him to-morrow; adopting one system of government in one department, and repudiating it in another; faithless to their obligations, treacherous to their friends, and truckling to their enemies; the rulers of that unhappy country have more ambition than principle, and more of cunning than ability. Over this country, prostrated by the passions of the few, and the indolence of the many, Santa Anna has again been invited to assume the chief authority. Twice hailed as a saviour, and twice hooted as a destroyer, this general is himself an apt illustration of the people he represents. Conceited, proud, shrewd, cunning and malicious; deep scheming, yet cautious; a vain boaster, using the most magniloquent words to conceal the paltriest meanings, Santa Anna is yet, after all, the only man who seems to thoroughly understand his countrymen. What his future course will be it is difficult to divine. He can do nothing with an exhausted treasury; and, although he breathes the most deadly hatred to the barbarians of the North, and calls upon the Mexicans to join him in recovering their lost nationality, or die amid the ruins of a country they had heroically struggled to save, yet both the expressions of hate, and the patriotic appeal, are mere words, intended to enlist revengeful passions of a part of the people on the one hand, and to court sympathy on the other. As regards his actual course, we should not be at all surprised to find Santa Anna assuming, after a short period, the authority of a dictator, and making such alterations in the constitution as shall give him the strongest and most centralized general government which has yet existed in Mexico. If the priesthood can yet be brought to adopt this scheme his success is certain, and it is not unlikely that such a measure, arbitrary as it may seem, would tend greatly to tranquilize the country, whatever effect it might have upon the liberties of the people.

CONSERVATION.

There is deep-laid and well nigh universal, in the human mind, a sentiment of attachment to the opinions, customs, institutions and pursuits of former ages. This veneration for the past is observable, not only in minds of ordinary calibre, but also in intellects of the highest order. The rapid changes and improvements of the present age can scarcely dispel the illusion of a former elevation and superiority—the tendency to suppose that the golden age of the world was in the days of our fathers, and that we live in a comparatively degenerate age.

This conservative attachment to the past has unquestionably its advantages. It supplies the want of wisdom in the present. It prevents blind rushing into untried experiments. It affords a security for order and stability. It checks the wildness of fanaticism and unenlightened reform, from which might spring incalculable

evils. Its prevalence, therefore, may be regarded as wisely ordered and providential. It may clog the wheels of *judicious* reform; but, on the other hand, it prevents the adoption of sudden changes, at once *unwise* and pernicious.

Like all other impulses and tendencies of our *imperfect* nature, it often runs to excess. It would be well were this liability to excess remembered, and allowance made for it. For this conservative adherence to the past is not unfrequently so excessive as to present enormous obstacles and obstinate hindrances in the way of undoubted improvements and the advancement of the best interests of the world. The discriminating will readily admit that it often warps the judgment, and obscures the perception of truth and justice, even in the well-meaning and right-hearted members of society. Mental independence and freedom of inquiry are often suppressed by it. Mental servitude and blind submission to authority in matters of opinion and custom, are some of its lamentable fruits. This is the foundation on which rests bigotry in theology, and all those political institutions and laws, and social customs which yet linger in the world, and oppress and crush society.

Should these considerations help to restrain the excesses or obstinacy of conservatism—to make moderates objects of favor rather than either progressives or conservatives, they will not have been presented to our readers in vain.

EVILS OF INCONSIDERATE BENEVOLENCE.

To relieve distress is a beautiful and useful impulse of our nature. Unfortunately, however, our charitable impulses cannot always be indulged with safety—cannot always be yielded to without injury or danger. Selfishness and indolence will pervert this beautiful instinct of our nature to the worst purposes. Many will refuse to exert themselves, if they can in any way contrive to get their wants supplied without their own exertions. The drudgery of toil will not be undergone by many, if they can only contrive to throw the burden of their support from off their own shoulders. And many have thought it easier to obtain support or assistance from the hand of careless, inconsiderate, impulsive charity, than by the exercise of their own steady industry, prudence and self-denying economy. By such persons is the amiable instinct of benevolence perverted, and made to increase the suffering which it seeks to relieve.

This liability to perversion and the evils arising from it, are more manifest in England than in this country. The charities of England are very numerous. For almost every form of want and wretchedness some provision is made. We happen to be well informed as to the results in one town in which there are quite a number of charitable institutions. The town has been much injured, and almost converted into a community of paupers, by the number and wealth of its charities. A mechanic or small tradesman can send his child, if it be sick, to a *free* hospital; when older, to a *free* school, where even books are provided; when the boy is apprenticed, a fee may be obtained from a charity, and at the expiration of the

term, another: when one goes to service, a fee may also be obtained; when one marries there is a fund from which the wife may obtain a "portion," as she might also have previously obtained an education; as his family increases, he can obtain aid from maternity societies, hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries and district visiting societies. Then there free infant schools and day schools, national schools and charity schools; provisions for all ages and all forms of want, furnished by charity. All motive to exertion, industry and prudence, are thus taken away, and many live mainly on charity from year to year to the close of their beggarly existence. The condition of this town—and there are several like it—furnishes abundant evidence that inconsiderate charity often only increases the destitution it attempts to relieve, and is made to minister to indolence and improvidence by many.

INSULTING WITNESSES.

The outrageously insolent manner in which lawyers sometimes annoy witnesses, is an evil of the times that calls for redress. The New York Tribune, in some remarks on the legal profession and its abuses, refers to this subject in the following pointed manner:—"The habit of insulting adverse witnesses on the stand by a sneering, supercilious manner, implying distrust of their veracity or their ability to see through a ladder, is almost universal, and will yet lead to the knocking down of some of the impudent perpetrators if the Courts persist in neglecting their duty in the premises. Very few witnesses go into Court voluntarily, or without serious inconvenience; and to be subjected there to rudeness and insult from men perfectly at home and speaking under no responsibility to the truth, while they (the witnesses) are confused by the novelty and painful prominence of their position, hampered by the solemnity of an oath, and every way disarmed from repelling impertinence, this is a combination of cowardice and cruelty which can hardly be elsewhere paralleled."

In the same article, we find this incident. It conveys a lesson that may be worth remembering by these legal gentlemen who think it all fair to gain an unjust cause by falsehood and trickery, to the loss of the innocent and the honest:—"Lawyers too often forget that the witness they browbeat or the party they chisel to day may hold quite a different relation to them to-morrow. It is now nearly twenty years since a lawyer did us out of an honest debt by pleading no notice of protest and impugning the testimony (as to time) of the witness by whom the fact of protest was proved. The lawyer knew perfectly well that the protest had been made, and that his client had himself received the money for the note on which he appeared only as endorser. That lawyer has since filled some important stations, and may yet fill others; but if he shall ever need our certificate to his honesty, we shall be under the painful necessity of withholding it."

Another extract from the same article is well worth making:—

"There is many a lawyer whom all the gold of California would not tempt to uphold an unjust cause nor pretend what he really did not feel.

And these (contrary to the vulgar impression) are the best advocates of a good cause—nay, the best defenders of a party who has without evil intent done wrong to another. A case in point now occurs to us which happened during our 'brief experience' (as Pierce would say) as a juror in the City Hall, which forcibly illustrates our meaning:

"Several years ago, Mr. Samuel J. Wilkin, of Orange county, was for a brief season a practitioner at our bar, and was the counsel of two rather fast young men, who had run over and injured an old woman by reckless driving in our streets. (The one who drove was, in fact, without property, but the law held both alike responsible. The case came on, and the facts were duly elicited. Mr. W. cross-examined the witnesses for the plaintiff sufficiently but courteously, so that all the facts were fairly presented. Then rising for the defence, he said in substance, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, my clients were clearly in fault here, and, though it is a hard case, the law holds the solvent one responsible for the reckless driving of his insolvent companion. You will, of course, be obliged to render a verdict against us; but I beg you to consider that there was no malice in the premises, no evil intent, only carelessness, which we deeply regret, and are willing to atone for. I trust you will agree with me that this is no case for exemplary damages.' He spoke perhaps fifteen minutes in this strain, and the result was a verdict of some \$200, where a lawyer of a different stamp, commencing with an attempt to discredit and bully the witnesses for the plaintiff, and winding up with a long speech exculpating his clients and blaming the old lady for not getting out of the way, would have easily been 'put in' for \$2,000."

PERSONAL LIBERTIES.

We enter our protest against the unwarrantable liberties which some writers for the press take with individuals whom they happen to meet in social life. Our thought has been called to the subject by a paragraph which has just met our eyes in a paper edited by a lady, who is before the world as a champion for her sex. The lady had been on a visit to one of our larger cities, where she spent an evening at the house of a literary gentlemen, on which occasion she was invited to join a party of friends. Of some that were present, she thus writes in her own paper. We omit the names, which she gives in full:—"Among them were — and ———— the poets, and Mrs. ———, who is well known in the literary world. It is always a pleasure to meet those of whom we have long heard honorable mention made, and who have charmed us by their words of song, even though a personal interview should dispel the charm, and prove to us that they, whom unseen we had so much admired, are mere ordinary men and women, and that the inward, spiritual beauty that flows out in their writings, extends not to the outward appearance. The Misses ——— did not realize my ideal of them. However, I must confess it was the arms being bared to the shoulders, and the neck to the armpits, that displeased me, rather than their conversation or manner."

Now this may be very interesting to those who take more pleasure in discovering defects than beauties in others; but, it must be remembered, that it wounds those who have provoked no attack, and that it is, moreover, a violation of the sanctity of private and social life. When will our writers for the press comprehend their true position and duties more clearly? Why will so many of those who, in private, regard the courtesies of social life, forget, when in the discharge of professional duties, what belongs to the character of gentlemen and ladies? We need a reform here, and we hope to see it begun right early.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

From intelligence received by the Arctic, it appears as if Russia was determined to force an issue with Turkey, which will tax all the power of British and French diplomatists to bring to an amicable result.

The imperious demand made by the Russian Ambassador was ostensibly in behalf of the holy places; but when an object is to force a quarrel, any plea will suit. This mission to Constantinople, directly on the heels of the Austrian embassy, indicates the good understanding which exists between the Kaiser and the Czar, and the design they have of acting in concert. The real object of these potentates, or rather of Russia, lies deeper than the wish to preserve certain privileges to the sacred places of Palestine, and of course points to the acquisition of Constantinople. So well is this understood, and so thoroughly are these designs appreciated, that the simple arrival of a Russian envoy in the Turkish capital was regarded with alarm by commercial men in Europe, and the funds, those sensitive barometers of public feeling, immediately fell considerably, both at Paris and London. The demand for the presence of the English and French squadrons also looks ominous; and although the danger may yet pass away for a season, no one can regard for a moment the political horizon of Europe, without seeing how darkly and ominously it is beginning to be overclouded.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

A very good lesson to young writers, who are often too much inclined to satire and personal caricature, is contained in the preface to a recent American edition of one of Mr. Thackeray's books—"Mr. Brown's Letters to a Man about Town," published by the Appletons. "I own," says the author, "to a feeling of anything but pleasure in reviewing some of these misshapen juvenile creatures which the publisher has disinterred and resuscitated. There are two performances especially, (among the critical and biographical works of the erudite Mr. Yellow-Plush) which I am very sorry to see reproduced, and I ask pardon of the author of the 'Caxtons' for a lampoon, which I know he himself has forgiven, and which I wish I could recall. I had never seen that eminent writer but once in public, when this satire was penned, and wonder at the recklessness of the young man who could fancy such personality was harmless jocularly, and never

calculate that it might give pain. The best experiences of my life have been gained since that time of youth, and gaiety, and careless laughter. I allude to them, perhaps, because I would not have any kind and friendly American reader judge of me by these wild performances of early years. Such a retrospect as the sight of these old acquaintances perforce occasioned, cannot, if it would, be gay. The old scenes return, the remembrance of the by-gone time, the chamber in which the stories were written; the faces that shone round the table. Some biographers in this country have been pleased to depict that homely apartment after a very strange and romantic fashion; and an author in the direst struggles of poverty, waited upon by a family domestic in 'all the splendor of his menial decorations,' has been circumstantially described to the reader's amusement as well as the writer's own. I may be permitted to assure the former that the splendor and the want were alike fanciful; and that the meals were not only sufficient, but honestly paid for."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. Thackeray good-humoredly relates, in his preface to the book just referred to, an incident at which we can but smile. Referring to some papers in the volume, he says:—"If not printed in this series, they would have appeared from other presses, having not the slightest need of the author's own imprimatur; and I cannot sufficiently condole with a literary gentleman of this city, who, on his voyages of professional adventure) came upon an early performance of mine, which shall be nameless, carried the news of the discovery to a publisher of books, and had actually done me the favor to sell my book to that liberal man, when, behold, Messrs. Appleton announced the book in the press, and my *confrère* had to refund the prize-money which had been paid him. And if he is a little chagrined at finding other intrepid voyagers beforehand with him in taking possession of my island, and the American flag already floating there, he will understand the feelings of the harmless, but kindly treated aboriginal native, who makes every sign of peace, who smokes the pipe of submission, and meekly acquiesces in his own annexation."

HIGH PRICED OPERAS AND CONCERTS.

We are pleased to observe in the public mind, a growing opposition to the exorbitant charges which, of late, first class singers have managed to extort from the lovers of music. In this city we know that a very large number of opera-goers absented themselves, from principle, during the late series of operas by Sontag—excellent as they were. The system of high prices they regarded as a public evil, and though able to pay the prices, denied themselves a real gratification in order to discountenance a system based on a false estimate of the real value of such performances. If editors and musical reporters would only come out on the right side in this question—refusing to let a few tickets of admission influence their opinions or induce silence—a better and more healthy state of things would soon exist. The idea of giving a singer five, six or seven hundred dollars a night,

is preposterous. The plea that she has devoted years to the acquirement of skill in her art, will go for nothing with those who reflect that in any of the learned professions—the law for instance—far greater and more prolonged labor is required to attain eminence; and yet, what lawyer can demand such fees? The elevation of the mere ornamental and artistic above the useful, is one of the errors of the day; and those who serve society in the more useful callings, have an interest in seeing it corrected. Some papers are already speaking out plainly on this subject. We trust their number will increase.

POLITICAL REFUGEES.

The current report a short time since, that the European powers had forwarded a remonstrance to England against the harboring of political refugees in that country, turns out to be unfounded. But though the leaders in both Houses of Parliament deny that any thing in the shape of a remonstrance has been received, there yet appears to remain a well-grounded opinion, that the English government has been approached, in some way or other, upon the subject. Whatever, by the way, may have been said or intimated, the declaration lately made by Lord Palmerston, leaves not a shadow of doubt that the rites of hospitality to all classes of political refugees, whether monarchists or republicans, will be rigidly respected, and thus the crowned heads of Europe will be allowed no farther indemnification for alleged injuries, than may be obtained by a suit in the English Courts of Law. How much benefit they might derive from instituting legal proceedings against Kosuth or Mazzini, or any other prominent man, is, we think, of too questionable a character to induce them to embrace such a method of obtaining indemnification. Napoleon tried it once, and signally failed; we cannot doubt for a moment that a similar attempt on the part of Austria, or Russia, would result in a similar manner. The United States and England are the only nations sufficiently powerful to offer a home for the oppressed without fear of the consequences, and we trust that their large-handed hospitality will never be restricted by the will of others.

THE CRITICAL.

"I am nothing, if not critical," applies to far too large a proportion of the prominent individuals of the day; that is, of the wordy and obtrusive class. The inclination to find fault with all comparative imperfection, and to coldly praise, or pass without notice, comparative excellence, is an evil of the time, and has its foundation as well in superficiality as ill-nature. A writer in one of our daily papers says with great force:—"Words are easy; deeds are difficult. Destruction is easy; Construction is difficult. A fault-finder, though his words are mighty as cannon balls, is of little good to Man unless he have a builder as a partner. In these Ishmaelish days, it is certain that the man who achieves one good, noble, manly, godly enterprise, does more than he who pricks a score of windbags or unmasks a regiment of hypocrites. For in Liberal Reform and Progress it oftentimes happens, as in city-building, that while stupid laborers are able to pull down abundantly, car-

penters and masons are very scarce." Who has not been led to remark the truth of all this; and also to remark farther, that your mere fault-finders are the most self-conceited, dogmatic personages in the world. The builder—the creator, so to speak—is too intensely absorbed in his work of production; too humble from conscious inability to attain a high degree of perfection, the types of which lie far up in the regions of his thought, to have time for idle self-conceit, or to make boastful pretensions. He is unobtrusive in person; but his work illustrates the man. And yet on such, your men, who "are nothing if not critical," pounce with carping ill-nature, and gain a reputation for intelligence, by exposing defects, while real beauty and useful adaptation, are scarcely noted, or only with a qualified commendation. These are parasites that exist on what they daily seek to destroy. These are the men who, conscious of their doom to mediocrity, take their revenge by carping at those who have risen above them. Their power would be small were it not for the pleasure which most men find in discovering imperfection in those who have gained some reputation for good deeds. In dragging down excellence to their own level, they find some consolation for their inability to rise to the height attained by those whose deeds have excited their envy.

HIGH PRICES TO SINGERS.

We are glad to perceive the signs of a reaction in the matter of high prices to singers; and we trust the day is near at hand, when a prima donna in this country will find herself obliged to perform to meagre houses, when she fixes a price upon her services so high, that even with the exorbitant charge of two dollars for an admission, the local manager can afford only third and fourth rate performers to sustain parts in the opera. Such was the case recently in our city, when Albani received about eight hundred dollars a night. If the press would only speak out decidedly on this subject, the change to a better order of things would be immediate. We have spoken distinctly on this subject before, and now quote some remarks of the *Evening Bulletin*, and ask the reader's attention thereto:—

"Now we have had such genuine pleasure in listening to Madame Albani, her delicious voice, and her marvellous ease of execution linger so delightfully in the memory, that we dislike to find fault with her; but we must say that it is a piece of unreasonable extortion in her, to exact such terms for herself and her poor troupe, as make it almost impossible for any but wealthy people to indulge in the luxury of a visit to the opera. If her associates were all worthy to sing with her, there would not be so much room for complaint. But an opera, with one part well sung, and the rest murdered, is not worth one dollar, much less two. And when, as is so often the case, a man has to hire a carriage, and take one or two or more of his family with him, it is not surprising that he should first consider whether the six, eight, ten, or twelve dollars to be expended, might not procure some more permanent and useful indulgence, and at last decide that it would. To this common sense conclusion, to which nearly all lovers of music, so distinguished from worshippers of

fashion, must have arrived, we attribute to the falling off in the audiences during the last week of the season.

"The opera can never be established in America until it is made accessible to the masses. The truest love of music, as an art, resides not in the mansions of wealth and fashion, but in the plainer houses of less showy citizens. It is found, too, among the foreign residents, Germans, French, and others, who are usually too poor, or too prudent to spend two dollars for the gratification of an hour or two. To reach these, and enlist them in the cause of building up the popularity of the art, the prices must be brought down, and this can only be done by refusing to sanction the extravagant demands which is now the fashion for leading artists to make. When Jenny Lind came here, and under Barnum's tactics, exacted an unheard-of fee for the luxury of hearing her, the severest blow was inflicted upon the fortunes of musical progress in this country. The fashion thus set must be followed by all her successors, and the country bids fair to be overrun with adventurers from the Old World, all determined to bleed the gullible Yankees of their gold, and hurry back to Europe to retire on fortunes gathered by singing for a few months, among a people whom they cannot but ridicule and despise for their easy submission to extortion.

"The best course for Americans to pursue is to refuse to yield to the exactions of these foreign adventurers. Why should an artist like Madame Albani get from a manager eight hundred dollars for an evening's performance, that in Europe would be considered well paid for an eighth of the amount? Neither she, nor even Grisi or singers of greater fame, ever got any thing like such a salary at the London or Paris opera houses; and no matter how much value we may set upon their vocal endowments, such a salary is ridiculously large, and could not be got among any people but the Americans."

INTEMPERANCE.

Attempts are being made, in a good many States, to produce such a state of public sentiment as will demand the passage of a "Liquor Law," resembling more or less the celebrated Maine Law. In the recent discussions on this subject, in some of our State Legislatures, we have noticed some graphic descriptions of the unspeakable horrors of intemperance. The passage quoted below is one of the most remarkable, in power and pathos, of any which we have noticed. It is a startling and forcible, yet not over-colored, delineation of the simple truth. It should be spread far and wide, to awaken the people to a sense of the duty of protecting themselves from the abuses of a traffic whose inevitable tendencies are to make such a picture, as the under-quoted, a daily and hourly reality. We copy it in the hope that the horrible picture will do something to stir up our readers to the determination that they will aid in doing the most effectual thing, whatever that may be, to curtail and remove that terrible fountain of suffering, intemperate drinking.

"The evils of intemperance! He does not live

who can tell the whole story of its woes and evils. Exaggeration there is impossible. The fatigued fancy falters in its flight before it comes up to the fact. The mind's eye cannot take in at one view the countless miseries of its motley train. No human art can put into taht picture shades darker than the truth.

"Put into such a picture every conceivable thing that is terrible or revolting; paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affections crushed, prayer silenced; paint the chosen seats of paternal care, of filial piety, of brotherly love, of maternal devotion, all, all vacant; paint all the crimes of every stature and of every hue, from murder standing aghast over a grave which it has no means to cover, down to the meanest deception still confident of success; paint home a desert; paint the dark valley of the shadow of death peopled with living slaves; paint a landscape with trees whose fruit is poison and whose shade is death, with mountain torrents tributary to an ocean of fire; put into the back-ground the vanishing vision of a blessed past, and into the fore-ground the certainty of an accursed future; paint prisons with doors which open only inwards; people them with shattered forms tenanted by tormented souls, with children upon whose cheeks furrows have been burnt by tears wrung by anguish from breaking hearts. Paint such a picture, and when you are ready to show it, do not let in the rays of the heavenly sun, but illumine it with the glares of the infernal fires, and still you will be bound to say that the horrible picture falls short of the more horrible reality."

THE CALORIC ENGINE.

It is with unfeigned regret that we perceive a systematic attempt, made in the columns of some of our cotemporaries,—including more than one of those whose papers are specially devoted to the discussion of scientific subjects,—to decry the value of Ericsson's new motor, and to speak of it as a comparative failure. This, in the face of known facts, is to us the very quixotism of captiousness and incredulity. We had thought that any new application of power, which afforded even a reasonable prospect of superseding the use of that dangerous agent, steam, by a perfectly harmless force, and which united, at the same time, economy with safety, would entitle the inventor to the gratitude, not only of our own nation, but of the whole civilized world.

Elaborate statements, showing why it is impossible for Ericsson's new motor to be successful, pass for nothing with us when we see it actually performing that service which sceptical writers have dogmatically pronounced it incapable of doing. What matters it if the speed as yet acquired is less than that derived from the use of steam? If the principle upon which the invention is founded be a correct one, the difficulty arising from comparative tardiness of motion is an obstruction which will soon be overcome.

Captain Sands, an experienced officer of the Navy, lately appointed by the Government to examine and report upon the claims of the Caloric Engine to national patronage, heartily endorses its safe, certain, and easy-working qua-

lities, under circumstances well calculated to try its capabilities to the utmost. In this opinion, Mr. Kennedy, the Secretary of the Navy, a gentleman not at all likely to be led astray by the novelty of the invention, so far coincides, as to recommend Congress to authorize the construction of a frigate to be propelled by Caloric Engines.

The judgment of two such men ought to outweigh the dissent of a host of scribblers, some of whom have arrayed themselves in opposition for the sake of notoriety, others from interested motives, and a few, because they cannot make their own scientific theories tally with Ericsson's practical results. Most great inventions have had similar obstacles to overcome. Fulton's first steamboat was regarded with equal distrust, and he himself was looked upon as little better than a visionary enthusiast. Nor was the speed derived from his engine equal, for a long time, to that already acknowledged to be achieved by the Caloric Engine; and it is only by subsequent improvements, that it has arrived at its present perfection as a most admirable, though confessedly dangerous, motor.

Now, we are not apt to indulge in indiscriminate praise of every new-fangled machine for which its inventor claims to receive his share of public approbation, and being slow to recognize the merit of a new thing, until we think its good qualities have been fairly proven, we are the less likely to be led astray in the expression of our opinion. What we contend for, then, is this: That, tested by preceding inventions of equal intricacy, and public importance, we regard the new motor devised by Ericsson as eminently successful—far more so, indeed, than many of the earliest machines, whose perfected merits are now universally acknowledged. We say further, that it matters but very little, whether the original conception of the breathing apparatus belonging to the Caloric Engine is Ericsson's, or that of any other person,—the actual honor of deriving benefit from its use, being pretty close to him who first brings it into successful practical operation.

There have been many machines invented by men of undoubted genius, which have signally failed of fulfilling their intended purpose from some apparently insignificant defect, which the quicker perception of another has remedied.—The true credit of the invention, therefore, belongs to the latter; inasmuch, as the complicated mass of machinery was utterly inert and useless, until his removal of the causes of failure brought its really excellent qualities into active and profitable exercise.

It has been remarked, as a curious circumstance, that Bonaparte and Wellington were born in the same year, and that Burns and Hogg, the Scotch poets, were born on January the 25th; but it is more remarkable that the two greatest dramatic poets of modern Europe, Shakspeare and Cervantes, both died on the same day in the same year, April the 23d, 1616. It is further remarkable that Shakspeare, as in the case of the great Raphael and of Sobieski, died on the anniversary of his birth.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We are happy to see that the claims of authors to public consideration are sometimes respected by our Government, and that a lucrative office can be given occasionally to one who has rendered himself more conspicuous by the pen of the romancer, than the oratory of the politician. We do not care to look too closely into the origin of the appointment of Hawthorne to the consulate of Liverpool, nor to ask how much of this consideration has resulted from schoolboy friendship, and how much is due to the labor of the novelist in writing the biography of his friend, the President. The fact of the appointment is quite sufficient to secure our congratulation, without our diving too deeply into the mystery of the cause. We are glad that it has been bestowed on Hawthorne, because we think he is every way qualified to perform the duties of the office; because it evinces generous feeling on the part of President Pierce; because it shows, also, that offices are not always, henceforth, to be the spoils of hawking politicians, and because we hope that it is partly a recognition of the right of literary men to the patronage of the Government. If there were more of such appointments the country would be no loser, while the future labors of American writers would be cheered by the pecuniary independence they might possibly acquire in their new station. A certain number of places should be set aside by each incoming executive for this especial purpose, and if they were judiciously and worthily bestowed, it would gratify the country at large, while it would operate much better for the incumbent, than the system of pensions which has been adopted by other nations.

M. DE BUCH.

The following is a translation of an affecting letter from the veteran Baron Alexander Humboldt to Sir Roderick Murchison—the original of which has been kindly communicated by Sir Roderick to the London Athenæum. It conveys intelligence which will be heard with great regret in the scientific world.

“BERLIN, March 4, 1853.

“That I should be destined—I, an old man of eighty-three—to announce to you, dear Sir Roderick, the saddest news that I could have to convey:—to you for whom M. De Buch professed a friendship so tender—and to the many admirers of his genius, his vast labors, and his noble character! Leopold De Buch was taken from us this morning by typhoid fever—so violent in its attack that two days only of danger warned us. He was at my house so lately as the 26th (ult.) despite the snow and the distance between us—talking geology with the most lively interest. That evening he went into society; and on Sunday and Monday (the 27th and 28th) he complained of a feverish attack, which he believed to be caused by a large chilblain swelling, from which he had suffered for years. The inflammation required the application of leeches—but the pain and the fever increased. He was speechless for thirty-eight hours. * * He died surrounded by his friends—most of whom knew nothing of his danger till Wednesday evening, the 2d of March.

“He and I were united by a friendship of sixty-three years,—a friendship which never knew interruption. I found him in 1791, in Werner’s house in Freiberg, when I entered the School of Mines. We were together in Italy, in Switzerland, in France,—four months in Salzburg. M. De Buch was not only one of the great illustrations of his age—he was a man of noble soul. His mind left a track of light wherever it passed. Always in contact with Nature herself,—he could boast of having extended the limits of geological science. I grieve for him profoundly,—without him I feel desolate. I consulted him as a master: and his affection (like that of Gay Lussac and that of Arago, who were also his friends) sustained me in my labours. He was four years my junior,—and nothing forewarned me of this misfortune. It is not at the distance of a few hours only from such a loss, that I can say more respecting it. Pity me—and accept the homage of my profound respect and affectionate devotion.

“AL. HUMBOLDT.

“And my poor countryman Overweg, in Africa! What a blessing to learn one day by means of the astronomer Vogel the magnetic condition of the interior of a vast continent!”

Of our poet Lowell, the London Athenæum, which rarely, if ever, commends anything in American literature, without a qualifying exception, says:—“In his own country, Mr. Lowell ranks high among the younger bards who are to assist in the poetical awakening which is probably at hand. He has many of the qualities for the task—an earnest spirit of love and passionate sense of wrong. He has the genius of his office—is skilful of hand—but deficient in tone.” Again: “The writer wants concentration—but a deep and passionate meaning sobes at times out of the harp-string.”

“No where but in Rome,” writes Mr. Thompson, “have I seen the body of the people living in such poverty, such squalor and such dejection. One looks almost in vain for the respectable middle class. These are in prison, in exile, or have perished on the scaffold or the field of battle. Cardinals ride in unrivalled state, but the streets are filled with soldiers, priests and beggars.”

A new supposition has been started in regard to the lost Tribes of Israel. The Affghanistan people are now supposed by some to be a remnant of the Ten Tribes. They are said to call themselves Bannie-Israel, and it is alleged that one of the tribes is called after Joseph and another after Isaac.

The Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, are to be published in England, as translated by Professor Wilson. They are referred to a period of 3000 years ago; consist of treatises and hymns, amounting to 10,000 stanzas; and inculcate a religion far purer than that of the modern Brahmins, who sing, but do not understand the hymns.

Little can be done without determination; and certainly no great acquirement can be made without patience and steady application.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JUNE, 1853.

CHARLES V., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

There are probably but few readers of any extent who have not perused that delightful piece of biographical history—Robertson's Charles V. More recent researches have satisfied us that many of Dr. Robertson's statements are far from being in accordance with fact; but still, while in the main particulars he is sufficiently accurate and reliable, the charm of his graceful and ornate diction will make his historical works general favorites with those who love pleasant reading.

In choosing the Life and Times of Charles V., for the subject of a historical work, Dr. Robertson made a happy selection. Charles had filled the most exalted place in the world at a most important period, when the middle ages ended and the modern began; when the world was waking up to life after a long and heavy sleep. His was the age of Leo X., of Henry VIII., and of Francis I. The recently-invented art of printing and the revival of the study of Greek and Roman classics had begun to arouse the human mind to activity, and the protests of the great reformer, Luther, were arresting very general attention, and breaking the fetters forged by antiquated superstition. At this most important epoch, remarkable alike for eminent men and signal events, Charles was the chief and foremost personage. We have not introduced his name for the purpose of making any remarks upon his prosperous and magnificent reign. Those who wish to form an acquaintance with the life, character or events of the most remarkable man in that remarkable age, will find an opportunity of doing so in the graceful and delightful pages of Robertson's Charles V.

We propose, merely, to make a few remarks on one of the most notable events in the history of Charles—his abdication of his throne in the midst of fame, power and prosperity. It is well known, we presume, that this foremost man of all the age, in rank and power, voluntarily resigned his throne, long before old age could have disabled him, and that he exchanged the cares of State for the care of his soul; burying himself for ever, far from courts and camps, in the solitude of a mountain cloister.

Charles did not take this step, and bid farewell to so much greatness, without long deliberation. Fifteen years before he abdicated, he confided his intention to the keeping of an intimate friend. In the very prime of life he had settled with his

world and from each other, to the solitude of cloister and nunnery, so soon as their children were grown up. The abdication thus long deliberated upon was at last carried into effect at his Flemish capital, Brussels, on Friday, October 25th, 1555.

What led Charles to take such an unusual step? The bare announcement of it produced a thunder-clap effect at the time, and has been the frequent occasion of surprise and of perplexed speculation since. It has been ascribed to some peculiarities of Spanish character, and also to some idiosyncrasies in the constitution of the Emperor himself. Several instances are on record of former Spanish kings having resigned the throne, and assumed the cowl of the monk. This morbidly religious disposition to retire from the world to convent or monastery, it is said, has not been confined to the royal families of Spain, but has peopled its hermitages and cloisters with the loveliest of its daughters, and the best and bravest of its sons. In that priest-ridden country, more than in any other, is the desire cultivated and fostered to withdraw from the world, its cares and weariness, to monkish solitude and rest. That so many have retired, in that country, from a life of action and pleasure to the solitude of hermitages and cloisters, is a proof of the power of our religious sentiments, even when perverted, and of those who there guide and manage these strong motive powers of human life.

In endeavoring to determine the causes which led Charles to the abdication of his crown, we have allowed quite a considerable influence to this religious hypochondriacism. But we think there is evidence in Charles' life and habits of the existence of another cause, to which we are inclined to attribute more influence than we have ever found any one else willing to attach to it. We refer to his gluttonous habits, or what have been called his imprudences at the table. These habits, early in life, produced confirmed dyspepsia, and that fearful depression of spirits which is its frequent attendant. Dr. Robertson speaks of the Emperor's table as "neat and plain;" but this is one of his numerous minor inaccuracies, caused by want of adequate research, and following almost exclusively the statements of one Leti—"one of the most lively but least trustworthy of the historians of his time." Charles' habits were such as would produce dyspepsia and gout of the most aggravated type in even

the strongest constitution; and as these morbid conditions are well known to be productive of great depression of spirits and prostration of the physical powers, we are inclined to believe that his constant sufferings in this respect had much—very much—to do with his disgust for the pomps and attractions of royalty. And whether or no these sufferings had to do in producing that *world-weariness* which led to his abdication of his throne and retirement to a life of a monkish recluse, it may be profitable to many to direct attention to his gluttonous habits, as there are instances to be found, even at the present day, of men who are slaves to their appetite, who live to gratify their palate, and who may be said to dig their graves daily with their teeth. To such there is a lesson in the life of the subject of our remarks.

The following are among the instances on record which demonstrate that inordinate indulgence of his appetite which was an established habit of the Emperor. A visitor at the Spanish court, the celebrated Roger Ascham, watched with wonder the Emperor's progress, at dinner, through sod beef, roast mutton, and baked hare; after which he fed well of a capon, drinking also very largely. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any that sat at meat with him, swallowing down immense draughts of Rhenish wine. To the very last, he dined heartily on the richest dishes, a practice against which an honest confessor of his had protested while Charles was yet comparatively a young man. The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the Major-Domo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish, for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish. One day the Secretary of State is asked for some partridges from a place whence some one had formerly sent Charles some delicious ones: another day sausages are wanted of a kind which were favorites with Queen Juana. The Emperor's weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents—venison, fat calves, fruit, preserves, and supplies of all kinds. The injurious effects of indulgence in these gratifications were so well known to the higher officers of his household, that they beheld with dismay the arrival of fresh supplies, as the sure precursors of renewed attacks of gout, bile, and ill-temper. Though he suffered much, in various ways, from this gluttonous mode of living, cramps and pains through the day, tossings and tumblings through the night, and nightly doses of pills and manna and senna, yet still the habit was continued. He seemed to love, above all things, to indulge his ravenous appetite, even when his meals were tediously long by reason of toothless gums wherewith to masticate, and goat-crippled fingers wherewith to carve. Now as it is a fixed, unalterable law of Divine Providence, that such gluttonous violations of the laws of health shall be punished with depression of spirits, fretfulness, hypochondriacism, world-weariness, and other pains and penalties, we are

of opinion that these were a part of the causes which led to his abdication of his throne and retirement to the repose of a cloister. C.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

BY MRS. JUDSON.

The first of our passengers which my stranger eyes learned to distinguish from the idle, gay throng at large, was a young mother, who used to go out in the bright afternoons, and sit upon a shaded corner of the quarter deck, with a very large child lying languidly in her lap. She looked so quiet, so subdued, so lovingly resigned to any fate, since that great white lamb of a child was there to fill her arms and heart, that I had marked her from my cabin door, and indeed sent my heart after her, long before I was strong enough to follow it and her to the deck. She was scarcely eighteen, with a graceful little figure, a round, though somewhat pale face, the predominant expression of which was infantine simplicity, one of the loveliest mouths in the world, and a sweet Madonna brow, shaded by a profusion of rich brown hair. There was a very perceptible tinge of the olive in her complexion, but this alone would not have revealed a fact easily traced in her large, beautiful eyes. I recollect, when a little child, stealing away from my mother, who was afraid of lightning, and alone from a certain wild perch, gazing intently into the great fiery fissures that seemed from time to time to divide the sky, firmly believing that I needed but the eagle's strength of sight to enable me to obtain glimpses of the heaven beyond. In this same manner have I often gazed into the Oriental eye, deep, dark, melting mysterious, seeming replete with soul, and yet with such a vagueness of expression, that Eden or Pandemonium might, with equal propriety, be supposed to be the other side; and the observer is all the time troubled with a more vexatious suspicion still that the seeming depth is no depth after all; and that, like those frescoes representing long, pillared aisles, the whole thing is but a cunningly painted superfluous. The young mother possessed a pair of those exquisite, unfathomable, Oriental eyes, which sufficiently testified to a warmer dash of blood in her veins than belongs to the British Isles, and gave significance to the rich tint of her complexion. She was indeed of mixed Armenian and English parentage, married to a young English tradesman in Calcutta, and now on her way to England, alone, with her sick child. She was by no means difficult of access; and so it became a very pleasant thing to go out on the deck and listen to her low, musical voice and child-like sentiments, while we lay there, very nearly becalmed, on the broad ocean, and all our fellow-passengers, who had no real trouble at their hearts to make them patient, were grumbling with discontent.

No, she was not educated in England (so she prattled on one evening,) but she had been there once, and London seemed a great, bewildering place, really frightful; so frightful! and, as she spoke, she shrugged her pretty shoulders and laughed, and then blushing, added that perhaps

she ought to be ashamed to feel so about London, and indeed she had not been such a coward always, but she believed that having such a dear little home of her own had quite spoiled her for bustle and sight-seeing. Then she was always afraid of making some mistake about the baby—dear, precious little fellow! He was getting better, that was evident, but she was young, and she never had been accustomed to such a care, and it would be a dreadful thing if any mischief should happen to him, through her ignorance. "But," she broke out, gleefully lifting one of his great snowy arms in her delicate fingers, "he is fat; isn't he?"

"Very; was he always so?"

"Oh no, indeed! two weeks ago he was the puniest little skeleton you ever saw."

I succeeded in repressing the exclamation that rose to my lips unbidden: but she must have discovered the likeness of it in my face, for she asked, somewhat wonderingly, "Does that strike you as any thing singular?"

It did, certainly, especially as the appearance of the child was in itself singular; but I knew very well that, since I was really as ignorant as she, I had no right to disturb her serenity with such misgivings as must inevitably have crossed my own mind in her situation. "Singular things are always occurring at sea," I said, "and cures are often performed that on land would seem almost miraculous."

"So the Calcutta doctors told me," she replied cheerfully, "and everybody here says the dear little fellow is doing finely. How I wish his father could see him!"

She leaned over as she spoke, and pressed her beautiful lips to his broad waxen forehead. The child slowly drew up the inky fringes of a pair of eyes, dark (and shadowy in their darkness) as midnight, and fixed them in a long, mournful, beseeching gaze on his mother.

"Does he suffer?" I inquired, involuntarily.

"Not in the least, the doctor says. He did, at one time, but for a week or more he has been perfectly easy."

"How old is he?"

"Eighteen months."

"He is very large."

"Do you think so? We always thought he was rather small, except his head; but then, he seems large now, he is so fat."

"Does he sleep well?"

"Sleep! he sleeps all the time. The ship is just like a cradle to him—rock, rock, rock."

Before we parted for the night, I had entered into a compact with my artless new friend to assist her by any maternal knowledge I might have picked up in my longer practice; though I saw plainly that I should be able to render her no real service. Just before entering the cuddy, I glanced back on the moveless, dumb, unobservant child, and saw that his great heifer eyes were still fixed on his mother's face, from which they had not been removed since the kiss that roused him. There was something very odd in the face, heightened perhaps by its strange passiveness. No one would have thought of measuring the life of that child by months, as he lay there like a mass of snow; his puffed, shapeless limbs of a

pearly whiteness; his round, colorless face devoid of any expression, except the look of meek, patient endurance which is usually the purchase of years of discipline in our sad school of life.

For many days I did not leave my cabin; and when at last I was permitted to breathe the free air again, my pretty Armenian had found other friends. She had ascended to the poop deck now, having ready hands to aid her, and many kind people seemed to vie with each other which could say the kindest things to her. She was paler than before, and there was a troubled expression on her sweet face that sent a pang to my heart.

"Oh! he has been so ill!" she said, in answer to my inquiries, "suffered so dreadfully, poor little fellow! But he is better now—wonderfully better—only look at him! Willie, Willie darling!" The child looked up and smiled, then turned his eyes on me, and back again on his mother, and then glanced around the deck, and up at the idle, flapping sails, with a look of singular intelligence. I could not divine why, but somehow he frightened me. His eyes were of a piercing, dazzling brightness, and the inclination to sleep had passed away; but I remarked that the round cheeks, which had seemed soft as carded wool, assumed, even while I was looking at him, a fearful rigidity, and there was a pinched look about the nose and mouth that it scared me to try to comprehend.

"Dear little angel!" exclaimed the mother, as he again smiled joyously in her face, "dear little blessed angel! he will get well—sweet Willie!" I turned away, sick at heart, not for the child, but for the poor, unsuspecting mother.

That night there was a death on board our ship; and the next evening, at sunset, there was a funeral.

We had been becalmed for many days, and the broad deep was spread out like a solid sheet of blue beneath us, scarcely stirred by inner breathings, and the glassy surface never broken. The departing sun-light had just drawn one of its richest pictures, and was presenting it to this only worthy mirror, when I took my station alone upon the poop, for I well knew that it is not the custom for English ladies to look upon a burial. I was not disposed to quarrel with the custom, as overstrained and unnatural, nor am I now, (only, do not let me be buried so,) but there was a dark spot in my imagination, which, by a reality like this, might possibly be brushed away for ever. On the quarter-deck below me, close by the principal gangway, stood a rude little coffin, surrounded by a group of men, who, with bared heads and solemn faces, were listening to the burial service from the lips of the Captain.—He spoke low and hurriedly, not from carelessness or disrespect, but something better; for he was a man of sympathetic nature, and he had children of his own in the dear land to which he was hastening. Finally, the little coffin was reverently laid upon a plank, passed through the gangway, and dropped into the sea below. As it fell, I saw a sparkle of light upon it, like a star; but the plunge, heavier than I had anticipated, so startled me, that for a moment I drew back, and covered my eyes with my hands. When I looked again, the bubbles were still floating upward and breaking on the surface; the circles of ripples had

multiplied and stretched far away over the face of the waters, and the little descending coffin had taken on the varying colors of the dolphin, while in the centre of its rich, rainbow garniture lay a beautiful crest of light, shapeless from its continual quivering, but, to my excited imagination, the signet which one of those beings, who in Heaven do always behold the face of the Father, had set upon its charge. Gradually the brilliant dyes faded away; and the blue waters veiled the coffin from sight; but the singular spot of light was still there, and now assumed the mild lustre of a harvest moon, shaping itself to the form of a large heart. The water was so still and clear, and the little coffin, notwithstanding the weights usual on such occasions, so light, that it was a long time in attaining its final level; and even after the surface of the water was perfectly still, there lay the strange luminous heart, paler, but larger, the two lobes, like a pair of great silvery wings, spreading to the distance of several feet.

"Singular, isn't it?" said the Captain, who had drawn near me unobserved. "It is only a bit of tin, with the child's initials on it, which one of my boys nailed to the top of the coffin. He cut it in the shape of a heart, it seems."

It was a simple explanation; but the real loveliness of the whole scene remained quite unimpaired by it; and when I laid my head upon the pillow that night, and through many successive nights of pain and loneliness, I could have wept from sheer gratitude to God, at being permitted to look upon a sight so beautiful. And even now I never think of the sea, and the blessed dead which rest in its bosom, but the vision of a pair of soft, protecting wings, hovering close above them, comes between me and the gloom.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

MANAGING A BLUE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Not long since, there arrived, in a certain western village, a young lady from near Boston, who, not having been thrown in the way of better employment, had spent nearly all of her time, for years, in reading. Circumstances had brought her into the society of intelligent persons, and the conversation of these gave her mind the habit of thinking on subjects of more than ordinary interest, and induced her to read works of a philosophical character. Kant, Carlyle, Degerando, Goethe, Schiller, became her favorite authors, and she read them until she had quotations enough on her tongue's end to frighten away half the men who approached her.

Miss Phoebe Gray (that was the lady's name) was considered even at home a decided *blue*. She had early in life, so she said, been disappointed in love, and from that time had felt no more of the tender passion. Why she removed to the West was never clearly understood. Some were so malicious as to hint that marriageable young men were more plenty in that region. But this I must make bold to question, although some who knew her better seriously averred that she had no other motive for going West.

Be that as it may, the advent of Miss Gray into Floraville created a good deal of sensation.

The young men were at first very attentive to her, and warm in praise of her beauty and intelligence, while the ladies looked at her askance, and could not be induced to say anything in her favor.

"She talks like a book," said a young man to his friend, in speaking of Miss Gray a short time after her arrival.

"Or rather like ten books," replied the friend. "She uses me right up to nothing in no time with her Kant and Carlyle, and, what does she call it—Gurtr?"—

"Yes, that's it."

"And the mischief knows what all. The fact of the case is, I can't stand her."

"Nor I either."

"Do you think she knows what good manners are?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"She made me feel bad last night. Before the whole company she said—'You have read Degerando, of course?' and then coolly waited for me to confess my ignorance."

"Did you do it?"

"I had never heard of Degerando. What could I say?"

"You could have pretended to be very familiar with him."

"Humph! And been made to expose my ignorance still farther, for she would have asked in the next breath if I remembered this or that passage. Has she ever served you so?"

"Not yet."

"Look out, then. I've seen her corner two or three, and worry their lives half out of them!"

"Perhaps they were particularly green."

"Not more so than you or I. One was young Purdy, the lawyer, who knows a good deal about books. She exposed him cruelly. He was terribly mortified. He tried his best to appear to know all about the authors whose names and books she introduced, but she understood that it was all sham, and stripped him bare in no time."

This is but a specimen of the conversation that soon became current among the young men of Floraville, by whom Miss Phoebe Gray soon came to be held in fear. There were three young physicians and as many young lawyers in the village, besides a score of young men who were clerks or storekeepers. In his profession or calling, each of these had enough to think and study about, and of course had little or no leisure for reading, or transcendental philosophy. In law, the lawyers were thoroughly read, and the doctors in medicine; and the storekeepers and clerks were reasonably well versed in the principles of trade, and followed diligently the callings to which they had devoted themselves. But for Kantian philosophy and Carlyleisms they had no taste, and always looked a little blank when these were introduced, as they invariably were by Miss Gray, who secretly enjoyed the annoyance she occasioned.

The effect upon the mind of Miss Gray was as might be supposed. Before she came to Floraville, she had a very good opinion of herself; this good opinion, since her residence there of a few months, had increased very considerably. She felt herself superior to the common mass around

ber. In fact, she looked down upon the very *élite* of Floraville.

No matter how skilfully the doctor managed a difficult and dangerous case of illness—no matter how profoundly versed in legal science the lawyer might be—no matter, in fact, how estimable in character and useful in his professional sphere the individual who came in contact with Miss Gray, he was an object of contempt if not thoroughly versed as herself in all the lore of authorship.

Like all whose self-estimation is based upon attainments not used for the public good, Miss Gray valued herself very highly.

Among the dwellers in Floraville was a young physician of quiet habits and retiring manners, named Phillips. He was ambitious of professional distinction, and therefore a hard student. For literary and miscellaneous reading he had neither time nor taste. He went into company only occasionally, and then kept aloof from the gayer circles. His reputation was that of a man of intelligence and a close thinker. Most of the young ladies held him in a kind of awe.

Some months from the time Miss Gray arrived in Floraville elapsed, before she obtained an introduction to Dr. Phillips. Frequent allusions to him were made in her presence, all tending to give her an idea that he was a personage of higher intellectual character than any with whom it had been her fortune to meet in that benighted section of the country. All this made her anxious for an opportunity to measure swords with him and show him her superiority. Such an opportunity finally came. They were thrown together one evening in a private circle, into which Dr. Phillips came without suspecting the presence of Miss Gray. He was altogether unprepared for the meeting. But a few minutes were suffered to elapse after the introduction, before the young lady opened her battery with guns double-shot, in order to cope with a supposed strong antagonist.

"You have read, of course," she said, very early in the conversation, "the article on moral suasion in the last number of the Quarterly. Don't you think the writer has made his case perfectly clear?"

Now Dr. Phillips had not looked into any "Quarterly," except some medical Quarterly, for the last five years, and hardly knew the meaning of the new term moral suasion. He was an honest, straightforward sort of a man, and could affect nothing. All that was left him was to reply, with a slight blush, that he had not read the article to which she alluded.

"Ah, indeed! Then you have lost an intellectual treat. I have not enjoyed an article so much for a long time. I have been trying to make out the author. It must be either Macaulay or Lord Brougham. The former, I should think, from the eloquent style in which it is penned. What a clear thinker and brilliant writer that Macaulay is! You remember his article on Milton?"

To this question followed a pause, and the Doctor was compelled to say that he had never read the paper to which she alluded.

"Have you not? I thought every one had read

Macaulay. You, of course, have his *Miscellanies*?"

"No; I have not the pleasure of being at all familiar with him."

"So much the more to be regretted. You do not know what you have lost. Macaulay is the most brilliant reviewer of the day. His articles glitter thought's jewels with the brilliancy of diamonds. He and Carlyle stand out prominently, yet each has a peculiarity distinctly his own. I need not tell you, doctor, what those peculiarities are."

Miss Gray looked smilingly at the doctor, and the doctor looked at her and smiled in return, but the smile of the latter was blended with confusion. He wished the young lady were distant a thousand miles. There were half-a-dozen persons present, and all were silent listeners of what was passing. For an hour at least did Miss Gray continue her attacks upon the doctor—they could be called nothing else—much after this fashion, completely discomfiting him every time. When he got away he was in a fever of excitement, and vowed that he would in some way "punish the ill-natured, ill-mannered girl."

"Miss Gray was too much for you last night, doctor," remarked a friend who had witnessed the whole scene, on meeting him the next day. "I hardly think she was polite."

"Polite? No; she was downright ill-mannered. If that is a specimen of Eastern good-breeding, save me from it, I say. But I'll punish the huzzy, see if I don't."

"Hush, doctor; don't call hard names. That is not Western good-breeding."

"It isn't, I admit; but I feel outraged. She knew very well that I was a physician, not a literary man, and it wasn't to be supposed that I could be familiar with Brougham, Carlyle, Macaulay, and a host of others, both modern and ancient. I have something else to do. If she were dangerously ill, she would think much more highly of me were I to spend what leisure I had from other professional engagements in reading about and studying her case instead of poring over her favorite authors."

"No doubt of that in the world. But how do you intend punishing her?"

"I can't tell yet; but I'll study out some method, depend upon it. I will neither forget nor forgive her."

As Doctor Phillips, who was particularly sensitive, took this matter a good deal to heart, his friends enjoyed the thing much more than they would have done, and annoyed him by constant allusions to it. His usual answer was, that he would "return the favor one of these days with interest."

Only a few weeks elapsed before he was again thrown into company with Miss Gray. As eagerly as a spider watches a fly did the young lady watch for her victim, and pounce upon him with almost as hearty a good will. Several who had themselves been victimized gathered around, and other members of a pretty large party swelled the circle and became eager listeners.

"There is to be more sport here," said one to his companion, as he saw the aspect of affairs. "Miss Gray has caught another victim. It is Dr.

Philips. Poor fellow! I pity him. Come, let us hear what is going on."

And they moved up and helped to increase the number of listeners. The sport proved to be a little different from what had been expected. Dr. Philips had fully prepared himself for another attack, and with weapons equally as offensive as those which had been used against him. Before the lady had time to introduce any of her particular themes, the young doctor said—"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have enjoyed a rich intellectual treat."

"Indeed!" The countenance of Miss Gray brightened.

"Yes," he resumed. "In the British and Colonial Medical Review for July, is an article that has interested me deeply. It is a philosophical inquiry into the cause why a man who has had his arm or leg cut off feels his fingers and toes in the exact places where they had previously been. You are no doubt aware of this curious fact, Miss Gray?"

Miss Gray looked blank, and gave a confused and reluctant negative.

"Pardon me for having asked the question," the doctor said; "I know it is rude to ask such questions in conversation, but this fact is so commonly known that I did not dream any one could be ignorant thereof."

The young lady bowed, and looked still graver than before.

"You are aware, of course," resumed the doctor, "that the cause of this phenomenon is variously explained—some favoring one theory and some another. I have even heard the existence of a spiritual body within a natural body argued from this well-known fact—the advocates of this idea contending that all sensation was in the spiritual body, which remained perfectly organized and susceptible of feeling even after its material covering was removed—that, in fact, it was the spiritual hand or foot that felt after the natural hand or foot was removed. Doubtless there is truth somewhere in this region of assumed, not fairly argued, conclusions. That our natural bodies are merely the clothing of or machines by which our spiritual and really substantial bodies act in the material world, I think may be true. What is your opinion, Miss Gray? You have, doubtless, as your mind is highly philosophical, thought a good deal on this deeply interesting subject."

The young lady was cornered again, and had to own that her reading and habits of thinking had never led her to look at this subject.

"It is a highly interesting one," resumed the doctor; "none, in fact, can be more so. For ages the connection between spirit and matter has remained a problem; and this problem, as time advances, we become more and more anxious to solve. But I am wandering from what I had intended saying. I mentioned the writer in the Review. You are aware, of course, that sensation has always been supposed to reside in the skin or outermost and extreme parts of the body. This, strangely enough, is denied by the writer alluded to. Feeling, he says, is in the sensorium; the perception of this in the skin. That is, when I lay my hand upon an object, it is my brain, not

my hand that feels its form. My hand seems, it is true, to feel, but this he argues is only an appearance. In the brain, he says, there is an epitome of the whole man. In fact, that the man resides in the sensorium, as to the minutest particulars, and merely communicates with the external world by means of the external senses, which make no part of the man really. The type of the hand, he says, is in the brain, or rather, the man's real hand is in the brain, and this is the hand that feels when the physical appendages to the body bearing the same name come in contact with any object, and appears to feel. This is his main position, and he brings in the fact that after a man has lost his hand he still feels the hand to be in the same place, as one of its proofs."

"A very singular position, certainly," Miss Gray remarked, with an air of assumed confidence. But she was not suffered to remain at her ease long. Doctor Philips saw that his effort to punish and humble the blue was thus far completely successful, and he did not mean to stop until his work was complete. Gradually he went deeper, and introduced subjects appertaining to human physiology, yet managed to keep them sufficiently free from technicalities to enable any one to comprehend them, and even to join in the conversation with interest, if even a smattering of anatomy had been acquired. But Miss Gray had not even a smattering on the subject, and she was compelled to expose her ignorance at every turn.

With the most consummate tact and coolness did the young physician continue to worry his victim for full an hour, and he did it with so much apparent good humor and unconsciousness, that she dared not show any symptoms of being offended. She understood, too, his meaning fully, and felt humbled. More especially was this the case afterwards, when sober reflection came and she saw how easy it was for any one to direct his or her mind to a particular course of reading and study, and thence be enabled to put to the blush another who had devoted an equal time to study, but in a different department of knowledge.

As for the auditors who were present during the conversation, they were delighted. Miss Gray's habit of victimizing every young man who ventured to converse with her was well known, and had been carried so far that almost every one felt outraged. The incident soon became known throughout the village, and Dr. Philips was congratulated on all hands. He had fought the conceited fair one with her own weapons, and completely discomfited her.

For a time, Miss Phoebe Gray was terribly mortified. But she had some good sense left, and this kept her from running away from Floraville.

Many weeks did not elapse before the doctor and Miss Gray again met, and, as on former occasions, in company. So complete had been the discomfiture of the young lady, and so marked had been the effect upon her, that Doctor Philips half-regretted the severity of the lesson he had felt compelled to teach her. His victory had satisfied him, and he was disposed to submit to the loss of a few of the laurels he had gained, in order to let the young lady recover in some measure the self satisfaction she had lost. But Miss Gray

felt no disposition to measure swords again with so skilful an antagonist.

They met, and all waited with interest to hear the commencement of another wordy war. But all were disappointed. The young lady was reserved and polite, and so was the young physician. Neither introduced subjects, except of common interest, and on these they conversed without any effort at display. Upon the whole, Doctor Philips was pleased with the interview, and Miss Gray was no otherwise affected.

Soon afterwards they met again, and parted not only pleased with the interview, but pleased with each other. After this they met more frequently, whether by design or not cannot be said; but this much was certain, Doctor Philips read a few hours every week on subjects of general literature, and Miss Gray a few hours every day on scientific subjects, and those relating specially to animal and vegetable physiology.

It was not long before people began to look at each other knowingly, when the young lady was seen on the doctor's arm, or the doctor seated by the lady's side. Certainly, they had become quite intimate in the space of a few months.

This intimacy steadily increased, until the doctor ventured to make proposals of a very serious nature. A malicious spirit whispered in the lady's ear, that now was the time to get her revenge; but love was stronger than pride—she yielded a blushing and glad assent.

Mrs. Doctor Philips, who has been a wedded wife for now about a year, is as little like the blue, Phoebe Gray, as can well be imagined. She is becoming quite a favorite with the people of Florville, young and old—what she was not formerly, by any means. Some said the doctor was a fool for marrying her; but that, we rather think, was a mistake, and he, we are very sure, will heartily agree with us.

Among the various comments made upon the occasion of this marriage, was one that is worth a passing record. It was made by a young lady who had set her cap in vain for the doctor.

"No matter who or what a young lady is," she said, captiously, "if she hail from anywhere on the other side of the Alleghenies, and especially if from New England, she takes the pick of the beaux in spite of us. It is too bad! All acknowledge that the Western girls make the best wives, and all take them when they can get no others; but let an Eastern girl show her face among us, and see what profession is worth. She is picked up in less than no time. It is too bad!"

Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent the other day, who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No," replied the saint-like, venerable man, "but I am going there. This world is alone the land of shadows; and the eternal is the only one of living realities."

Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies and being prepared for them.

ANIMALS OF CHINA.

The denseness of the population has long since entirely driven out all wild quadrupeds; and there are also few domestic ones, such as are found in European countries. Beasts of burden are in a great degree superseded by the means of transport afforded by the numerous rivers and canals, and by the coolies or porters, a class of athletic men, who take the place of animals in carrying burdens and in dragging boats. Animals are excluded, to leave more food for men. There are no meadows for feeding cattle; but the entire soil is used in raising food for the inhabitants. Wild cats are sometimes caught, and are considered a great dainty. Monkeys are found in the southern provinces. What few horses and asses are found in China are small, and very inferior in every respect. The buffalo is sometimes used in plowing. Dromedaries are used between Peking and Tartary. There are also hogs, goats and sheep. There is but one variety of dogs in the country, an animal about one foot high and two long, resembling a small spaniel. Rats are very abundant, and furnish the common people with meat. They are very large, and destructive to crops.

Of the *birds* in China, there are the eagle, the falcon, the magpie, crows, sparrows, cormorants, curlews, quails, larks, pheasants, pigeons, the rice-bird, and many species of aquatic birds.—Cormorants are used by the Chinese for catching fish. The falcon is imperial property, and the magpie is sacred to the reigning family.

Fish form a very important part of the food of the Chinese, and great care is taken in raising them in artificial fish-ponds. The gold and silver fishes are kept in glass globes as ornaments.—Among the fish eaten are the cod, sturgeon, mullet, carp, perch, sea-bream, &c.; crab-fish and oysters are common on the coast.

The larger species of *reptiles* are unknown in China. Frogs, lizards, and fresh-water tortoises are common. Venomous serpents are very rare. The *insects* of China are numerous. The silkworm is the most important, affording employment and riches to thousands of the inhabitants. The Chinese excel all other nations in rearing the silkworm. The northern and western provinces are terribly afflicted by the plague of swarms of locusts. Their voracity is such that it is not uncommon for them to occasion so much destruction as to reduce thousands of the people to starvation. Scorpions and centipedes are abundant.—Spiders are numerous; one species is very large, and devours small birds after catching them in their webs constructed on the branches of trees. It is peculiar to China. Butterflies of gigantic size and brilliant colors abound in the neighborhood of Canton. There is a kind of bee, called the white-wax bee, furnishing the whole nation with wax, which it deposits on a particular kind of tree, furnished by the natives with nests to attract the insect. Fireflies are common. White ants are also numerous and troublesome. The Chinese eat many kinds of insects, as locusts, grasshoppers, ground-grubs, and silkworms.—*De Bow's Review.*

THE CHARMED ONES.

BY MRS. MARIA C. TRACY.

A little child had wandered far, one bright and sunny day,
To where in cool and shady bower the murmuring breezes play;
And near there rolled a pebbly brook the verdant banks between,
And birds were singing merrily among the foliage green.

As on the mossy bank she played and plucked the violets blue,
And from the sparkling, crystal wave the clear, white pebbles drew,
She sang in lightest tones of joy, nor dreamed of danger near, —
So guileless, fair and beautiful, what should the infant fear?

At length, quite wearied with her play, she sat her down the while,
And in a garland wove the flowers, with many a beaming smile,
And visions bright and beautiful were floating in her brain,
As with the birds her song of joy was warbled o'er again.

And 'neath the white and dimpled hands the braided garland grew,
And beautiful, though rude, the wreath with flowers of every hue;
With blades of grass she fastened it in circlet for her head,
And as she bound it round her brow, 'twas thus the cherub said:—

I sing and I play
The livelong day,
Merrily, merrily,
Sing I and play.

The cricket and bee,
The birds in the tree,
The murmuring brook
That purls through the nook,
The glistening leaves
That wave in the breeze,
The rill and the river,
They sing to me ever,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Sing to me ever.

The beautiful flowers,
The shadowy bowers,
The dew on the leaf,
So like to my grief,
The sunshine by day
To gladden my way,
The moonbeams at night
And stars peeping bright,
The silvery cloud
That breathes not aloud,
But floats softly by,
And the blue, laughing sky,
All whisper to me,
Lovingly, lovingly,
Whisper to me.

I'll sing and I'll play
Through the livelong day,
No harm can I fear,
No danger is near,

I dream not of sorrow,
And know no to-morrow;
Merrily, merrily,
Sing I and play.

The joyous song ceased suddenly;—thou darling child, beware;
For though thou know'st it not, sweet one, there's danger everywhere;
Even now there lurketh in thy path a fearful, deadly harm;—
O, for an arm to save thee, now, or voice to sound alarm!

What sees the child? As if transfixed, in wondering, deep amaze,
Spell-bound and motionless she stands, with eager, earnest gaze;
In many a coil, beneath a shrub, a poisonous serpent lies,
And on the charmed child are fixed his keen and lustrous eyes.

She gazes still;—for beautiful, and glorious to behold,
Its folds like liquid amber, girt with bands of molten gold,
Its arching neck and crested head, its flashing eyes of light,
Like diamonds set in rings of jet, magnificently bright!

One moment more!—and clasped within the reptile's slimy fold,
Thy heart shall feel the murderous fang, for, even now, behold,
The rings of gold are glistening with wavy, tremulous light,—
One moment more, and thy bright dreams are closed in baleful night!

The child is saved!—A loving mother's ever-watchful eye
Had missed the darling from her home and sought her far and nigh,
Till Heaven in mercy led her steps to where, in thoughtless glee,
The wreath-crowned child a victim stood, and set the captive free.

So have I seen, O mournful sight! a noble, manly youth,
Whose lisping tongue had early learned the words of sacred truth,
Lured by the tempter's siren voice in pleasure's path to stray,
Where beauteous flowers are strewn along to charm the devious way.

And bright and dazzling fantasies allure the wanderer on,
And mingles many a dream of bliss his roving thoughts among,
Till in his wayward, erring path the basilisk is seen,
With light and brilliant tints adorned, and proudly graceful mien.

Within the wine-cup's ruby brim, and in the foaming bowl,
The hall of festal mirth, the dance, the joyous flow of soul,
In lovely maiden's witching smile, and in the gush of song,
The serpent's flashing eye is seen, and charms his steps along.

And lightly glides the dancing wave, and redolent
the gale
That wafts his pleasure-bark along and swells his
spreading sail;
The serpent's glare is on him still, and dazzling is
the light
That glitters o'er the floating tide, and on his rav-
ished sight.
He courts the serpent's slimy fold, and woos the
poisoned breath,
Till, frenzied, giddy, madly wild, he rushes on to
death;—
An arm is raised! weak *woman's* arm;—and, beau-
tiful to tell,
She spreads her kerchief o'er his sight,* and
breaks the fatal spell!
O Woman! be it ever thine, with sweet, persuasive
power,
To save the wandering, erring one, in strong temp-
tation's hour;
Thy loftiest aspirations here may triumph in their
birth,
And thy fair name be chronicled with sons of no-
blest worth.

* A distinguished statesman of our country, now deceased, was, in early manhood, held in bondage by the power of the intoxicating bowl, from which his affection for a lady of high moral and intellectual worth was not sufficient to release him. She therefore wisely refused to unite her destiny with his for life. Returning one day, in a state of helpless inebriation from his haunts of conviviality, he fell by the wayside and was unable to rise. As he lay thus stupefied and besotted by the fumes of the wine cup, a lady passed by, and to screen him from the gaze of travellers, she spread her handkerchief over his face and went her way. Recovering from his intoxication, he drew the friendly covering from his face and anxiously examined it, hoping it might reveal the kind and delicate hand that had thus tenderly sought to hide his shame from the public eye. With deep emotion he discovered the name of his beloved, and from that hour he renounced allegiance to his cruel tyrant. After sufficient time to test his complete reformation, the lady gave him the hand that had saved him, and he was as eminently happy in his conjugal relation as distinguished in the high position to which his intelligence and goodness raised him.

METEORS AND SHOOTING-STARS.

MR. EDITOR:—It is only of late years that the phenomena connected with these bodies have been thought worthy of the observation and investigation of *scientific* men. They have been, in every age of the world, objects of curiosity, of amusement and of superstitious awe by the multitude; but it is only of late years that the subject of meteoric bodies has been brought within the domain of science, or been made objects of scientific research. They were regarded as results of certain inflammable gases or electrical changes in the atmosphere—as bog-vapor kindled above the earth instead of on its surface, or as something analogous to lightning; and such theories seemed satisfactory or plausible enough to check farther investigation.

These theories are now discarded since more accurate observations have been made. Believing that many of your readers have a desire to know what is now received as the more probable theory in regard to these bodies, and what facts have

been scientifically determined in regard to them, we will endeavor to present these to them in the briefest possible space. Our sketch is intended merely for *popular* information; those who have a taste and capacity for scientific details must be referred to scientific journals and erudite reviews.

The first circumstance which led to a suspicion of the incorrectness of the theory which we have named, and to awaken inquiry, was the discovery of the fact that meteors are sometimes accompanied by the precipitation of stones and metallic matters from the sky. In 1819 was published a very full and accurate report of what was known in regard to these aerolites, the periods and places of their fall, the directions of their line of descent, &c. Until this time scientific men had paid very little attention to the subject. The fall of a stone in Yorkshire, in England, in 1795, which was witnessed by two persons and preceded by an explosion in the air, had indeed aroused some previous investigation. So also had a shower of meteoric stones, a few years later, in Normandy, in France. But still the general attention of the scientific world was not directed to this subject until the publication of the registered record of meteoric stones in 1819.

From the peculiar chemical composition of these meteoric stones, and from the direction of the line of their fall, observers were soon satisfied that they were alien to this planet, and that they had their source beyond the region of our globe. The question then became one of renewed importance and curiosity: whence do these stones descend upon the earth?

Five or six different suppositions or theories have been entertained at different times by those who have interested themselves in answering this question. Some have thought that these stones were the product of our own volcanoes; others that they were produced by the fusion of matters in the earth by lightning or electricity in some meteoric shape impinging thereon; and others still that the materials of which they were composed were slowly absorbed into the atmosphere and brought together suddenly by some accidental agency. These theories, though taken up by many, were destitute of proof, and held in the face of facts which gave them every character of physical impossibility. It seems certainly, absolutely impossible, or at least infinitely improbable, that such materials as iron, nickel, silice, and other metals, should be absorbed into and exist in the atmosphere, especially since no such elements have ever been detected in it. Then it is equally improbable that such substances, existing, if they existed there at all, in exceeding minuteness, should all at once coalesce into a dense solid.

When well ascertained facts as to the chemical composition and line of fall of these meteoric bodies at length compelled men to seek for a source beyond the limits of terrestrial action, the hypothesis of lunar origin next came into notice. Men as famous in science as Olbers, Biot, Berzelius, and Laplace, have favored this hypothesis. It presented considerable plausibility. It is well known that the side of the moon seen from the earth offers the aspect of mountains of great height, and of numerous craters—the latter resembling

our own volcanoes, only larger and deeper. Great internal forces must have been at work to create these appearances. Why not suppose, then, that stones might be projected thence with force enough to pass the limits of the moon's attraction, and to come within that of the earth? Calculations were made which proved that a stone or mass of matter, projected from the moon with an initial velocity five or six times as great as that of a ball issuing from a cannon's mouth, would be carried so far that it would not return to the moon, but either continue to revolve in obedience to new attractions, or be precipitated upon a body of more powerful attraction if approaching its sphere.

Another hypothesis, similar to the one just named, is that which supposes these aerolites to be smaller fragments of that presumed ancient planet between Mars and Jupiter, the breaking up of which has produced the numerous small planets or asteroids which crowd this part of the heavens. But a few years ago only four such bodies were known to us—Vesta, Juno, Ceres, Pallas. Nineteen others have been lately added to this number. These bodies are very various in size—some of them so small as to defy exact admeasurement. Astronomical considerations fully sanction the idea of a common origin; and if they be truly fragments of a larger body, may we not reasonably infer that the same force which separated them must have projected into space numerous fragments yet smaller, and with orbits more highly inclined to the primitive planet? May not some of these smaller fragments have come into proximity to the earth, and within its attraction? All that can be said in favor of this, as of the lunar hypothesis, is that it is not impossible; no direct evidence can be put forward in its support. It is a mere speculation, and has yielded to another theory of still stronger probability.

This, the only remaining theory, is one which connects meteoric stones with meteors of other forms, and assigns the origin of all to those interplanetary spaces which have usually been regarded as void and unoccupied—or occupied only by thin, imponderable ether. The discovery of the vast number of cometary bodies traversing space in all directions, is one of the circumstances which have led gradually to create new views on this subject. If space is thus occupied by bodies varying infinitely in magnitude, orbits and periods of revolution, the orbits of some of them altered by their approach to the greater planets, why may we not suppose that portions of matter yet smaller may be in motion around us; apparent only when they come so near to the earth as to be deflected, or rendered luminous by its influence? Meteoric stones not only come from beyond the limits of our atmosphere, but enter with vast velocity. Numerous and exact observations have proved the same to be equally true in the case of shooting-stars and meteoric globes of light. Hence, it seems probable that aerolites, meteors and shooting-stars, have a common origin in matter of some form or other, variously revolving in the space through which our own globe is moving.

In its revolution round the sun the earth passes through a space of 190 millions of miles in the

course of six months. If, according to Arago's calculation or conjecture, there be eight millions of comets having their revolution within the solar system; and if there be other bodies, dense or attenuated, in still greater numbers, revolving on orbits equally eccentric, then some idea may be formed of the masses of matter in the interplanetary spaces, which the earth may pass at a greater or less distance in its annual circuit of nearly four hundred millions of miles around the sun. It is easy, then, to conceive of the progressive motion of the earth bringing it into proximity to numerous eccentric orbits of meteors or asteroids, which will thereby be deflected more or less from their course, some of them actually infringing upon our planet. The passing of such bodies is supposed to be the cause of meteors and shooting-stars, and their luminousness is probably derived from the reflexion of light from the earth.

This, which is now the received theory in regard to meteors and shooting-stars, is rendered almost certain by the fact that there are well-attested instances of stones—single or numerous—falling at the time of the appearance of meteoric bodies. And if it be well proved in a few instances that these fire-balls exploding have thrown down stones upon the earth—the presumption becomes strong that analogous meteorical elements are present in all, whether precipitated or not. It has been determined, with considerable accuracy, that shooting-stars have sometimes a height of from 15 to 150 miles, and a velocity of 30 miles in a second, and that they pass the earth most frequently at a distance of 20 to 50 or 60 miles above it.

VOCAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

It is not sufficient that beautiful melodies be invented, they must also be executed in a perfect manner. But if their creation be difficult, their perfect execution is not less so. Let not the latter art be compared with that of simple declamation; for, out of a hundred persons capable of declaiming well, scarcely one or two will be found who are able to sing even tolerably.

To form a singer of excellence, the following qualifications are requisite;—1st, a voice at once sonorous, flexible, and agreeable, and of a sufficient and equal compass; 2d, a lively sensibility; 3d, an exquisite taste; 4th, a good school; 5th, organs of hearing sufficiently exercised and possessed of great delicacy. It is indeed rare to find all these qualities united in the same individual; and we frequently meet those who pretend to the name of singers, who are destitute of nearly the whole of them. How many compositions are sacrificed to an execution devoid of delicacy, taste and feeling, of everything calculated to charm and interest!

It is remarkable that no country has produced such excellent voices, such perfect singers, and in so great a number, as Italy; but then no nation has had such excellent schools of singing as the Italians. Among the singers of both sexes in this happy climate, there are some, who, by the magic of their voice, and their incomparable manner of performing melody—Farinelli, for instance,—

have removed, in some measure, the wonders of the music of ancient Greece.

There is one manner of singing in Italy, another in France, and a third in Germany. In Italy, the true method of singing is still preserved to a certain degree, though its present mode is different from what it was formerly; its best schools begin to degenerate. In France they still scream more than they sing. In Germany, they do both the one and the other.

From the times of Allegri, Leo, and Durante, to those of Hasse and Handel, the manner of singing was at once simple, expressive, and grand. The singer seldom ventured to employ any other ornaments than the appoggiatura, the trill, and some other passing embellishments, till he came to the *point d'orgue* at the close of the air, when he considered himself on his own domain. The composer of that period had, at least, as much share in the success of the air as the singer. Afterwards things took another turn: and, instead of singing in this simple and faithful manner, they began to ornament everything. The composers became the slaves of the singers, and in process of time were considered as altogether out of the question. All they had to do was to get up a kind of skeleton airs, which the singers took upon themselves to animate and color by their manner of embellishing them. Novelty is always attractive, not to say seductive. The public were far from imagining what an injury they were doing to music, by lavishing such ill judged applause upon airs of this kind; for that is the period from which we may date the decline of the art in Italy.

But cannot the composer, who makes an air of this kind, himself compose the embellishments, and conduct them upon a richer harmony, and with more varied modulation? Yes, if he be composing instrumental music; but I caution him to be upon his guard if he is writing for the voice. In the first place, a composer is not a singer; what he would compose for his voice, or with his voice, will not suit either the talent or the voice of a skillful singer. *Prescribed ornaments* are sure to be almost always ill-executed. In a singer of talent, embellishments are generally the result of the inspiration of the moment, which is infinitely more effective than anything that the study and researches of the composer can produce. The singer adapts them to the nature and compass of his voice, and modifies them according to the feelings and impulse of the moment; all these considerations must necessarily be neglected, if the embellishments are written by the composer.—*Reicha's Treatise on Melody.*

MY YOUNGEST SISTER.

When I was a little girl, my mother, one pleasant May-day, permitted my little sister Alice and myself to visit a cousin, who lived nearly a mile distant. We were in high glee, and were very soon prepared to start. I was in such haste to see cousin Harriet, that I walked as fast as possible, and Alice was obliged to run to keep pace with me. Still we proceeded very well until we entered a piece of woods, where the path was

very uneven. But, inconsiderate as I was, I hurried her along, and, becoming impatient, would every few moments give her a jerk, and tell her, "Come along faster; I'll not stay out all the afternoon for you. I'll leave you in the woods, and the bears will get you." Though I knew very well that there were no bears there, and did not think of leaving her, yet I unkindly wished to excite her fears, and thereby make her come more rapidly. Sometimes I would even run on before, until I was lost to her view; and when, by a fresh exertion of her almost exhausted strength, she would overtake me, I would say, "You had better hurry;" and, at any noise, I would tell her to listen, and see if the bears were not coming. When we reached our uncle's, Alice seemed much exhausted, and did not join in play with her usual vivacity; but I thought but little of it at the time. When evening came, we rode home with our uncle, who was going to our house on business. When we alighted from the carriage, we ran in, and I began to tell mother what fine times we had had; but Alice lay down on the sofa, and soon fell asleep. When mother undressed and put her in bed, she noticed that she was slightly feverish, and remarked, "I think Alice has played too hard." "I guess not, mamma," I said; "I believe she did not play quite as hard as usual, this afternoon;" and here the conversation ended. About midnight, I was awakened by Alice's shrieks of "Oh! Marian, Marian, do not leave me; the bears, the bears!" I started up in alarm, saying, "Why, Alice, are you dreaming? We are not in the woods. There are no bears here. We are in our own little bed at home." With kisses and caresses, I gradually soothed her; but scarcely had I fallen into a drowse, before I was again aroused by her shrieks, which soon brought mother to the bed-side. She immediately discovered that Alice was delirious, and suffering with a high fever. A physician was instantly summoned, who pronounced her disease a violent attack of brain fever. I related the events of the preceding day to mother, on the first opportunity, and prayed God to forgive me, and to bless the means used for my little sister's recovery. Alice lingered many weeks without any material change, and few were admitted to her bed-side.

One morning, as I came down to breakfast, my mother said to me, "Alice is much better, and has just been inquiring for you. After breakfast, you may go and sit by her."

Oh! how much joy did those words convey to my heart! and as I sat by her, and had her full assurance of forgiveness, how very happy I felt! Every day I gathered beautiful flowers, such as Alice loved, and placed them in a little vase, where she could look at them; and when, at last, she was able to walk out, I endeavored, by increased tenderness, to make up for that one act of unkindness which cost her so much suffering. Her sickness left her in a decline, and in a few months she died.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

The life of man is in reality but one continued existence, the end of which is to make himself perfect.

THE GOVERNESS;
OR,
DOING AS WE'D BE DONE BY.
A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS CORNELIA J. ORME.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Porter Potts was one of those characters very often drawn by the novelist, but seldom met with in actual life. From a certain assumed sympathy and feigned cordiality of manner, she had won the appellation of "quite a sweet woman"—though some of her friends had discerned in her case, the truth of the proverb that "no *sweet* is without its *bitter*." She was like Dickens' Mrs. Skewton, "all heart and all that sort of thing;" her sensibilities were exquisitely acute, and she was ready at a moment's warning to spread the handkerchief of sympathy and open the pearl-casket of her tears. Yet candor obliges us to admit that Mrs. Porter Potts was "made rather for *outside show*." In her days of early bloom she had "learned the art, at proper times, to scream and start;" and now it had become second nature to act the tender part. Ambition was, I am sorry to say, Mrs. Porter Potts' ruling passion—her dream by night, her study all the day. The aggrandizement of her children was the end ever in view, and this end she pursued as assiduously as if 'twere her "Country's, God's and Truth." Contempt of inferiors, and adoration of the great, were the lessons that began in the nursery; strengthening with the bud, and maturing with the blossom. The moment her daughters left school, an icy barrier was placed between them and certain of their former companions. Those with whom they had sat at the same desk for years, who had assisted in their tasks, and shared in each juvenile sport, were now passed by in the street without a nod of recognition, while Miss A. and Miss D., mere acquaintances of a day, were saluted with the most extravagant expressions of delight, and petted and caressed into being sociable. Like the Chinese, Whang, of whom Goldsmith tells us, they always answered in the affirmative when asked if they knew such and such persons of consequence; but if any information were desired of a humbler friend, the Misses Potts forthwith became ignorantly innocent as a lamb! Mrs. Porter Potts often spoke of her dear cousin, Major Scott, or "a charming relative—Judge Walbridge, out-West"—(both of whom were rather apocryphal), but she was at no pains to inform her friends of the existence of a certain uncle, who followed the plebeian occupation of tanning; and her silence, perhaps, was most prudent, for the smell of tan might have offended the delicate organs of the patricians!

Mr. Potts, in regard to whose existence we shall hasten to relieve our readers of any doubts our silence may have engendered, was a *gentleman*! Yes, indisputably a gentleman—for he might have pointed to a genealogical tree weighed down with its pride of ancestry, and exalted in the possession of a coat of arms that had done service on the family coach, as late as the times of George the Second. With these ancestral honors clustering around him, he had bidden adieu to Britain and

its nobility, and in the hope of bettering his fast-decaying fortunes, sought a home among the "nation of dollars and cents." His anticipations were very shortly realized, for after a month's sojourn at Saratoga, he had the satisfaction of impressing an heiress most favorably with his foreign air, and "that love of a moustache;" the result of which impressibility was, that Hymen was soon called upon to rivet the chain which Cupid was supposed to have forged.

Miss Jane Editha Jones was the only child of a worthy mechanic, who, by unremitting toil and close hoarding, had managed to accumulate an estate that a nabob might have envied.

An independent, care-for-naught man, was honest old Jacob Jones, but very different was his daughter. One term at a fashionable boarding-school had completely transmogrified her, as the father said, and he half-repent-ed of a gentility that cost so much. She grew arrogant and supercilious, even to her only parent; former scenes and associates excited the most unequivocal disgust, and the old gentleman was not sorry when a visit to the Springs provided her with another protector.

After her marriage and the death of her father, all her energies were directed to "getting into society;" a purpose that her husband's known rank and her own reputed wealth strongly aided, and at last accomplished, even to an admittance to the "exclusives"—which in her wildest dreams of ambition she had never dared hope would be anything less than a forbidden circle to her. But when she had succeeded in this "one idea," it was quite exemplary to behold with what ease and *naturalness* she accustomed herself to the change, and amusing it must have been to the reverencer of pedigree to listen to her unsparing comments upon "mushroom aristocracy," and witness the pertinacity with which she resisted all innovations from the parvenues!

"For my part," she would say, "I would sooner live in a titled country, and have a monarch to reign over me, than in one where *everybody* is liable to be exalted over one's head."

In fact, her tastes were all English, baronial and distinguished, and even evinced themselves in the selection of her children's names. Her eldest was a *Milton*, (she had heard him lauded as a *British Bard*), though to tell the truth, she could not help thinking his works *insufferably dull*. The next son was a *Wellington*—the "*Duke*" she always called him from babyhood: one daughter was a *Victoria Regia*, another named after dear *Lord Byron's Thyra*, and the third and last had been christened after the heroine of an old English novel.

And an interesting family was that of Mrs. Porter Potts. As for her children, the judicious mamma considered them perfection, and who would undertake to appeal from a *mother's* judgment?

Milton was following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, and trying hard to rival the poetic *celibré* after whom he was named; the *Duke* was studying for the military profession, already considering himself Wellington in nature as well by name; Victoria was the *Queen of Beauty*; Thyra was a la Byron style exact, and Iolinda was a

perfect prodigy for her years! And then, too, Mr. Porter Potts' wife's husband was a model of that domestic relation. Altogether a more unpretending man never drank claret, or snored away existence. Affable, generous, and do-nothing, he might have stood for Honeywell, in the comedy of the Good-Natured Man. He was not the impolitic monster who contends a point with his "better-half"—though for this trait we must not allow him too much credit, as we are inclined to think it merely the result of an habitual indolence which made him dread coming into contact with any one at the risk of his equanimity or convenience. Not always, however, was this the case, for though physically indolent, he was far from being *longue-tied* when from home; indeed some of his friends had averred he could spin a yarn long enough to knit a stocking, and an ill-natured fellow had been known to exclaim—"Save me from imperturbable Potts—he will talk me deaf, dumb and blind!"

Such was Mrs. Porter Potts, such Mr. Porter Potts, and such collectively the "rising generation" who clustered around them!

CHAPTER II.

"Lend me the paper, my dear," said Mrs. Porter Potts one morning, as her amiable *cara sposa* lounged back from the breakfast-table to inspect the "Daily News."

Mr. Potts, like a good child, did as he was bidden, and amused himself by mathematically demonstrating how many drops a tea-spoon will hold without running over, while his "beloved one" glanced over the list of marriages and deaths.

"Why, really!" suddenly exclaimed the lady; "this is quite overpowering;" and in a voice that might have "overpowered" with its loudness, she read the following notice:

"At Ingleside, near Baltimore, Md., Hereford Ingle, Esq., in the fifty first year of his age."

"Ah! is it possible!" drawled the husband; while Mrs. Potts soliloquised, "Well, truly may it be said, 'in the midst of life we are in death,'—hand me a bit of toast, my love. A more robust man I never beheld than poor uncle; length of days seemed impressed upon every lineament of his hardy countenance. Ah! how sad, how heart-rending to be cut off—(a slice of the steak if you please)—so suddenly in the prime of life."

"When scarce is seized some valued prize,
And duties press and tender ties
Forbidden the soul from earth to rise,
Alas! how hard it is to die!"

broke in Milton.

"He was an excellent man—that I must own," continued Mrs. P.; "notwithstanding there was so little congeniality between us. He was too democratic in his tastes, too much addicted to amalgamating among the ordinary, to suit my ideas; still he was an honest man as ever trod the earth."

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," edged in Milton.

"And I always respected him," resumed the mamma, "though our differences of opinion precluded much love. Well—he is better off, I trust. I wonder what property he leaves. Replenish the coffee-pot, Betty; I think another cup would do

me good—anything like this shatters my nerves dreadfully. I can scarcely handle my knife—Thyrza, darling, butter me a roll. 'Tis bad to be so easily agitated—but I always had unfortunate nerves."

Wellington, who was spending his vacation at home, much to the annoyance of Miss Victoria, whom it was his sole amusement to tease, sprang up at this stage of the proceedings, and went off humming:

"Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madame Blaise."

"Shall we go in mourning, ma?" asked Milton.

"The idea!" laughed the young ladies.

"We have been like strangers so long, that it would be preposterous to blazon out the relationship now," said Mrs. Potts; "besides, I believe he leaves a daughter, that such an acknowledgment might render troublesome to us. Yes, indeed, I had almost forgotten Emma—she must be quite grown."

"By the way, my dear wife," said Mr. Potts courageously, "suppose we invite her here for a while—I expect her father died insolvent, for I have heard lately that his securityship for a friend had ruined him, and I am sure it would be nothing more than kindly to offer the poor girl a temporary home with us."

"Really, Mr. Potts," made answer his amiable lady, "you are very kind with what don't belong to you! If it were *your* means instead of *mine*, perhaps you would not be quite so generous."

"Hang me if I ever marry an heiress again," muttered the provoked husband.

"I shall not be so obliging as to give you a chance, most excellent sir," retorted the wife.

"She would be no extra expense, I am sure," ventured Mr. Potts, cooling down and returning to the charge.

"None at all," remarked Milton, by way of a strengthener.

Mrs. Potts reflected some time; at last she observed, "I think I shall offer Mamselle's place to her. Ina detests Mamselle, and she *must* have a governess, for I can't trust her at school; so I'll see if Emma Ingle will answer. 'And if 'tis to be done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly.' I am no scribe; the girls are engaged; so, my son, you can write, and the sooner she comes the more time there will be for her to assist with Thyrza's bridal clothes."

"Oh, these women!" was the sotto voce exclamation of Mr. Potts, while Milton inwardly ejaculated, "I wish mamma were not quite so selfish."

The letter was soon written, but did not suit. It was not business-like and to the purpose. Sundry times did the inexorable mamma clip the wings of the poor poet's Pegasus, and lop off the sprigs of sentiment which he had managed to intersperse with the matter-of-fact lady's unadorned ideas,—the condolence upon the uncle's death, which had actually cost the writer tears of sympathy, and in its place, a cold allusion made. The whole was, however, worded as delicately as possible, and finally dispatched as suitable. By return mail, the following answer was received.

"MY DEAR COUSIN—Your kind note reached me this morning, and I thus early attempt a re-

ply, though the freshness of my grief renders any allusion to the irreparable bereavement I am mourning, more painful than words can tell. None but those who have suffered similarly can sympathise with the feelings of a mourner; and mine seem peculiarly severe—one sorrow following closely upon the other, and giving me the bitter lot of *complete orphanage*. Only one short year has passed since my beloved mother's death; and, now, before the spring flowers have blossomed upon her grave, my dear father is laid to rest beside her—leaving me alone, all alone in this wide world. I have kind friends here, indeed, but what bosom can pillow the head with a mother's softness—what hand can guide with a father's tender watchfulness and care! God alone can fill *this* aching void, and to Him I appeal for strength to bear the blow His providence has seen fit to inflict. But I can venture no further on this subject. My heart must bleed in silence. In regard to your proposal that I should take charge of your little daughter's education; though feeling sensibly my youth and inexperience for such an undertaking, I thankfully accept it, and will endeavor to fulfil my part conscientiously. I will come to you when I am more composed, and have allowed myself some little time for the indulgence of my sorrow: and I am sure my father's relative will bestow some of her affection upon his desolate child."

"A beautiful and touching letter," said Milton.

"A great many unnecessary words," grumbled his mother, flinging the tear-blotted sheet into the glowing grate.

CHAPTER III.

"What have we here?" exclaimed Miss Victoria, one morning, as she peeped through the drawing-room blinds on hearing a carriage draw up to the door. "Faugh! Our country cousin that we are to be bored to death with, I suppose. Let's take items—a rusty, dusty, musty old barouche, that looks like a cotemporary with Noah's ark; a piece of antique service, in the shape of a darkey, whose name *should* be Ned, and who is of an age to have 'died long, long ago'—one trunk behind, and one in front. (Mon patience, where on earth can the girl have gotten all that baggage!) and I'll warrant bandboxes, and parcels enough inside for an old maid. But, stop, the most important piece of luggage is being lifted out. Not weighty, any how. What a diminutive! Why, she must be either a child or a dwarf! She certainly can't reach my shoulder." And the young lady drew herself up to her full height, and gave a passing glance of admiration to the mirror, before returning to her post of observation. "She stoops, too. Indeed, I'm inclined to think she is deformed. What a figure! and the *deepest* of deep mourning, not even relieved by a bit of white collar. Oh! I'm sure I shall have the horrors every time I look at her. I can't bear black—it gives one the idea of darkness and death. Ugh! I wish everybody would adopt the Chinese mourning, and wear white when their relatives take it into their heads to 'shuffle off this mortal coil.'"

Here the entrance of the object of Miss Victo-

ria's strictures caused a pause in that young lady's unning commentaries.

Emma Ingle was indeed a fairy figure: and as she threw back her veil, a pale, sad countenance revealed itself; but one, which despite the marks of grief, was very, very beautiful. This fact, however, was not to prepossess her relatives: all Mrs. Potts' sympathy with beauty was reserved for her own daughters, and *they* had enough to do to admire their own charms. Her presence was only acknowledged by a cold curtsy from the girls, accompanied by a stare of curiosity from Miss Victoria, which lasted until the appearance of her mother. Upon her entrance, Emma sprang forward, and held up her lips to those of her stately cousin, who in return gave her hand a scarcely perceptible pressure, and begged her to be seated with a "don't-know-you" sort of a manner, that chilled the poor girl's heart, while it caused a flush of mortification to crimson up her wan features.

"She cannot have been apprised of my arrival," was the thought that succeeded, and she found courage to say, "You are not aware, perhaps, dear cousin, that I am Emma Ingle."

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "I *am* aware of that fact, and permit me to say, I am happy to see you. You will allow me to introduce my daughters. Miss Ingle, the Misses Potts."

A repetition of bows followed, after which Mrs. Potts expressed her hope that "Miss Ingle had a pleasant journey."

Emma was near replying with a flood of tears, such was her disappointment at a reception so different from what she had expected, when her thoughts were directed into a different channel, by an addition to the family party, in the form of a young gentleman in a crimson dressing-gown, embroidered slippers, and collar *a la Byron*, holding in one hand a crumpled manuscript, in the ink-stained fingers of the other, a "goose's quill"—somewhat the worse for use.

"I have learned your arrival, and excuse me, if in the excess of my pleasure I hastened to greet you, before divesting myself of my negligé, or laying aside the implements of my mental labor. Suffer me to give you a poet's welcome to the hospitalities of our mansion."

And after the delivery of this neat and appropriate address, Mr. J. Milton Potts, having previously bowed, hastened to place his pen behind his ear, and advance for a more cordial salutation. At this scene, the mamma reddened with anger, the daughters tittered, while Emma, (at first disposed to regard this as some new insult, had penetration enough to discover that the bombast was well meant in reality, and that she had before her an original) found composure enough to answer with civility the florid harangue.

"Do you play?" asked Miss Victoria, interrupting a remark of her brother's.

"I have taken lessons on the harp and piano," said Emma.

"Piano and harp? You should have confined yourself to *one* instrument if you wished to be a proficient. But I suppose you'll answer for Ina's first preceptress. Do you understand French, Italian and German?"

"I can converse in French, but only translate in the other languages."

"Of course you draw and paint?" queried the indefatigable catechist, in a voice that said plainly "of course you *do not*."

"I do," said Emma. The young lady was chagrined that the country-girl should possess accomplishments superior to herself.

"You do not dance?" she asked, as a last effort.

"No," was the simple reply.

"I knew it," triumphantly exclaimed Miss Victoria. "I knew you could not have learned to dance, from your manner of entering the room."

"I do not agree with Chesterfield that dancing is an *essential* accomplishment," remarked Emma.

"Perhaps you consider yourself graceful enough without it," was the ill-natured rejoinder.

"But had you beheld the figure you cut upon your entree just now, you would lose no time in gaining Monsieur Delroche's assistance."

"You must not mind my sister," interposed the really amiable Milton—"she is a great tease, and must have her jest, though she should recollect that Young says, 'At thy friend's expense be wise, but not witty.'"

"Oh, suspend your everlasting quotations," was the tact retort—"I wish you had sense enough to admit of an occasional original remark."

"I grant that original remarks from some lips are neither edifying nor euphonius," responded the nettled poet.

"Victoria, my love, you have not practised your waltzes this morning; and Milton, my son, you are losing time from your poem," interrupted the politic mamma, who did not care to have an exhibition of temper just then; and turning to Emma, she observed—

"Your travel must have fatigued you, Miss Ingle. I will have you shewn to your room;" and so saying, she hurried out, in the midst of a deafening overture from Miss Victoria, who seemed determined to take vengeance on the unoffending piano keys.

The polite Milton accompanied Miss Ingle to the door, and then returning to gather up his manuscripts, took his departure to his sanctum sanctorum, without compromising his dignity by any further exchange of words with his ireful sister.

"Well," observed Mrs. Porter Potts, after having introduced her young relative into a small, and scantily furnished apartment, "I hope you will make yourself comfortable, Miss Ingle. Your duties will be light—you will find your little charge remarkably intelligent, though somewhat wayward, and I think, upon the whole, you will have reason to be pleased with your new home. But my rules for your future conduct will be more fully explained some other time; to-day I am very much engaged. My son-in-law that is to be is expected to dine with us, and will bring two of the gentlemen who will serve as groomsmen. They are all officers, and it will be a gay little party. As of course you do not wish to see company, you can remain in your room, and your dinner will be sent up."

Emma merely bowed in token of having heard, and when the door closed upon her arrogant rela-

tive, she threw herself upon the bed, and gave way to feelings that were only more violent from having been long repressed.

Poor Emma! this was indeed a bitter contrast to the affection she had ever been accustomed to. An only child, she had been a cherished flower upon whom a breath must not blow too rudely, or the sun look down with too warm a smile. And now, suddenly thrown into the harsher atmosphere of strangers, and repelled where her bosom had leaped to find some kindred pulse, her sensitive spirit shrank like the mimosa, and recoiled overwhelmed with its keenness of disappointment. Could those haughty ones have gazed within that spirit, and beheld all its woe, nayhap their frozen hearts might "weep their ice away."

But well has the philosopher said, "In the female heart, envious eyes too often look, and rarely the indulgent. Pitying eyes would there find wounds that every day cut deeper, and a world of stifled sighs."

"Oh! my mother, my mother!" she sobbed, and her heaving heart seemed breaking with its anguish.

Ah, how many an orphaned one, who has tested the cold charities of the world, sends up the same piteous cry, "Mother, mother, mother!" And that plaintive cry is but the more emphatic because we *feel*—oh, so *deeply*—that *never again* shall that step come near to comfort, that eye to beam all its tenderness for us, that hand to wipe away the tear-drops, that breast to confide in and to lean upon, that lip to soothe with its accents of sweetness and affection! "Never, for ever—for ever, never!"

Long the young girl lay writhing and struggling in the deep waters of grief; but peace came at last—not the stillness of despair, not the calmness of worn-out emotion, but the gentle breathing upon the spirit, as when Jesus said "Peace, be still."

The struggle was past, but she lay with clasped hands still, and the big drops diamonding her drooping lashes, when the door was thrown open, and a fair child bounded into the room. As soon as she saw that Emma was lying down, she paused, and, with a finger on her lip, stood tip-toe, peeping inquisitively up at her. Emma watched her through her half-closed eyes, until a smile came irresistibly, and then she raised up, and spoke. The little creature's eyes and heels were both levelled to the floor instantly, but she was not long abashed, and soon sidling up, with a pretty courtesy, held out her hand, saying, quite cordially—

"How do you do, Miss Governess?"

Emma's manner and appearance must have been very engaging, for Miss Ina, after a few more advances, completed the acquaintance by taking a seat on her lap, and playing with her unbound hair, that fell in a golden shower down to her very waist.

"You are not ugly, like Mamselle," she said, naively, "and you haven't got any red paint on your cheeks, and you don't look like you *could* scold and whip me, and I am going to love you very much, if you will let me. Mayn't I?"

"Yes, little darling," replied Emma, "and I am sure *I shall love you.*"

Ina was clinging round her neck in a moment, and raining kisses all over her face. The orphan girl looked up with gratitude, and could not forbear murmuring, with tears in her eyes—

"I am not *all* desolate. *Here is something to love.*"

"What makes you cry so?" asked the child, anxiously, "and what makes you wear this ugly, black frock? Did anybody die that you loved?"

"You would not understand me, dear little girl, if I told you that I had no father and no mother, now."

"Where are they gone away to?" interrupted the child, unconscious of the pain she was giving, and looking up eagerly into the face that bent over her.

"They are in Heaven, beyond that blue sky you see there," said Emma.

"And that is the reason you keep looking up there, just like the picture-saint in the Pope's church, only your eyes are the *beautifullest.*"

And the little girl nestled closer to her new friend, with a kind of feeling that partook of reverence as well as love.

"Well, I see Ina has become quite familiar, already," observed Mrs. Potts, just then entering the room. "This is Miss Ingle, dearest—your governess; and you must let her see what a smart girl you are to learn."

"Oh, I love her, and I'm going to be good for her, always," cried the child.

"Go down, and see what Fido is doing, my pet," said the mother, in a slightly altered tone, for she was not pleased at the child's early fondness for the "poor cousin."

"No, I won't," pouted Ina, "I am going to stay here with this lady."

"But you shall do as I desire," said the offended mamma, and she led her from the room, struggling and screaming with passion.

Emma understood the affectionate but passionate child, and knew intuitively how to manage judiciously such a disposition, as time will prove.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come, Victoria, my love, leave the glass to its own reflections for awhile, and tell me how you succeed with Morton. Have you brought him to a proposal yet?"

"Brought him to a proposal?" echoed the daughter, indignantly. "You talk as if I were obliged to use art. No. I leave that for manoeuvring mammas. 'Tis sufficient for me to *know* that he adores me, without forcing him into an explanation, as the duellists say."

"Yes, but, my dear," interposed the cautious mother, "though this inexplicitness may be borne by you, it won't answer for other people. Morton has been paying you attention quite long enough without coming to a definite proposal, and I have no idea he should supercede others fully as eligible."

"As for what other people say," was the independent rejoinder, "I care not a sou. I would not discard him for any suitor the whole universe could produce. He is as superior to the butterflies that flutter around me as the sun is to a

farthing candle, and his mind is as much above their paltry standard as the heavens are above the earth."

"You mistake me, my dear. I did not wish you to discard him. I only wished there could be some definite understanding between you, and that if he had no intention of matrimony he might not be encouraged to the exclusion of those who have. You are now, my love, entering upon your twenty-fifth year—certainly a marriageable age; and I confess it does not much please me that my eldest daughter should remain long single after the marriage of her younger sister."

"Well, I'm perfectly aware how antedeluvian I am, without having it rung in my ears, daily, like a school-bell. You've only to blame yourself, ma, for introducing Thyrza into society at an age when she ought to have been wearing pantalettes and pinafores. Had you kept her in the shade for awhile, who knows but what some obliging soul might have relieved you of my venerable presence?"

"Don't talk so extravagantly, my child," said the mamma, in her most soothing and honeyed tones. "You well know that was not my fault. The captain fell desperately in love with her, as a mere school-girl. The alliance was one that could not be refused, and it was only proper that, as the intended wife of such a man, she should see something of the world before entering into its arena, Mrs. Marmion Rush Dulany."

"Well, if the oration, lecture, sermon, or whatever you may please to call it, is ended, I'll retire with a thankful amen by way of conclusion," remarked the dutiful and amiable daughter, as she polkaed her exit from the sitting-room.

"My daughter Thyrza is to be married, you are aware, to-morrow evening," observed Mrs. Porter Potts, with great dignity, to Emma. "The wedding-party will be a large one. You may wish to be present, and can come in unobserved with Ina. Of course, you will not expect to be introduced, as you are too young to enter society for some time yet."

Perhaps Mrs. Potts had forgotten that her own daughter, who was about to become a matron, was nearly a year Emma's junior! But "circumstances alter cases."

The wedding-party was conducted on a magnificent scale. The arrangements were under the superintendence of that pink of coiffeurs—Gautier—and that master of the art of comestibles, in viewing his handiwork, was ready to acknowledge that he had outdone himself. The ceremony took place in the crowded and brilliantly lighted church of St. John's, after which the bride and groom returned to the paternal mansion, from whence they were to start the next morning for a tour to the Lakes. There was a great flashing of champagne and bright eyes in that superb and tasteful scene, and mirth and music was the order of the evening; while some of the most enthusiastic worshippers of Terpsichore got up a "little private party" of trippers on the "light fantastic toe" in the back parlor. "Mr. Morton" was there, and very attentive to Miss Victoria; but, when dancing was

proposed, he resigned her to a young exquisite who claimed the honor of her hand, and sauntered off in search of some one to converse with.

Welby Morton was much caressed. He was a lawyer of some note and wealth, and Mrs. Porter Potts, in speaking of his attachment to her daughter, did not forget to mention that "he was a son of Judge Morton, now in the United States Senate." That his father was also a local preacher in the Methodist connection, she did not deem worthy of note! A young man of talent, fortune, and rank, was Welby Morton, but he did not rely upon these mere extrinsic merits—he had "a name and a fame above the blight of earthly breath;" his habits were correct, his principles noble and high-souled, and a purer heart never throbbed in manly bosom. Miss Victoria had understanding enough to appreciate these, and she valued her supposed conquest accordingly. But she had mistaken her power. Morton sought her company, indeed, but it was merely from the attraction of her wit and vivacity, and he was yet "heart-whole and fancy-free."

He had made up his mind to join Mrs. Potts in the next room, when turning to do so, his attention was attracted by the murmur of a soft voice near him; and he observed for the first time a lady in mourning seated in the recess, with Iolana beside her, gazing into her face, and evidently deeply interested in something she related. The child just then raised her eyes, and seeing him, cried out,

"Oh, Mr. Morton, do come here and listen to this beautiful story Miss Ingle is telling me."

The young gentleman smilingly approached, and bowing to the lady, observed,

"Miss Ingle must be a philosopher if she can withdraw from the gaities of this scene, and sit down quietly to amuse a child."

Emma blushed and bowed, but did not speak, while he continued,

"I am glad to find that I am not alone in my peculiarity. I presume you, like myself, do not dance. Permit me to ask if you object to this amusement?"

"I do," answered Emma.

"And yet," observed her companion, "it seems an exhilarating and harmless exercise. See with what a breezy gracefulness yonder fair form sways to the sound of the music. That is indeed the poetry of motion."

The quadrille now separated, and soon partners were formed for a *waltz*.

A shade of disgust passed over the fine features of Morton, as he beheld Victoria's figure whirled round in the embrace of a moustachiod fop; but his attention being engaged in an intelligent and animating conversation, he soon became so absorbed in the young and interesting being before him, as to have eyes for no other object.

"Why don't you tell on?" at last said Ina, who had been employed in examining the contents of Morton's *porte-monnaie*, which she had extracted with all the dexterity of a regularly initiated pick-pocket, and had only been kept quiet thus long by amusing herself with the "pictures on the bank notes."

"Yes," said Emma, rising, "we will go to the nursery, and I will finish the pretty tale."

The child looked around the brilliantly illuminated apartment, and then said, "No, I don't want to go to that dark room, Miss Ingle."

Emma bent down and whispered, "But, darling, 'tis time you were in bed, and besides it is not dark there—the sweet moon gives a prettier light than all these lamps, and I'll sit by you and sing until your eyes close up, just like the leaves of this flower;" and she pointed to a bud that was wreathed in the shining curls of the little beauty.

Ina put her hand to her head, tore out the flower, looked at it for an instant, and then said with a bright smile, "I am going now, this minute."

"You will of course return when you have pacified the pet," said Morton.

"I think not," replied Emma—"so I will say good-night."

"I am indeed sorry you retire from us so early, but permit me to hope for a more extensive acquaintance," said her new friend cordially.

The Duke here approached, and addressed a remark to Morton, and Emma, bowing, retired from the room, to "sleep—perchance to dream!"

"Well, sis," said Wellington next morning: "you are in a fair way of having a rival. Morton was prodigiously captivated last night. You'd have bit your tongue in two with envy, if you had seen him in a pleasant *tete-a-tete* with a certain person, while you were flying round with a half dozen fellows you didn't care a Highland fling for."

"Yes," said Miss Victoria, "his not having learned to dance, leaves him at the mercy of every designing girl in the room; but who was he talking to? I don't remember a superior girl in company, and none other would have attracted Morton's attention."

"Quite self flattering, though rather non-complimentary to your sex. Pray, sis, out of your 'five hundred very dear and particular friends,' haven't you been able to discover one as near perfection perfected as your own immaculate self? But, not to keep you longer in suspense—'twas Miss Emma Ingle who fascinated him."

"Oh, if 'twas only she," was the disdainful response, "I shall not pass many sleepless nights of jealousy; but how did she manage to attract him to her side? I thought she was not to be introduced, but merely to look in for awhile, with Ina in charge, to show her vocation."

"I know no more than that they were sitting vis-a-vis, chatting like old acquaintances, and they got on swimmingly, too. I never saw Morton more animated; but his eyes seemed to be taking a full-length daguerreotype of her, while she sat with her gaze pinned to the carpet—a perfect Madonna, without paint! By the way, Vic, why don't you teach her the art of rougeing? A little, judiciously laid on, would make her less like a moving figure of plaster-paris."

"You are so skilled in the art, Mr. Flittergibbet," said the amiable sister, "I wonder you don't give her a lesson in painting yourself."

"Excuse me, sis, I leave that to your sex. We own your superiority as *art-ists*, and always lower our colors to you, as in duty bound," said the pertinacious and would-be witty young gentleman; but conscious that his small reservoir of wit was oozing out, while his sister's was only

gathering fresh strength for an antagonistic display, he wisely determined upon retreat; so, suddenly springing up, he exclaimed, "An idea has just struck me like a brick-bat—*striking* idea that—I must away to Bigelow's—au revoir!" and he made his escape from the wordy torrent.

"A contemptible puppy!" muttered the sister. "He is more insufferable than Milton; but I haven't a congenial mind among all my kindred. I don't know why I was created with such tastes, without it was that I might be more miserable. With but one exception, I hate all mankind, and it's all stuff and nonsense about his being captivated by her milk-and-water face. Yes, he has about as much fallen in love with her as I have with Fido;" and catching the lap-dog by his silky ear, she pitched him whining from the room; then twirling the music stool violently on its pivot, as if bent on its decapitation, she seated herself with a founce, and drummed out her vexation, as usual, on the patient piano.

CHAPTER V.

"My dear Miss Ingle, will you be so good as to listen to this, and to pass your judgment upon it?" said Milton, finding Emma in the sitting-room, sewing, one morning, alone, and opening a voluminous-looking MS. as he spoke. In a voice that showed he understood elocution, if nothing else, he proceeded to enter upon "A History of Life," as his romance was entitled.

"The sun was dying away in the western sky like a slaughtered warrior bathed in his own blood, while the evening star came tenderly forth from its curtained home like a young maiden to soothe the last moments of her departing lover. The twilight breezes, like the fingers of angels dipped in the dews of Eden, were rocking the folded flowers to their nightly repose, and, ever and anon, soft gusts of music from some invisible harp of heavenly intonations lent the sweet influence of poetry to the softened soul of the entranced listener. Daylight was closing her weary eyes, and Nature, pillowed upon the breast of Mother Earth, looked lovely as a sleeping babe, when from a magnificent mansion in New Orleans, where splendor sits enthroned a jewelled queen, issued—"

What it was that issued—whether a grizzly bear or a peerless beauty—remains a thing yet to be revealed, for, at this juncture, Mrs. Potts sailed into the room, and, making some pretext for taking the author off, left Emma very much relieved in not being forced to "pass judgment" upon the immaculate production.

About noon of the day, Ina came into her chamber with a beautiful bouquet "from brother Milton," which, upon opening, she found to contain, concealed in the centre, the following grandiloquent lines:

I've been to the Parnassida heights,
To cull these blooms for thee;
They're dipped in streams of Helicon,
The Poet's fabled sea!
A fitter gift could Milton bring,
The Venus of his soul?
Oh! in each blushing bud you view,
His glowing heart behold!

Emma admired the flowers, and sent her thanks; but never thought again of the verses.

In the evening, she was standing at the hall-window, gazing out upon the sky, and thinking how often, with her mother beside her, she had drank in the deep beauty of the night, while "one by one, silently in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of angels." Tears were upon her cheek, tears for the bright past faded, and for the dark, ungenial present, when a hand touched her own, and awoke her from the half reverie into which she had fallen. She started to see Milton by her side, and he not observing that she had been weeping, broke forth with a quotation from Evangeline:

"And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow in her footsteps, as out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar."

"Such were the thoughts that inspired Longfellow," he added, "but to me they present another image more natural and dear. Yes, they remind me of two kindred spirits journeying along life's pathway—

"Together singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine."

Here he paused, but noticing, for the first time, Emma's emotion, and ascribing it to the eloquence of his words, he drew nearer, and continued in a warmer and more earnest strain—

"Oh! Emma, beautiful and beloved! would our destinies were the same. How gladly, like that star, would I follow your bright track, content to be eclipsed by your effulgence, so that I might be near you—near you for ever!"

"Why, Miss Ingle, I thought you were in the nursery with Ina. It is quite an unusual circumstance to find you here. Are you not afraid of the draft of night air?" said a considerate voice, seconded by the appearance of the Argus-eyed Mrs. Porter Potts.

Emma noticed the tone of insinuation, but merely said—

"Ina was asleep, and I came down with the intention of joining you in the sitting-room, but was attracted to the window by the beauty of the night, and have been star-gazing ever since."

"I presume you came here to give Miss Ingle lessons in her favorite study of astronomy," observed his mamma, turning to Milton. "I must beg pardon for obtruding upon your observatory."

Emma felt vexed, and moved off to her room, where the remainder of the evening was spent in sad reflections, and in prayer for that charity which "beareth all things, and forgiveth all things." When at length she laid her head upon the pillow, it was with the sweet consciousness that the presence of the Almighty was around her, and beneath "were the everlasting arms."

As for the poor poet, he devoted half the night to the composition of some verses, which he thought would strengthen the impression he supposed made upon the object of his love. Accordingly, the next morning brought Emma the following:—

Whene'er you turn your eyes to mine,
There's sunshine in my soul;
But when you turn those orbs away,
All's dark again and cold!

Then look upon me, lovely maid;
Regard thy lover's sigh;
And let me feel my love's return;
Oh! quickly, ere I die!

Very dear art thou unto me,
Sweet Emma, cousin fair;
And I'll love thee ever fondly
Let pride or riches sneer.

And I'll woo thee for my own dear bride,
And win thee for my flower,
Nor sigh for those who pine for me
In fashion's jewelled bower!

Then rest upon this bosom—
Thy home is ever there;
And the wealth of love-in-a-cottage
We'll together fondly share!

This could not be misunderstood, and poor Emma hastened to undeceive him. Milton's passion was an evincive and exhibitivive one, and she had been unconsciously feeding the flame, by her appreciative manner of receiving attentions she never dreamed prompted by aught save natural kindness of heart; and even such sympathy was something to the unnoticed orphan, and grateful it was to find one smiling countenance amid all the frowns that made winter of the atmosphere around her. A shallow mind is sometimes capable of a depth of love equalling and even surpassing that of a superior; and la grande passion was with poor Milton a genuine and fervent reality, gradually ennobling and dignifying a weak and paltry nature. Alas, that disappointment should come between his hopes!

CHAPTER VI.

"Well, Ina, how do you like your new governess?" asked Morton, catching that young lady in his arms, as she bounded past him on the piazza. The little beauty paused and looked down for a moment in very deep thought, the glossy lashes that fringed a pair of laughing blue eyes resting on her fair cheek like a passing shadow upon a sunny lake. At last, she looked up, suddenly and beautifully, a glow of feeling radiating her young brow, as she said—

"It would take a long while, Mr. Morton, to tell you how much I like her. Oh, I love her so very, very much;" and the enthusiastic little creature clasped her dimpled hands, as if to give force to her words.

"She is not like Mamselle, then?" observed Morton.

The child's expressive features crimsoned up with pettishness, as she exclaimed—

"You know she isn't, or I wouldn't love her; but she won't let me hate Mamselle, though, not after I told her how bad she was; and she was a wicked thing, Mr. Morton. Would you believe it, one day, she slapped my hands; and called me a little vixen, just because I wouldn't get that hard lesson, and then she locked the nursery door so I couldn't run to tell ma on her, and threatened, if I didn't stop crying, she would shut me up in the dark closet where she kept a

dreadful great lion to eat me up; but I wouldn't stop for her, and so she tied my hands to keep me from tearing my book; and then I stamp and made all sorts of noises, and she came a tied my feet, and said if I didn't hush screaming she would tongue-tie me, too; so I hushed up, then, but I told ma and pa and brother Milton how she had been going on, and they made her behave herself."

"And how does Miss Ingle treat you?" asked Morton, much amused.

"Oh, she doesn't ever do so. She tells me beautiful stories and sings, oh, such sweet songs, and she never gives me any hard lessons, (and here we would observe, *par parenthesis*, how love lightens a child's studies,) and I'm enough smarter than when Mamselle taught me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Morton, laughing at her earnestness.

"And that's the why I love her, and you would love her, too, if she learnt you that way, wouldn't you, Mr. Morton?"

The young gentleman colored very strangely at the artless question, while Ina resumed—

"Oh, you ought to hear me say the pretty prayer she made me. Brother Milton wrote it down for himself, and he wrote it for me, too, and I've kept it ever since in my bosom. Wouldn't you like to read it?" and she pulled it forth, and held it out to him.

"Yes, very much," said her friend.

"Well, I'll let you; but you must give it back."

"I will, certainly, the next time I see you. So good-bye, pet," and the young lawyer changed his mind about going in, and went back to his office. The first thing he did was to read the paper Ina had given him. It was "an evening prayer for little Iolina," and ran thus—

Holy Father, through the day,
Thou hast gently cleared my way;
And from morn to eventide
Hast Thou been my constant guide;
Thus, as gleams the twilight dew,
In the violet's eye of blue;
And while lilies offer up
Incense in their fragrant cup,
I would, on the bended knee,
Send up heart-praise, Lord, to Thee!
Oh! if on my sunny path
I have caused one shade of wrath;
If a sinful thought hath rest
In the calm lake of my breast
Scatter every wave of sin,
Mirror but Thyself within!
Through the coming scenes of life,
With their struggle, with their strife,
Let me feel that Thou art near,
Calming every doubt and fear.
Then shall thornless flowers bloom—
Stars light up this vale of gloom.
Holy Father! while I sleep,
Let Thine angel vigils keep,
Round my couch with wings outspread,
Shielding my defenceless head;
And if I should pass away
Ere the rosy dawn of day,
Yet my spirit, mid the night,
Shall go forth with "robes of light!"

For some time after the perusal of these lines,

the lawyer sat with bowed head and thoughtful brow. At length, he started up, abruptly, exclaiming—

"Shame, shame, that a girl of her mind and heart should be doomed to such a fate!" Again he sat down, and again read, and when he next arose it was with a serene countenance; and he murmured, "Oh, for such purity and faith!" Blackstone was a sealed volume that day, and Vidal was in a fair way of growing musty.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ma, why don't we spend our Christmas in the country?" said *the Duke*, one clear morning in early December. "One has such finer frolics there than in town—sleighting and snow-balling in particular, and all the amusements of the season in general."

"Yes, ma," seconded Miss Victoria; "*do*, I'm sure 'twill be so gay and delightful."

"No doubt," muttered the father, "coughs, colds, rheumatisms and doctors' bills are very delightful, eh!"

"A fig for all disagreeables!" cried Wellington; "I'm determined to have some fun out there, let who will stay behind. How you'll all envy me my bachelor's-hall jollification."

"We shall go, ma, shan't we?" queried Miss Victoria.

The lady was a very indulgent mother; so after a few struggles with prudence, she yielded and answered yes. The necessary preparations were made accordingly, and the week preceding Christmas found them transiently domiciliated at *the Villa*, as Mrs. Porter Potts had aristocratically called their country-seat. It was a noble place, and within a convenient distance from town; so invitations were issued for a party, at which they expected to see all their Richmond friends. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," and they were doomed to be disappointed; for the skies that had all along worn their blandest smiles, suddenly changed their aspect, and on the evening in question there was such a tempest of snow and hail as would have precluded the idea of any one's taking a jaunt for pleasure. Morton, who had come out during the day, was their only guest; his presence, however, on Miss Victoria's part, compensated for all other absences, though we cannot say the same for her mother, who, poor lady, while she beheld the waste of luscious delicacies, was seized with an agony of remorse for having been so foolish as to leave town at such a season. The young lawyer seemed unusually taciturn, and Miss Victoria exerted all her powers of pleasantry to arouse him. She tried all her "Schotisches," and her fair ringlets danced the Polka over the piano keys in a manner that might have excited the jealousy of Elsie; but there sat Morton, after all her efforts, stolid and silent as a bronzed statue. She was going to remark on his abstraction, when a loud knocking at the door startled her "almost into spasms," as she declared.

Mr. Potts himself answered the summons, and on opening the door, encountered a gale of wind and snow, that swept him back several paces.

"Phew! this is severe weather," he grumbled, rallying again.

"Yes," said a deep sonorous voice, "it is very inclement. Would you afford me shelter for the night, sir?"

Mr. Potts had never felt more disposed to pronounce a negative, but his better feelings would not allow him to turn a human being away to perish; so he said rather gruffly "Come in," as he scanned what he thought a very suspicious figure.

The "unbidden guest" entered the drawing-room quite unceremoniously, and bowing slightly, drew a chair to the stove, pulled off his heavy gloves, and rubbing his hands together vigorously, seemed resolved to make himself as much at home as possible. His appearance was calculated to excite attention. His form was above the ordinary height, and very athletic; a coat whose "last days" were evidently not their "best," hung loosely to his figure as a scare crow to a post, and a pair of ponderous boots encased his nether extremities. A red silk handkerchief was tied over his hat, and muffled his features from view, but when this was removed, a start of surprise ensued from Morton, followed by a repelling glance from the stranger. None had noticed the recognition, and after playing the "Rogue's March," Miss Victoria observed confidentially to Morton—

"What an object! If he is not 'fit for murders, stratagems and spoils,' Lavater's philosophy of the physiognomy goes for nothing. What huge, overhanging eye-brows, and such ferocious eyes! They make me shudder; I wish pa had not chosen to be so hospitable. I shall not close my lids while he is beneath the roof."

Her companion smiled as he said, "There have been instances where angels came in disguise, and were entertained unawares—perhaps this is to be one of them."

A sarcastic reply was interrupted by the appearance of Emma, who had observed the stranger from the next room where she had been sewing, and with modest and winning grace, came forward and invited the old gentleman in to partake of some refreshments which she had begged her stately cousin might be prepared for the purpose. He was indeed both hungry and wet, and thanked her heartily for the offer. The meal ended, and his travel-stained clothes freed from damp by the glowing anthracite fire, the old gentleman entered into conversation with his young companion.

He picked up a book that lay on the pier-table, and glancing at the title-page, found it to be one of Dumas' most vitiating novels. He threw it down and enquired, "Do you read Dumas?"

"I do not—I saw the nature of his 'Guardsmen' in a glance, and shall never open the work again," replied Emma.

"That is a good resolve," said the old man. "Turn from a French novel as you would from the deadliest viper; and indeed, my dear young lady, it were best, believe me, if you never looked into a romance—but I suppose, like most persons of your age, you are fond of fiction."

"Indeed, sir," said Emma, "I have indulged so little in that kind of reading, that I may be considered incapable of passing judgment."

"You are for proscribing *all* works of a fictitious character then?" said the stranger.

"No, sir," answered Emma—"I have no doubt there are some of this class, whose incidents, found-

ed on history or fact, exert a healthy and improving influence both on the heart and the understanding. Many of these books I do not suppose capable of injuring, and their authors, I am sure, have written little that 'dying they would wish to blot.' "

Here, raising her eyes, they encountered such a gaze of admiration from those of Morton, as sent the blood thrilling to her brow. He had moved nearer the door and heard almost every word she uttered, while she, unconscious of any listener, save the old man, had expressed her thoughts freely.

Lawyer Morton was allotted the handsomely furnished "guest-chamber," while the old man was shown to a small unused apartment—kneeling upon whose uncarpeted floor, he gave thanks for shelter to Him who once "had not where to lay His head." At an early hour next morning Morton took his departure—the weather having cleared off beautifully—accompanied by the stranger, to whom he had politely offered a seat in his carriage.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Who do you think is in Richmond, my dear?" said Mr. Potts the first thing after his return from the city that evening.

"Oh, don't make guessers of us, like the Yankees," cried his amiable spouse. "Tell us in the straight forward English manner, and be done with it."

"Thank you for the compliment to my nationality, my dear. Well, then, Judge Morton has arrived. I met Morton as I was starting out, and he mentioned that his father was with him, and would preach in the Methodist chapel to-morrow morning. Of course, he will expect to see us there."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Potts; "but what a pity he is a Methodist! I am astonished a man of his greatness should have joined such a denomination. There certainly is no accounting for tastes. However, one of his distinction, gives eclat to whatever he undertakes. I only wish we could have had him to officiate for us. We must pay him every attention in our power, and have him to dine with us."

"What a vulgar taste the old gentleman must possess to belong to those horrid shouting Methodists!" observed Miss Victoria.

"Don't express any prejudice against them to his son, my love, whatever may be your *private* opinion."

"I hardly need dictation on that subject," tartly returned the young lady. "Give me leave to possess some little brains of my own."

"Well, darling, I only gave you a hint," soothingly observed the mamma.

Mrs. Porter Potts was herself reared a Methodist, but as soon as she escaped from the paternal control, thinking the established church was more fashionable and refined, she forthwith rented the most eligible pew therein, and from her constant attendance and emphatic responses, came to be regarded as a pattern of devoutness!

The double carriage was in requisition at the proper hour next morning, to convey the aristocratic family to worship, and as the roads were

in fine order from the late snow, Milton proposed that the sleigh might be gotten ready for Miss Ingle and Ina, and that *he* would drive. To this plan his mother started many objections, but finally reluctantly acceded, and in a fever of anxiety at the idea of a tete-a-tete between "the lovers," (as she, considered them) she saw them precede her on the road; insisting, however, that the footman should follow them on horseback, in case of any accident that might take place, for "Milton was so unaccustomed to driving." He was, to be sure, very little accustomed to any other steed, save his Pegasus; nevertheless, he managed from the absence of the jingling sleigh-bells to confuse him, finally to deposit his precious freight at the church door in safety.

Here all was new to the Potts'. The plain interior, the absence of the organ, the custom of the sexes occupying separate seats, the ordinary appearance of some of the worshippers, and the brief, unadorned opening services, all afforded matter for whispered comment.

The entrance of two plainly dressed ladies into their pew, occasioned a shrinking in Miss Victoria, accompanied by a stage-whisper of "Ma, don't you smell onions? I believe some vulgar person has been eating them! Pah! I can't breathe here," and the fastidious young lady, despite her mother's remonstrance, moved into another seat, where a glimpse of Morton in one of the "amen pews," kept her motionless the remainder of the service.

A young clergyman was reading the hymn.

"That cannot be the Judge," she said to herself.

But there was another figure behind him, half-hidden by the high, old-fashioned pulpit, and when the prayer and anthem were ended, that figure rose slowly, until drawing itself up to its full height, its almost gigantic proportions stood out clearly to the gazing assemblage. Could it be possible? Yes, there was their old and iltreated guest before them! What could it mean? Could Judge Morton be that old man? and could he be the minister who was about to address them? The naturally unblushing Victoria Regia grew crimson, but her more obtuse mamma only murmured "a disappointment!"

The keen, eagle eye of Judge Morton—for he it was—rested on them for a moment, as, in his full, metallic tones, he announced his text, selected from the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

Oh, how witheringly he spoke of the sycophant, the worshipper of wealth and greatness—who bends the supple knee, "that thrift may follow fawning." How he dwelt on the example of the meek and lowly Jesus, who hath said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," and who, for the "cup of cold water given in His name," would at the latter day, in "welcoming the blessed of His Father," pronounce "For as much as ye did it unto the least of these My servants, ye did it unto Me!" Never had they heard blended such eloquence, learning and pathos in any similar discourse. The "ambassador of Christ" had done what the mere member of Congress would

have failed to do, and in that crowded congregation, composed of different denominations, there was scarcely an eye not swimming with emotion.

As for Emma, she was ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "How beautiful are Thy Tabernacles, oh Lord of Hosts;" for in this simple Sanctuary, her spirit had ascended on the ladder of the preacher's thoughts, and brought down the waters of refreshment into her soul.

Judge Morton did not dine with Mrs. Porter Potts that day! Pity the sorrows of poor Mrs. Potts!

CHAPTER IX.

For the satisfaction of our readers, who may wish a "little more light on the subject," we may say that the carriage of Judge Morton had broken down, near Richmond, on that fatal night, and that, dispatching his servants to town, he had sought shelter in the nearest habitation, which proved to be that of Mrs. Porter Potts.

Poor Mrs. Potts! she strove by every reparation in her power to do away the unfavorable impression, but all seemed of "none effect;" and she had relapsed into an absolute despair, when the sight of Judge Morton's handsome travelling equipage, drawing up at the door, inspired her with fresh hopes. Miss Victoria exclaimed, as she saw young Morton descend with his father, "I knew he could not live long out of my presence!" and danced off to perform a more elaborate and overcoming toilette, for his especial benefit.

While she was thus employed, Miss Ingle was summoned from the nursery, and without knowing who were the visitors that awaited her, went down in her plain black dress, and little silk apron, looking so bewitchingly lovely in her simplicity, that Morton could not help thinking of "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

Of what then and there transpired, I am without official account, but this we know, that Mrs. Porter Potts was heard to exclaim, some time after the conclusion of the conference:

"This comes of noticing poor relations! and this is the way I am repaid for my kindness in taking that ungrateful girl into my house, and treating her like my own child! But it was always so—I never did a kind act in my life without bitterly repenting it!"

Here, Milton entered, and catching her last words, thereupon broke forth:

"Oh ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away."

"Oh, do hush your nonsense," said his excited mamma. "This is all your fault, you perverse, headstrong boy!"

"For what am I held accountable, oh, most gentle mother?" asked the poor poet.

"Don't ask me," was the savage response. "Why if you had not put yourself on an equality with this Ingle girl, and encouraged her airs and graces, she would never have been elevated to be the wife of Welby Morton."

"Wife of Welby Morton! What do you mean, mother?" and poor Milton staggered back.

"Mean? why, simply, that this young upstart has succeeded in entrapping Morton, whom every one supposed engaged to your sister; and the end of it will be that poor Victoria's heart will be broken, and I shall be driven crazy!"

The young man grew very pale, and put his hand to his forehead, as if to collect his dizzied thoughts.

"And so, she is to be another's," at last he murmured; "then farewell to the dream so fondly cherished, and with it, all life can give! Fate has done its worst—I smile at its farther vengeance. The whirlwind took me up at my birth, and has never yet set me down. Ah! unfortunate being that I am; again I am afloat like a weed on the bosom of the ocean, impelled and tossed about by the blast of cruel destiny!"

"Stop your rhodomontade!" ordered the exasperated mamma. "Your partiality for this abominable girl always disgusted me, and now I am sickened beyond endurance. You ought to blush to think what a dolt you have made of yourself—and she—deceitful creature! to encourage you until she found some one she liked better, and then to cast you off like"—and Mrs. Potts ended with the elegant simile of "an old shoe." "But you must despise her now, poor, silly boy."

"Mother," interrupted the son, and he spoke gravely and sternly, "I do not despise her—and I tell you it can never soothe my feelings to hear her spoken of in such terms. She came here a "lily among thorns;" her orphan and forlorn state excited my pity, and her many excellencies won at last my love. I offered her that love—she declined it; yet I still hoped her scruples might yield to the strength of my affection. This hope has proved false, but *she* has not. She is incapable of baseness, and never, mother, I beg of you, in my presence, couple her name with such language as you have used to-day. She has preferred another—and upon that other, the highest praise I can bestow is, *he is worthy of her*, and to him I resign her, a treasure that a monarch might be proud of. Oh, Emma, may you be as happy as I am miserable.

"May your home

Smile for you ever; may no winter come,
No world between your hearts! may e'en your tears,
For my sake, full of long remembered years,
Quicken the true affections that entwine
Your lives in one bright bond!"

And the stricken, but magnanimous poet, retired to the solitude of his study, there to give vent to the feelings that were brimming over his heart. Poor Milton!

Morton did not require a long courtship. He was already familiar enough with Emma's nature to entrust his happiness into her keeping, without hesitancy, and was only too impatient to pledge his life, fortune, and sacred honor, for that purpose, at the hymeneal altar. So, in five weeks from that time, the unpretending little Emma Ingle became the bride of the talented and commanding Lawyer Morton. Every honor and attention was paid the young wife—the Potts' alone held aloof, but they were at last compelled to surrender, and the panic of the "small-note"

issue, having made a wreck of the bank, they were glad to accept shelter, and temporary support beneath the roof of the despised and insulted governess. Through Judge Morton's influence, Mr. Potts succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in one of the departments, and has moved to the Metropolis, where his stately lady is obliged to hide her "diminished head," and economise on a thousand per year. Victoria Regia has been supplanted by blooms of a newer date, and has the prospect of dying like the Phoenix, unmated!

The duke is as great a "swell" as ever. The Presidential election having resulted in the succession of his favorite party, he carries enough gas to inflate a balloon, and purposes retiring from the "paths of glory, that lead but to the grave," and becoming a stipendary of the Government! Thyra has returned to her father's house, a widow—a sadder, but a wiser woman. She has found that "all is not gold that glitters," her husband having nothing to boast of save his epaulettes, which his frequent military peccadilloes tarnished, and at last deprived him of. Milton, guided by his cousin's judicious suggestions, has improved so much in style, as to have become a popular caterer for the literary public, and has lately appeared as an editor. "Little Ina" is residing with Emma, to whom she is passionately attached; she is rapidly expanding into graceful womanhood, and under her cousin's gentle teachings, bids fair to avoid those faults of education and disposition, which have rendered her sisters miserable, and, like her preceptress, honorably and beautifully to fulfil her destiny. A more congenial connection never was formed than that of Welby Morton and Emma Ingle. Every taste and principle was in unison; no jarring chord ever interrupted the perfect harmony of their lives, and when trials came (as clouds must sometimes dim our horizon to remind us that earth is not Heaven—they were lightened with smiles of resignation, for they possessed that—

"Spirit of beauty
Which looks upon all for the best;
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest.

That spirit's the beam of devotion!
It leads us through life to its close,
And sets like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose."

ANECDOTES OF WALTER SCOTT.

[We take the following from Donald MacLeod's interesting Life of Sir Walter.]

SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE.—It was a Sunday in Greyfriar's Churchyard, and the congregation were just coming out when the rain began to fall, when to the owner of a pretty face, not now probably seen for the first time, Walter offered his escort and umbrella. Both were accepted, and the walk, notwithstanding the rain, proved so pleasant, that they tried it the next Sunday without an umbrella, and by-and-bye it became a custom. Then the mothers discovered that they had been companions in youth; and Scott soon arrived at what he calls the "proud moment when

a pretty young woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with him, hour after hour."

Suddenly the attention of the worthy writer to the signet was attracted; he rubbed his eyes, and looking sharply, discovered that his son was in love. As the young lady was much richer than Walter, he judged it honorable to apprise her father of what was going on; but the latter took the matter coolly, and the young folk were left to take care of themselves. Thus the pretty parishioner of Greyfriars was not crossed in her love, the course of which ran smoothly on, and ended in marriage—but not with Walter Scott. A worthy man got her, but not the squire of the rainy Sunday.

One good effect of this loss—one which often renders young men careless and reckless—upon Scott, was to send him sedulously to his legal studies, where the pain faded, though the memory always lingered; and it is said that we owe to this not only the tenderest pages of "Redgauntlet," but those of "Rokeby" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THE POOR STUDENT.—While attending Dugald Stewart's lectures on moral philosophy, Scott sate often beside a person considerably older than himself—of a very humble rank apparently, but of great diligence in his studies. Scott paid him some attention, and they contracted quite an intimacy, and used to take walks together; but the young man never spoke of his parentage or residence. One day Scott stopped to relieve a *blue-gown*, or licensed beggar, who stood hat in hand, silently leaning on his staff. This happened three or four times, and Scott was beginning to get acquainted with the old man, when, one day, he met him in company with his fellow-student, who showed some confusion. "Do you know anything to the old man's discredit?" asked Walter. "Oh, no sir; God forbid!" cried the poor fellow, bursting into tears; "but I am a poor wretch to be ashamed to speak to him. He is my own father! He has enough laid by to serve him in his old age; but he stands there, bleaching his head in the wind, that he may get the means of paying for my education!"

Some time after this the youth disappeared from class, and one day Scott met the old bluegown, who desired to speak to him. "I find, sir," he said, "that you have been very kind to my Willie. He had often spoken of it before I saw you together. Will you pardon such a liberty, and give me the honor and pleasure of seeing you under my poor roof? To-morrow is Saturday; will you come at two o'clock? Willie has not been very well, and it will do him meikle good to see your face." Scott accepted the invitation, and the appointed hour found him at a cottage near St. Leonard's. Willie, pale and emaciated, was sitting at the door, but rose and introduced his friend into a neat room, where the old man was giving the last turn to a leg of mutton roasting before the fire. They dined together, and mutton, potatoes, and whiskey were all excellent; the old man—who had been a soldier—enlivening the meal with many stories, and frequently using an expression which Scott put afterwards into the mouth of Dominie Sampson's mother: "Please God! I may yet live to see my bairn wag his head in a pulpit."

When Walter told this at night to his mother, the good lady said, "Say nothing about it to your father; if it had been a *shoulder*, he might have thought less, but he will say that the *leg* of mutton was a sin!"

The upshot of the matter was, that the young man got, through Mrs. Scott's interest, the place of tutor in a family. Scott then lost sight of him, but often hoped that he had at last been able to "wag his head" where the old bluegown desired to see him.

SCOTT AND JEFFREY.—In 1791, Scott was admitted into the *Speculative Society*—a sort of mental gymnasium for the exercise of barristers with leisure, and students at the end of their course. The same year he was elected librarian, and then next secretary and treasurer. Lord Jeffrey remembers, on his admission, the odd appearance of the secretary, who sat at his table in a vast woollen nightcap, and apologised to the president for being obliged, by toothache, to wear such a "portentous machine." That night he read an essay on ballads, which so astonished Jeffrey as to induce him to ask for an introduction. Next evening he called on Scott, and was shown into his den, where he saw "more books than shelves"—a cabinet of old coins—a claymore and Lochaber axe guarding a portrait of the Prince, and below it *Broughton's Saucer*. Thus commenced the intimacy of Scott and Jeffrey.

Broughton's saucer "hath a tale." Mrs. Scott's curiosity was strongly excited before autumn, by the visits of a person who came every night in a chair, entered the house closely muffled up, was shown to her husband's private room, and remained there long after the usual bed-time. Mr. Scott answered her inquiries with a vagueness which only whetted her curiosity, and one night, when she could endure it no longer, she entered the room suddenly, carrying a salver with tea upon it, and saying "she thought that the gentlemen had been sitting so long, that they would like a cup of tea." The stranger—a richly-dressed, distinguished-looking man—drank a cup; her husband coldly refused, and in a moment after, the visitor took leave. Then Mr. Scott took the empty cup, opened the window, and threw it upon the pavement. The poor lady began to moan over her china, but was sternly silenced by her husband. "I can forgive your curiosity, madam," he said, "but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house on business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr. Murray of Broughtons."

Broughton was the wretched man who, after being secretary to Prince Charles Edward, throughout nearly the whole of his expedition, purchased his own safety by betraying two of the noblest adherents of his master—the noble Earls of Kilmarnock and Balmerino. When confronted with the last-named nobleman, the latter was asked, "Do you know this witness, my lord?" "Not I," answered Balmerino; "I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton, but he was a gentleman, a man of honor, and one who could hold up his head."

Walter had gotten possession of the saucer, and had turned it into a sort of Jacobite relic.

AN INCIDENT FROM LIFE.

BY HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

Sick and weary on my pillow,
Life seemed but in mourning clad;
And though spring had come in gladness,
Yet to me the world looked sad.

Hope was fluttering broken-hearted,
Ready plumed to take her flight;
Fleeing from the clouds of darkness,
That had veiled this earth in night.

Then like sunlight through the lattice,
Came a merry, ringing voice,
Sweeping o'er my heart like music,
Bidding every chord rejoice.

"Mother, mother, here are wild flowers,
Gathered by the meadow brook;
And oh! see, I found some violets
In a quiet, shady nook.

"I will bring a dish and water,
And will place them by your bed,
On this desk, where you can see them,
Every time you turn your head."

And my boy, with ringlets golden,
Filled the vase with busy care;
While as bright as stars at even,
Seemed those flowerets blooming fair.

Sweet they spoke of vale, and upland,
Flowing stream, and forest shade;
And when sleep and dreams stole o'er me,
Long I wandered in the glade.

And, for days, that gift so trifling,
Shed a halo round my room;
Which before seemed lone and weary,
And oft shadowed o'er with gloom.

And I conned from it this lesson—
That the poorest have the power
To confer the sweetest pleasure,
Be it but a transient flower.

Then let no one murmur ever,
That no wealth he has to give;
For a "cup of water" only,
Oft hath bade the thirsty live;

And was treasured more in Heaven
Than the richest gifts of gold,
By that One who can the motives
Of the secret heart unfold.

BAUNSWICK, Ohio.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.



SQUIRRELS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.

For a few seasons past, these sprightly denizens of the forest have been domesticated in our Washington Square, affording the little ones who congregate there during the summer months a new source of pleasure. A scene like that above sketched by the artist, may frequently be witnessed. The squirrels, from living in the midst of a crowd of people, have become so tame that they will feed from the hands of the children, who spend many a sixpence in buying nuts and other delicacies for their little favorites.

It was a happy thought that suggested the introduction of these graceful creatures into one of our public squares. The sight of them, sporting amid the rich foliage of the fine old trees, or bounding over the green carpet below, takes us, for a moment, away from the "noise and shock of men," and leaves us, briefly though it be, with nature and her soothing influences. How often have we seen some stern-visaged follower of Mammon pausing, almost involuntarily, to note their gambollings, and, for the time, with his heart going back to earlier and happier days; and we have said, as we looked at him, moving on again—"You are something better for this brief episode in a life running far too steadily in a single current." And we have seen the lover of nature, and all things beautiful in art and nature, linger for brief enjoyment, and then drag

himself away, ever and anon glancing back, as if his very heart were in the place, yet refreshed and strengthened, by his brief communion with nature, for the duty and labor of the day. Yes, it was a happy thought, and may those who conceived it, give us the benefit of a few more of the same kind.

PETER MULROONEY'S STORY.

THE WONDHERFUL ADVENTHER OF SHAMUS O'SHAUGHNESSY.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

"Sthrange things does be happenin' sometimes in the ould counthry, Misther Urbin," said Peter, gravely; "but the strangest adventher of all I remimber wor that as befell Shamus O'Shaughnessy whin the sojers wor hot fut a'fter him in among the mountains. Ye see, sir, Shamus—he's undher the sod now, an' may the heavens be his bed—was somehow or t'other mixt up wid the rebellion of ninety-eight. Sorra bit o' me knows how, but sure it must ha' been a hangin' matter, I does be thinkin', for he was forced into hidin' across the hills till the storm should blow over.

"Well, as bad luck 'ud have it, wan a'fternoon, as he wor sittin' afore the dure of a bit of a cabin he had constructed of turf an' stones, thinkin' of his wife and childher, an' takin', now an' thin, a dhrop of potheen from a great jug at

his side, by way of comfortin' his loneliness, he seen a comin' through the little gap forenent him, a ragged gorsoon, an' in the devil's own haste, for his tatters wor sghramin' in the wind.

"Well, Dinnis, ma bouchal, what is it?" sez Shamus, for sure he know'd there wor trouble to the fore, when the boy come penetratin' to his saicret place widout sayin' 'by your lave.'

"Run! run!" sez Dinnis, blowin' like a young grampus; 'run, Shamus, the sojers is a comin'!"

"Shamus looked through the gap, an' begorra they wor comin', sure enough. So widout waitin' to put on his hat an' his brogues, by rason that he hadn't any, he tuk another great dhrink of the potheen, from a natheral affeshun he had for that same, an' to forthify his stomach agin' the bitter cowl'd wind o' the hills. Faix, 'tis little I know how much he tuk of the crayther that time; but sure 'twor a mighty big mouthful, any way.

"Boundin' across the hills like a deer, wid the red coats after him in full cry; now doublin' this-a-way, an' now turnin' that, Shamus put out the strength that was in him, wid the hope of lavin' his pursuers behind him. But och! they stuck to him like poverty to a poor man, an', makin' a circle round him, begun to dhrav in upon him on all sides. Musha! thin, but 'twas a bad way Shamus wor in; but he put a bould face on the matter, an' breastin' the mountain, rowled down to 'ther side, catchin' at the furze and bushes as he went along, to break the weight of his fall. Springin' to his feet agin at the bottom, he run, wid all the speed he could musther, till the sun wor well nigh down, and all the breath wor lavin' his body enthirely. Throwin' hisself at the fut of a hill, by way of resthoratin' his wind, he could hear the cries of the sojers a callin' to their comrades over the mountain at the back of him.

"'Augh! the curse o' Cromwell to yees!' sez Shamus; 'sure 'tis bothered ye are this time, any way. But, oh, tatteration!' sez he, lookin' round suddintly, 'how will I git out of this quare place? sure 'tis a thrap I'm in, wid the stape hills on wan side, an' a great black bog on t'other. Och, murther!' sez he, 'but what 'ull I do now?'

"All at wanst, as he wor pondherin' over his misforthinest situation, he hears, hard by, the pattrerin' of little feet, for all the wureld like the first rain drops of a shower; and, lookin' down, what should he see forenent him, but a quare little man not higher nor my knee, dhressed all in black, wid a quare little cocked hat on his head; an' raal goold buckles in his square-toed shoes?

"'Och! och!' sez Shamus to hisself, 'tis smudherin' wid the brimstone I am! Bat maybe the weeny crayther won't harum a poor boy that's in trouble, after all. 'Tis better he spake till him civilly; sure that costs nothin', any bow!'

"How are ye, Shamus?" sez the little ould gentleman, wid a crack in his voice like a pinny thrumpet.

"Purty well, I thank ye," sez Shamus. 'How is it wid yourself, an' all yer little foster brothers, an' sisthers, an' aunts, an' uncles, an' gran'fathers, an' gran'mothers?'

"'Hearty!' sez he, 'I'm plazed to say.'

"'Sure it does me good to hear it,' sez Shamus; 'an' the purty wife, wid her intherestin' family, the childher that she does be puttin' to bed in egg-shells; may I be so bould as to ax if they've got well over the mailes, an' the scarlet rash, widout sindin' for the docther?'

"'Make yer mind aisy on that score, Shamus,' sez the little man.

"'Long life an' good luck to ye, thin, dhrunk or sober, for 'tis a happy husband an' father ye must be, I'm thinkin',' sez Shamus.

"'Tis obleeged to ye I am,' sez the little man.

"'Musha, thin, but yees as wilcome as the primroses,' sez Shamus.

"'Augh! there's plinty sez that as don't mane it,' sez the little man.

"'Faix, it's no wondher!' sez Shamus; an' thin he brak out into a laugh, an' sez he—

"'Tis a warum counthry ye live in whin yees at home, I've hard say; a sort of undergroud Aist Injees, wid Veshuyius for a smoke-pipe to yer kitchen!'

"'Oh, but wasn't he the bould man to say that? 'There's no denyin' it's a grand place,' sez the little man; 'it bates ould Ireland out an' out.'

"'Why wouldn't it?' sez Shamus, 'lookin' at the dacent people that's born and bred down there, takin' yer honor for a specimint.'

"'Oh,' sez the little man, as plazed as a colleen wid her first sweetheart, 'tis you that has the great fackilty of discarmint, Shamus.'

"'Many thanks to ye,' sez Shamus. 'Tis proud of the compliment I am, since it revals to me that, considherin' yer inches, yees a gintleman of extraordinary sinse an' sagashity.'

"'Shamus,' sez the little man, 'what's the use of buttherin' me that-a-way? Can't I read ye as aisily as a book?'

"'Arrah, thin, why should I be sootherin' ye?' sez Shamus: 'would I be makin' a behay of myself for nothin' at all at all?'

"'Sure enough that's thrue, any way,' sez the little man. 'But isn't them sojers I hears a thrampin' over the hills beyont?'

"'Och millia murther! 'tis thim, sure enough,' sez Shamus, 'an' I standin here like a omadhaun wastin' the precious time.'

"'Musha, thin, 'tis sorry I am for yees,' sez the little man, wid a quare twist of his mouth. 'Deed an' deed but it troubles me,' sez he.

"'Hould your whist! Bad luck to ye for a desaiwer as ye are! 'Tis little good yer sorrow 'ull do an unforthinet boy whin the murdherin' red-coats is at his fut. How will I be thravellin across the big bog, I'd like to know? Tell me that, an' I'll listen to yees wid all my heart.'

"'May-be I can, an' may-be I can't,' sez the little man. 'What 'ull ye give me to whisk ye over it widout wettin' the sole of yer fut?'

"'I'd like the dhry ground better,' sez Shamus.

"'What 'ud ye give, thin, for a sthraight path, med firm an' sthrong across it, an' as fast as ye can thravel it?'

"'Where's the good of it?' sez Shamus; 'wouldn't the sojers folly it too?'

"Not if it's destroyed as fast as ye goes over it," sez the little man.

"What 'ull ye ax?" sez Shamus, desperately.

"Whist!" sez the little man; 'spake low, an' bould down yer ear.'

"Och, murder!" sez Shamus, 'is it myself ye want?'

"If ye can't outrun the path afore it touches t'other side," sez the little man.

"How will I do that?" sez Shamus, in a quandary. 'Won't I be dhrowned in the deep bog?'

"Thry it," sez the little man.

"I'll be a gone man if I do!" sez Shamus.

"Where's the differ?" sez the little man; 'won't the sojers be here in a minnit an' ketch ye? 'Tis't plisant to dance a hornpipe in the air, I does be thinkin'.'

"Bad scan to ye!" sez Shamus; 'why do yees be remimberin' me of that for? sure 'tisn't standin' upon daisies an' butthercups, I am the night.'

"Well," sez the little man, 'will I make the road for yees or not?'

"Sorra a bit I know," sez Shamus. 'Tis a stiff price ye're askin; and what good 'ud a poor bewildhered boy do yees, afther all? Sure a fat pig is better nor me; or a year ould calf; thim's a hape better aitin'.'

"Well, 'tis little I care about the bargain, anyhow," sez the sleeveen, 'considerin the trouble I'd have; besides, 'tis dark night a comin' on, an' may-be they won't ketch yees afther all.'

"Ochone!" sez Shamus, 'what'll I do? 'Tis hanged, an' dhrawn, an' quartered I'll be.'

"There's pity on my heart for ye, Shamus," sez the little man, 'an' I'd be plazed to sarve ye.'

"Musha! small thanks to ye," sez Shamus; 'sarve me first, an' roast me afther. Don't I know 'tis a coxin' the pig to a market ye are? An' that undherground Aist Injees yees come from, 'tis a dhradful grand place, I'll go bail for it; but, axin' yer pardin, I'm afeard it 'ud not be agreeable wid my tendher consthitushin'.'

"'Tis as contrairy as an ould maid ye are, Shamus O'Shaughnessy," sez the little man, 'an' as foolish as a shtay gandher. I'm mortally ashamed of myself for letten ye thrifle wid me so long. Well, stay where ye are, thin, ye silly man, an' let the red-coats grip ye. Oh, by the powers, but they'll hould ye fast enough, whin they come down from the hills: there isn't a man in all the barony that could shlip from thim whin they wanst got a houl't.'

"Sure that's no lie!" sez Shamus.

"Arrah, thin, is it a bargain? Spake quick, for the red-coats is comin'."

"Oh, wirra! wirra! won't ye have the soft heart for a poor disthressed crayther, wid a wife an' sivin small childher depindin' on him, an' niver a frind in this wide wureld to give 'em bit or sup, barrin' myself?"

"Spare yer breath, Shamus," sez the little man; 'may-be 'tis wantin' it ye'll be prisently.'

"Won't ye help a poor boy in his troubles for the sake of the blissed charity?" sez Shamus.

"Would the sojers let yees off for nothin?" sez the little man; 'an' musn't I obey my ordhers too, an' be ped for my work?'

"Oh, thin," sez Shamus, 'yees not the mas-ther—'

"Ax me no questions, an' I'll not desaise ye," sez the little man; 'will I do the job?'

"Sure I'm a dead man any way," sez Shamus to himself, 'an' may-be there's a chance afther all: who knows but what I can bate him in the ind? Begorra, but I'm half a mind to thry it.'

"'Tis a bargain, thin?" sez the little man, spakin' to his thought.

"Hould a bit," sez Shamus; 'will ye be plazed to tell me what ye undhertake to do?'

"That's soon said. Make a road across the bog as fast as yer fut can thravel it, an' brake it up afther yees.'

"Afore cock-crow in the morn?" sez Shamus.

"Sure," sez the little man, 'tis well be-knownst to ye we can't work afther that.'

"But ye'll not break it up undher my fut, an' lave me to dhrown in the black bog?"

"I'd scorn to do so dirty a thrick," sez the little man. 'A bargain's a bargain, an' I'll stick to it straight an' aboveboard.'

"'Tis agreed I am," sez Shamus.

"Whin he said that, the little man stoops down an' picks up a jack-o'-lantern that wor dancin' in an' out, forenent him, an' sticks it undher the band of his hat for a sign; an' thin, all at wanst, up rose a swarm of little men, hundthreds of thousan's upon thousan's, all dhrast as like as brothers, an' all wid jack-o'-lanterns gleamin' in their hats, an' pickaxes an' shovels in their hands, ready and waitin' for the word. Shamus fasthened his hankerchy about his waist.

"Will I begin?" sez the little man.

"Yis," sez Shamus.

"Whoroo! whoop! whoroo!" an' the crop of pickaxes an' shovels fell to work. Oh, but thin begun the wondherful race! Away flew the road afore Shamus, an' as fast as he travelled over it, 'twas bruk up agin behind. The faster he ran, the faster worked the crowds of little men, an' the faster wint the road afore him.

"'Tis no use thryin' to folly the industrious rapscallions," sez Shamus; 'I'm but half way across the bog, an' all the breath is gone clane out of me. Musha, thin, but they'd bate the best race-horse that ever run over the curragh!' So sez Shamus, sez he; 'Stop! stop! I'm dead bate.'

"Take it fair an' aisy, Shamus," sez the little man; 'sure, there's plinty of time afore ye.'

"Ye'll not cut the ground from undher me?" sez Shamus.

"Oh, upon the honor of a gentleman, that I will not," sez the little man, layin' his hand upon a bright spot of fire flickerin' through his left side, that may-be he called his heart.

"Musha, thin, by yer lave, I'll rest myself a bit," sez Shamus, settin' down on the bare new ground, an' nursin' his knees.

"Make yerself quite comfortable," sez the little man, wid a grin; 'sure the cock won't crow till break o' day, an' if we finish our job an' destroy it agin, afore that time, 'tis all we have to do.'

"That's thruth, anyhow," sez Shamus.

"How do yees feel, Shamus?" sez the little man, considerately.

"Aye! 'tis hard tellin' that same," sez Shamus, "for the summer dust is not dhryer nor my mouth."

"Would you like to thry a taste of the raal golden stuff?" sez the little man; an' he out wid a bottle full of liquor, as red as a fiery furnace.

"Many thanks to ye," sez Shamus; 'but I'd rather not, if it's all the same.'

"As you plaze," sez the little man; 'tis yours is the loss, I'm thinkin'; an', tossin' off the flamin' dhrink hisself, he smacked his lips afther it, as if the flavor wor exactly to his taste.

"Augh! much good may it do ye," sez Shamus; 'but sure, if it didn't burn yer insides, it's by reason of the cast-iron stomach ye have.'

"Poof!" sez the little man; 'twas but a wake table liquor. A gentleman should always be abstamious whin he thravels.'

"Well, the hours rowled by, an' there was Shamus as continted as a girleen wid her first kiss, till the army of weeny workmen got up a dacent faction fight by way of divarshin. 'Twas onaisy thin the little man got.

"Come," sez he, 'are ye rested, Shamus? there's not much time to spare; 'tis hard upon cock-crow now.'

"Away wid ye, thin," sez Shamus.

"Whoop! whoroo!" sez the little man; an' away wint the wondherful road, and Shamus afther it, at the top of his speed, ontil, at last, he come nigh to the green bank on the far side of the bog.

"Stop," sez he, 'I'm goin' to rest myself.'

"Rest on the bank, Shamus," sez the little man, softly.

"Faix," sez Shamus, 'I'm betther off here, I does be thinkin'.'

"Did I ever hear the likes o' that!" sez the little man, 'an' he so near over! Up wid ye, Shamus, I say! Thecock 'ud be crowin' prisently.'

"Good luck to the darlin'! I'll be exthremely glad to hear him," sez Shamus.

"Tear an' ages!" sez the little man, 'don't ye mane to go any furdur?'

"Niver a fut!" sez Shamus.

"I'll tear up the road below yez!" sez the little man, in a passion.

"That's agin the contract," sez Shamus.

"How will I desthroy it afther ye, thin?" sez the little man.

"Oh, begorra!" sez Shamus, 'tis none of my business: sure ye can lave it, if ye likes.'

"Oh the villain! the chate! the dessaiver!" sez the little man; stampin' and throwin' his arums about wid the rage that wor in him.

"Arrah, why will ye be callin' yerself bad names?" sez Shamus. 'Sure I tuk ye for a dacent an' respectable little ould gentleman.'

"Tare an' ounties!" sez the little man, quite beside hisself; 'take that, ye vagabone!' and he struck Shamus a lick wid his fist that knocked him sinceless. By good luck, at that minnit the cock crowed; and thin—oh, but 'twas the mysthariouses thing of all—the swarms of weeny workmen, and the little masther, slowly melted away an' disappeared, colorin' like a dark red tunder-cloud the mornin' mist.

"Oh, begorra! but the afther matther bates bannagher. Whin Shamus comes to hisself, he wor lyin' at the dure of his bit cabin among the hills, wid the impty poteen jug rowled up alongside him.—*Lady's Book.*

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

The Legislatures of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, have abandoned their ancient opposition to dramatic performances, and granted, what formerly could not be obtained, charters under which stockholders can unite, and, without incurring risk beyond the amount of their subscriptions, build theatres or opera houses as they have built colleges and cotton mills. The result of this enlightened legislation is beginning to appear. Already the sum of \$250,000 has been subscribed for the Boston Opera House, and the building is to be immediately commenced. In Philadelphia, considerable progress has been made in subscriptions to stock for a house intended far to eclipse in magnitude and splendor any now existing; and in this city \$165,000 have been subscribed to build an opera house at the corner of Fourteenth street and Irving place, the building of which will be commenced as soon as a further sum of \$35,000 is obtained, which the parties who have the matter in hand confidently expect will be immediately.

Having carefully read all that has been published in relation to these three projects, and made particular inquiries of those having them in charge, we have little doubt that the Philadelphia one will be the most successful, because it is neither a fashionable nor a real estate speculation, but a design to found and permanently sustain a great National Temple and School of Music, worthy of the era and of the American people. It is to be the National Opera House, because it is designed for the representation of operas in our own language, and as a school for rearing our own artists, and will appeal to the whole people and not to any class for support. It is nearly the same with a project brought forward, in Philadelphia, in 1839, and from the complete and perfect details of which, as then published, has sprung every improvement introduced into the theatres and opera houses since erected. Had the project then been carried out, the art would now be half a century in advance of its present position. The scheme was a vast one, and required a capital of nearly half a million of dollars, most of which had been subscribed when the great panic and commercial disasters, suddenly caused by the failure of several of the Philadelphia banks, led to its abandonment. We have before us the pamphlets published in 1839, describing the objects proposed in the Philadelphia Academy of Music and Grand Opera House—and the system of direction intended to be pursued. All these seem so comprehensive and perfect, that we shall make a brief synopsis of them, in the form of a statement of the requirements of a great operatic and dramatic establishment and call to it the particular attention of the parties about to build the New York and Boston opera houses.

Up to this period every attempt to establish

the Italian opera has failed. It is not an institution, but an incident dependent on the chance presence of some European prima donna. The Italian opera house in Leonard street failed, and was turned into an English theatre. Next the Astor Place Opera House was built, failed, and is about to be demolished to make room for a library. And now the Academy of Music, as it is entitled in the act of incorporation, is in all probability about to be erected in Fourteenth street, and although no mention is made in its charter of its use specially, or indeed at all as an Italian opera house, yet that is the object of the stockholders, and as an Italian opera house it is at least to be opened. Whether it can be kept open for that purpose after Grisi and Mario have inaugurated it and the charm of the novelty of their appearance has worn off, and when, as the case will be, scarcely a single world-renowned singer of the Italian stage will remain unheard in this country, forms a question for consideration and suggestion.

We are of opinion that no fine art can flourish in a country at second-hand. We believe it must be rendered national, and, in the case of music, be presented through the language the people understand. Basing thus our argument, we further believe that Europe cannot supply this country habitually with singers. It is as much and more than she can do to afford them to her own principal opera houses. Whatever may be the first and absorbing use to which the opera house may be put, in regard to Italian opera, in conformity with its title of Academy of Music and the specific provisions of its charter, it should be obliged to educate artists, and to produce original works. It is to be established, says the charter, "for the purpose of cultivating a taste for music by concerts, operas, and other entertainments, which shall be accessible to the public at a moderate charge, by furnishing facilities for instruction in music, and by rewards or prizes for the best musical compositions." In this view, it becomes an object of national consideration, and we trust accordingly that the small sum comparatively required to complete the subscription will be speedily obtained.

The expense of sustaining an opera house so nurtured at home will be at most not more than one-fourth what it would be if the artists were brought from Europe. American vocalists would be content with some few thousand dollars a year, and if they were sought for, and educated, boarded and lodged gratuitously the meanwhile, their services could be secured for several years in payment of the expenses of apprenticeship. In that way alone can the exorbitant demands of foreign artists be diminished, and the folly and extravagance of paying them from one to ten thousand dollars a night, as has been done in this city, will be for ever avoided. The rule of political economy which makes that cheap and at the same time good, which we produce at home, will be more strongly evidenced in the fine arts than even in cloths or calicoes. It may be added, that this country, owing to its common-school education, possesses more intelligent persons than any other; and there being the full average of fine voices, it enjoys extraordinary

facilities for obtaining good subjects, mental and physical, for singers.

We wish, therefore, to see this economical and national feature of the New York plan equally insisted upon with that of the Philadelphia project. The Academy of Music should be above speculation. Its character should be benign and genial. If it be considered a platform for putting money in the pockets of the last adventurers from Europe, it will assuredly fail. We see no reason why wealthy men should not endow such an institution independent of the money principle. Our colleges are so endowed, and why should not a college for lyrical art be equally esteemed? It is true we are on a false road: we have separated art and letters, which the great ancient masters of beauty, the Greeks, deemed inseparable; hence their grandeur and immortality. But why cannot true principles of aesthetics guide us, and the analysis of sight and sound form part of a liberal education? An opera house, on a grand scale, with proper illustrations, magnificent scenery and a pervasively artistic spirit, makes a common appeal to the universal sentiment of the beautiful. It educates the eye and ear alike; it involves, too, through its poetry, the study of letters. In every relation of the fine arts it should be sustained. Separated from intemperance and vice of all kinds, it is a teacher of good morals and good manners. Such may it become, under the possibilities of our political and social institutions.

The permanent attractions of an opera house are inseparable here from the use of the English language. With its use, the whole repertory of Italian, German and French operas translated, as well as our own vernacular musical dramas, can be produced. The lyrical genius of the world can be presented through our own tongue. It is considered a good run for an Italian opera to be played six times in succession; but *Cinderella*, in English, was given sixty times in succession at the Park Theatre; and *Amilie* and *The Bohemian Girl* not less than forty times. *Christy's Minstrels* also have for years been nightly attended by some six or seven hundred people, while their audiences would have counted by tens if the language had been foreign. The reasons, therefore, for producing American artists are paramount. England can no more afford us a supply of singers in our own language than Italy can of Italians. By rearing American artists we indefinitely enhance the dignity of the profession; and the moral phenomena that our country affords in some other things, may radiate over the stage. In connection with this it may be mentioned that there are some Americans now studying for the operatic stage, in Italy, and one, a lady of Boston, has appeared at Naples with success. It may yet come to pass that art, in all its ramifications, may be as much esteemed as politics, commerce or the military professions. The dignity of American artists lies in their own hands.

That *Italian* opera management in New York should thus far have failed is not surprising. High rent, making a few nights pay a whole year's rent, has been one of the causes. In London for twenty years, the system of making a season of

or seventy nights, at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, pay a whole year's lease been pursued. The rent has varied from up to \$1,000 a night. The latter sum was by Mr. Ebers during one season, as appears in published book. In the last twenty years a manager of that house has failed. At present it is unoccupied, in consequence of Lumley's death, and all its library, wardrobe and fixtures, have been sold at auction. At the rival, Covent Garden Italian Opera House, as appeared by the proceedings in bankruptcy against Mr. Delafield, lost in three years a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, into the possession of which he just came when he undertook the management. Lumley has been called one of the ablest managers in Europe; therefore, there must be something in the system to cause failure like his and that those who preceded him, and it should be our duty to find out what the causes are and prevent being engrafted on the opera in this country. The success of the proposed Academy, besides the possession of a National school of artists, and composers, depends on various things connected with the auditorium. These may be rectified as follows: The seats should be separate arm-chairs, occupying a space of two by three feet, with ample passage-ways and lobbies. Then, between the seats people could easily leave them and return to their places; and in case of fire and alarm the theatre could be immediately emptied and without delay. Then there could not be practised the present system of crowding, on attractive nights, persons on a bench not wide enough for five, filling the passage-ways with chairs, so as to compel people to remain jammed into them, with the possibility of change of position during an evening. Bodily torture is not a process to enable a man through to enable him to enjoy an evening. A place of amusement should at least afford every comfort and luxury, which one would leave at home on going to it. It should be richly well-furnished, in its lobbies, retiring and refreshment rooms, with pictures and statues to improve and gratify the taste. The Fine Arts to triumph individually must be together. For the same reason the scene-setting should be perfect and appropriate to every piece, and the dresses of all the actors, from the highest to the lowest, always historically exact like the Paris *Academie*. There should be only one price of admission. This is the most important consideration of all. In Europe all people acknowledge the existence of classes. The middle classes speak of themselves as such, and with deference to the higher classes, and usually with contempt of the lower orders. Here, the case is different; all are sovereigns. No American man takes a lady to a second price part of the theatre, but he will be satisfied, with any, even if the worst place, if assured that all the places have been fairly allotted on the first-come first-served principle. There is no class here, as in Europe, to pay two, three or five dollars constantly, the whole community can pay fifty cents. The house must be of the largest size; larger than any in Europe, where the private box system almost prevails. The proposed building will hold the enormous number of from 4,000 to 5,000.

The selection of an architect for an Opera House is a most important matter, as one well acquainted with acoustics in its application to architecture can erect a building of immense size in which all the spectators can see and hear. The objection to a vast theatre does not hold good against an opera house; musical sounds are easily heard at much greater distances than spoken words, and the effect of distance to the sight is almost overcome by the high perfection of opera glasses.

The ventilation which embraces the cooling of the house to any required temperature in summer, as well as properly heating it in winter, is of the last importance. It is usually and erroneously said that Castle Garden is a model plan for a summer theatre, because of its coolness. Inside it is not cool; the balcony outside is, however. In the original plan of which we have been speaking, a system of ventilation appears to attain the object. It proposes the complete exclusion from the building of the external heat in summer by means of double-cased windows, and a perpetual supply of pure, artificially cooled air, which is to be introduced by pipes leading to shafts containing furnaces at the top of the building. The whole expense of this ventilating apparatus, if erected in the building, is estimated at ten thousand dollars. If it attain its object, as it doubtless can, it will increase the value of the property ten thousand dollars a year.

A wide lot is necessary, so as to have the auditorium, or audience-part, built in the form of a parabola or semi-circle with diverging sides, bringing all the audience near to the stage, and not on the old horse-shoe form, upon which the European opera houses are constructed. The conservatory, or musical school, should be in the same building with the opera; an additional story would give scores of small practising and lodging-rooms for the pupils, who may be supported and instructed at an expense of \$10,000 annually. There are in ordinary opera houses no proper accommodations for the performers. This should be obviated, and handsome dressing-rooms for all of them, each with a bath-room attached, should be constructed. In a word, the principle to be followed, is to render the opera house artistic and attractive in every detail, before and behind the curtain.

The lot on which it is proposed to build in this city, was lately held by Mr. Phalen, who purchased it for the end in view. It is 204 feet on Fourteenth street, by 122 feet 6 inches on Irving place. Fourteenth is a street 100 feet wide; Irving place one of 80 feet; this is a great advantage. There will be a covered carriage-way, so as to set people down inside, without exposure in bad weather. The vomitories will be ample; the staircases of the colossal order of European palaces. The solidity of the building will be remarkable. The space under the stage will be in this case 60 feet deep, to admit of scenic economies.

In the Philadelphia plan a lot of 150 by 240 feet, giving 36,000 square feet of ground, is deemed essential to include all the requirements of such a house; how far the lot on Fourteenth street, 122 by 204 feet or 25,000 square feet, can embrace the same, is a subject for inquiry.

If Boston, a city one quarter the capacity of

New York, and with one-tenth of the transient population, can raise \$250,000 for an opera, surely we can here. We trust, therefore, there will be no delay. It may be added that a year ago, Mr. Lumley was willing to send out a first-rate Italian company for such a house. One more point should not be forgotten; \$50,000 should be invested as part of the stock, for scenery, dresses, library, and properties, so that the cost to the manager should be simply current expenses, or so that he may put on any opera with but little additional outlay. His ability to give performances six times a week, and on yearly salaries, will, of itself, reduce the average expenses one-third each night. The current expenses of an opera are increased one-third or one-half, by its being an occasional and not a systematic thing. The absence of the pragmatical interference of government, as on the European Continent, will much increase the ease and economy of such a foundation fairly put in practice here.

We have presented our views at length on this matter, as we believe the business interests, as well as popular taste and civility of New York, are deeply concerned in having such a first-class lyrical institution self supported in its artistic supplies, and forming a common growth with the national pursuit of high Art.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ILLINOIS,

ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

The United States Census for 1850 exhibits so remarkable an increase, both in wealth and population, during the past ten years, as to have excited in no small degree not only the astonishment of Europeans, but also of ourselves. In referring to the present unexampled prosperity of the Atlantic States, the bold speculations which are indulged in, with respect to our national grandeur in the future, appear, even to calm and reflective minds, to be in a steady course of fulfilment. But while the public attention has been drawn to the flourishing condition of the Eastern and Middle States, the equally astonishing advances made by some of those West of the Alleghanies, appear, in a considerable degree, to have escaped observation.

Of those fine Western States which, at the present period, offer the most flattering inducements to industrious and enterprising emigrants, Illinois stands among the foremost. That noble State possesses all the elements of future greatness in an unusual degree. Depressed, for a considerable time, by the disordered condition of her finances—the result of overstrained efforts in carrying out a gigantic system of internal improvement—her people have been taught wisdom by bitter experience. By an energetic course of judicious legislation past errors have already been partially retrieved, and in the lapse of a few years the State promises to be wholly relieved from the heavy burthen of debt by which her progress was for a season impeded.

Her imposing works of internal improvement are now being carried out without incurring a single dollar of additional liability; while, to meet those already incurred, after paying three hundred thousand dollars annually on the preferred canal

debt, and the interest on the whole of the outstanding principal, she has an annual surplus revenue of half a million of dollars. Independent of this fund, which has been devoted to the extinguishment of her bonds at market price, a large additional sum, to be applied in a similar manner, will be received in future, from the two mill tax lately authorized by a clause in the new constitution; and a still more imposing amount from the large increase of property which has latterly been brought under taxation, and which it is calculated will swell the present annual income to double what it is at present. Another source of revenue may also reasonably be looked for in a few years from the railroads already in rapid course of completion. The Illinois Central Railroad, when finished, will, with its branches, traverse a distance of over seven hundred miles through various parts of the State. The whole of this gigantic work is already under contract; eleven millions of its bonds having been disposed of at par. It is confidently asserted, that between three hundred and fifty and four hundred miles of this road will be constructed by the first of January, 1854; that the entire line will be completed during the year; that the railroads from Springfield to Bloomington, and from Springfield to Decatur, will be finished within the same specified time; and that the railroad through Illinois will connect New York with the Mississippi River by the middle of September. Great as these facilities will be for transporting merchandise and produce to a market, they are wonderfully increased by the geographical position of the State, and by means of her navigable rivers and canals. Having her whole Western frontier washed by the Mississippi, and her Southern shore by the Ohio, with the noble Wabash emptying into the latter, and connecting with Lake Erie by means of a canal; with another canal connecting the Illinois River with Lake Michigan; and with the interior watered by several other fine rivers, all of which are navigable to a certain extent, the variety of means for an easy and rapid communication with the Eastern or Southern markets, is such as is enjoyed by very few States in the Union.

Never during the whole period of her history has the condition of Illinois been as prosperous as it is at present. With every reasonable prospect of an early release from a heavy public debt; the fine healthy climate; the fertile soil; and the facilities of transit presented by railroad, rivers, and canals, offer to emigrants more favorable inducements in selecting a place of permanent settlement, than almost any other of the Western States. These advantages are now becoming so fully appreciated, that portions of the State are rapidly filling up with an intelligent and substantial class of men, whose foresight has led them to choose a new home where the value of property is steadily increasing, and where industry, judiciously exercised, cannot fail of meeting its appropriate reward.

Surprising as these statements may appear to some, they are yet founded upon data of the most reliable character. Information, derived from various authentic sources, goes to prove that the State is now rising from her former depressed

condition to one of substantial prosperity; and that the wise measures which have been adopted of late years to promote the healthy development of her resources, place her rapid increase in wealth and population upon a firm and substantial basis.

One of the most serious drawbacks to extensive emigration heretofore, was the impression which has gone abroad with respect to the unhealthiness of the most fertile portions of the territory. The statistics furnished by the late census prove this impression to have been singularly erroneous. They show that the rate of mortality is remarkably small, and that the whole region of Illinois is quite as healthy, if not healthier, than the most salubrious States upon the sea-board; the number of deaths for the year ending in June, 1850, being only one in seventy-two of the whole population. What will be found still more strange, is the fact that Central Illinois, which from its extraordinary fertility has usually been considered the least healthy, turns out to be even more salubrious than either the Northern or the Southern portions of the State; the rate of mortality for Central Illinois being one in eighty-five; for Northern Illinois one in seventy-six; and for Southern Illinois, one in fifty-nine. Diseases of a bilious type do of course exist in Illinois, as everywhere else, along the low banks of sluggish water courses, and in the vicinity of rivers subject to overflow; but they are neither widely extended nor peculiarly fatal.

Taking all things into consideration, we know of no State in the Union that possesses more of the elements of prosperity than Illinois. Bounded by two of the most magnificent rivers on the continent, intersected by others which communicate, by means of canals, with Lakes Erie and Michigan, with a network of railroads in rapid process of completion; with abundance of mineral wealth; a soil of inexhaustible fertility, and a climate as generally healthy as any of the older States, she offers to energetic and industrious men, desirous of improving their fortunes, advantages of so favorable, and in some respects of so unusual a character, that all who contemplate settling permanently West of the mountains, would be unjust to their own interests if they did not take the claims of Illinois into thoughtful consideration in seeking to establish themselves in a favorable location.

CHINA.

It has been a question long agitated by the learned, whether the country now known as China is identical with that of the ancient Seres, whose territory is called by Ptolemy and others *Serica*. M. Malte Brun is opposed to the identity, and considers the ancient *Serica* that same country as that of the most western regions of Thibet, or perhaps Cashmere, Little Thibet, and Little Bucharia. Most of the highest modern authorities, such as Gibbon, Murray, Du Halde, Klaproth, M. Abel-Remusat, De Guignes, and other distinguished orientalists, decide for the identity. Dr. Anthon rests the question upon the testimony of Ptolemy, whose descriptions, made from accounts which he heard in India, are found by modern geographers to be remarkably accurate, particularly regarding

the river Hoang Ho, which he describes under the name of *Bautisus*. Vossius is positive on the subject. He says: "Whoever doubts the identity of the Seres of the ancients and the modern Chinese, may as well doubt whether the sun which now shines be the same with that which formerly gave light."

It is a singular circumstance that the empire of China, second to none in population, and only second perhaps to that of Russia in extent, has ever borne a name abroad utterly unknown to its inhabitants. The ancient name *Seres* for the inhabitants, and *Serica* for the country, were derived from a word used by the Greeks to denote silkworm, China being known to them only as the land of silk; but the inhabitants themselves knew nothing of those names. In like manner the names *China* and *Chinese* are only known out of China. The origin of the name China has given rise to much discussion. "The people themselves have no such name for their country, nor is there much evidence that they ever did apply the term to the whole country." According to D'Herbelot, the name was derived from *Tsin*, or Chin, a celebrated family in Chinese history, who held possession of a large portion of the Western part of China; to which portion the name of China being first given by travellers from the west, at length became extended to the whole empire.—According to Klaproth, the name China is derived from the Malays, who call the country *Tchina*.

The Chinese have a variety of names for themselves and country. One of the most ancient is *Tien Hia*, meaning "beneath the sky," and denoting the world. Another name nearly as ancient is *Sz' Hai*; that is "all within the four seas." The most common name given by the inhabitants to the country is *Chung Kwoh*, or *Middle Kingdom*, from the idea that as China is the centre of the earth, the Chinese have as good a right to call their country the centre of the earth as the Greeks theirs. Hence Mr. Williams entitles his late invaluable work on China "*The Middle Kingdom*." The Malays, Hindoos, Persians, Arabians, and other Asiatic nations, apply to China the names Chin, Sin, Sinas, Tzinistae, and other similar names. It is thought, by eminent commentators, that the prophet Isaiah speaks of China as "the land of Sinim," in chap. xlix. 12.

The Tsin dynasty established the custom of calling the country by the name of the reigning dynasty. The present is the Tsing dynasty, and hence the empire is now called *Ta Tsing Kwoh*, that is, Great Pure Kingdom. The terms *Han-jin Han-tsz'*—that is, men or sons of Han—are now in common use by the people to denote themselves; the Han dynasty, which was in power 202 B. C. to 220 A. D., being regarded by the Chinese as the most glorious of all their dynasties. The name Celestial Empire, *Tien Chan*, is also used by the Chinese; but the term Celestials they have never ventured to adopt, that being, as Mr. Williams says, of entirely foreign origin.—*De Bow's Review*.

A warm heart ever going forth in gentle deeds and words of love to all around, is irresistible.

SANGUINARIA.

BY THOMAS E. VAN BEBBER.

Deep in the woods, 'midst oak leaves dry and sere,
 'Midst moss and prickly burrs,
 Where the lone ring-dove chirrs,
 Or where, aroused by random footstep near,
 The startled pheasant whirrs

In levelled flight along the fern-clad brooks,
 A wild-flower may be found,
 Scarce peeping from the ground,
 About the time of Easter. In moist nooks,
 With solitude around,

And cloistered from its birth, it shrinks from sight.
 Ring, from yon sacred pile,
 Sweet Easter-bells, the while
 To count its folded petals, ermine-white,
 We tread some forest aisle.

Eight flower-leaves? Eight? Without a spot or
 stripe?

Oh, how our hearts should pant
 O'er this pure woodland plant,
 When in it we behold a flowery type
 Of the New Covenant,—

Of a new Sabbath. Should you pierce its side
 With cruel murderous knife,
 Large purple drops of life
 Ooze from the wound, as erst from His who died
 To quell sin's serpent strife.

But more to fill our spirits with amaze,
 Pure plant of modest mien!
 A leaf of tender green,
 Cleft in seven parts, type of the seven first days,
 Claspings thy stalk is seen.

Thus springing spotless from the damps of death,
 Self-shrinking, thou dost pray;
 Nor can the star of day
 Impart aroma to thy scentless breath,
 Or give thee colors gay.

So much the more, cold flower, dost thou dispense
 An incorporeal heat,
 Drawn from no solar seat,
 But thrilling rapturous through the *inner sense*
 Like angel-kisses sweet.

AVONDALE, 1888.

THE COTTAGE GRANDMOTHER.

BY MRS. E. T. H. PUTNAM.

Within a cottage, down by the way,
 The old grandmother quietly sits,
 Watching the children, as she knits,
 The merry children, busy at play.

Her face is all lined with wrinkles deep,
 And her cap has trimming dark and odd,
 Getting displaced at every nod,
 As she thinks and thinks herself to sleep.

She dreams she hears a step at the door,
 And her darling son has come again,
 Who left his home to follow the main,
 And after was heard from never more.

Starting, she wakes from her troubled nap,
 And in her eye there trembles a tear,
 Which seeing, the children gather near,
 And beg to be taken on her lap.

They play with the sheath pinned to her side,
 With the flowers on her dress of chintz,
 And in her pocket for peppermints,
 Their dimpled hands mischievously glide.

The needles from out her work they pull,
 And rob her sleeve of its gathered pins;
 But how can she scold the gleeful things,
 When they are so sweet and beautiful?

But when the mother comes in to find
 Her basket of work turned out *en masse*,
 They see the impending storm, alas!
 Then grandmother's chair they hide behind.

For she's a special pleader, indeed,
 And come they to get, in all distress,
 A draught from her balm of happiness,
 Which she keeps in store for every need.

She thinks there never the like was seen,
 To those laughing eyes and tangled curls,
 The rose-bud lips and the teeth of pearls,
 And the lisping words that flow between.

At evening, she hears their little prayers,
 And tells of the Father in the skies;
 And never, till they have closed their eyes,
 Does she feel there's rest from all her cares.

A guardian angel, sooth, is she,
 By a long life's sorrow purified,
 Guarding that family ingle side,
 With a calm and loving sanctity.

HEAVEN.

Oh, Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
 When they look, with a trembling dread,
 At the misty future that stretches on
 From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
 No brilliant but distant shore,
 Where the lovely ones, who are called away,
 Must go to return no more.

No; Heaven is near us; the mighty veil
 Of mortality blinds the eye,
 That we see not the angel bands
 On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought,
 To the thirsting soul is given
 That power to pierce through the mist of sense
 To the beauteous scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
 And sweetly its harpings fall;
 Till the soul is restless to soar away,
 And longs for the angel-call.

I know, when the silver cord is loosed,
 When the veil is rent away,
 Not long and dark shall the passage be
 To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour,
 Will open the next in bliss;
 The welcome will sound in a heavenly world,
 Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
 To the arms of the loved and lost;
 And those smiling faces will greet us then,
 Which on earth we have valued most.

THE WHITE DOVE.

The little Lina opened her eyes upon this world in the arms of her father, the good Gotleib. He kissed the child with a holy joy; "For," said he, "now is a thought of God fixed in an eternal form;" and he felt that a Divine love flowed into this work of the great God,—this also thrilled his warm, manly heart with a wondrous love. He felt the inmost of his being vibrating as with an electric touch, to the inmost of the little new-born innocent. But the rapture of the young father was altogether imperfect, until he had sealed his lips in a love-kiss upon those of the fraulein Anna, who lay there so white and beautiful in the new joy of a young mother. Like an innocent maiden, she twined her arms around Gotleib's neck, and grew strong in the influx of warm life that flowed into her responsive cares of the husband of her heart. Then Gotleib held up the newly-born Lina, and the mother's lips touched the soft cheek of the tiny little one with a living rapture, as if all of Heaven were embraced in this heart-possession.

And Gotleib knelt by the bedside, and thanked God for the beautiful gift of love with a pious awe and holy joy—large tears stood in the eyes of Anna. As he rose from his reverent posture, he kissed off the bright tears—even as the sun exhales dew-drops from a pure flower, and said,

"Dost thou weep for joy, sweet one?"

And Anna said—

"Once—not long since—I had a dream—a beautiful dream—that this day has been realized. I dreamed that I was in a quite heavenly place—yet the place was as nothing—it was the state—for I sat with an infant in my arms—a bright innocent little one—and thou, dearest Gotleib! knelt beside me; and an angel-woman stood near us, in a soft heavenly glory, and said, in low musical, spirit-words—'Behold the fruit of the union of good and truth.' And then, methought, thou didst embrace me with a new joy of love, and whispered—'an angel of God is born of us.' This little one is the dream-child, dear Gotleib."

Thus beautiful was the birth of the little Lina, who grew, daily, in a pure innocent loveliness. While she is expanding in the first days of her new, breathing, sensitive life, we will go back to the former life of Gotleib and Anna.

Gotleib Von Arnheim had first seen the light in this same small cottage, on the confines of the Black Forest of Germany. He was born with a large, loving heart. But the father and mother, and the dear God, were the only beings on whom his affections were fixed; for his sensitive nature shrank from the contact of the honest-hearted, but rough, peasant neighbors, that made the little world of their simple life. But soon death came, and the good father left the earth for the beautiful Heaven-world. The little Gotleib missed his kind father; but his mother told him of the bright inner-life, and how his father yet lived and loved him; and the heart of the boy was comforted; he felt a sense of elevation in having his father, whom he had known so familiarly here upon earth, now the companion of angels, and living in such a bright and beautiful world.

Ah, life had to him such an inner-beauty; and,

when still, dreamy moments of leisure intervened between his work and play, he revelled in such dreams of fancy, as lent light and life and joy to his whole being. But the death of the kind father had not only carried the boy's fancy to the other world; it was also drawing the mother's heart away to the fair spirit-land. Gotleib saw his mother's face growing thin and pale; he knew that she was weak—for oftentimes, in the long winter evenings, as he read to her from the holy Word of God, her hand would drop wearily with the raised spindle, and she, who was never before idle, would fold her hands in a quiet, meek resignation. At such times a tremor would seize the boy's heart. The mother saw it; and, one night, when his fixed tender gaze rested on her, she raised her spiritual eyes to his, and said,

"Dear Gotleib! thou wilt yet have the good God to love."

"Ah, mother! mother!" cried the boy, "Wilt thou, too, leave me?"

His head was bowed upon her knees in bitter grief; the desolation of earth was spread like an impenetrable pall over his whole future. Suddenly he looked up, full of a strange, bright hope, and said—

"Mother, I too may die."

Then the mother put off her weakness—and long and loving was the talk she held with her dear boy. She told him that from a little one he had ever loved God; that the first word he had ever pronounced was the name of the Holy One. She had taught him to clasp his tiny baby hands and look up, and say "God," ere any other word had passed his lips. She had named him Gotleib, because he was the love of God to her, and he was to be a lover of God. As she talked, the boy grew strong and calm, and said—

"Yet, oh, my mother! God is so great for the heart of a small child. God is so high and lifted up in the far Heavens, that I feel myself but as a tiny blade of grass that looks up to the far sun—dear mother! the earth will be too lonely; ah, there is no hope but in death."

"No, my son," said the mother, "there is a beautiful hope for the earth also. I will tell you what will make you love God more truly than ever."

The boy was fixed attention.

"Thou did'st not know, dear Gotleib, that when God created thee a strong, brave boy, He also created a tender, gentle little maiden, like unto thee in all things, save thou wert a boy and she a maiden. Thou wert strong and able to work; and she gentle and born to love thee."

"Where is she?" enquired the excited Gotleib.

"I know not," replied the mother. "But God knows, and He will watch over the two whom He has created, the one for the other; and, on earth or in Heaven, the two will meet. Is it not better, then, not to wish to die, but to leave all things to the will of God? For what if thy little maiden is left alone upon the earth, and there is no strong, manly heart upon which she may lean—and no vigorous arm to labor for her—how will her spirit droop with a weary, lonely sadness! No, my son, live! and the joy of a most beautiful, loving companionship may yet be thine. The

earth will not be desolate ever to thy orphan-heart, with this beautiful hope before thee."

Thus, in the cold wintry night of a dark sorrow, did the good mother plant a living seed of truth, that afterwards sprang up into a vernal flowery Eden, that bloomed in the boy's heart with an eternal beauty.

When the early Spring came, Gotleib looked calmly and lovingly on the beloved mother, who was leaving for the inner world. Death was beautiful to him now; it was simply the new birth-time of a mature, living soul.

The spirit of the mother's love seemed to linger over the home of his childhood, and it was a great sorrow to leave the cherished spot; but, his mother told him he was to seek a brother of her's in the distant town of Heidelberg. As Gotleib turned from the now voiceless home of his parents, a fervent desire arose in his heart that he might again be permitted to dwell beneath this sheltering roof and amidst its living associations.

The boy went forth into the unknown world, with a living trust in his heart in the great God. His was a simple, childish faith, born of his love—to him God was not a mystery. It was a Divine personality he loved. Jesus had walked the earth, and his father and mother also—all were now spirits—none the less to be loved and trusted than when upon earth; but now they were to him in transcendent states of glory. The Lord Jesus, as being infinitely great and glorious, was the alone One to whom he now looked for help—though ever as he knelt to pray to God, he felt that his angel-mother bowed with his spirit, and by her prompting beautiful words of humiliation and praise came to him, that he himself could never have thought of; hence the affections of his heart all grew up into the inner spirit-world.

And years passed in the good town of Heidelberg, years that brought blessings to the orphan-boy, as they flew. The God in whom he trusted had provided for him—had awakened a friendly kindness in many warm hearts. And Gotleib, who was at first designed by his relatives to spend his days over the shoemaker's awl and last, at length found himself by his own ardent exertions and the helpful kindness of others, a student in the University. This was to him a most pure gratification—not because of a love of learning—not because of ambition, to attain a position before his fellow-men. Oh! it was quite otherwise with the good youth—he had one object in life. The hope that his dying mother had awakened in his heart was the guiding star of all his efforts. That little maiden created for him, and to be supported by him! The image was ever before him. Yes, he was a student for a high and noble use. Science was to be to him the instrument of a life of love and blessedness. To do good to others, and thus to provide for the maiden, was what led him to the arduous study of medicine.

It mattered not that cold and hunger and toil all bound him in an earthly coil. The warm, hopeful heart has a wonderful endurance. The delicate, attenuated form of the young student seemed barely sufficient to hold the bright and glowing spirit that looked out from his soft eyes, when he received his degrees. The desire of his life was growing into a fruition; and when he re-

turned to his poor lodgings a sense of freedom, of gratitude and of delight, crowned his yet barren life. To work! to work! seemed now the one call of his being; but, whither was he to go? There was the childhood's home, to which his heart instinctively turned; but, alone and desolate, he could not dwell there. Gotleib had not forgotten his mother's lessons; he knelt and prayed to God for guidance. Even as he kneels, and feels his spirit in the sunshine of God's presence, there is a knock at the door, and the good Professor Eberhard enters. He has marked the student in his poverty and toil, and feels that he will now hold out a helping hand to the young beginner. As professor of anatomy, he needs the quick eye and delicate hand of an expert assistant.

Gotleib looked upon the Herr professor, as Heaven-sent, and in a few days was installed in all the luxury of a life of active use.

Years passed away, and Gotleib Von Arnheim sighed with a man's full heart for a woman's sympathy and responsive affection. He had seen bright eyes gleam and soft cheeks flush at his approach, and he had looked wonderingly into many a sweet face. But he had not yet seen the little maiden of whom his mother spoke—who was to be the reflex of himself. All these German maidens were altogether different from—and his heart remained unsatisfied in their presence. He felt no visions of eternity as he looked into their friendly faces. Sometimes hope almost died out. But his trust in God seemed to forbid the death of this sweet hope. Often he said, "the good God would not have created this intense desire in one so wholly dependent upon Him, were He not intending to satisfy it." At all events, he thought—"If the maiden is not upon earth, she is in Heaven." So he worked and waited patiently.

The wintry winds were howling, as it were, a wild requiem over the lordly ruins of the crime-stained castle of Heidelberg. Cold, and bitter, and clear was the starry night, when the weary Gotleib issued out of the Herr professor's warm house to answer the late call of a sick woman. Gotleib looked up into those illimitable depths where earths and suns hang suspended, to appeal to the material perceptions of man that this is not the alone world—the alone existence. The silent bright stars comforted the earth-wearied heart in which the day's toil had dimmed the spirit's perception. Gotleib stepped on bravely through the frosty darkness, and said hopefully to himself,

"There is yet another world—another life than this."

And now he stood before the house in which his services were needed. He entered a chamber, whose bare poverty reminded him of his student days. But far sadder was cold poverty here, for a lady lay on a hard couch before the scantily furnished grate, and her hollow cough, and the oozing blood that saturated her white handkerchief, rendered all words unnecessary.

A young girl with blanched cheek and tearless eye of agony, knelt by the wan sufferer. Gotleib felt himself in the sphere of his life's use; cold and fatigue were alike gone. The sick and almost dying woman seemed to revive under his touch—it was as if strength flowed from the physician into the patient. His very presence diffused an

air of hope and comfort through the desolate apartment, and the kind serving-girl, Bettina, who had guided him to the humble lodging, seconded all his active efforts to produce warmth and comfort, and soon returned with one of his prescriptions—an abundance of fuel for the almost exhausted grate. The cheerful blaze threw its strong light upon the young girl, who at first knelt in hopeless grief beside her dying mother.

What was it that thrilled the heart of Gotleib, as he looked upon this young maiden? was it her beauty! no! he had seen others more beautiful. Was it her sorrow? no! he had seen others quite as sad. But, whatever it was, Gotleib felt that he had met his destiny; the fulness of his being was developed to him; and, all unconsciously the maiden turned to him as the Providence of God to her. She seemed to rest her troubled heart upon his strong understanding. He said her mother would not die immediately, and she grew calm.

It was very late that night when Gotleib retired; and very fervent were the prayers that arose from his heart before he slept. He felt a sense of gratitude for the uses he was permitted to perform to his fellow beings, and, in his prayers, he felt that light shone from the Divine sun upon that sorrowing maiden, and it was as if she knelt by his side, and his strong spirit-arms upheld her in the sunshine of God's love.

When the morning came, Gotleib awakened with a delicious sense of enjoyment in life—with a looking forth into the events of the day, that he had never before experienced. He hastened through his morning duties with an elasticity of spirit and hope that was altogether new to him. Though, as yet, his feeling was not defined into a thought, it was a faint perception, a dim consciousness that the elective affinities of his heart had all awakened. And while he thought he was in an excessive anxiety to see after his feeble patient, he was borne on rather by the attractions of his heart's love. He paused in a thrilling excitement of hope and doubt before the door of the poor chamber—he dreaded to have the agreeable impressions of the last evening dissipated. But, when he knocked, a light tread was heard; the door was gently opened, and the pale Anna stood before him, with such a gentle grace, and so earnest a look of gratified expectation, that, as she said in subdued tones,

"I hoped it was you," his heart bounded with exultation, to think that the young girl had him in her thoughts. But, as he approached the sick bed, his reason told him what was more natural than her wishing for the arrival of her mother's physician.

A careful glance, by daylight, around the humble apartment, revealed to Gotleib that Anna worked with her delicate, white, lady-looking hands, for the support of her dying mother. A table, placed by the window, was covered with artificial flowers of exquisite workmanship, and, while he yet lingered in the chamber, Bettina, the maid, entered from the street door, with a basket filled with the same flowers—looked at Anna, and shook her head mournfully. The young girl's lips quivered, and she pressed the tears back when she saw no purchaser had been found for

her labor. Gotleib saw and felt with the most intense sympathy all that was passing. He lingered yet longer—he made encouraging remarks to the sick mother, and, at length, ventured to approach the table, and gazed with admiration on the beautiful flowers, while his brain was busy in devising how he was to make them the medium of conveying aid to the suffering mother and daughter. He turned to the faithful Bettina, who clung to those whom she served in their hard poverty—he told her that if she would follow him he would find a purchaser for the pretty flowers. Anna cast upon him a look of tearful, smiling gratitude, and her simple, "I thank you," as she held out her hand to him, bound him as with a magnetic chain to her being. Bettina thought the Herr Doctor was a most generous man, for he more than doubled the paltry sum she asked for the flowers; though she did not consider it necessary to mention the fact to Anna, she merely stated to her, that she had found a purchaser for as many flowers as she chose to make.

But Gotleib! what an Eden those flowers made of his chamber! with what a joy he returned to it after hours of absence; it seemed as if they brought him into contact with the sphere of a beloved existence. He examined them with delight, and could not avoid covering them with kisses. Never was patient visited or watched over more attentively than was Madame Hendrickson; and, as the mother revived, the daughter seemed to feel new life. Light beamed from her soft eyes, and oftentimes Gotleib thought that the roses that bloomed in her delicate face, were far more beautiful and bright than those that grew under her light and skilful touch.

For him she seemed to feel an earnest, trustful gratitude. She never concealed her glad recognition of his coming; she was too pure and innocent, and good to think it necessary to conceal anything. And Gotleib's visits were so pleasant, they grew longer and longer—for he and Madame Hendrickson were of the same religious faith—and he had a peculiar faculty for consoling her. Gotleib spoke of the other world, with such a definite perception of its existences and modes of being, that the dying woman never wearied of listening to him. The high and true faith of the good Gotleib opened to him a world of beauty, which he poured forth in his earnest enthusiasm, more like a gifted poet, than a being of mere prose. Oftentimes, as he talked, the light of his intelligence seemed to gleam back from the answering eye of Anna, until his whole being was filled with delight. While she felt that her hitherto dim and indistinct faith was growing into form and fixedness, and her intellect awakened to a sphere of ideas, to a world of perceptions, that endowed her all at once with a charmed existence, and flooded her with the light of a graceful beauty that made her appear to the admiring Gotleib like an angelic spirit.

Thus were the spirit-links being woven through the cold bright days of winter. Madame Hendrickson was no longer confined to her bed; and on the Sabbath days Anna could attend the public worship of God, of whom, now, only she seemed truly to learn. It was to the Holy Supper she went on that first solemn Sabbath day,

after months of confinement and sorrow. Oh! how blessed it was to listen to the Divine Word, through which God seemed to her awakened perception to shine, in a veiled beauty, and when she tasted the wine of spiritual truth, flowing from the wisdom of the Divine One, and ate of the bread of the celestial good of His love, Heaven seemed to open to her receptive heart and mind—and, as her heart's prayers went up with those of the shining angels round the throne of God, it was not for herself that she prayed, but for him that had spoken living truth to her virgin heart. Oh, the good child! In that holy moment she rejoiced to reveal her heart's love to the Divine Father; she knew that her love was born of her knowledge of God, and thus she knew that it was blessed from above.

As she passed out of the church, she encountered the earnest glance of surprised and delighted recognition from Gottleib. Very soon he was at her side. In the fulness and stillness of her beautiful thoughts and satisfied affections they walked on. Oh, how happy the dear mother looked, when she saw the two enter her lonely chamber. The heavenly light and warmth of love seemed to be within and around them; and she saw that two beings so exactly created the one for the other, could not but find an eternal happiness in each other. Gottleib was truly in one of his genial, sunny moods; he seemed to soar into worlds of light; his expanding heart was filling with the glory of Heaven. The teachings of his childhood were all brought forth; he talked of his beloved mother—now an angel of God—told of the beautiful hope she awakened in his heart concerning the little maiden created by God for him, when his heart shrunk in such pain from the isolation her death would leave him in. Then he turned to the blushing Anna, and said he thought the maiden was now found. She lifted her love-lighted eyes to his—he clasped her hand and said softly—

"Thou art mine!"

"I am thine," fell responsive from the maiden's lips; and an infinite blessedness flowed into the loving, satisfied heart of Gottleib.

The next day brought with it a new and beautiful joy,—a letter from the beloved one, conveyed into his hand as he tenderly pressed hers, at parting. For this his thirsty soul had yearned—for some expression of the maiden's heart-love that had as yet gleamed upon him but momentarily from her modest eyes. But alone in his chamber, with the dear letter before him! Ah, now indeed he was to lift the veil that hid his life's treasure. To have revealed to him the heart and mind of the beloved one. And his whole being went forth to her as he read the tender revealings. She wrote:

"Gottleib! my heart would fain speak to thine. It longs to say gratefully, 'I love thee, thou Heaven-sent one.' And I would tell thee of a dream that came to me last night in my heart's beautiful happiness.

"I was reading aloud to my mother in the book you lent me. I read of how the angels ever have their faces turned to the Divine Sun. Of how their shining brows are ever attracted to this central point, in whatever position they may be—

even as our feet are attracted to the central point of the earth. I was happy in this beautiful truth, and felt that through my love for thee, my thought was lifted upward, and my face, too, was turned to the Lord; and when sleep came, it seemed as if my happy spirit was conscious of a new and beautiful existence. I found myself in a large place, and a company of angelic spirits surrounded me; and we were seated at a table, adorned with an exceeding elegance, and having many varieties of food, of which we partook, but without a consciousness of taste—only there was a genial delight of mind arising from the mutual love of all those bright ones. An angel-woman spoke to me and said, 'This is the Lord's Supper; appropriate to thyself the goods and truths of His heavenly kingdom.' While she thus spoke, I saw thee, dear Gottleib, approach, with such a smiling and beautiful grace, and thou said'st to me, holding my hand—'Sweet one! how bright thou art! Hast thou learnt some new truth! for thou art ever bright, when thou dost perceive a new truth!' Then I answered, 'Ah, yes, indeed! I have learned a beautiful, new truth; and I led thee to an east window and pointed upward to the great Sun, that shone in such a Divine effulgence—then I told thee how the angels were held by the attraction of love in this centre of being—even as the children of the world are held by the attraction of gravitation to the earth—and as we talked, the light shone around thee, dear Gottleib! with so heavenly a glory, that my heart was filled with a new love for thee. For I saw, truly, that thou wert a child of God, and in loving thee I loved Him who shone in such a radiant glory upon thee. Oh! was not this a pleasant dream? Gottleib! what worlds of beauty thou hast opened to me. Once my thought was so narrow, so bound down to the earth; but thou hast lifted me above the earth. A woman's heart is so weak—it is like a trailing vine, that cannot lift itself up until its curling tendrils are wound round the lofty tree tops of a man's ascending thought. Gottleib, thus dost thou bear me up into the serene, bright Heavens, and like some blooming flowery vine will my love ever seek to adorn thy noble thoughts."

Gottleib was charmed with the maiden's thoughts. Oh, yes—her flowers were already flying over his highest branches. She soared above him, and through her heavenly truths were growing clearer to him. How grateful he was to his Heavenly Father, that from his own bosom, as it were, was born his spirit's companion. But her life was from God—and how holy was her whole being to him. She was enthroned in his inmost heart, to be for ever treasured as the highest and best gift of God.

It was evening when he next stood beside her. The mother slept, and Anna and Gottleib stood in the moon-lit window. Few, and softly whispered, were his loving words to her. But she smiled in a oneness of thought, when he said—

"In Heaven, the sun shone upon us; upon earth the cold moonbeams unite us; but the sunshine will soon come again."

Anna felt that her letter had made Gottleib very happy; and she bent her head lovingly on his manly breast. Oh! to him, the desolate for-

lorn one, how thrilling was the first caress of the maiden. His lips touched her soft white brows with a delicious new joy. But brow, eyes, cheeks and lips, were soon covered with rapturous kisses.

Ah! happy youth and maiden thus bedewed with life's nectar of blessedness. What are earth's sorrows to thee? Heaven is in thee, and eternity only can satisfy the infinite desires of such hearts.

But as the days passed, the material body of the mother wasted away, and her spirit was growing bright in its coming glory. She wished much to see her beloved Anna in a holy marriage union before she left this world. So a few weeks after the betrothal, Gotleib led his bride to the marriage altar. It was a festive scene of the heart's happiness even beside the bed of death. Madame Hendrickson felt that she, too, was adorning for a beautiful bridal—and earthly care being thus removed from her heart, she was altogether happy.

And the good, true-hearted Anna, in white bridal garments and virgin innocence, looked to the loving mother and happy Gotleib like an angel of God. Even the Professor Eberhard thought thus, and quite certain it is, that the good minister spoke as if a heavenly inspiration flowed into him, as he bound the two into an eternal oneness of being. "Little children!" said he, "love one another! was the teaching of the great God, as he walked upon the earth. Hence love is the holy of the holies. And it flows from God even as heat flows from the material sun—and as the sun is in its own heat and light, so God is in love."

And taking the marriage ring, he placed it on the soft, white, rose-tipped finger of the bride, and said—

"How beautiful and expressive is this symbol of union, showing the conjunction of good and truth, which conjunction first exists in the Lord, for His love is the inmost, and His wisdom is like the golden bond of truth encasing and protecting love. And this love of the Lord flowing into man is received, protected, and guarded by woman's truth, until, in her fitness and perfect adaptation to him, she becomes the love of the wisdom of the man's love, and the twain are no longer two, but one."

The fresh spring days were now coming—Madame Hendrickson went to an eternal spring. But the heart of the loving Anna rose above the earthly sorrow of separation, as if upheld by her husband's strong faith; her imagination delighted itself in following the beloved mother into her new and beautiful state of being.

Gotleib felt that now it was good for him to return to the home of his childhood, for it was more delightful to live apart from the strife and toil of men. In the simple country life much good might be done, and yet there would be less of life's sorrow to look upon. It was weary to live in a crowded haunt, where a perception of vice and misery so mingled itself with the blessedness of his heart's love. Anna was charmed and delighted with the pure country life, and as business increased on the Herr Doctor's hands, it was so great a happiness to her to minister to

his comfort. After the long winter rides, how she chafed his cold hands and warmed his frozen feet, and how lovingly she helped him to the warm suppers of the good Bettina, no homeless and desolate wanderer of earth can know. But to Gotleib, what an inexpressible blessedness was all this; and how often he left off to eat, that he might clasp Anna to his heart and cover her with kisses! Thus went the blessed married life until another spring brought with it the sweet "dream-child," as Anna called the little one, whom the angel said, was "the fruit of the union of good and truth."

The little Lina thus born into the very sphere of love, seemed ever a living joy. The father's wisdom guided the mother's tender love, and the little one was good and unselfish—and so gay in the infantile innocence and grace of her being, that oftentimes the young mother leaning on the father's bosom, would whisper—

"Gotleib, she is indeed an angel of God."

One dark and wintry day, as the child thus sported in the inner glad light and joy of her heart, and Gotleib and Anna as usual were watching the light of her radiance, a beautiful White Dove flew fluttering against the friendly window. The child grew still in her wondrous joy. But the father quickly opened the window, and the half-frozen bird flew in, and nestled itself in Anna's bosom. It was fed, and warmed and loved as bird never was before. For the little one thought it was the spirit of God come down upon the house, and Gotleib loved it because to him it was a living symbol of the peace and purity of his married life, and Anna received it as a heavenly gift for the loving child. Thus both literally and spiritually the White Dove of innocence and peace dwelt in their midst.

RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, AUTHOR OF "A DOOR IN THE HEART."

"Well, this is a terrible cold night—terrible cold!" repeated Howard Ingersoll, as he removed his overcoat and wrappers, and ensconced himself in a large easy chair, drawn up at precisely the proper angle with the fire. "God help the poor!" continued the gentleman in a tone whose fervor would have done honor to any member of the Long Parliament; and he drew his feet into the tastefully embroidered slippers which loving hands had placed there in anticipation of his return.

"I know it, Howard, that's just what I said as I sat here listening for the sound of your footstep in the hall," answered Mrs. Ingersoll, a gentle, dark-eyed woman, as she stirred up the glowing bed of anthracite; and the light that waved and glided over the opposite wall like the great wing of a spirit, grew broader and brighter. "I heard the wind moaning and howling at the windows and shrieking mad-like up and down the street; and I s'pose it was because I had nothing else to do, I fell to thinking of the poor—of helpless mothers with their little hungry children, and it was more than I could stand. I crept on tiptoe into the children's room, and bending over those two dear little cribs (I had tucked up Charlie and Ellen myself, and they were sleeping so sweetly)

I thought maybe some other mother was bending over her children, and she loving them just as dearly as I did mine, and yet not bed-clothes enough to keep them warm, and perhaps they went to bed without any supper. Poor things! I can't get over thinking about them."

And the lady, whose maternal sympathies were strongly aroused, dropped the poker on the rug and lifted her pretty dark eyes to her husband's face, while two tears of genuine womanly sympathy twinkled and sparkled in their travel down her cheeks.

"Why, Mary, you are really getting nervous. What can have put these thoughts into your head, child? Do, pray dismiss them; they only make one fidgety; I put down a good round sum on the charity list this year, so you'd better think of the widows' hearts we've made to sing for joy;" and Howard Ingersoll, who had a man's usual distaste to tears, drew his arm around the waist of his pretty wife, and the sweet upturned brow to his lips, and that caress carried away the heaviness from her heart. She drew her chair closer to her husband, and the gentleman took his newspaper and the lady her novellette; the fire danced in the grate, and the wing brightened on the wall, and the wind moaned and howled at the window, and Howard Ingersoll and his wife dreamed not of the want and wretchedness that almost lay within the shadow of their threshold. Had they not put their names to the subscription list, and said "God help the poor?" Surely they had done their duty.

"Mary, is there room for me, too? I'm so cold I can't bear to wake up, mother, and I know I shall if I get into bed with her; ain't it funny she sleeps so long?" and the child-speaker drew her lips closely down to the ear of the other, as if fearful that the sound of her voice might disturb some one in the apartment.

Right across the street, so that the light from Howard Ingersoll's pleasant parlor, came with faint ghost-fingers into the darkened room, revealing its utter destitution, stood an old and dilapidated dwelling. Its huge, ungraceful shadow mingled with that of its symmetrical neighbor, and there, face to face, and front to front, they stood on that fearful night; while the Great Eyes to whom the darkness and the day are alike, looked down steadily, sleeplessly into the lighted parlor and the darkened chamber.

"Yes, Lizzie, I can make room, only there ain't clothes enough to cover you too; you can have part of ma's old cloak, though. Lizzie, I'm almost burning up—what makes you call it cold?"

"Burning up! burning up!" ejaculated the other, her surprise getting the better of her caution. "Why, Mary, the water has frozen in the pitcher; and I feel just like ice all over, only my hands and feet ache so."

"Well, get in quick, Lizzie; there, take half the pillow, and put your hands in mine. Oh! how cold and good they feel! Lizzie, have you said your prayers?"

"Yes," said her sister, hesitatingly. "I tried to, a long time ago, when I stood at the window, watching for the people in the brick house to light

up their parlor; and when the girl came in with the lamps, just before she drew the curtains, I could look down and see almost all that was in the room. Oh! it looked so beautiful, with the warm fire dancing in the grate. It seemed so cruel that we couldn't have one too, and there was a little boy and girl there, Mary, and they looked so happy as they ran round the room, trying to catch each other, that I began to feel angry with them. I know it was wicked, but I could not help it; I shut my eyes and tried to pray, but all the time that pleasant room and those happy children stood right before me, and the words came dreadful hard. It didn't seem as if God heard them. Don't you think He's forgotten us, Mary?"

"Oh! no! no! Lizzie, you know mamma says God cannot forget any more than we can forget each other; and then He sees us always, for He can look right straight down through the darkness. Oh! I wonder if He don't feel sorry for us now?"

Lizzie tried to answer, but she could not, for the great sob had been rising and swelling in her throat, until it was too large to be swallowed down again.

That child's sob in the silence, wrung out of the little, weary, aching heart, what a world of agony it revealed!

"Don't, Lizzie, don't!" said Mary, and she put up her little hot hand and stroked her sister's face and tried to wipe away the tears that rolled down the small pale cheeks, with a corner of the cloak; and finding this of no avail, she flung her arm around her sister and cried very softly, but the pillow was very wet with those child-tears, which the dark, loving eyes of the angels looked down to see. And through all this the mother slept on. It was very singular.

"Perhaps mamma will be better to-morrow, sister, she sleeps so long," said the sick child, striving to hush up her tears and find a word of consolation for the little, heavy heart, that lay throbbing close to her own.

"Oh! I hope she will," said Lizzie, in a more hopeful voice, but it grew sad again as she asked, "But what is to become of us? we have no food and no fire."

"I'm sure I don't know," answered the little one; "I am not hungry now, only my throat is so parched up, and all day long I kept thinking of the great apples that grew on the old tree in front of our house. Don't you remember it, Lizzie? And those pretty roses that used to look in at our chamber window; and the spring under the rock, with the mint that grew all around it. Oh, we were so happy then, and father would take us on his knee, when the stars looked out of the sky like the sparkling eyes of little children, and tell us such pretty stories. Oh, Lizzie, if they hadn't buried him under the great willow in the grave-yard, we shouldn't have been here all alone in the dark to-night." And then both the children cried again.

"Lizzie," whispered the little girl, as she tried to send back the tears that would come in spite of her efforts, "don't you remember the last words father said to us that night he died; how he lay there, looking so white and strange, and then he opened his eyes, and smiled on us such

a sorrowful smile, and said, 'God will be your Father, my little, fatherless children. Love Him, and trust in Him, and He will bring you and mamma to me again in His own good time.' Oh, sister, if we *could* only go to Him, now, we shouldn't be cold or hungry any more, and you wouldn't have to watch for the folks in the brick house to light up their parlor any more, so that we could see each other, for mamma says it is always light *there*; and we shouldn't cry any more, for God wipes away the tears from all eyes, and papa would come for us at the great, golden gates, and be *so* glad to see us."

"I wish we was there now," said Lizzie, shivering, and drawing up closer to the sick child, "but I shouldn't want to go without you and mamma. Why, little sister, how dry and hot your hands feel!"

"And my head feels dry and hot, too," said the sick child, as she tossed with the restlessness of fever on the pallet. "Put your hand on my forehead, Lizzie, it feels so cool and good."

"Sister," said the elder child, after she had placed her hand on the burning temples, "I mean to go over to the brick house, to-morrow, and ask the lady that lives there if she won't give us something to eat. I know they've got a great deal more than they want, and we shall starve if I don't."

"Why, Lizzie, that will be *begging*. What will mamma say?" asked her sister, in a tone of great surprise, mingled with somewhat of reproof.

"I shall not tell mamma until I have done it," answered Lizzie, with that precocious foresight which the hot-bed atmosphere of poverty and suffering sometimes produces. "It is better to *beg* than to *starve*; and, besides, the lady looks very kind, and speaks very softly. I don't believe she will refuse me something for you and mamma, when I tell her how sick you both are; and you know we have not eaten anything all day, and I am so hungry I can't sleep. There, they've taken the lights from the parlor. Oh, dear, how dark it is!"

"Sister," said the little invalid, in a faint voice, for the fever had produced that kind of dosing exhaustion which fevers generally do, "I can't talk any more. Try and go to sleep."

And the two children drew closer to each other, and the cold and the hot cheeks were pressed together and the children slept, and the tears hung heavy on the eyelashes of both, and the angels bent down pityingly in the darkness, and kissed them away. And through all this the mother slept on—it was very singular.

It was morning. Soft and clear broke the winter sunshine into the chamber where lay the sleeping children, and rested, like the benedictions of spirits upon the thin, fair cheeks, and long, golden hair, on the little pallet. There was another bed in the opposite corner of the chamber—some old quilts were carefully laid upon it; and above those quilts, on the single pillow with which the bed was furnished, rested the white, ghastly face of a woman. The dark hair was parted away from the gleaming forehead, and the sunshine rested there, too, with a loving caress on the stark, stony features. It was a very fair face, but the lines around the

mouth, and the furrows on the forehead, wrote their history very legibly—a history of sharp and terrible suffering. There was a smile on the white lips—a sweet, settled smile; but somehow the sunshine and the smile looked sadder than anything else.

"Lizzie, Lizzie, wake up, don't you see it is morning?" and the child shook gently the arm of her elder sister. Lizzie's brown eyes slowly unclosed, but the sunshine looked so bright and cheery that her sad, little heart was gladdened.

"Yes, I see it is morning. How do you feel now, little sister?" she said, rising up, and looking with fond anxiety into the soft, blue eyes that gazed into her own.

"I don't feel any better, Lizzie," said the little girl. "It seems as if my head would crack open, and I'm so thirsty. Oh, Lizzie, if I *could* have some water!"

"Well, Mary, I'll get you some at the well in the yard, down stairs," answered Lizzie, as she sprang from the bed, and drew on a pair of very old slippers.

"Sister, ain't mother awake yet?" asked Mary, rather impatiently.

Lizzie glanced towards the opposite bed. The face was turned towards her, and she saw the sunshine and the strange, settled smile. She could not understand it, and she set down the pitcher, which she had taken up, and walked towards the bed.

"Mamma, mamma!" she said, bending down to the white face, "won't you wake up, for it's morning. How long you *have* slept! Are you dreaming of home, that makes you smile so?"

But the white face did not stir, and the eyes did not unclose.

"Mamma," said the child, in a louder voice, and bringing her face down closer to her mother's, "don't you hear me? It's your little Lizzie calls you. Open your eyes and speak to me;" and she laid her cheek against her mother's. But the next moment her head was lifted, and the face on the pillow was not whiter than the child's, for a chill—a fearful, paralyzing chill—had crept to her innermost heart, and a sudden, terrible thought had darted through her brain. She gazed wildly on those ghastly features, laid her hand on the stony forehead, and then a shriek of exceeding agony rang through the room; and Mary lifted up her head, and stared wildly at her sister, for the fever had mounted to her brain, and the shriek had bewildered her senses.

"Mary, Mary, mamma is dead! dead! and left us here alone," ejaculated Lizzie, in a voice hoarse with agony.

"Dead, dead!" repeated Mary, as if trying to comprehend her sister's words. "Well, Lizzie, let's you and I die too, and go to her;" and she fell back heavily upon the pillow.

"No, no, Mary, you musn't die too, and leave me here all alone," cried Lizzie, as she sprang to the bedside; but those mild blue eyes opened, and rolled vacantly over her face. "Oh, what shall I do? won't somebody come and help me?" cried the child in her desolation, and then a sudden hope flashed into the darkness of her heart, and with the energy of desperation, she rushed from the room. Down, down the rickety stairs,

plunged the light form of the little girl; and right across the street, to the stone steps of the "brick house," it rushed with the speed of a spirit.

Howard Ingersoll and his wife sat with their two fair children before their luxuriantly furnished table; and loving words and kindly smiles gave to the chocolate a richer flavor, and to the muffins a more exquisite relish.

"And so Charlie, Ellen, you did not hear the wind last night, for sleeping so soundly; I hope it was the same with all other little children," and all the mother was in the glance which the lady bent upon those bright young blossoms at her table. Just then the "street bell" rang; it was a loud, startling peal, and Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll put down their cups, and the children their muffins. A moment after, the door opened, and a child sprang past the servant, glanced a moment wildly around the room, and then rushed to Mrs. Ingersoll's side. Her long, golden hair lay in bright, tangled masses around her white cheeks; her lips quivered, and there was a strange depth of agony in the large, brown eyes which looked up so appealingly to the lady, as she clasped her hands, and spoke:

"Mamma is dead, and Mary is dying. Won't you come and help us? It's only right across the street, ma'am."

Now, Mrs. Ingersoll had a quick, tender little heart—one that could no more hear, unmoved, such an appeal, or witness, untouched, the look that more plainly than words, spoke its story of suffering, than it could have offered a stone to one of her own children when it asked for bread.

"Hand me my shawl and bonnet, quick, Howard. No, I won't stay for a bonnet. Get your hat, and come with me," she said, while the tears sparkled in her dark eyes; and Howard Ingersoll, who had a heart, and a large one too, when it could be found, turned with wonderful alacrity to fulfil his wife's behest.

"Here, put my shawl around you. It'll make you warm, little girl," said Ellen Ingersoll, her little round face elongated into an expression of the deepest sympathy, as she bustled up to Lizzie, whose eyes were following her mother so eagerly around the room. "And we won't let your sister die. Here, eat them, and you shall carry her some, too," said Charlie, as he thrust two of the largest muffins into Lizzie's hands, his great black eyes looking large as saucers, between sympathy and benevolence. Mrs. Ingersoll seized her shawl, and her husband his hat, and smoothing away the bright, tangled hair from Lizzie's forehead, the lady took her hand, and the three emerged from the dwelling. A few moments later, the three were standing in that chamber of destitution and death. Mrs. Ingersoll was bending over the sick child, her hand tightly clasped by those little burning fingers, and her tears falling like rain upon the hot cheeks, while the little one was calling her mamma, and telling her of the pleasant home, with its sparkling brook and pretty roses, to which they had all come back again. Lizzie stood by the bedside of her mother, and there too stood Howard Ingersoll, and the child's dark, pathetic eyes wandered eagerly from the rigid face of the dead woman to the gentleman that bent over her.

"Oh, sir, *can't* you bring her back to me, and little sister? What shall we do without her?" asked the child, in broken tones.

"I will take care of you, poor things," answered the gentleman in a husky voice, and then he turned to his wife, saying, in lower tones, "I will go instantly for a physician, Mary. The children must be removed to our house. How they have managed to exist here so long is a mystery to me."

"And to think it all happened right across the street, and we might have saved the life of that poor woman. Oh! I shall never forgive myself," added the lady, with a fresh burst of tears.

Howard Ingersoll's orders were always promptly executed. In less than an hour little Mary was lying in one of the pleasantest chambers of the "brick house," the long curtains shutting out the sun-glare, and soft footfalls filling the room with their muffled melody, and soft fingers cooling the aching head; while Lizzie, arrayed in one of Ellen's new worsted dresses, and her long, disentangled curls drooping to her waist, sat before that bountiful breakfast table, but the tears fell fast upon her plate, and Charlie and Ellen in vain urged her to eat.

The next day there was a grave made in a pleasant part of the city cemetery, and the sad eyes of a little girl, which Howard Ingersoll led forward, to look on the coffin, after it had been laid in the grave, dropped many tears on the lid; but when the gentleman led her away, she said, with a smile: "Papa will be so glad to see mother."

"Lizzie, Lizzie, where am I?" The voice was very faint, and the blue eyes wandered wonderingly around the room and over the strange faces about her.

"You're in the 'brick house,' little sister. They brought you and me here; and they are so kind to us."

"Lizzie, Lizzie, I can't see you," and a change came over the child's face. "Hark! I hear music. Papa—mamma—I am coming!"

There was another grave made close by the mother's, the next day.

It was a week from that dark night when the mother died, and just before the servant brought in the lights, that five persons sat in the pleasant parlor of the "brick house." Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll, Charlie and Ellen, were all listening to Lizzie. She was relating, in her own pathetic, childish manner, the story of her long watch at the window, and how she had seen everything in the parlor before the curtains were drawn; and how it made her almost angry, and how hard it was to say her prayers, for she could see the room just as well with her eyes shut. Mrs. Ingersoll's handkerchief was at her eyes, and Charlie and Ellen, with their faces in her gown, were sobbing heartily as the child concluded. Just then the servant entered with the lights. It was the signal for supper.

"And now, Lizzie," said Mr. Ingersoll as they rose up, and he laid his hand caressingly on the child's golden hair, "you have taught your new father a lesson during the last week. Can you guess what it is? It contains but four words: Charlie, Ellen, mother too—do you give it up?"

Mrs. Ingersoll smiled through her tears, as she looked up in her husband's face, and answered:

"I too have learned it, never, I trust, to forget it—it is *Right across the street.*"

"That's it, remember it always, my children," said the gentleman as he drew his arm around his wife's waist, and together they left the parlor, and the three children followed.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

In no part of the United States can such sublime, romantic and beautiful scenery be found as on the upper Mississippi. From Dubuque to the Falls of St. Anthony, the views in many places are majestic and delightful. No tour affords more real pleasure in the heat of summer, and is more invigorating to those who are in search of health and rest from excessive mental toil, as a passage on one of our spacious Western steamers. Passenger-boats, fitted up in superb style, and never over-crowded, depart daily from St. Louis to Galena, where a class of boats equally convenient and comfortable, but drawing less water, accommodate those who are destined to the "Falls."

The calcareous bluffs in many places exhibit pyramids of naked rocks, which will remind the European traveller of the crumbling walls of ancient castles and lofty towers. Frequently they rise to a giddy height above the water, while the scattered oaks that cling to their surface, seem to be mere shrubs. At one time the river runs between two perpendicular walls of rock that overhang its banks, and appear as if by some mighty convulsion of nature they were separated to give an undisturbed passage of the water to the ocean. In another place, a cliff overhangs one bank, while an alluvial plain stretches away from the opposite shore, clothed in luxuriant grass and herbage, and sparkling with flowers and other rural beauties of vegetable nature. In another place the hills recede from either side—the river is widened and divided into diverse channels, which pass between innumerable islands. These are covered with a dense growth of forest trees, and with tangled masses of shrubbery and vines. The maple and ash constitute the principal forest growth of these islands, while stunted cedars adorn the cliffs, and gnarled oaks are scattered along their summits.

A few places, deserving the attention of the traveller, will be noticed in this communication.

WAH-PA-SHAH PRAIRIE, on the right bank, is one of the most beautiful in Minnesota. It is about nine miles long and three broad, stretching along the river, and gently swelling up from its shore. The landscape is sufficiently undulating to make the view from the river delightful. It is reported of the Winnebago Indians, when they reached this prairie, on their journey from Wisconsin to their new home, near Crow-Wing river, that they lingered here with a peculiar fondness for their old hunting-grounds. They cherished the associations of the river and prairie, threw off their blankets, and seemed determined

to take up their abode on this fertile prairie, until a reinforcement from the garrison of Fort Crawford, to their feeble escort, taught them the propriety of submission to the arrangements of their "Great Father."

Around this prairie, like an amphitheatre, are ranges of bluffs, divided by ravines. In places they are broken and precipitous, then gently sloping, covered with timber, and exhibiting a beautiful landscape. At the upper end of this prairie was, recently, the ancient village of *Wah-pa-Shah*, or the Red Leaf Indians. One year since, about one hundred "pale faces" arrived on this beautiful location, and now a village and a farming settlement around of two hundred families occupy their delightful grounds.

In no part of the Upper Mississippi river do the rocks, cliffs, and naked bluffs, that line the shore, exhibit more romantic and picturesque views than from Prairie du Chien to Lake Pepin. Frequently the upper portion of the bluff is a naked, perpendicular precipice, extending along the river like a wall, or peering up like a regular pyramid. On the west side are several of these pyramids, which appear as if cloven in their centre, leaving a perpendicular wall of rock exposed to the river. A few miles above Lake Pepin was another Indian village, of the Sioux Nation, on the west side of the river, called *Ta-lang-a-ma-ne*, or the bird with a red wing. Near this village is a half pyramidal bluff, with the grass and herbage growing to its very top. Not far from Wapashah prairie, and somewhat in its rear, is a range of eminences, that have received the name of THE EAGLE ROCKS.

Conspicuous among them is one elevation called the Sugar Loaf, or, more appropriately, the "TWIN MOUNTAIN." Its name has been derived from an Indian legend, which ran as follows:

Two bands of the Sioux quarrelled about a remarkable hill, situated some fifty miles above the Wapashah, or Red Leaf Prairie, in which the latter claimed an equal interest, and which *Ta-lang-a-ma-ne*, or the Red-Wing band refused to yield. All diplomatic negotiations having failed, and exceedingly hostile feelings engendered in the dispute, had increased to that pitch, that both parties resolved on war. Yet, they were of the same nation, belonged to the same tribe, and anciently had come from the same family. The preliminaries of uncovering the tomahawk, holding a season of fasting, and the scalp-dance, had been enacted by each party; and blood, the blood of kindred, must flow! The Red Leaf party entered on the war-trail, with the fell purpose of exterminating their brethren, the Red-Wings, who held possession of the contested hill. At this fearful crisis, *Wah-kan Ton-ka* ("Father of Life") took pity on the deluded bands, with the resolve to defeat the wicked machinations of *Wa-kan She-ka*, (The Evil Spirit). Calling to his aid the Thunderer, he raised a storm-cloud, on which he rode from his dwelling place in the Western sky, and made the night fearfully dark, so that the war-party lost their way. Next morning when the terrible storm had passed over, they found themselves on Wapashah Prairie, near their village. In the darkness and storm,

the "Father of Life" had divided the mount, and removed one half to the vicinity of the Eagle Rocks for their benefit, and left the other with the Red-Wing people. Thus peace was preserved, and from that time the two bands have been friends.

La Montagne qui Trempe a l'eau is an isolated mountain, or rocky island, that, at a distance, seems to rise from the centre of the river, to the height of several hundred feet, where it terminates in crumbling peaks of naked rock, and appears like some gigantic battlement of a former age. Around its base is an island covered with forest trees, whose deep, green foliage forms a pleasant contrast with the barren cliffs which cast their sombre shadow over the river. It is a mile or more in circumference, and the loftiest eminence on the river above the Wisconsin. The rocky strata, like the adjacent bluffs, is magnesian limestone, with a base of sandstone, and has the appearance of a portion of the bluffs cut off from the main shore, by some mighty convulsion, or the rushing of the waters in some by-gone period. The two channels of the river, including the Island, are more than a mile wide, and heighten the grandeur of the prospect. This singular mount has long attracted the attention of the *voyageurs* of the Upper Mississippi, as it did the aborigines of the country, who called it *Minne Chow-kah-hah*, or the bluff in the water. The Sioux regarded it as the residence of a *Wah-kan*, or spirit, and both classes have a superstitious fancy, that at a certain season in every year it sinks a few feet in the water—as doubtless it does at every rise of the river. Hence, the French *voyageurs* named it *La Montagne qui Trempe dans l'eau*—"The mountain that soaks in the water." The ascent is difficult, not to say perilous. The summit is a narrow ridge, but a few yards in width, running north and south; the west side is a precipice, and the east side a grassy slope. From its summit the view is grand and imposing. The scene unfolded is spacious and splendid. Hill-top on hill-top, forest after forest, are seen on all sides, while far below the feet of the spectator, the Mississippi rolls, in devious channels, amidst its numerous, woody Islands.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

We often find two persons, who have been equally well educated at school, one of whom is greatly in advance of the other in point of intelligence. This does not always arise from the superior ability of one, but because one of them had read, thought, and observed, more than the other. What we gain at school is only the means of becoming wise and useful. If we let it lie inactive in our minds, it will do us no good. How quickly does a young lady lose her power over the piano, if she neglect the instrument! How soon is a language forgotten, if we do not attempt to write or speak it! And this is true of nearly everything that is acquired at school. It lies merely in the outer court of the memory, and does not enter and take many permanent impression upon the mind until it is practised and made useful in every-day life.

We often hear it said of a woman, in society, that she is a well-educated woman; and the inference usually is, that she has received a liberal education at school. But the remark means something more; it means that she is a reading, observing, and reflecting woman. Hundreds have their memories crowded with the rudiments of an education, that lie there as inactive as food in the stomach of a dyspeptic; and they imagine themselves to be well educated; but it is all an imagination. To be well educated is something very different from this.

All real improvement of the mind commences at the time we first begin to think for ourselves; and this is after we have left school. At school, we merely acquire the means to be used in that true and higher order of education which every one must gain for himself. It matters not how many studies a young lady may have pursued at school, nor how thoroughly she may have mastered all she attempted to learn; if, after leaving school, she does not read, observe, and think, she will never make an intelligent woman.

In every company a young lady will find two classes of persons, distinctly separated from each other. If she mingle with those of one class, she will find their conversation to consist almost entirely of light and frivolous remarks on people's habits, dress, and manners, with the occasional introduction of a graver theme, that is quickly set aside, or treated with a levity entirely at variance with its merits. But if she mingle with those of the other class, she will find herself at once upon a higher plane, and be impressed with the pleasing consciousness that she has a mind that can think and feel interested in subjects of a general and more weighty interest. An hour spent with one class leaves the mind obscure and vacant; while an hour spent with the other, elevates, expands, and strengthens its powers, and causes it to see in a clearer atmosphere.

With one or the other of these classes a young lady is almost sure to identify herself, and rise into an intelligent woman, or remain nearly upon the level she at first occupied. We need not say how important it is for her to identify herself with the right class. Of course, her own tastes and preferences will have much to do in this matter. But, if she incline toward the unthinking and frivolous, she will be wise if she resist such an inclination, and compel herself, for a time, to mingle with those who look upon life with an eye of rational intelligence, and seek to live to some good purpose. The mental food received during the time she thus compels herself to mingle with them, will create an appetite that unsubstantial gossip and frothy chit-chat can no longer satisfy.

The importance and necessity of reading need hardly be affirmed. Its use is fully understood and admitted. But there is great danger of enervating the mind by improper reading. For a young girl to indulge much in novel-reading, is a very serious evil. Few of the popular novels of the day are fit to go into the hands of a young and imaginative girl. Apart from the false views of life which they present, and the false philosophy which they too often inculcate, they lift an inexperienced reader entirely above the real, from whence she has too little inclination to come down;

and whenever she does come down, she is unhappy, because she finds none of the ideal perfections around her, with which her imagination has become filled, but is for ever coming into rude contact with something that shocks her over-refined sensibilities. Her own condition in life she will be in great danger of contrasting with that of some favorite heroine of romance. If she does this, she will be almost sure to make herself miserable. A young lady who indulges much in novel-reading never becomes a woman of true intelligence. She may be able to converse fluently, and to make herself at times a very agreeable companion, even to those who are greatly her superiors; but she has no strength of intellect, nor has she right views of life.

All works of fiction, however, are not bad.—Where the author's aim is to give right views of life, and to teach true principles, if he possess the requisite ability to execute his design well, he may do great good. The reading of works of this kind, forms not only a healthy mental recreation, but creates a true sympathy in the mind for virtuous actions, and inspires emulation in good deeds. It is by means of this kind of writing that the broadest contrasts between right and wrong are made, and so presented to the reader that he cannot but love one while he abhors the other. Who can read one of Miss Sedgwick's admirable little books—"The Poor Rich Man" and the Rich Poor Man," "Live and Let Live," or "Home"—without rising from its perusal with healthier views of life, and a more earnest desire in all things to do justly and love mercy? Of this class of books there are a great many. The novels and tales of Miss Edgworth, Miss Bremer, Mrs. Howitt, and Mrs. Opie, are good, and may be read with not only pleasure but profit, by every young lady. The time spent in reading them will not be lost. Indeed, some portion of the time occupied in reading just such books, is necessary to a well-balanced mind. In reading history, we sympathize only with masses of people, or admire some powerful leader. Books of philosophy lift the mind up into an abstract region of thought; and poetry warms, inspires, and delights the imagination and refines the taste. All these are necessary to right intellectual culture; they form the very ground-work, solid walls, and inward garniture of a well-educated mind. But if reading be confined to these alone, there is danger of becoming cold and unsympathizing—of living in an intellectual world, more than in a real world of people, with like thoughts and like affections with ourselves. It is here that well-wrought fiction comes in with a humanizing tendency; giving to man a love for his fellow-man, and inspiring him with a wish to do good. In history, travels, and biography, we see man on the outside, as it were, and regard him at a distance, as a thinking and effective being; but in fiction, we perceive that he is fashioned in all things as we are; that he has like hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and like aspirations after the good and the true, and we are gradually led to feel with and for him as a brother—we hold him by the hand, we look into his face, we see the very pulsations of his heart. All this is good—all this is necessary to the true formation of character.

But for a young lady to limit her reading to this order of books, or even spend a large portion of the time allotted to reading to their perusal, will hinder her advancement in mental improvement. She will be very apt, also, to sink into the mere waste of sympathy towards ideal personages, without seeing in them types of real classes that are in the world, and all around her.

All right improvement of the mind will depend upon the leading motive which a young lady has in view, when she reads, thinks, or observes, with a careful eye, what passes around her. If her end be to acquire the power of conversing intelligently on various topics, and of exhibiting an acquaintance with books, in order to appear well in society, or to gain the reputation of being an intellectual and well-read woman, her advancement will not be as real as she supposes. All knowledge has its appropriate sphere of action, and that is the doing of something useful; and until it comes into this its true sphere, it never rises into intelligence. If, therefore, a woman reads and thinks merely with an end to be thought wise, she never becomes more than a mere pedant, who betrays on all occasions the shallowness of her pretensions; but if she use the truth she acquires in seeking to advance the cause of truth for the sake of the power it gives to do good, then is she in the way of becoming intelligent and wise.

A woman of true intelligence is a blessing at home, in her circle of friends, and in society. Wherever she goes, she carries with her a health-giving influence. There is a beautiful harmony about her character that at once inspires a respect which soon warms into love. The influence of such a woman upon society is of the most salutary kind. She strengthens right principles in the virtuous, incites the selfish and indifferent to good actions, and gives to even the light and frivolous a taste for food more substantial than the frothy gossip with which they seek to recreate their minds.

To give particular rules for self-improvement, and to specify the books to be read, and the order of reading them, is a thing not easily done. Indeed, what would be a right order for one to pursue, would not suit another; and therefore we shall not attempt to lay down any rules on this subject. Extensive reading is all very good; but right thinking on what we read, even if the amount be smaller, is far better. The only sound advice we are prepared to give is, for a young lady to suffer herself to be attracted towards the class of intelligent persons which she will always find in society, and to which we have alluded in this chapter. If she permits herself to become interested in the subjects that interest them, and be guided by what they mainly approve, she will find no difficulty in the choice of books. And if she seeks improvement more from a love of truth than to be thought intelligent, she will soon be able to see truth so clearly in the light of her own understanding, as to be at no loss in making right discriminations on nearly all subjects that are presented to her mind.—*Advice to Young Ladies on their Duties and Conduct in Life.*

HOW THE DUKE KEPT HIS TEMPER.

Pope tells us of a paragon of her sex who was mistress of herself though China fell. It is even more remarkable that the Duke of Wellington was master of himself even though his favorite horse was lamed by his aid-de-camp. There is hardly a greater trial to the equestrian temper than this; and, indeed, the common injustice of horse-masters appears in a certain diction set aside for their separate use. For example, a gentleman never throws his horse down or lames him; the horse falls with his owner, or falls lame with him; but with his friend or his groom, the horse is thrown down or lamed. The fault is the horse's when the owner rides, or an accident not to be helped; but in the hands of a servant or friend, it is always the fault of the rider. The Duke of Wellington appears to have been an extraordinary exception to this rule, as Lord William Lennox signally proved:

Upon one morning, late in December, the curricule was at the door, and I, ready booted and spurred, was waiting to drive the Duke to the place of meeting—Versailles, when his valet approached me, and said his master wished to see me. I attended the summons, and found his grace equipped for hunting, but very busy over some papers.

"I shall not be able to go to-day," said he, "but you can have the curricule. Tell the Royal Dukes I have some letters to write, as the courier starts at two o'clock, which will prevent me meeting them to-day. 'Elmore' is sent on for me, as he is short of work, you had better ride him—don't knock him about."

I briefly expressed my thanks, and started for the *rendezvous*, where I delivered my message, and mounted the far-famed hunter, 'Elmore,' who had lately been purchased in England for the Duke, at a high price. We had a capital run—twenty minutes in the forest and fifteen across the country, which, being tolerably well enclosed, gave me an opportunity of distinguishing myself. This I may say, without being accused of vaporing, when it is borne in mind that I was splendidly mounted, and that I rode under ten stone. Although the fencing and pace had choked off all the Royal Nimrods, they arrived in time to be in at the death; the stag that had given us so good a run had taken to the water, and shortly after fell a victim to the unerring aim of the Duc D'Angouleme's *garde chasse*, who, perceiving the Prince's bullet misdirected, quietly, and unknown to many, lodged a ball in the centre of the noble animal's forehead.

"*Monseigneur tire parfaitement*," said the keeper to his royal master, who seemed highly gratified at the success of his shot. From the manner in which 'Elmore' had gone, it was quite evident that the majority of the field were anxious to possess him; and it was hinted to me that the Duke could command almost any sum for him. Delighted with the character the new purchase had obtained, I started to ride gently home by myself; and, when within half a league of Paris, in crossing a small grip on the side of

the road, I found my horse go lame. To dismount and inspect his foot were the work of a moment; but I could see nothing. No alternative, then, was left me, but to lead the limping animal home to his stables. This I did, amidst the taunts and jeers of the rabble; but their insults were trifling compared to the annoyance I felt at the sad termination of my day's amusement. No sooner had I reached the Hotel Borghese, than I sent for the head groom and the Duke's coachman, and explained to them all that had occurred.

"Well, you have gone and done it," said the latter personage, who was a great character, and to whom I shall hereafter allude.

"Why, the Duke would not have taken two hundred for that horse."

The groom, however, seeing I was in a state of mental agony, comforted me a little by saying he trusted it was nothing, that he would have the shoe taken off, and that he hoped it would be all right. Happily for me, the Duke, who had been occupied all day, was out riding; and I did not see him until dinner-time. I had fully made up my mind to mention the accident, but wished to wait until nine o'clock, when I was to have a bulletin of "Elmore's" state. As a large party was assembled, little was said about the hunting until the ladies had retired; when I was called upon to give a full, true, and particular account of it. I mentioned the brilliant manner in which the horse had gone, and the panegyric he had received from all.

"A splendid animal," said my chief; "I hope to ride him next Monday, at Fontainebleau."

My heart quailed within me. At this moment the butler, who had heard of the mishap, gave me a message from the groom, that the horse was a little better from some treatment that had been adopted.

"Quite knocked up—dead beat," said all my friends, as they saw the dull state I was in; little knowing that the mind, not the body, was suffering.

"I can take you to the play," said his grace, "the cabriolet is at the door. . . . I am afraid you are quite knocked up," said the Duke, as, seated by his side, I drove him off from the theatre.

My only answer was a deep sigh; then making a sudden resolution, I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and told the whole of the day's adventure, and the accident that had befallen me.

"Can't be helped," said the Duke in his usual quick voice. "Hope it is not as bad as you think—accidents will happen."

The tone and manner in which the above phrases were delivered, and the inward satisfaction of feeling one's conscience unburdened, completely restored me to comfort, which was not a little increased by the kind manner in which my patron wished me good-night. The fatigue and excitement of the hunt soon caused my eyelids to close in slumber, and I was awoke out of a deep sleep, during which the transactions of the day had all flitted across me, by the entrance of the trusty porter (who waited upon me,) announcing that it had just struck six. I had ordered myself to be called at that early hour, being anxious to attend

the stables, and hear the report of the groom as to "Elmore's" state. To my great dismay, I found my worst fears realized—the horse was dead lame. From seven till ten o'clock I wandered about the house like a perturbed spirit, when at the latter hour I received a message to attend his grace in his morning-room. I entered the Duke's presence like a condemned criminal.

"Turnham tells me 'Elmore' must be blistered and turned out!"

I quaked in my shoes; independently of the annoyance of having been the cause of so much mischief, I thought to myself that my hunting days were over.

"I've heard all particulars; you're not to blame—you did your best."

The Duke had been informed of my early visit.

"But—" (The thought of Othello's remark—"Never more be officer of mine!" came across my mind.)

"But," continued the chief, "I can't afford to run the chance of losing all my best horses; so in future"—the climax was coming, thought I; no more hunting—"so in future, you shall have the brown horse and the chestnut mare; and, if you knock them up, you must afterwards mount yourself."

KENTUCKY MARKSMEN.

We have individuals in Kentucky, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been a witness of rifle sport, I shall present the result of my observations, leaving the reader to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals, who conceive themselves adepts in the management of the rifle, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill; and, betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which, a common sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, and which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping* it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance short of a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. One out of the three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial among themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settles the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing some day for another trial. This is technically termed "*driving the nail*."

Barking the squirrels is delightful sport, and, in my opinion, requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner

of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky river, until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general *mast* was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting-shirt, bare legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder was measured, the ball patched with six hundred thread linen, and a charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so thick that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals, which had observed us, and was crouched on a bark about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the *head* or sight of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whiplike report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately under the squirrel and shivered it into splinters; the concussion produced by which, had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green river, not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I had heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be rifles, I went toward the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me that they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night, at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf by torchlight. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, but which, in reality, was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it to watch the effect of the shots, as well as to light the candle, should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit the snuff of the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity with numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians

with the rifle, I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bull's eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.—*The Great West.*

THE FATHER'S LETTER.

We have recently heard of several cases of dissipation and death among young adventurers in California. When they left home their habits were good, their hopes were high, and their energies were active and vigorous. For a time, too, they struggled manfully and successfully, were prosperous, and promised in a few years to realize handsome fortunes. But they were away from friends and home; no watchful mother's eye was upon them, no father was present, to restrain or admonish by his gentle counsels, and temptations of various kinds presented themselves. Nay, they rarely heard directly from the Atlantic States; the letters that came at first with due regularity by every mail, were omitted, or did not reach them; they fancied that they were neglected, if not forgotten, and they rushed wildly on in a career of excitement and dissipation. Had their friends at home kept up a constant correspondence—had they reminded them only once a month, that they continued to be objects of interest and affection, that intelligence was looked for from them constantly and anxiously, the memories and the associations of home would have exercised a salutary restraint—would have induced many an hour of reflection—would have checked their progress of recklessness and inebriety—would, in all probability, have saved them from premature death.

Some years since, a young gentleman of this city was sent by his father, in a confidential capacity, on his first voyage to Canton. He had just burst into manhood, was full of life and enterprise, entered eagerly upon the arena of the world, and took his departure in a cheerful and buoyant spirit. A few hours, however, before the vessel sailed, his father, who confided in and doted upon him, and for whom he entertained the most profound respect and affection, called him aside, spoke to him kindly and feelingly, and placing a letter in his hands, begged him to read it attentively and ponder upon its truths calmly and thoughtfully, *immediately before his landing on the distant soil to which he was destined!* He promised so to do, deposited the letter in a spot of the utmost security, and at the time designated he opened and perused it. It was long, kind, confidential and truthful. The father had himself been again and again in China, understood all the fascinations and temptations that were presented to a stranger, had seen many young men fall before them, and he was unwilling to subject his son to so fiery an ordeal, without stating the facts to him vividly and graphically, and appealing to his reason, his conscience, and his good sense, to exercise to the utmost the virtues of temperance, self-denial and self-control! The effect upon the mind of the young man was

of the most decided character. In the letter that he had so carefully cherished, he saw, as it were, the heart of his father, and he heard his voice echoing over thousands of miles of the trackless ocean. A tear, a manly tear, came to his eye before he had concluded, and he quietly but solemnly resolved to abide by the counsel there given.

Only the next day, and before he had landed six hours in the new field of life, he was earnestly invited to participate in a scene of dissipation, exactly such as his father had described—a scene, too, which dozens of others of the same age and similarly circumstanced, were about to enjoy. But he declined, promptly, courteously, yet firmly and unequivocally. One or two of his companions laughed at his scruples, and endeavored to persuade him that he was unnecessarily cautious. But to all such he had only one reply—**HIS FATHER'S LETTER!** It served as a monitor and a shield, and while it protected him from the dangers, the vices and the excesses which he soon discovered were destroying many others, it constituted a lesson of thoughtful kindness and generous confidence, that he remembered with gratitude for the rest of his days.

And yet, how often is this duty, this solemn duty of writing to the young, the ardent and impulsive, when away from home, either partially or wholly neglected—and how often are the consequences, as in the cases above adverted to, of the most painful character! We have great faith in the power of a letter, when aptly written, judiciously toned, and generously intended!—There is an indescribable magic in an epistle of this kind. We have known mothers to linger for hours over some hasty scrawl of a truant boy in a far land, while we have seen children grasp at something far more precious than gold—the tattered fragments of some finger-worn letter that was written years and years before, and that nevertheless embodied some priceless sentiment of love.

In this country, with so many movements in progress, with States so widely separated by distance, with parents dwelling by the borders of the Atlantic, and children struggling for fortune amid the golden sands of the Pacific, an occasional letter is absolutely indispensable. Without something of the kind, rooms, kindred and their hallowed associations, will, to a certain extent, be forgotten, dangerous habits will be formed, and fearful consequences will be the result. It often happens, too, that those who wander away in a moment of dissatisfaction and pride, feel that they have done wrong, and yet are ashamed to confess it. They would rather starve than make the acknowledgment. Nay, many have perished under such circumstances. To the sick, the suffering, the dispirited or the unfortunate—what could be more soothing, more encouraging than voices from home? A letter, a kind letter, may unseal the fountains of tenderness that have long been frozen up, revive a thousand gentle reminiscences, change the heart, re-nerve the nature, and thus re-animate and restore. It is, moreover, so easy a thing to write. A few minutes devoted to a work of duty and of love of this character, and who may imagine the

consequences? Alas! how many a heart has been wounded, how many a friendship has been broken, how many a solemn engagement has been frittered away by the errors, nay, the vices of indolence, indifference and neglect!—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

RELIGION AND DAILY LIFE.

All the employments, business, or duties of daily life can be performed in a manner which will make them the best aids to religious culture—to the formation of a Christian character. And we cannot, without derogating from the wisdom of the Supreme—we cannot but believe that they were devised by our Creator expressly for our education in the noblest concerns of the soul. To understand this fact, we must know distinctly the true purpose of life. It should be repeated to us every day, that we are in this world for the sake of spiritual discipline; to train and develop to their utmost capacity the intellectual powers which God has given us; to bring the passions and appetites under the control of the reason and conscience; to strengthen, purify and refine every faculty of the soul, and leave the world prepared to enter, with enlarged capacities and energies, upon the employments of the future. This is the highest object of human life; and whatever is done with this end in view is a right, a noble, a good, a holy deed—one that helps forward the highest, truest education of the soul.

The means of spiritual discipline are as numerous as the faculties of the mind, and the circumstances and employments of life. It is a mistake to suppose that we can become well educated merely by the help of one class of agencies—the agencies of the Church and the Sabbath. We need also the agencies of business and of the work of daily life. We need influences adapted to every part of our nature, and as various as its moods; and God has given us every necessary aid for our work. This body, in which we live, and which we so often abuse and then vilify as the cause of our transgressions, was given to teach us something important, and our souls could not become great, good and beautiful in any situation so well as within these fleshy limitations. The material universe around us, so intimately related to our body and spirit, is another great instructor; and time would fail to describe the ways in which we may be assisted by its direct and hidden influences. Human souls are also necessary to our education and progress. By contact with them, our mental and moral faculties are evolved, and their thought and action create the proper atmosphere for sustaining our spiritual existence. Books, which are among the best products of the soul, also instruct us; not exclusively, as many seem to suppose, but in proportion to our power to use them rightly. And especially are we educated by action. Action—the putting forth of the soul's energies in direct effort to overcome obstacles, or to accomplish some result in the realm of matter or spirit—is as necessary to its health as motion to the welfare of the body. And of action, the modes are almost infinite. How many different things are to be done in one day! And all these things are necessary to be done, not only on their own ac-

count, but for the discipline of him who works. No one can say how important our common duties are in respect of the result upon the materials and persons with which we are engaged. It may be that many things we are obliged to do are unimportant in themselves, but they help to bring out certain powers which otherwise would remain inactive. It is not to be expected that we can always see the precise relation of a duty to our spiritual culture; but the fact that it is a duty is proof that we shall be improved by doing it.

Many persons are ready to acknowledge that life is the school of the spirit, but are troubled that the methods of culture should be such as they are. They understand that study, and benevolent and striking action, constitute an agreeable discipline; but how can this be said of every-day, common duties, or those that are not pleasant? We stop not at present to vindicate Providence; we only state its method. And the fact is that the *greatest portion* of our spiritual education, be the result good or bad, comes from the most common employments. Great occasions occur seldom; but these every-day employments are the largest share of our life, and teach us more than we are aware. Many persons are educated entirely by them; the greatest men that ever lived have been so trained; and *all* men become powerful and excellent in proportion to their wisdom and fidelity in their use. So far from being a hindrance, they are the very aids of our growth, and the worst calamity would be deliverance from them.

For example, Commerce or the Mercantile profession contains within itself the means and opportunities for producing the most valuable mental and moral qualities—self-reliance, habits of observation, the reasoning and constructive faculty, practical judgment, decision, energy, patience, persistence, honor, honesty, benevolence, disinterestedness and piety. All those things a true merchant can learn without going out of his counting-room—more certainly than in a college or school of theology. That this profession should have great temptations is but the natural compensation for its great capabilities. That men do not use it so as to obtain the above-named virtues and good results, does not prove that it is incapable of yielding them, nor that a few have not obtained them. It is a place, a profession, created by God, in which a man may become as great and as good as he is able, if he improve, as he ought, its varied and inestimable privileges.

In like manner it might be shown that each of the ordinary professions of life is furnished with the means of spiritual culture. The farmer who fully understands the resources of his calling, may gather from his fields a finer crop than his hay and corn—a constant lesson in all things which go to make a true man. The mechanic need not leave his designing and building to find employment for his best faculties, for by regulating his proceedings by the golden rule and the known will of his Heavenly Father, his work may become as noble an expression of religious aspiration, as the most polished of written or spoken words. The sailor who sails over the ocean and visits foreign lands, with his intellect wide awake and his moral principles sound, will not only

freight his ship, but his soul, with valuable knowledge and a generous regard to human welfare. The wife and mother may, in the superintending of her household and the education of her children, display as much spiritual energy as would be required to create a reputation for literary excellence or public philanthropy.

From what has been stated, it will be readily seen that the great use of life is spiritual culture, and that its various professions and duties are a series of schools, in which we are placed to acquire certain qualities essential to the highest excellence of character. If we knew which occupation or situation in life would most advance our spiritual growth, that would be the best for us. But God only knows in what department we shall best advance. Our duty is to accept the situation which Providence seems to intend for us, and to use it to the best advantage as long as we live. Then, when we are called away, and enter another field of labor, it will be of little consequence upon what sort of materials we have wrought in this world. The test will not then be whether we have tilled the earth, built in wood or stone, pulled the ropes of a ship, written a book, painted a picture, or held the sceptre of a nation; but whether we have gained from these employments that power of mind, purity of taste and uprightness and excellence of character, which will enable us to grapple with higher themes and more suitable occupations. Our gold, our merchandize, our lands, our civic honors, our poem, or our temple, we cannot take with us; but we shall take the soul, which has been fashioned by our effort to gain these possessions, and to acquire and create this power and these works. And he who carries to the unknown world the noblest results from this, has lived the best, and had a genuine success in life. He will receive the highest meed of approbation, who has made the most, morally and religiously, of those opportunities which God, in His wisdom, has contrived for our growth in goodness and in a Christ-like life.

God's method of education is the best, and we only go wrong and fall into confusion, when we would alter it. When He creates an oak, He does not plant it in a hot-house, and send gardeners to water and tend it; but an acorn drops into the side of a hill, and shoots up among the rocks, and through storms and tempests, drenching and scorching, it fights its way along, till in a hundred years it is the king of the forest. So must we grow to the stature of perfect men.

THE ART OF READING.

MEN are not yet prepared to understand creation, and philosophy alone is not able to teach them. For, if it were, then revelation, the greatest fact in the whole history of man, would have been useless. The day will come when men will read the Word of God in the laws of Nature; but they must first learn to read. The real art of reading is not yet known; we have only a type or shadow of it. If men could read, they would agree. That is not read which men do not read alike. It is babbled. We have got so far as the art of babbling. We are getting on. Wait a little longer.

THE PRAIRIE ROSE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

The pretty little prairie rose!
Low on a slender stalk it grows,
And often, when the sun is set,
Its scented leaves with dew are wet,
As if 'twere weeping still, for one
To breathe its wasting sweets upon.

Oh! brighter flowers are round it spread:
Lichnidas, robed in purpling red;
Lilies, of orange and of blue;
And painted cups, with flaming hue.
Not one, not one among them grows,
So lovely as the prairie rose.

Where'er upon the prairie wide
You go, 'tis springing at your side.
From still ravines, all deep and wild,
'Twill greet you, like a laughing child,
Or, peeping from the upland grass,
Throw perfume on the way you pass.

Its velvet cheek and starry eye
All day are lifted to the sky.
At eve, upon the mighty plain
Its dewy leaves drop off—in vain!
It blooms and dies, the prairie rose,
And who its gentle beauty knows?

Ah! many blessings might we find
In bloom for us—were we not blind!
We crush beneath our careless feet
The blossoms delicate and sweet;
For rankly care above them grows,
As weeds o'erhang the prairie-rose.

WHOM SHALL WE HONOR?

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

"He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city."

Whom shall we honor? Shall we honor him,
The warrior bold, who seeks the embattled plain;
Whose gleaming sword with human gore grows dim,

O'er prostrate foes slacks not his courser's rein?
To his strong arm admiring thousands bow,
And spread his fame through many a distant land:

They twine the laurel-wreath around his brow,
And place the sceptre in his blood-drenched hand.

Before his throne obsequious courtiers stand,
Joy in his smile, and pale beneath his frown;
With seeming reverence hear each stern command,

Yet not to such belong the victor's crown;
He who has learned the restless soul to quell,
To give to angry words the answer mild;
Whose strong right arm can rein that war-horse well,
Whose course in passion's strife is fierce and wild;

Though theirs may be no wreath around the brow,

And theirs, perchance, may be an humble name,
To such all lowly doth the spirit bow,
And such alone the heart's true worship claim.

NASRUA, N. H., 1853.

LITTLE FRANK AND HIS EMPLOYER.

BY MRS. COOKE.

"It is not good that man should be alone."—GEN. II. 18.

The Hon. Charles Alberry was in the prime of life. He was the husband of an accomplished woman, and the father of three fine girls, the eldest of whom was just entering society. Besides his domestic ties, he had a large circle of cultivated acquaintance, and his high social position and winning manners enabled him to add daily, if he wished it, to his many personal friends. And yet, amid all these amenities, Charles Alberry felt painfully the truth of the text above quoted. He was alone. His many valued associates had each some favorite pursuit, some absorbing interest, that made his society, welcome as it was, only a secondary consideration. He had some peculiar traits of character, with which none cared to acquaint themselves. Why should they? It is the common lot. An invisible but icy wall separates man from man in the social world, and the charities that sweeten life pass through it like food through the turning-box in a convent. Only in domestic life, as a general thing, does heart meet heart, and mind reveal itself to mind. And, alas! not always there.

Mrs. Charles Alberry was a woman of the world. She respected the world's opinion, and she had, besides, an abstract regard for right that made her conduct scrupulously correct. She was a capital housekeeper, and, in all external matters, an irreproachable wife and mother. Her fine person was always tastefully dressed. Her mental qualities were seldom disfigured by ill-temper, or disturbed by nervous weaknesses. She did not, like many of her sex, lean heavily upon the conjugal arm. She had great self-reliance, and she exacted from her husband far less attention than he would willingly have paid. Did he offer to read to her? She would either excuse him on the plea that her engagements were engrossing, or she would listen with a quiet civility that convinced him she was practising self-denial. Did he confide to her his daily cares and troubles? She heard him with exemplary patience, and would always respond, "Is there anything I can do for you? Do you wish me to take a different course in consequence of this state of things?" The Hon. Charles Alberry felt that he was only his wife's banker, her purveyor, her chief executive officer; in short, a very necessary "part of the world's furniture." Her real objects of interest and pursuit had nothing to do with him, except that she would abandon them if he requested it, as in duty bound. Her daughters were samples of the same form of humanity in an incipient state. In the bosom of his family, Charles Alberry was alone.

Of course, it was his duty to seek some pursuit for himself—to people his desert island with as many tame goats and parrots as he could. And, to do him justice, he manfully strove to do so. He was quite a philanthropist in a quiet way. He devoted time and money and patient thought to the various schemes for the elevation

and improvement of his race. Yet he secretly leaned to the opinion of Hawthorne, that "man's best-directed effort only accomplishes a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities." And when, as was often the case, his motives were misconstrued and his bounty misemployed, he retired within himself, and was alone. His friends had sometimes induced him to engage in the pursuits of public life, but he was too magnanimous for a politician, and a little too indolent for a statesman. Besides, his vocation did not seem to lie in that direction. In the refined pursuits of a gentleman and scholar, and in the discharge of those friendly offices for which genial natures always find occasion, he sought to fill the void that his domestic relations left unoccupied.

One rainy morning, in spring, as he was sitting in his study, looking languidly at some newly-arrived engravings, and feeling how much the presence of some kindly human heart would add vividness to his enjoyment, he heard a timid knock at his door. On opening it, he met a boy of some twelve years, bearing a package of papers.

"What are these, my little fellow?" said Mr. Alberry, kindly.

"Some papers from Mr. Waters, sir. He wishes you to look at them, and return them if you think they will answer."

Waters was the secretary of a benevolent association, to whose affairs the papers related.

"Very well, my boy; take a seat. This business will not take long, I think."

It did take some time, however, and, at length, Mr. Alberry began to think his little companion must find it very dull, sitting there unoccupied. He looked up and saw that the boy was gazing at the engravings upon the table with a very admiring interest. He had not ventured to touch them, nor, indeed, was it quite desirable that he should do so; for, notwithstanding the proverbial cleanliness of the virtuous poor, (in popular stories,) neither his hands nor his clothing were in perfectly faultless condition.

"Do you like pictures, my lad?" asked Mr. Alberry, with awakened interest.

"Oh! yes, very much," said the boy, coloring with grateful surprise.

"There are some very fine ones on the wall. Perhaps you would like to look at them. I will finish these affairs very soon."

The boy rose, and walked quietly about the room for some time; then he sat down again.

"Have you seen them all?" asked Alberry, without looking up.

"Yes, sir."

"Which do you like best?"

"That one, sir;" and, to Alberry's surprise, the little fellow pointed out the choicest gem of the collection.

"I suppose you look at the pictures in the shop-windows, sometimes."

"Yes, sir. But I never saw one so handsome as that."

"I dare say not. That is by a foreign artist, and is really remarkably beautiful."

When Alberry next looked up from his papers, the boy was gazing earnestly, not at the en-

gravings, but at himself. Confused and blushing, he dropped his eyes to the carpet.

"What do you think of me?" asked Alberry, smiling. The humorous expression faded from his face as the little fellow answered quickly and with enthusiasm—

"Oh! sir, I always knew there must be somebody like you. Let me work for you. I will do anything, if I may only see you sometimes."

"Don't you work for Mr. Waters?" asked the gentleman, with undisguised interest.

"I live at the house, and run of errands for the boarders, but I am not engaged there, and I don't think they want me."

"And have you no parents?"

"No; they are both dead."

"Well, what can you do, my boy? You can read, I suppose."

"Oh, yes."

From any one else our errand-boy might have resented that enquiry. He had had the ordinary advantages, and had made unusual proficiency.

"And write, too, perhaps?" pursued Mr. Alberry.

"I can write a little," was the modest reply.

"Let me see you write your name upon that sheet."

The boy wrote, with a trembling hand, but in tolerably fair characters, Franklin Headley.

"Franklin! Ah, that's a very good name. You have read the life of Franklin, perhaps."

"No, sir."

Mr. Alberry rose, and, taking the volume from a book-case, wrote something on a blank leaf, and said to the boy—

"Here, Frank, take this home with you, and read it when you have leisure. Some of these papers want revision, and I will call on Mr. Waters for that purpose. You may go now, and if you are at liberty to-morrow, at ten o'clock, come to me, and I will see what I can do for you."

And he held out his hand. Little Frank responded with a blush, for his long, dark wrist, dingy knuckles, and neglected nails, formed a striking contrast with the beautiful hand that was offered him. Mr. Alberry, however, looked only at the soft brown eyes that were raised to his own, so full of earnest enthusiasm, of reverent admiration. He felt for the moment as if his was a desert island no longer—he had found his man Friday.

As for our little friend, he had not turned the first corner before he looked at the inscription on the first page of the book he carried. He there read, "Franklin Headley from C. Alberry," and pressed his lips to the name for very joy. It was not because he had received something of the value of a few shillings. In the pocket of his ragged vest was a much larger sum than the book had cost, which yet did not give him a tithe of the pleasure. It was not because a gentleman had stooped to patronize him. It was rather because he had *not* stooped; because there was something in the manner of the polished and cultivated man that seemed to acknowledge a brother-nature in the friendless child. This feeling, which he could not analyze, thrilled his heart with a strange joy; it opened a new era in

his innocent life. He found no time for reading during the day, but when he sought his hard mattress, after many labors, he again kissed the name of his benefactor, and added a new petition to his artless prayer. And, at a later hour, the Hon. Charles Alberry sought his luxurious pillow, by the side of his accomplished partner, and dreamed of the earnest eyes of the errand-boy.

At ten precisely, Frank presented himself at the door of the study. His new friend was engaged with some gentlemen, but nodded to him kindly, and, after a little delay, was at liberty to attend to him.

"I hardly know," said he, as he approached, and speaking in a low voice, "I hardly know if I understood correctly the wish you expressed yesterday. You said you would like to work for me. There is no vacancy in my household at present, but I am connected with a law-office, where they tell me an active, intelligent boy would be a decided acquisition. Would that suit you?"

"Do you go there often?" asked Frank, timidly.

"Sometimes," answered Alberry, smiling, "and when you can write a little better, I shall have a great deal of that kind of work for you to do. Do you think you could be patient and accurate?"

"Oh, yes."

"And would you like to 'scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,' as Bryant says?"

"Yes, —"

"Well, what do you wish to say?"

"I was thinking that the line before that tells what I always *have* done."

"Ah, you read I see, and remember what you read. Well, you have just begun to tread the path of improvement, and there is no end to it. We are learning all our lives. Come with me and I will show you the office, and explain the kind of work that will be expected of you at first."

The next half hour was a very busy one to little Frank. It gave him a world of new ideas. At its close Mr. Alberry said to him, "We shall expect you to sleep in the office. This little room you will share with Mr. Usher, who is now on a visit to his friends. He will return in a few days. In this large room Mr. Carter keeps his books and papers. They are very accurately arranged, and you must on no account disturb them."

The gentleman alluded to was sitting at a desk with a pen behind his ear. He was very grave and formal in his manner, but he spoke kindly to Frank, and told him he might come to-morrow if he liked.

Frank was so delighted that he wished to thank them both, but failing in resolution, he took leave in bashful silence.

"I am pleased with the boy," said Mr. A. to Mr. C. "I think he will suit us, but you will, of course, observe him closely for a time. Waters thinks he has no bad habits, but he is human, I suppose."

"He has an honest face," said Mr. Carter.

"Yes, and a good deal of quickness; but he may be wanting in application. We shall see."

A habit of distrust is the painful dowry of ex-

perience. With Mr. Alberry, perhaps it was excessive. On this occasion, however, he expressed rather more than he felt. Little Frank had no habits of distrust, and, on his pillow that night, he sketched a picture of his future life, and of the character of his employer, which contained, of course, a little too much *couleur de rose*.

"I shall have to build fires, and sweep, and run of errands, very much as I do now. But I shall have a great deal of time for study, and I shall see Mr. Alberry often, and he will take an interest in my progress, and then I *can't* help improving; and I shall become in time, not his equal, of course, but something worthy of his kindness. And I am sure I can find some way to be of use to him, like the little mouse, whose sharp teeth set the lion at liberty."

And thus he ran on, till his waking dreams were merged in the shifting fantasies of sleep.

The next morning he entered upon the duties of his new situation, and for some days everything in connection with it fully realized his expectations. Mr. Alberry came to the office very frequently, and employed him in many miscellaneous tasks that had been long accumulating from the lack of such a functionary as himself. He asked him many questions, and seemed amused at the childish *naivete* of his replies. Those were happy days, and under their kindly influence many fine traits of character were awakened and developed. But the sun which fosters the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, warms also venomous reptiles into life. So the mental sunshine that our little Frank enjoyed, served also to cherish one of his marked defects of character. This was the disposition to rely upon some outward support, instead of that aid from within and above, that comes ever to those that seek it, and that is, for all, the only reliable blessing of existence. This tendency is the selfishness of affectionate natures; often mistaken for its reverse. At present it was so amiably manifested that even Mr. Alberry felt only gratified by the artless enthusiasm of the confiding child. It was refreshing to the world-worn man to feel that his influence awoke all generous impulses in that youthful heart—that his every word, and look, and tone, were treasured among those innocent memories as the dearest things in life. And his habitual distrust slumbered quietly, not without dreams.

These days lasted not long. One bright morning Mr. Usher made his appearance. He was a lively, active little man, very precise in his manner, and with an unflinching flow of words. He talked, and bustled, and arranged, and kept little Frank constantly busy. It was late at night when they retired to their pillows: not, alas! to sleep. Mr. Usher was a *sonnambulist*. During the greater part of the night he was walking about the room, unpacking his trunks and arranging his wardrobe, leaving things at day-break very much as he had found them. His eyes were open, but he seemed unconscious of Frank's bewildered enquiries and timid expostulations. A half hour's doze was all the poor little fellow obtained before being called to begin his morning tasks. Mr. Usher was wide awake *now*, and the slightest allusion to the night's disturbance seemed to irritate him so much, that, hoping it was unusual, Frank

respected his feelings and was silent. It was *not* unusual. It was an old habit with Mr. Usher, and one which he had taken great pains to conceal, as he was very sensitive about it. Poor Frank soon grew to dread the warning sparkle of his eye, and to make no complaints with regard to loss of sleep. He learned to catch uneasy slumbers during the restless perambulations of his companion, and he hoped for a time that they would cease, or that he should cease to feel them as annoying. It proved far otherwise. He grew thin and haggard, his nervous system lost its tone; he blundered about his work and made serious mistakes in his frequent tasks of copying. He dared not explain his condition to the reserved Mr. Carter, and Mr. Alberry was very much engaged, and never saw him now alone.

It chanced at length that that gentleman was absent from home for a few days, and returned weary and dispirited. He had seen much in his absence of the darker traits of human nature, and he almost shrank from communion with his race. He was a delicate organization, and peculiarly sensitive to the discords of life.

Full well we know the certain doom of such,

By harsher natures ever crushed and marred;
The spirit's finer chords are all too much

By heedless touches agonized and jarred.

This tendency may perhaps be called the selfishness of refinement. At least it is a human infirmity. Not thus shrink Heaven's angel missionaries, as they hover on benignant errands about humanity in its most repulsive forms. Not thus withdraws the Eternal Love from the most debased and erring of His creatures. And as Mr. A. entered his elegant home, and received the greeting of his accomplished wife and graceful daughters, he felt that he had been indulging in morbid feelings, and endeavored to throw them off.

"Anything new in my absence?" he enquired, pleasantly.

"Oh, yes; Ellen is going to leave us."

"I thought she was engaged for the season."

"Certainly; but she did not know then 'that he was in it.'"

"And who is *he*, pray?"

"He is an old lover of hers, whose conscience has suddenly become sensitive with regard to a former engagement of marriage. It seems he has found some employment at the South-end, and so Ellen prefers a miserable shantee with Phelim O'Neale to our domestic comforts."

"That is natural, I suppose. Well, Ellen is a good girl. We must make her up a *trousseau*. Have any messages been left for me?"

"Yes, several. There is Patrick Doolan says 'the master must get him a better place nor that at the bakery.'"

"The rascal!" said Alberry, but still good-humoredly, "I will set him at work ditching the meadow."

"Then Mr. Usher was here to apologize for not having finished your copying. He said he had been hindered by some vexatious mistakes of Frank Headley's. He is sorry to say that Frank grows more *mistaken* every day."

Alberry looked grave.

"And last of all, the little fellow was here him-

self with a very disconsolate face, and expressed a wish to see you. He will come again in the morning."

"I shall be very much engaged in the morning. However, I must be at home to little Frank."

"Of course," said the lady, with a rather equivocal smile.

She often smiled at her husband's philanthropy, though she never went farther in words than to hint that he was "rather Quixotic, perhaps." Truth to say, at this moment he was inclined to look at the subject through his wife's spectacles.

"If one could be sure of doing any good!" he murmured mentally. "There is Frank, now—I wonder what he wants of me. Even Carter admits that he is less efficient than formerly. Perhaps I noticed him too much at first, and yet I strove to avoid that error. He has a peculiar temperament. There are always grave defects in these enthusiastic natures. If I am disappointed in him, I shall be almost tempted to let sin and misery take their own course in future."

Had Mr. Albergy spoken his thoughts aloud, they might have received the following reply:—"Once upon a time, a beautiful stream grew weary of watering the valley, and sank to rest in a silent pool, fragrant with water lilies. The fountain that had supplied it, sent forth its rejoicing waves in other directions, and left the slumbering streamlet to stagnation and miasma."

Such might have been the answer to his musings, but no one was present except his lady, and she dealt not in any flimsy fables.

The next morning Mr. A. was engaged in his study with several friends when little Frank was admitted. He looked thin, but his cheeks were flushed with excitement, and he trembled so much that he leaned unconsciously against a desk where a gentleman was writing. "Don't shake the desk, my boy," said the gentleman, somewhat sharply. Frank removed so hastily as to throw down some valuable papers. As he knelt to gather them up, a few silent tears dropped unobserved upon the carpet. They were dried before Mr. A. saw his friends to the door, and returned with his overcoat and umbrella. "Now, Frank," said he, "I am very busy, as you see, but I will attend to your wishes. What did you want with me?" Seeing that Frank hesitated, he added, "You look as if you were ill. Is that the trouble? I must send Dr. Brown to see you."

"Oh, no, sir; I should be well enough if I could only sleep; but Mr. Usher is walking about all night, and doing such strange things that it worries me dreadfully. I don't know what to do."

"Do you mean that he walks in his sleep?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must make him 'drink mandragora,'" said Mr. A., smiling; then, seeing that the boy looked puzzled, he added, "I mean we will try to find an opiate for both of you. And, in the meantime, remember always to do all you can for others, and claim as little from them in return as possible. It is the true secret of life, for all of us." There was a knock at the door, and Mr. A. added hastily, "You may go to the office now, Frank, and to sleep if you like. I will look in upon you to-morrow."

To-morrow came at last, though it seemed to

linger painfully, and with it came Mr. A. in a travelling costume. He found Frank alone in his room.

"Are you going away?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Yes; I am going to Philadelphia for a few weeks. I have been very much engaged this morning, but I reserved a few minutes for you. I had a long talk with Mr. Usher last evening, and he says he is not addicted to sleep-walking. He says he thinks *you* have very restless nights, and bad dreams, and an excited imagination, doubtless."

"And you believed him!" said Frank, in great surprise.

"I believe that you are ill, and must have rest and nursing. I have spoken to Mr. Carter about it, and he will see that you have everything that is needful. You can always rely upon Mr. Carter. He is reserved, but very upright and kind-hearted. And, above all, my dear boy, learn as far as possible to rely upon yourself. Affectionate natures, like yours, are a little apt to be exacting. Ah, there is the coach. Good-bye, my lad. I shall not forget you." And Mr. Albergy shook the passive hand of the boy, and he went on his way.

"He is gone!" exclaimed Frank, bursting into passionate tears. "Gone, and he thinks ill of me! I wish I had not spoken to him. I thought he would like it, but he did not. *I might* have borne it, perhaps, or I might have spoken to Mr. Carter. I did not like to do so, but I *might*. Or I could have gone back to my old place, where I certainly suffered less; but life was aimless and hopeless there. I would rather die than that. What was it I read in the paper this morning?

"To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have, and are, for this, for nought!"

"It was Willis who wrote that. I wonder if his head ached as mine does. And then, what if I *should* die before he returns? I don't think I should be much missed. I have not learned to be very useful. Mr. Usher says he has a nephew at home that would suit the firm much better than I do. I dare say it is true, for I don't think I have much practical talent." There was a pause, during which he rather felt than thought. Then he resumed, "I see it all now. He was partly right, at least. I have been exacting, though I did not know it. He would not have used that word if he had known all, but it was true, notwithstanding. He has annoyances enough of his own, and I ought not to have added to them. Hereafter I will deserve his good opinion, and if I cannot win it, I will try to do without it." He sank upon his knees, and murmured, weeping, "Heavenly Father, wilt Thou always bless Mr. Albergy, wherever he goes, and grant that he may be only mistaken, and not to blame, and then I won't mind it. Keep him always from what is wrong, not on my account, but because it is unworthy of him." The tears that flowed now, were not wholly bitter, and he soon forgot all his sorrows in a long and quiet sleep.

It was the commencement of a very sickly

season, and Dr. Brown found little leisure to attend to Frank, for whom he wrote some trifling prescriptions. After some days, however, Mr. Usher fell seriously ill, and again went home to his friends. His departure was better than medicine for the little patient that remained. And, after a time his letters announced that he had given up all idea of returning. His health was still imperfect, but he had become a superior clairvoyant and spirit-rapping medium, and was now willing to admit that he might have been a sonnambulist. Frank explained the facts to Mr. Carter, who said little, but treated him thereafter with marked consideration.

Mr. Alberry's absence lasted many weeks, and though he often wrote to the firm upon matters of business, none of his letters contained any allusion to little Frank. This silence cost our young friend some tears, but was perhaps of service to him. He leaned not now on any outward aid. He performed his daily duties because they were duties, but it was pleasant to feel that he was thus fulfilling the wishes of one whose past kindness he could never forget, and for whom he felt always an affectionate reverence that was its own reward. Amid his trembling weakness was revealed a latent strength; amid his lonely sorrow awoke an abiding joy; the strength and joy of self-sacrifice. And when he thought of his employer, memory sketched with colors softened and subdued, the picture of a character so gifted, so enriched by culture and experience, yet tempted and erring like his own.

It was past midsummer when Mr. Alberry returned. He found Frank taller and thinner, but greatly improved. He grasped his hand cordially, saying as he did so, "My poor boy, I have heard all about it. I was misinformed, and I wronged you. Mr. Carter tells me that he has every reason to be satisfied with your conduct."

"I am sorry I troubled you," was the stammering reply of little Frank, but his heart was full of joy.

"I am glad to learn that you are improving in scholarship," said Mr. A. smiling, "for I may perhaps be tempted again to enter public life, and when I am a great man, you must be my private secretary."

Frank tried to thank him, but the words would not come. He touched his lips to the hand that still kindly held his own, and the past was past for ever. And now that all is right once more, let us take leave of little Frank and his employer. The harmonies of his life are brief. They are beautiful birds of passage, the glitter of whose retreating wings points the pathway to a sunnier clime.

VIRTUE BETTER THAN RICHES.

Seek virtue rather than riches. You may be sure to acquire the first; but cannot promise for the latter. No one can rob you of the first without your consent; you may be deprived of the latter a hundred ways. The first will gain you the esteem of all good and wise men; the latter will get you flatterers enough; but not one real friend. The first will abide by you for ever; the latter will leave you at death, to shift as you can for eternity.

THE WILFUL GIRL.

BY MISS C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

Susan Benton was a little girl who dearly loved to have her own way. Very many of her acts were prompted solely by this motive. For instance, when she and her cousin Sarah were playing together, if Sarah expressed a wish to play with their dolls, Susan would be sure to insist upon playing hide-and-seek. If Sarah had proposed playing hide-and-seek, Susan would certainly have proposed something else. If her brother George asked her to play in the house, she wanted to play in the yard; but if he asked her to play in the yard, she was sure to wish to play in the house.

Her cousin Sarah and brother George usually gave up to her—for they found that it was easier to yield than to contend. But though she generally had her own way with them, she could not control every thing. Very many things crossed her will and wishes. It would rain when she particularly wished it to be pleasant. School would keep when she had her heart set upon a holiday; and berries would not always grow in the place where she went to look for them.

Then, again, she often opposed her will to the will of her parents. She could not, indeed, do this directly, for her parents never permitted direct disobedience to their will. But it was wonderful in how many ways she contrived to show that she did not yield a cheerful obedience to their wishes; and that if she did not disobey them, it was not for the want of a will to do so. Sometimes she would show this by a sullen obedience to their commands, and sometimes by a tardy obedience. When she obeyed them, she would often contrive to take her own time for it, and do it in her own way.

One morning her mother gave her a note, directing her to take it to her Uncle Smith's, before she went to school. Susan at once determined to take her own time to carry the note. "It will not make any difference whether I carry it in the morning or at noon," she said to herself; "so I will go with it when I return from school at noon."

Before the teacher closed the school at night, she informed her scholars that they would have a holiday the next day, as there would be no school. To none was this news more welcome than to Susan Benton. This holiday was the very thing she wished for just at this time. Nothing could have been more timely. Her uncle Allen, who lived about three miles from the village, had a very large and nice peach orchard, and the peaches were now just in their prime. If school did not keep, she had no doubt but she could persuade her father and mother to go out there, and take George and herself. Full of this scheme, she hastened home.

"Oh, mother!" said she, as soon as she entered the house, "I have such good news.—School does not keep to-morrow. It will be just the time for us to go out to uncle Allen's, and get some of those nice peaches. You know you almost promised them that you would come in peach-time, and now you will go to-morrow, won't you?"

"We will see about it, my dear," was her mother's reply.

"She does not say that we shall not go, and I know by her looks that she means to go," thought Susan. "How fortunate it is there is no school to-morrow." And in her joy, she almost fancied that the large and tempting peaches were even now touching her lips.

She now ran out to meet George, who was just returning from school, for Susan had reached home before him, in her eager haste to inform her mother that there would be no school the next day, and obtain a promise of going to uncle Allen's. "We are going to uncle Allen's to-morrow, George," said she.

"How do you know we are—has mother said so?" asked George.

"Not exactly; but she has said that she would see about it, and I know she means to go."

Susan now flew up to her room to see if the things she wished to wear the next day were all in order. Having ascertained that they were, she next went to the window to see how near the sun was down; for in her impatience it seemed as if she could not wait for the dull today to be gone, and the bright to-morrow to come.

As she looked out, she saw John, the boy who lived with her uncle Smith, approaching the house. "I wonder what John has come for?" she thought, and away she flew down stairs to find out. She met John at the door, who gave her a note, saying it was for her mother. Susan took the note to her mother, and watched her while she was reading it. She thought her mother looked very sober, as if something was wrong, while reading the note.

When she had done reading it, she looked up to Susan, and asked, "did you not carry the note to your aunt Smith this morning before school?"

Susan turned very red, and stammered out that she did not carry the note until noon, for she did not suppose it would make any difference.

"I directed you to carry it in the morning," her mother replied; "and I should think it made a great deal of difference whether you obeyed me or not. If you had obeyed me, you would have gone to your uncle Allen's to-morrow; but now, you cannot go. Your teacher informed me yesterday that there would be no school to-morrow, so I wrote a note to your aunt Smith to know if it would be convenient for them to go with us to your uncle Allen's to-morrow. Your aunt has written me that they might have gone, if they had received my note in the morning, but they did not receive it until noon; and before that time, they had made an engagement which would prevent them going to-morrow."

Susan wanted to ask if they could not go without her uncle and aunt, but she felt so guilty and ashamed of her own conduct, that it was sometime before she could summon courage; but she wanted to go so much, that she at last ventured to ask the question.

Her mother replied, "No. We have engaged to go together, and we shall not go without them. Your uncle and aunt will go day after to-morrow, and we shall go with them."

Susan said no more. She would have given a

great deal to know who her mother meant by *we*, but she dared not ask. She did not enjoy the holiday very much. It was not a very pleasing reflection that she should have been at her uncle Allen's, eating peaches, had not her own wilfulness prevented it. She would have given almost any thing to know what persons, were represented by that little personal pronoun, first person, plural number, which her mother had used. Who did her mother mean by *we*? Was it her father and mother only? or were herself and George included? But her mother preserved a total silence on the subject, neither alluding to their intended visit on the morrow, or to her own disobedience. As the day advanced, Susan grew more fearful that this silence did not forbode any good.

Just at night, her mother said to her, "I wish you to leave this package with Mrs. D., on your way to school to-morrow."

Susan's eyes filled with tears, and she could hardly speak; but she made out to say, "I thought you were going to uncle Allen's to-morrow."

"Your father, and myself, and George are going," her mother replied, "but you are going to school. I do not know how much you will learn by going; but if you should learn to be less wilful and set upon having your own way, it will be the best lesson you ever learned."

Susan burst into tears, and begged, and pleaded hard to be forgiven and permitted to go, but it was all of no avail. Her parents, who had often been pained by her wilfulness, felt the necessity of giving her a lesson that she would not soon forget; and though their own hearts pleaded for her even harder than Susan pleaded for herself, they remained firm.

ADVENTURES OF LADIES.

A Dublin paper gives an interesting account of a female emigrant to the Australian diggings, from which we make an extract or two. This heroine, accompanied by her brother, left for that land of promise, and thus writes to one of her acquaintances at home:—

"I cut my hair into a very masculine fashion; I purchased a broad felt hat, a sort of tunic of coarse blue cloth, trousers to conform, boots of a miner, and thus, parting with my sex for a season (I hoped a better one), behold me an accomplished candidate for mining operations. Our tent is pitched on the side of as pretty a valley as you could wish to visit. I have for myself a sort of 'supplementary canvas chamber,' in which I sleep, cook, wash clothes—that is, my own and Frank's—and keep watch and ward over heaps of gold dust and 'nuggets,' the sight and touch of which inspirit me when I grow dull, which I seldom do, for I have constant 'droppers in,' and, to own the truth, even in my palmiest days, I never was treated with greater courtesy or respect. Of course, my sex is generally known. I am called 'Mr. Harry' (an abbreviation of Harriet), but no one intrudes the more on that account. In fact, I have become a 'necessity,' as I am always ready to do a good turn, the great secret after all of special success;

and I never refuse to oblige a 'neighbor,' be the trouble what it may. The consequences are pleasant enough. Many a 'nugget' is thrust on me whether I will or no, in return for cooking a pudding or darning a shirt, and if all the cooks and seamstresses in the world were as splendidly paid as I am, the 'Song of the Shirt' would never have been written, at all events.

"My own hoard amounts now to about ten pounds of gold, and, if I go on accumulating, even the richest heiress in my family in former days will be left immeasurably behind. Sometimes, when we have a few idle hours, I accompany Frank and his comrades to the diggings, and it is a rare thing to watch the avidity with which every 'bucket' is raised, washed, examined and commented upon. Wild the life is, certainly, but full of excitement and hope; and, strange as it is, I almost fear to tell you that I do not wish it to end! You can hardly conceive what a merry company gather together in our tent every evening, or how pleasantly the hours pass. Tea and coffee we have in plenty, for every one brings a hoard, and milk we manage to obtain, for among us we have imported two cows, which cost us about £50 each, but that is a mere trifle. Cake of various kinds I manufacture, thanks to old Betsey D—— for teaching me; and as for liquor, we sometimes have a little wine, brandy, or arrack, and sometimes not. And then we dance to the music of a German flute, played by a real German, or we sing pieces and quartettes, or talk of Moore, Byron, Burns, Goethe, 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses,' &c., until midnight, and sometimes long after it. As to suitors, I have them in plenty, and not despicable ones, either, I assure you."

A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

A curious instance occurred in London, not long ago, in which a rascal was outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draughtsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his apartments with gout in both feet. He could not move, but was wheeled in his chair in and out of his sitting-room. A well-known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till his servant was sent upon a message. The area door communicated with the kitchen, through which the vagabond entered, and walked up stairs, where, as he expected, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless.

"I am sorry to see you in such a situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and the servant is out."

The gentleman started.

"It is excessively careless to leave yourself so exposed; for, behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table, and putting them in my own pocket; and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose."

"Pray, help yourself," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him.

The rogue did so, accordingly. He found the plate in the side-board, and many other things

that suited him; and in ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hand, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with the pencil; and, on the servant's returning soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow street with the drawing, and an account of what had happened. The likeness was so good that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterward, identified, the property on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his way to Botany Bay.

FLOWERS.

In the palmy days of Athenian refinement and Roman luxury, flowers were used not only as personal adornments, and necessary signs and accompaniments of festivity and merry-making; but they were essential to religion, and decked the altars, crowned the priests, and filleted the heads of the victims to be sacrificed, from the Bacchanalian goat to the milk-white bull that bled in honor of Jupiter.

They were dedicated to the gods, and statues were crowned with them. Hence Venus is sometimes represented wearing roses, while Juno holds a lily in her hand; and the antique Ceres, in the gallery of the Louvre, has her hair braided with corn-poppies and bearded wheat. With the people themselves, wreaths were in daily requisition, and persons made a livelihood by manufacturing them. Every occasion had its characteristic chaplet, and every diner-out one of a different design. The exquisite could run through each shade of color that suited his complexion; the wit (for each wreath was supposed to impregnate the wearer's brain with the qualities of the plant that composed it) might quicken his with bays; the scholarly gentleman be content, like the bachelor Horace, with myrtle; and the gay bind rosy fillets on his brow. The bride had her crown, and the corpse its garland; neither of which customs are yet extinct in all the districts of those classic regions. In Italy, we read that mothers still twine chaplets of the blue flowering periwinkle on the foreheads of their dead infants; and at the wedding ceremony of modern Greeks, the priest is supplied with a garland of lilies, and another of ears of corn, which he places on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, as emblems of purity and abundance. Tavernier and other Oriental travellers inform us that flowers have been, and are still used as natural ornaments in the dark tresses of Indian maids; and Moore tells us that the appearance of the blossoms of the gold-colored campac on their black hair has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions.

Even the forest children of our country are not without an instinct of their beauty, and considerable skill in imitating them; some of the most perfect feather flowers are made by the savages of South America from the brilliant plumage of their birds, the colors of which have all the vivacity of floral dyes; and, as they never fade, they

in this particular excel those manufactured by the nuns in Spain and Portugal, who tint the feathers artificially.

The use of artificial flowers was introduced into England during the reign of Edward III., whose beautiful wife, Philippa of Hainault, with the ladies of her court, courageously threw off the hideous head gear of the period, and, with no other addition than a chaplet of flowers, allowed their hair to ornament their faces. This fashion of wearing flowers in the hair does not appear, however, to have become general in France till 1367, and then Queen Philippa was in her grave.

THE LITTLE HOME.

"I wish, mamma," said Ella Harrison, "that we were rich, like the Goldacres. It is so disagreeable living in a small house with only four rooms in it. If we were only rich I should be satisfied."

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet-looking, middle-aged lady, who sat in one corner of the room, with her youngest child, a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little fellow of four years, asleep on her lap, looked up with a mournful smile into the beautiful face of her daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she said, "are at this moment breathing a similar wish. Is it not a great pity their wishes cannot be gratified? What a happy world we should have! Don't you think we should?"

There was a slight accent of irony in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that every rich person might be happy if they only would; but I presume you are about to point me out to the Smiths, who are the wealthiest, and still the most miserable of all our acquaintances. But really, my dear mother, if we were rich, don't you think that we should be very happy?"

"I am very rich, and very happy, too," said Mrs. H., with a self-satisfied air. "I know of none in the world with whom I would exchange places."

Ella dropped her crotchet-work into her lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

"We rich!" she exclaimed. "Why, how do you make that out? Wouldn't you exchange places with the Goldacres, who live in a perfect palace, and who have hosts of servants, and who dress in silks and satins every day?"

"No; I would not exchange places with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. H., "for if I did, I should have to resign you and Nelly and your dear father, and my brave little Tommy, who is sleeping so sweetly here in my lap."

"Oh, I did not mean that at all," said Ella; "I did not mean that you, individually, should make the exchange. I meant that the whole family should share in it. Would you not be willing to have papa take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have him take ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child," said Mrs. H., "we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery. As I before told you, I already consider myself very rich. I am rich in my health;

rich in my husband; rich in my children; rich in my cottage home, which our industry has made tasteful and comfortable; I am rich in mental wealth, for we have a great many valuable books, and they have been well read by us all. I am rich in the white roses that clamber over the walls yonder, and peep with breaths of incense through the windows; rich in the golden sunshine; rich in nature; rich in the calm thoughts which visit all, who, with thankful, contented hearts look upwards and say with the poet:

"Praise to our Father God,
High praise in solemn lay,
*Alike for what His hand doth give,
And what it takes away.*"

"But if we had more," said Ella, "you would have more to be thankful for."

"I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to give me, and that is enough. Think how many have less than we have. Think of the poor in the back woods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie's valuable work—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through these interminable winters; think of the thousands in cities, who are stowed in cellars and back rooms and garrets, and bat-haunted places, who seldom breathe the fresh air, or see glad sunshine—think of the poor Irish who a short while ago were starving to death, gasping with their dying breaths, '*Give me three grains of corn! Only three grains!*'—Think of the millions in Africa and Asia, who are living in mental and moral degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception—without Bible—without civilization—without any correct idea of God and Heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not order the circumstances of your birth; you might have been born on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of surfeited Paris or London."

"That is true," said Ella; "I never thought of that before."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Harrison, arising and depositing her burden in the cradle, "our happiness does not depend upon external circumstances. It lies beyond these in a great degree, if not altogether. But the world is slow in learning this fact. Multitudes think as you do, that it is an attendant upon wealth—upon fame—upon position in society; but if their wishes could be gratified, they would doubtless, in almost all instances, find that they had mistaken its nature entirely. It comes to those who with grateful hearts take what their Father has appointed them, looking beyond the mists and shadows of Time into the clear sunlight of Eternity. It comes to those who forget self, and look to the welfare of others—who scorn the wrong and adhere firmly to the right, never pausing to weigh results in the nice scales of self-interest and worldly pride—it sits a guest at the humblest board, if Heaven-born Charity prevails."—*Georgia Family Visiter.* Digitized by Google

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A year or two since, a Mr. B—— was elected to represent the town of Shelburne, New Hampshire, in the Legislature. He was a plain old farmer, full of sound sense, and ready for any real work that was needed. When he made his appearance at the State House, it must be confessed that his *tout ensemble* was anything but fashionable. His hat was a perfect relic of antiquity—his coarse frock and trowsers of genuine dapple-gray home-spun—his shirt-bosom the product of his wife's own loom, and his boots of the thickest and most substantial cow-hide.

As Mr. B—— entered the lobby, there were several young "members" standing about the fire, and supposing the new-comer to be only a visitor, they merely cast a glance at his weather-browned face, turned up their noses at his verdant look, and then continued their conversation. B—— took a seat near the stove.

"No room here for visitors," said one of the flippants.

"O, I'm a member."

"You a member?" uttered the first speaker

"Sartain," responded B——, in a mild tone.

"Where from?"

"Shelburne."

"Well," said a fashionably-dressed "member," with a disdainful look at the rough, coarse dress of the farmer, "havn't the folks in Shelburne got anybody else to send here?"

"O, as for that matter," returned Mr. B——, with perfect good-nature, "I s'pose there's a good many men there that knows mor'n I do, *but they hain't any of 'em got any clothes that's fit to wear!*"

The fledglings were floored, and before the session closed they found that the "member from Shelburne" could see *through* a question as far as they could see *around* it.—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

At the last sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the Court in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well-known in the surrounding country by the soubriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon "Crazy Pat" being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a "point;" but he was excessively annoyed to find that "Crazy Pat's" evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but——"

"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"

"Romantic or not, sur, it wudn't be a bad idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself, an' lave me to chuse another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court-room, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles

at the attorney, as much as to say, "You have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh! And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox-hide?"

"Well, sur, since it sames to be very important fur ye to know, it's myself that'll jist tell ye—that's intirely owin' to circumstances, intirely."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No, sur; but if you'll just step down the lane, afther the Court, I'll give ye physical demonstration that I cud tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of three minutes."

The unexpected reply of the witness, brought forth roars of laughter, in which the Bench heartily joined; whilst the baffled attorney, blushing to the eyes, hastily informed "Crazy Pat" that he was no longer required.

Mr. Poynder, the brother of the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, brought home from Newfoundland, a dog, a native of that country. This animal had established a strong claim on his master's affection, from the circumstance of his having twice saved his life by his sagacity in finding the road home, when Mr. Poynder had lost his way in snow-storms, many miles from shelter. He had also swam more than three miles to gain the ship, after his master had embarked for England, and determined to leave the animal to the care of friends at Newfoundland. Mr. Poynder landed at Blackwell, and took the dog in a coach to his father's house in Clapham. He was there placed in a stable, which he did not leave until the second day after his arrival, when he accompanied his master in a coach to Christ's Hospital. He left the coach in Newgate street, and proceeded through the passage leading to the treasurer's house; not being able to gain admission at the garden-entrance, Mr. Poynder went round to the front door, and thinks he left the dog at the garden entrance, for he did not recollect seeing him afterwards. In the hurry and excitement of meeting his friends, he for a few minutes forgot his dog, but the moment he recollected himself he went in search of him. He was nowhere to be seen, and his master hastened to prepare his description, and to offer a reward in the public papers. Early, however, next morning, a letter arrived from the captain of the ship in which Mr. Poynder had sailed from Newfoundland, informing him that the dog was safe on board, having swam to the vessel early on the previous day. By comparing the time on which he arrived with that on which he was missing, it appeared that he must have gone directly through the city from Christ's Hospital to Wapping, where he took to the water.

A young lady, a native of Sydney, being asked if she should like to go to Britain, answered, that she should like to see to it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied, "that from the great number of bad people sent out from thence, it must surely be a very wicked place to live in."

A car, full of passengers, recently passed over the Western railroad, in which occurred a simple but touching scene, worthy of record. One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms a child who annoyed every one by its petulance and cries. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished, until at last it became furious, and the passengers nearly so. There were open complaints, and one man shouted, "Take the child out."

The train stopped at a station, when an old gentleman arose, and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently, away from home; that the mother had been on a visit to her friends, and had died while on the visit; that her dead body was on board the train, and that the child was in the arms of a woman who was a stranger to it. It was enough. There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into pity and patience. All selfishness was lost in thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that a moment before would almost have visited it with a blow.—*Springfield Republican*.

"It is dangerous to attack a bison on foot," observed a traveller to the author of "The Shoe and Canoe." "I had to do it once, and paid very dearly for it. It was in the time of snow. I crept up to the animal on all fours and fired, wounding him desperately; but still he was able to reach me. I did not run; that the hunter never does, as it would be almost certain destruction. I lay down motionless, and the bull seemed to doubt whether the death-like object before him was his enemy. So after staring about a bit he lay down, with his bleeding mouth and deep sunk glaring eyes close to mine, breath to breath, eye to eye, ay, and for some hours. At length, feeling that my limbs were freezing and stiffening, I was meditating the desperate step of making a run for it, when an Indian boy came in sight, dancing and caroling on a snowy knoll. The bull saw him, got up, and staggered and floundered to him, as well as he could, as his true enemy. The boy, perceiving his danger, jumped into a snow-drift, and the bull could not find him, although he searched diligently, and with many a groan. There the boy remained till night. For myself I managed to crawl to the fort. Next morning the bull was found dead three hundred yards from the snow-drift."

In the translation of the works of Sadi, just made by Mr. Eastwick, we find a story upon which history has been little more than a beautiful commentary. "They relate that once, during a hunting expedition, they were preparing for Nushervan the Just, some game, as roast meat. There was no salt, and they dispatched a slave to the village to bring some. Nushervan said, 'Pay for the salt you take, in order that it may not become a custom, and the village be ruined.' They said, 'What harm will this little quantity do?' He replied, 'The origin of injustice in the world was at first small, but every one that came added to it, until it reached its present magnitude.'"

The day on which a forged note was presented at the Bank of England, forms a memorable era in its history. For sixty-four years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and, during this period, no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrong-doing, has more than the simple act to answer for; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common.

Mrs. Montgomery was the only—the motherless—daughter of the stern General Campbell, who early installed her into the duties of house-keeper, and expected this giddy puss to give in her accounts with the precision of a Mrs. Decorum; but it sometimes happened that, in setting down the articles purchased, and their prices, she put the "cart before the horse;" her gruff papa never lectured her verbally, but wrote his remarks on the margin of the paper, and returned it for correction. One such instance was as follows:—"General Campbell thinks five-and-sixpence exceedingly dear for parsley." Henrietta instantly saw her mistake; but, instead of formally rectifying it, wrote against the next item—"Miss Campbell thinks *two-pence-halfpenny* excessively cheap for fowls;" and sent it back to her father.

One of the three letters written by the Duke of Wellington from the field of Waterloo was a brief note, which having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus emphatically:—"I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me." What the impulse was which dictated these extraordinary words, we leave to the opinion of those who read them. . . . When the dreadful fight was over, the Duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, gave way, and, as he rode amid the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words above quoted from his letter.

When Dancourt, the playwright, produced a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself, he would sup with a few friends at a tavern near the theatre, known by the sign of the Cat and Pipes. One morning, after the rehearsal of a comedy, which was to be performed for the first time that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece. "Oh, papa," replied the girl, "you'll sup at the Cat and Pipes to-night."

A gentleman, one Sunday morning, was attracted to watch a young country girl on the high-road from the village to the church, by observing that she looked hither and thither, this way and that, upon the road, as if she had lost her thimble. The bells were *selling* for prayers, and there was no one visible on the road except the girl and the gentleman, who recognised in her the errand-maid of a neighboring farmer. "What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as the damsel continued to pore along the dusty road. She answered gravely: "Sir, I'm looking to see if my master be gone to church." Now her master had a *wooden leg*.

Scott is known to have profited much by Constable's bibliographical knowledge, which was very extensive. The latter christened "Kenilworth," which Scott named "Cumnor Hall," John Ballantyne objected to the former title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel;" but the result proved the reverse. Mr. Cadell relates that Constable's vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestions gone into, that, in his high moods, he used to stalk up and down his room, and exclaim, "By Jove, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!"

An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved. She did, in fact, die; and the King imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown through the window, as a punishment. "Tell me, thou who pretendest to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?" The soothsayer, who suspected the intrigues of the Prince, and knew his foible, replied: "Sire, I foresee that I shall die three days before your Majesty." The King believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life.

It is related that Rubens caused a remarkably fine and powerful lion to be brought to his house, in order to study him in every variety of attitude. One day, Rubens observing the lion yawn, was so pleased with this action that he wished to paint it, and he desired the keeper to tickle the animal under the chin, to make him repeatedly open his jaws; at length the lion became savage at this treatment, and cast such furious glances at his keeper, that Rubens attended to his warning, and had the lion removed. The keeper is said to have been torn to pieces by the lion shortly afterwards; apparently, he had never forgotten the affront.

"What a dear, good man that General Pierce must be," observed Mrs. Partington; "the papers say his Cabinet are all to be confirmed on Monday. It's pleasant to think that he will have Christian associates around him. Still I don't know that it is best to have them all belong to one church." And the old lady went to sleep while musing on so important a topic.

A curiosity greater than any ever exhibited here, has just been discovered by a hitherto respectable inhabitant of this city. It is a man that saw the saw that sawed the pine plank that produced the dust by which a friend was enabled to "plank down the dust." He has been caged.

COURAGE IN A BIRD.—About two months ago, on descending the hill from Stock-cross, a weasel, with a mouse in his mouth, was seen crossing the road, closely pursued by a robin, which frequently darted on the weasel, uttering shrill notes of defiance. The weasel turned many times, and at last, on reaching the grass on the roadside, it dropped its prey and went back some paces to attack the robin. This was avoided by the bird rising in flight, and immediately darting to the side of the mouse, whose cries of distress had doubtless attracted and excited its sympathy. Before the observer could reach the spot, the weasel had again seized the mouse, and retreated with it into a hole in the adjoining bank, the mouse being either paralyzed with fear, or too severely injured to avail itself of the chivalrous interposition of its feathered friend. The bird, regardless of the presence of the witness, or trusting to his aid, continued for some to flit rapidly from bough to bough on the hedge-row, making the most plaintive outcries.—*English paper.*

PLAIN MEN, nay, even ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success among the fair.—Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your Lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one." He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly, that a lottery office-keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

THE DANDY.—He is inconsolable over a soiled boot, and would be driven to distraction were he compelled to appear in tumbled linen. Original sin, with him, consists in not being born with a full suit of the latest Parisian mode; and the clearest proof of depravity as well as vulgarity, is wearing last year's style. In fine, his soul is in his clothes; and when at last he goes down to that most unfashionable and undandified place, the house of the dead, a proper epitaph would be—"Here lies all of him that could die; the rest has gone—to the old clothes dealers."

M. de Talleyrand, having one day invited M. Denon, the celebrated traveller, to dine with him, told his wife to read the work of his guest, indicating its place in his library. Madame Talleyrand, unluckily, got hold, by mistake, of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe," which she ran over in great haste; and, at dinner, she began to question Denon about his shipwreck, his island, &c., and, finally, about his man Friday!

"Pray, sir," said a person who had previously been the backmost of a crowd, to another who just joined it; "pray, sir, have the kindness not to press upon me; it is unnecessary, since there is no one behind to press upon you!" "But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, sir, where's the good of being in a crowd, if one mayn't shove?"

THE TWO INVALIDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The chamber in which the sick woman lay was furnished with everything that taste could desire, or comfort demand. Yet, from none of these elegant surroundings, came there an opiate for the weary spirit, or a balm to soothe the pain from which she suffered. With heavy eyes, contracted brow, and face almost as white as the lace fringed pillow it pressed, canopied with rich curtains, she reclined, sighing away the weary hours, or giving voice to her discontent in fruitless complainings.

She was alone. A little while before, her attendant had left the room, taking with her a child, whose glad spirits—glad because admitted to his mother's presence—had disturbed her.

"Take him out," she had said fretfully.

"You must go back to the nursery, dear." The attendant spoke kindly, as she stooped to lift the child in her arms.

"No—no—no. I want to stay here. Do let me stay here, won't you?"

"Mamma is sick, and you disturb her," was answered.

"Oh, no. I won't disturb her. I'll be so good."

"Why don't you take him out at once?" exclaimed the mother, in a harsh, excited voice. "It's too much that I can't have a little quiet! He's made my head ache already. What does nurse mean by letting him come over here?"

As the screaming child was borne from the room, the sick woman clasped her hands to her temples, murmuring—

"My poor head! It was almost quiet; but now it throbs as if every vein were ready to burst! Why don't they soothe that child!"

But the child screamed on, and his voice came ringing upon her ears. Nurse was cross, and took no pains to hush his cries; so the mother's special attendant remained, for some time, away from the sick chamber. By slow degrees she succeeded in diverting the child's mind from his disappointment; but, it was many minutes after his crying ceased, before he would consent to her leaving him.

In the mean time, the sun's bright rays had found a small opening in one of the curtains that draped the windows, and commenced pouring in a few pencils of light, which fell, in a bright spot, on a picture that hung against the wall; resting, in fact, upon the fair forehead of a beautiful maiden, and giving a hue of life to the features. It was like a bit of fairy work—a touch, almost, of enchantment. The eyes of the invalid were resting on this picture, as the magic change began, to take place.

How the lovely vision, if it might so be called, won her from thoughts of pain! Ah, if we could say so? Raising herself, she grasped the pendant tassel of the bell-rope, and rung with a violent hand; then sunk down, with a groan, exhausted by the effort, shut her eyes, and buried her face in the pillow. Leaving the only half-comforted child, her attendant hastily obeyed the summons.

"The sun is blinding me!" said the unhappy

invalid, as she entered the chamber. "How could you be so careless in arranging the curtains!"

A touch, and the sweet vision which had smiled all so vainly for the poor sufferer, was lost in shadows. There was a subdued light, and almost pulseless silence in the chamber.

"Do take those flowers away; their odor is dreadful to me!"

A beautiful bouquet of sweet flowers, sent by a sympathizing friend, was removed from the chamber. Half an hour afterwards—the attendant thought her sleeping—she exclaimed,

"Oh, how that does worry me!"

"What worries you, ma'am?" was kindly asked.

"That doll on the mantle. It is entirely out of place here. I wish you would remove it. Oh, dear, dear! And that toilette glass—straighten it if you please. I can't bear anything crooked. And there's Mary's Rigolette on the bureau; the careless child! She never puts anything away."

These little annoyances were removed, and the invalid was quiet again—externally quiet, but, within, all was fretfulness and mental pain.

"There come the children from school," she said, as the ringing of the door-bell and gay voices were heard below. "You must keep them from my room. I feel unusually nervous to-day, and my head aches badly."

Yet, even while she spoke, two little girls came bounding into the room, crying—

"Oh, mother! Dear mother! We've got something good to tell you. Miss Martin says we've been two of the best —"

The attendant's imperative "H-u-s-h!" and the mother's hand waving towards the door, the motion enforced by a frowning brow, were successful in silencing the pleased and excited children, who, without being permitted to tell the good news they had brought from school, and which they had fondly believed would prove so pleasant to their mother's ears, were almost pushed from the chamber.

No matter of surprise is it, that a quick revolution took place in their feelings. If the voice of wrangling reached, soon after, the mother's ears, and pained her to the very soul, it lessened not the pressure on her feelings to think, that a little self-denial on her part, a little forgetfulness of her own feelings, and a thoughtfulness for them, would have prevented the unhappy discord.

And so the day passed, and when evening brought her husband to her bed-side, his kind enquiries were answered only by complainings—complainings that made, from mental reactions, bodily suffering the greater. For so long a time had this state of things existed, that her husband was fast losing his wonted cheerfulness of temper. He was in no way indifferent to his wife's condition; few men, in fact, could have sympathized more deeply, or sought with more untiring assiduity to lighten the burden which ill-health had laid upon her. But, in her case, thought was all turned to self. It was like the blood flowing back, in congestion upon the heart, instead of diffusing itself, healthfully, over the system.

Thus it went on—the invalid growing worse instead of better. Not a want was expressed, that money did not supply; not a caprice or fancy

or appetite, which met not a proffered gratification. But all availed not. Her worst disease was mental, having its origin in inordinate selfishness. It never came into her mind to deny herself for the sake of others; to stifle her complaints, lest they should pain the ears of her husband, children or friends; to bear the weight of suffering laid upon her with, at least, an effort at cheerfulness. And so she became a burden to those who loved her. In her presence, the sweet voices of children were hushed, and smiles faded away. Nothing that was gay, or glad, or cheerful, came near her, that it did not instantly change into sobriety or sadness.

Not very far away from the beautiful home of this unhappy invalid, is another sufferer from ill health. We will look in upon her. The chamber is poorly furnished, containing scarcely an article, the absence of which would not have abridged the comfort of its occupant. We enter.

What a light has come into those sunken eyes, and over that pale face! We take the thin, white hand. A touch of sadness is in our voice that will not be repressed, as we make enquiries about her health; but she answers cheerfully and hopefully.

"Do you suffer pain?"

"Yes; but mostly at night. All day long I find so much to interest me, and so many thoughts about my children to fill my mind, that I hardly find time to think of my own feelings. Care is a blessing."

With what a patient, heavenly smile this is said! How much of life's true philosophy is contained in that closing sentence! Yes, care is a blessing. What countless thousands would, but for daily care, be unutterably miserable. And yet, we are ever trying to throw off care; to rise into positions where we will be free from action or duty.

The voice of a child is now heard. It is crying.

"Dear little Aggy! What can ail her?" says the mother, tenderly. And she inclines an ear, listening earnestly. The crying continues.

"Poor child! Something is wrong with her. Won't you open the door a moment?"

The door is opened, and the sick mother calls the name of "Aggy" two or three times. But her voice is too feeble to reach the distant apartment.

We second the mother's wishes, and go for the grieving little one.

"Mother wants Aggy."

What magic words! The crying has ceased instantly, and rainbow smiles are seen through falling tears.

"Dear little dove! What has troubled it?" How tender and soothing and full of love is the voice that utters these words! We lift Aggy upon the bed. A moment, and her fresh warm cheek is close to the pale face of her mother; while her hand is nestling in her bosom.

The smile that plays so beautifully over the invalid's face, has already answered the question we were about to ask—"Will not the child disturb you?" But, our face has betrayed our thoughts, and she says—

"I can't bear to have Aggy away from me.

She rarely annoys me. A dear, good child—yet only a child, for whom only a mother can think wisely. She rarely leaves my room that she doesn't get into some trouble; but my presence quickly restores the sunshine."

The bell rings. There is a murmur of voices below; and now, light feet come tripping up the stairs. The door opens, and two little girls enter, just from school. Does the sick mother put up her hand to enjoin silence? Does she repel them, by look or word? Oh, no.

"Well, Mary—well, Anna?" she says, kindly. They bend over and kiss her gently and lovingly; then speak modestly to the visitor.

"How do you feel, mother?" asks the oldest of the two girls. "Does your head ache?"

"Not now, dear. It ached a little while ago; but it is better now."

"What made it ache, mother?"

"Something troubled Aggy, and her crying sent a pain through my temples. But, it went away with the clouds that passed from her darling little face."

"Why, she's asleep, mother!" exclaimed Anna.

"So she is. Dear, little lamb! Asleep with a tear on her cheek. Turn her crib around, love, so that I can lay her in it."

"No, you musn't lift her," says Mary. "It will make your head ache." And the elder of the children lifts her baby-sister in her arms, and carefully lays her in her crib.

"Did you say all your lessons correctly, this morning?" now asks the mother.

"I didn't miss a word," answers Mary.

"Nor I," says Anna.

"I'm glad of it. It always does me good to know that you have said your lessons well. Now go and take a run in the yard for exercise."

The little girls leave the chamber, and soon their happy voices come ringing up from the yard. The sound is loud, the children in their merry mood unconscious of the noise they make.

"This is too loud. It will make your head ache," we say, making a motion to rise, as if going to check the exuberance of their spirits.

"Oh, no," is answered with a smile. "The happy voices of my children never disturb me. Were it the sound of wrangling, my weak head would throb instantly with pain. But this comes to me like music. They have been confined for hours in school, and health needs a reaction. Every buoyant laugh or glad exclamation expands their lungs, quickens the blood in their veins, and gives a measure of health to mind as well as body. The knowledge of this brings to me a sense of pleasure; and it is better for me, therefore, that they should be gay and noisy for a time, after coming out of school, than it would be if they sat down quietly in the house, or moved about stealthily, speaking to each other in low tones lest I should be disturbed."

We could not say nay to this. It was true, because unselfish, philosophy.

"Doesn't that hammering annoy you?" we ask.

"What hammering?"

"In the new building over the way."

She listens a moment, and then answers—

"Oh, no. I did not remark it until you spoke. Such things never disturb me, for the reason that

my mind is usually too much occupied to think of them. Though an invalid, and so weak that my hands are almost useless, I never let my thoughts lie idle. A mother, with three children, has enough to occupy her mind usefully—and useful thoughts, you know, are antidotes to brooding melancholy, and not unfrequently to bodily pain. If I were to give way to weaknesses—and I am not without temptations—I would soon be an unhappy, nervous, helpless creature, a burden to myself and all around me."

"You need sympathy and strength from others," we remark.

"And I receive it in full measure," is instantly replied. "Not because I demand it. It comes, the heart-offering of true affection. Poorly would I repay my husband, children, and friends, for the thousand kindnesses I receive at their hands, by making home the gloomiest place on all the earth. Would it be any the brighter for me, that I threw clouds over their spirits? Would they more truly sympathize with me, because I was for ever pouring complaints into their ears? Oh, no. I try to make them forget that I suffer, and, in their forgetfulness, I often find a sweet oblivion. I love them all too well to wish them a moment's sadness."

What a beautiful glow was on her pale countenance as she thus spoke!

We turn from the home of this cheerful invalid, with a lesson in our hearts not soon to be forgotten. Ill health need not always bring gloom to our dwellings. Suffering need not always bend the thoughts painfully to self. The body may waste, the hands fall nerveless to the side; yet the heart retain its greenness, and the mind its power to bless.—*Lady's Wreath.*

SECOND CHAPTER ON HORSES.

BY H. MILNOR KLAPP.

In the first chapter on horses, the reader will remember an anecdote was related of a singular companionship which existed in the country of—, between a ram and a horse. This friendship, I am sorry to say, was suddenly and tragically brought to a close. The horse, as before mentioned, was sold to an "up-country" drover, with a full understanding of the peculiarities of his disposition. He was, however, both swift and powerful, and but for his ungovernable disposition, would have been a valuable beast. As it was, the drover was fairly told that his intractable temper entirely unfitted him for safe usage on the farm, and of the failure of all attempts to "work him down," or otherwise subdue him. Especially he was cautioned not to part the ram from the horse, as long as he could conveniently keep them together.

The man, who was of low-Dutch descent, laughed in his stupid way at this idea, listening with seeming unconcern to the friendly warning. The horse, too, behaved quietly as a lamb during the process of saddling and bridling, seeming by his very attitude to falsify the reports of his character, as he stood churning his bit and pointing his ears, as if hurt in his soul at the honest farmer's derogatory speech. The ram, too, patiently nibbled the grass at the side of his friend,

prepared to follow his fortunes, even though his old master thus undisguisedly sent him forth "with all his imperfections on his head."

The drover, thinking that he had made a great bargain, treated the matter so lightly, that Brimstone's old owner had, at first, serious misgivings for the result. Yielding, however, to the entreaties of his wife, and listening to the man's boast that he had seen and used all sorts of cattle in his time, he concluded a bargain for a few young cows; and, with a last injunction to be careful of the horse, finally bid the fellow farewell. The latter sat in his saddle easily enough, and the two four-footed friends, appearing perfectly contented with the change, moved on at the tail of the drove, at a slow trot. The farmer kept his eye fixed on the strange cavalcade, until an intervening hill hid them from his sight, while his sons, rejoicing to be rid of the horse at a stranger's risk, went about their usual work, as before. It was a dark, December noon when they parted from the three—the drover and his men hallooing to the herd on their way down the lane, and Brom, as mute as a mouse, leisurely keeping pace behind.

The day wore on; the flail was laid aside; the cattle milked and foddered; the barn shut up for the night, and the family gathered at last round their evening meal. The conversation turned, of course, upon the great event of the day. But one opinion was expressed about Brimstone, and this, it is almost needless to say, was the veritable one which had underwent no change from the days of his colthood; namely, that sooner or later, he would certainly break somebody's neck. On the contrary, hardly one of the household but felt some sympathy for Brom. His pugnacious propensities, always ridiculously manifested, and attended with but a spice of danger, compared with those of his unmitigated friend, had rather made him a favorite than otherwise. In fact, the only voice raised against his memory, was that of a crippled, cross old serving man, whom the ram, on a chilly day, had unceremoniously hustled into the creek.

The youngest boy had often ridden round the farm on Brom's back, and now, in recounting his gifts and his battles, he loudly avowed his belief that the ram would one day return to be so ridden again. There appeared small prospect of this, however, and after some playful discussion on the subject, as the hour of rest approached, the male members of the family retired for the night.

The mother having some matters of domestic economy to attend to, was the last stirring in the house, and just as the owl, with its shrill "tu-whoo-o," had thrice warned the good matron of the offence she was committing against thrift, in burning a light so long, and as she was in the act of covering up the fire, a furious clattering of hoofs up the lane, followed by a tremendous crash and a heavy groan, proclaimed the occurrence of some dreadful catastrophe. The men were up and out in a moment, and a lantern having been lit in trembling haste—as the night was dark—upon entering the barn-yard, they found Brimstone lying on the ground, amid the wreck of the gate, which it seemed he had fallen directly upon, in

attempting to clear. He made one struggle to rise as they approached, and gasping out his last breath, rolled over on his side, the blood gushing in torrents from his mouth and nostrils. The bridle was still on his head with the reins entire; but the saddle lay near the fence, the girth having given way in the last leap. The question now arose, what had become of the rider? He was discovered lying senseless on a heap of old straw, at least twenty feet from the horse. His face was handsomely scratched, and he had a considerable smell of whiskey about his delicate person; but, after all, with the exception of a fractured arm, he had escaped wonderfully well. The ram returned home in the course of the night, and lived to a revered old age. After his death he was entombed by the boys on a hill-side facing the South, and his immense horns hung up in the barn with patriarchal honors.

The horse, when treated humanely, is sometimes susceptible of strong attachment to man. In the East, among the Arabs of the desert, where the food of man and horse is in some measure the same, this is strikingly manifested. In this country many instances are upon record where he has shown a remarkable affection for his master. I am, however, inclined to think that in most cases his fondness is particularly observable when the fire of his youth has passed, or in other words, "the generous steed" is more apt to give his sincere regard to his master after he has sown his wild oats.

Every one remembers the affecting anecdote of Edmund Burke and his son's old hunter; and one of the very best patterns of meekness, affection, and fidelity, which I ever recollect to have met with, was indelibly engraved upon my infant mind, in the person of a favorite horse of my father's, pre-eminently called old Tom. I remember once, when a mere child, escaping from the nursery to the stables, where Tom was patiently waiting for his dinner-hour to come round, and amusing myself by sawing his heels with an ivory knife; and I shall never forget—no, not to my dying day, the slow and cautious way in which the old bay, after enduring the annoyance for some time, at last put forth his hoof, as if he would gently intimate that, all things considered, he thought I might find better and safer sport. I would here recommend all gentlemen who keep horses, and have young scapegraces running about, to be particular about their stable doors, as had not old Tom been a remarkably sensible nag, in all probability I should not have been sitting here this winter's night, raking up old reminiscences, when the family clock has thrice hinted that I had much better be in my bed.

The horse, like the dog, takes his share in man's sports and his wars. The hunter has been known to kick down his stable-door, and join the chase with as much ardor as if he bore an Osbaldiston on his back; and where is the son of Mars, in any service under the sun—not excepting Captain Dalgetty himself—more attentive to his drill than a veteran horse of the dragoons? So nice is his ear in this respect, that in the very shock of battle, he can distinguish the trumpet-sound of his troop; and one remarkable instance occurs in the history of the Scottish wars, where an officer lost his life

by mounting a horse captured from the enemy, which carried him, in spite of himself, into the ranks of the very troop to which his late master had belonged.

In every age the war-horse has been sublimely associated with the "plumed troop and the big wars"—"the spirit stirring drum"—"the glittering spear and the shield"—"the *clangorque tubarum*." He bears his rider triumphantly over the forms of the dead, or carries him from the swift pursuit, to hide with him, perhaps, in the depths of the forest.

"For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need."

In the long and exhausting journeys which our own adventurous countrymen are constantly making across the vast, inhospitable regions of the South and West, the horse, as well as his far-away relative, the mule, often endures the most dreadful privations. Who, in reading Fremont's narrative, has not felt, mingled with his admiration for the indomitable spirit of the man, a sincere emotion of pity for the dumb and docile creatures which safely carried him in his mountain marches through the desolate domains of sleet and snow?

To one adventurous class of men, however, the horse denies himself. He has no stomach for salt water, and shuts his ear against sea-slang, as religiously as Gonzalo himself. Like that honest old counsellor, he would fain die a dry death, and fairly outbids him in his despairing offer, of "a thousand furlongs of sea for one acre of ground." Peradventure, if he is sent aloft against his will, he may be said to leave the most essential part of him behind; since, unlike the dog, the cat, and the monkey, who are all respectable sailors, he never can bring "his sea-legs aboard." This is the reason, Mr. White Jacket, perhaps, why, in the horse-latitudes, "all hands" are always called, when a steed falls down. Even on dry land a horse and a sailor are notoriously opposites, and keen are the jokes cut at the latter's expense, whenever he is seen astride of a beast, which, to tell the truth, he regards with a strange mixture of desire and dread, just as a cockney, long at sea, might look at the dim, topling hills and romantic vales, of a floating iceberg. Every one is familiar with the neigh of the horse. He has, however, a peculiar scream when under the influence of intense fear, which is described by those who have heard it as the most appalling of sounds. There is no domesticated animal so susceptible to sudden alarms, and, like the dog, he is supposed by the vulgar to be able to see sprites. He is hardly used by witches, too, who, as the story goes, sometimes take him from his warm stall o' nights, and ride him unmercifully until near dawn.

I remember an old black coachman who had lived, early in life, among the Dutch at Reading, and who veritably believed, that the only charm to preserve honest Dobbin from these nocturnal hags, was to nail horse-shoes on the post of the stable-door. He, himself, as he gravely assured me, had one morning found his horses covered with foam, panting and trembling in their stalls, with their manes and tails plaited in the most

fantastical way. As this was said to have occurred at Reading, where, from all accounts, mischievous pranks are occasionally played, I have no doubt that the old fellow spoke no more than he really supposed to be the truth.

Many years ago, an innkeeper who resided not far from Philadelphia, finding his business falling off, and his landlord, on the expiration of his lease, unwilling to reduce his rent, made up his mind to remove from the place. After the sale of his effects, he was puzzled how to dispose of a superannuated horse, which he could neither sell, nor get rid of in any possible way. Unable, at the moment, to make up his mind to kill the animal, which had been a faithful servant, in its time, he obtained permission to leave him in the stable for a day or two, while he went to the city to prepare for his departure to another State. It so happened that, at some place of entertainment, he encountered a son of his late landlord, and a difficulty ensuing between them, the innkeeper was assaulted, and rather severely handled. The next morning, however, he rode out to his old place, and removed his horse from the stable. On the succeeding day he left the city for the West. The house was shut up for some time, and, as is not unusual in the country, an idle rumor was circulated in the neighborhood that it was haunted by the ghost of the innkeeper's horse. It was believed that he had killed the animal and buried him on the place, as the report of a pistol had been heard in that direction, and he had been seen, with another man, digging a pit in an outfield, in a spot retired from the road. Be this as it may, strange noises were heard in the house, and a milkman riding by on a moonlight night, was almost ready to swear, that he heard a horse neigh from one of the windows of the ball-room, looking out on the lane. As he confessed that his own horse immediately broke into a gallop, his story was generally disbelieved, much laughter being created among the younger members of the owner's household, at the idea of the ghost of the old horse taking a jig to itself. The gentleman's family had removed to his country-seat, situated a few miles from the tavern, the very day on which the innkeeper had been seen digging the pit; and nearly three weeks after the latter's departure, it was proposed by some of his younger children to ride over and visit the haunted house. Accordingly, his daughter, a lively, intelligent girl of sixteen, and a female cousin, two years older, escorted by a young gentleman from a neighboring place, and accompanied by a groom, crossed the country on horseback, and arrived at the door of the inn, one fine evening in June. It had been purposely arranged that they should enter the house at night, and the gentleman, after assisting the ladies to dismount, and invoking the manes of the old horse in a ridiculous speech, unlocked the door. Laughing gaily, they passed through the empty bar-room into the parlors, when, in the very midst of their mirth, a strange sound, between a heavy groan and a sigh, was heard from a flight of stairs above. Re-assured by the manner of their beau, who suspected some trick, they, however, advanced to the foot of the stairs, which led by an outside gallery to the ball-room, in the rear of the house. Here

the same sound was repeated more distinctly than before, followed by a dull, hollow noise, like the stamp of a steed on a floor. The cousin at once took to flight. The younger lady, who was possessed of more firmness, stood courageously by her admirer, who, throwing his handsome figure into a stage-attitude, loudly exclaimed, in the words of Hamlet, extending his hands above, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

This provoked a smile from the fair girl, in spite of her fears, and being joined again by her cousin, who had summoned the groom, the whole four advanced up the stairs, and, passing on to the gallery, listened intently. All was still as death, and after another adjuration to the ghost to remain quiet, the young cavalier and the groom entered the ball-room. At first no object could be discerned in the wide and dim apartment, and the ladies were encouraged to cross the dusty threshold, while the beau, addressing the ghost, with mock gravity, politely requested the honor of his hoof for a short gallopade. Hardly had the words left his mouth before a faint whinny resounded from a remote corner of the lonesome room—a clattering sound smote their ears, and the dim outline of the figure of a horse was seen slowly advancing towards them, as if responding to the cavalier's call. Shrieking loudly, the ladies turned instantly and fled, in good earnest; the cousin, in her fright, closing the door behind her, leaving the beau and the Irish groom to face the ghost. The first, after vainly attempting to open the door, rushed to a window, which was, luckily fastened down, while the Irish boy, seeing no avenue of escape, dropped on his knees, and howled worse than a witch's cat.

"Och, murther on murther!" he frantically exclaimed, as the ghost approached, "plaze, stay where yez are—if yez has anything on your mind—oh, Father O'Lafferty! Nine wax candles—ten quarts of fresh oats—whoa-a-ah!" he shouted in sheer desperation, and strange to say, the ghost, obedient to the command in the flesh, at last stood still. The beau, who possessed a quick sense of the ludicrous, now felt his risible faculties touched in spite of his terror. Just at that moment, the beams of the rising moon shining through the window, fell full on the staring ribs and hollow eyes of the gaunt, old gray, and upon the empty bath-tub, and the litter upon the floor, the young gentleman, at once jumped down from the window-sill, and taking the innkeeper's horse gingerly by the nose, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Och, Masher Patars—blessed Saint Pathrick and swate Fourth of July! It's gone crazy wid fright he is!"—and dashing open the door, Mike rushed out of the room, as if Satan himself were at his heels. By a sort of instinct, however, he caught at the bridle of his steed, and tumbling into the saddle, spurred over the country in a straight line for home, desperately taking all the fences in his route, as if he had been leading a Galway hunt.

As soon as the gentleman had recovered himself, he went at once to look for his female friends, whom he found secreted in a woods close by, in a terrible state of trepidation. As, however, they did not faint in the first place, they were too well

bred to give their beau any further trouble, when they discovered the truth. In fact the innkeeper, to revenge himself upon the landlord, by the help of his friend, had forced the old horse up the stairs and across the gallery into the ball room, where he had left him amply supplied with forage and water. Both had been exhausted for some days, as three weeks had elapsed since the house had been opened, and the poor animal was starving to death, when he was thus strangely discovered.

I pass over the astonishment of the party, and the consternation of the owner's family when the groom arrived with his story. Suffice to say, that with great trouble the horse was released from his durance, and humanely provided for until his death, by the gentleman on whom this singular piece of spite had been played.

THE BATHS OF DAMASCUS.

Here was a blue mist, through which all that we could discern were shaven heads, naked and dusky figures looming through the warm, soapy atmosphere, with a grim and horrible effect. There was a hot, heavy, oppressive smell, that quite disheartened one of us at least as to the prospect. I instinctively held my breath, for fear of inhaling some plague, leprosy, or other loathsome disease peculiar to Oriental cities. While thinking seriously of darting out, paying the *backshish*, and considering the thing done, a gaunt figure emerged from the fog, and seized me with the grasp of a vice. He was the most frightful-looking monster I ever beheld—a perfect living mummy; dark, lean, and shrivelled, with sharp-pointed, yellow teeth, and only one eye, the other having been dug out with some rough instrument; but that single eye was enough: it actually seemed to glare with triumph at the idea of a Christian subject. Another naked wretch seized hold of my friend the English captain, and we were both dragged rapidly into an adjoining apartment.

I sincerely hope that the impression made upon my mind on entering this den of Satanic visions will never be effaced by any future experience. It was quite sufficient to give me a general idea of the state of things to which a man may be reduced by an evil course of life. In truth, it was worthy to be ranked with Martin's illustrations of Milton. At one end was a seething caldron of hot water, in the shape of a dark marble vase, from which arose hot clouds of steam; the marble floor was wet and soapy, and of a smarting heat: the walls were reeking with a warm sweat; high overhead was a concave ceiling, pierced with round holes, in which were colored glasses, and through this the light poured down in streaks of every hue; a mist of hot vapor hung in the atmosphere, lit up by flashes of colored light, and gave the moving figures an appearance of wretches roasting in flames of fire and brimstone; and all around, in every direction, were bare bodies, and limbs, and shaven heads glistening through the obscurity, and great, naked monsters torturing them with dippers full of scalding water or blinding lather from huge basins of suds, some scraping with razors a bald

crown, some scalding down a leg or an arm, or rubbing off the skin from the backbone of a prostrate victim: others stretching out limbs and trying to disjoin them, or scrubbing them down with hard brushes—all working with a fiendish zest, increased to a malicious grin of triumph when a groan or involuntary yell of agony could be elicited.

We were seized again by the naked monsters before mentioned, and dragged into a room still further on, and of much smaller dimensions. There were only two or three victims in this branch of the establishment. It seemed to be the finishing-up place, where people who chose to go through the whole operation were subjected to the final and most exquisite ordeals; but we, as a matter of favor, were permitted to suit ourselves by having the whole thing concentrated. It was of such a fiery temperature that for a few minutes it was a sufficient labor to struggle against suffocation. Soon the big drops of sweat rolled down from my forehead; I was covered with a flow of steam and sweat that quite blinded me. The captain vanished in a white mist, leaving a parting impression on my mind of a man gasping for life in a sea of soap-suds. I saw no more of him for a quarter of an hour. Meantime I was jerked out of my winding-sheet by the one-eyed monster, and thrust down into a sitting posture, close by the vase of hot water. "Hold, for God's sake! What—" It was too late. A perfect deluge of foaming lather came pouring down over my head and face, running into my eyes, ears, and nostrils, and stopping up my mouth beyond all hope of speech. I have an indistinct recollection of a confusion of agonies through which I went for the next five minutes, but cannot depict them with anything like the force of reality.

From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I was enveloped in a bank of hot lather, which the horrid wretch who had me down was rubbing into my flesh with a small rake, or some other instrument of torture. At last, he reached my eyes, and here he rubbed so effectually that the pain was too exquisite to be borne. "Water, water!" I roared, in the very extremity of agony, "water, you villain! quick, or I'm blind for life!" "Mooe!" suggested the captain from his bank of suds on the other side, "call for mooe, that's the Arabic; he'll understand it better than English!" "Mooe!" I screamed in the madness of anguish; "Mooe! you rascal!" There was a guttural sound of assent from outside the coating of lather; it was impossible to see an inch; but I heard a dabbling as if in water, and thought I detected something like a fiendish inward laugh. Next moment my brain seemed to be scorched with a hissing flame of fire, and my body felt as if a thousand devils were tearing strips of skin off it with red hot pincers. For a while I was entirely incapable of utterance. I could only writhe madly under the grasp of the live mummy, who held me down with one hand, while he continued to pour the scalding flood over me with the other, till a momentary cessation of the torture enabled me to call for aid. "Captain! oh heavens, captain! he's boiling me in earnest!" "Cold water!" said the captain, in

Arabic; "put some cold water on him!" There was a pause now, while the man went in search of cold water, during which I sat simmering in a puddle of suds, afraid to stir lest my entire suit of skin should drop off. In a few minutes he returned, and, holding the bucket over my head, he poured down a stream of fresh water that sent a shock into my very core. It was a relief, however, as it eventually enabled me to open my eyes. When I did open them, the first object in view was that diabolical wretch, grinning horribly, and squinting with a malicious satisfaction at the results of his labors. I was red all over, a perfect boiled lobster in external appearance. "*Tahib?*" said he, signifying, Good, isn't it? "*Tahib, hey?*" And then he took from a large bowl of suds a familiar-looking instrument, a brush, which he fastened on his hand, and, seizing hold of me by the arm, commenced rubbing with all his might. To be carded down in this manner with a hard brush, the wooden part of which now and then touched up some acute angle, was not productive of agreeable sensations, but it was a vast improvement on the hot-water process. Such exquisite delight did the villainous old mummy take in it, that he strained every muscle with zeal, and snorted like a racer, his fiery eye glaring on me with a fiendish expression, and his long pointed teeth, glistening through the steam, as if nothing would have afforded him half so much satisfaction as to bite me.

Stretching me on my back, he scrubbed away from head to foot, raking over the collar bones, ribs, and shin bones, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm. This done, he reversed the position, and raked his way back, lingering with great relish on every spinal elevation, till he reached the back of my head, which event he signalized by bringing the end of the brush in sudden contact with it. He then pulled me up into a sitting posture again; for by this time I was quite loose, and felt resigned to anything, and, drawing the brush skilfully over the beaten track, gathered up several rolls of fine skin, each of which he exhibited to me, with a grin of triumph, as a token of uncommon skill. "*Tahib, Howadji? Tahib?*" Good; isn't your excellency cleverly done, eh?

Having arrived at this stage of the proceedings, the indefatigable monster again covered me up in a sea of lather, and while I was writhing in renewed agonies from streams of soap that kept running into my eyes, in spite of every effort to shut them off, he dashed a large dipper full of hot water over me, following it by others in rapid succession, till, unable to endure the dreadful torturing, I sprang to my feet, seized the dipper, and shouted "*backshish!*" at the top of my voice. The word acted like magic. I never have known it to be applied in vain throughout the East. It opens sacred places, corrupts sacred characters, gives inspiration to the lazy, and new life to the desponding; in short, it accomplishes wonders, no matter how miraculous. From that moment I was a happy man: rubbed down with a lamb-like gentleness, smoothed over softly with warm sheets, dried up from head to foot; turbaned like a pasha, slipped

into my clogs, and supported through the various chambers into the grand saloon.

An attendant now handed us chiboucks and coffee, which, together with the delightful sense of cleanliness and relief from all further suffering, produced a glow that was quite ecstatic. Covered up to our necks in warm sheets, we lay back, supported by pillows, sipped our coffee and smoked our chiboucks with a relish to which all the past pleasures of life seemed absolutely flat. A thorough feeling of forgiveness, a quiet sense of happiness, and an utter indifference to the world and all its cares, pervaded the entire inner man, while the outer was wrapt in that state of physical beatitude which the Koran promises to the devout followers of the Prophet in the seventh heaven.—*A Crusade in the East, by J. Ross Browne.*

OUR LITTLE ONE.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

How beautiful he was, with his soft, velvety cheeks, his cherub mouth, the little, pink, rounded limbs, so delicately tender, looking like "cotton wool!" We had been so lonely in our big house, Paul and I. The rooms, so quiet, were uncanny; they chilled us. How often we talked together of the dear child we should like to have, planning and arranging nursery details, till Paul almost fancied he heard the clear, ringing tones of a child's voice approaching his side. "How pleasant a toddling little one would make those dull, old rooms! Should we not love him, Elsie?" and my old man would smile and look round, trying to think it possible.

It happened one night in midwinter, when the wind was blowing quite a hurricane. While the big hail-stones beat against our windows, Hannah, the housemaid, entered to tell us a basket had been placed on our door-stone, containing a young infant! What was to be done with it? Scarcely listening to all she said, I ran hastily down stairs, followed by Paul; and, opening the street door, from the storm and darkness, brought in to the warm fireside the rude cradle. Within lay a tiny babe, sleeping sweetly as though the howling winds and beating rain were his mother's lullaby. Soon the eyes opened, staring in apparent astonishment from me to Paul. Then, as if satisfied by the scrutiny, the babe crowed delightedly. I lifted him so carefully, fearing to injure the delicate limbs of the fairy little one, stripping off the wet garments, and at length hushing him to rest.

Paul and I could not sleep all night. There we lay awake through the weird hours, talking of our treasure, wondering whence it came, the only thing we ever craved to render our existence complete—our little Wilhelm, thus he should be called.

The child grew apace; soon he could walk from Paul to me, as I knelt on the floor with outstretched arms to receive him: a few steps forward, looking all the while cunningly into my face, and when I fancied I had but to close my arms on him, the little one would turn again, and bound with a scream of delight into Paul's bosom. Ah! how dear he soon became; every

desire in life centered in our pet. Paul could never go to bed until he had taken a last look, nor I either; there we would stand listening to his gentle breathing, fearing to speak, lest we should rouse him—yet that our tenderness might have vent, lovingly kiss each other, as hand in hand we retired; for age, that had wrinkled our brows and bowed our forms, had not stricken our hearts—they were as fresh, as full of spring, as when, in the bloom of twenty summers, we plighted our troth.

Wilhelm was now as near as we could judge three years old, although much smaller than children of that age usually are. His limbs were formed in the most delicate mould: every movement was full of infantile grace; an indefinable charm clung round all he did; he was the life of our household. As in play he would dance from behind the heavy damask curtains, the long golden ringlets, streaming like sunbeams over him, the deep, blue eyes, radiant with happiness, glancing so merrily towards us, my old man rapturously exclaimed—

"See, Elsie, 'tis an angel sporting."

Alas! our bliss was short lived. One bright summer morning, when the dew sparkled on the long grass like diamond drops, and the air, stealing in at the open window, was heavy with perfume of rose and jessamine, our little Wilhelm's lips became cold under the impress of the death angel; his spirit, like all lovely things, passed from earth. Then we fully realized how dear he was, our dove-eyed darling. In bitter grief and desolation, we learned, for sorrow is a severe but wise teacher, why God had lent the precious gift. In prosperity we thought not of Him. All our cares were for this world and its fleeting shows. In loving kindness He had sent an angel to win us home. And as we placed in the dark grave the beautiful yet perishable clay that once enshrined our darling, we felt the tiny clasp of little Wilhelm's hand raising upward our souls to Heaven.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

AN OUTSIDE GLANCE AT THE BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF AUGSBURG.

We arrived at Augsburg in bitter cold weather at one o'clock in the morning, and went to bed in an ill humor and shivering. After a few hours of repose, day dawned upon us bright and bracingly, and though the cold was still extreme, it did not prevent us from enjoying the view of a city, which, in one respect, is unique in its aspect. I allude to the number of pictures on the outside of the tall old houses. They are frescoes—evidently very ancient—though still in an excellent state of preservation. They are to be seen in some parts on almost every building. To come quite unexpectedly upon such a spectacle, in the fresh morning hour, when the eye is most sensitive to new impressions, and the mind is yet unjaded by the fatigues of the day, constitutes one of those exquisite pleasures of travel, to which the pen can never afterwards do justice.

It seemed as though the spirit of an earlier time, an age more child-like, more quaint, and, at the same time more simple than our own, had left a colored impression of itself and of its manner of thinking, not only on its painted windows, on the in and outside of its ancient Gothic Minsters, on the pages of its illuminated manuscripts, but upon the very walls and door-posts of its ordinary dwellings. It was like wandering about the streets of a city of dreams. The very living men and women around assumed the same visionary character; the carriages rolled by as if they were rolling on air; rosy-cheeked maidens seemed not to walk but to float. The traveler saunters from house to house, gazing and guessing and decyphering, until he is completely lost amid a multitude of queer shapes, and delightfully bewildered in a maze of complicated allegories. The pictures, though grotesque, are stimulative and suggestive. Like reading Spencer's Fairy Queen, or the Scandinavian Edda, whilst viewing them, the mind becomes entangled on a labyrinth of curious enigmas.

In a little narrow street, we had our attention attracted by a house, in other respects inconspicuous, which had painted upon it a multifarious mass of images, some puzzling, some fantastic, and a few easy to be comprehended. A gray-beard time hacking away at a mutilated torso—a winged Cupid marking out the outlines of Psyche's shadow cast upon the wall, with the inscription under it "facile est inventis addere"—a multitude of instruments, compasses, globes, alembics, quadrants, &c., &c.—these, though confusedly arranged, were not at all bewildering. But what struck me as enigmatical at the time, and which still puzzles me when I call it to mind, was the following:—a large hog's head lying upon its side, with the open end towards the spectator—an old man crouched inside, with a dim lantern in his hand—a cunning-looking cat perched on the top, and peeping down through the bung-hole. Verily, I am persuaded a man would have to dig very deep in the underground labyrinth of hidden meanings, before he could turn up the rusty old key that can open this "magnum mysterium" as the mystical shoemaker Jacob Boehme would call it. If it contain not some sly covert satire or other, I know not what to make of it. May we not have here an image of poor human nature, which, after draining life's intoxicating pleasures to the very bottom, turns over the empty vessel in its old age—creeps in—peeps about with its ever-dimmer burning light—searches for more dregs and evermore, whilst the devil, in the form of a big black tom-cat, peeps through the opening above, and, doubling his back, grins maliciously?

Such quaint old relics of the Middle Ages are more frequently met with in Germany than in any other country. In the neighborhood of Dresden I once visited a grave-yard in which was represented a "Death-dance." A skeleton is seen playing upon a drum with a pair of thigh bones—another skeleton is blowing a trumpet also composed of marrowless bone. The inscription beneath is partly effaced—I took down two verses of which I will give the reader one, with a translation.

"Und ihr must auch mit dram, kein weib aus allen standen,
Wird mir in diesen Tantz, entwichen aus den Handen,
Der junge dlan muss fort, dass kind, der alte greis,
Weil man von Unterschied in diesen ort nichts wels."

We all must come along, ye ladies of all lands,
For this last dance of Death come give to me your hands;

The youth must come with me, the child, the hoary head,—

In this last Dance of all, no difference is made.

Before bringing this article to a close, I will mention one more instance of queer old fashioned house-painting. Who but one of the quaint burghers of the olden time—one of those pot-bellied, square-shouldered figures of which you may still see the effigy in stone in some crumbling Gothic church—sometimes recumbent beside the effigy of his wife, both clasping their hands on their bosoms, *he* having at his feet a shaggy stone lion, *she* a faithful dog—who but such an one would have had painted upon the front of his house, in the most populous parts of his native city, the picture of a long-legged bird, larger than life, and would have placed under it such an inscription as the following?

"Ein straus anderthalb gahr alt
In Grosse und Form gleich dieser Gestalt,
Von Tunis aus Barbarian land
Weir in Anno 1577 bekannt."

This I copied on the spot from an old house in Frankfort-on-the-Main. I wish, for the reader's amusement, I had also taken a drawing, as it might now form an excellent subject for a woodcut. It may be translated thus:

An ostrich of this form and size
Aged one year and a half precise,
From Tunis out of Barbary land,
In 1577 here did stand.

Thus across the dead centuries do we catch dim glimpses of what happened long before our great-grandfathers were in being, and as we gaze, we often wonder if *we* shall leave behind us any memorials, over which a distant posterity shall feel disposed either to smile or drop a pitying tear.

VARIETIES.

When is a ship in love? When it is attached to the *buoys*.

A spirit rapper says that Dr. Franklin has opened a circus, Voltaire acting as ticket-seller.

Mr. Pomeroy calls the Yankee "a well-developed interrogation point."

An illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off?

A Dutchman related a misfortune which befel his son in the following manner:—"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and vash sick into his ped speechless for six weeks in te munt of August—and all his cry was 'Vater! vater!' and he couldn't eat noting except a leetle tea."

A gentleman who had just recovered from a severe sickness, remarked that he felt very weak. "No matter how weak you are," said the Major, if you're *fortnight* enough to get well."

Some lone bachelor editor, away out in Missouri, is guilty of the following:—Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent? Because it is a *secreter* [sea creeter] of great sighs [size.] Dreadful, wasn't it?

A sentimental chap in Rhode Island intends to petition Congress, at its next session, for an appropriation to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

Strutt tell us that, toward the close of the fifteenth century, a crowd of the male sex appeared at a little distance like a forest of pine trees, waving with the summer breeze, from the towering plumes of different colors worn in their caps, either standing upright from the head, or falling negligently on one side.

In a picture of Elizabeth, we find this royal lady's head-dress (a strange pile of false hair, pearls and jewelry) surmounted by an immense feather, innocent of the flexibility given to it by the present mode of preparation, or of the curl so justly admired; it looks rather like a branch of broom, the badge of the Plantagenets, than a crest for the gracing of a Tudor.

The Saxons held the tie which bound together the lord and the vassal to be an engagement of so solemn a nature, that the breach of it was considered a crime of the most disgraceful and unpardonable atrocity. By Alfred it was declared inexpiable; and the laws pronounced against the offender the sentence of forfeiture and death.

A musical box is for sale, at Vienna, for which Hadyn expressly composed twelve tunes. At one period, painters painted harpsichord-cases and fans, and designed masquerade tickets. The sculptors condescended to trifle with plate and jewelry. Mozart's excellent piano-forte duett in F minor was written for a piece of machinery attached to a clock.

Man is a social being, and so desirous of fellowship, that he pines and grows sick of life when destitute of companions to share his joys. Cicero carried his social desire so far as to say, "A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in Heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys."

An old preacher once took for his text—"Adam, where art thou?" and divided his subject into three parts: 1st. All men are somewhere. 2d. Some men are where they ought not to be. 3d. Unless they take care, they will find themselves where they would rather not be.

A RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—A young gentleman feeling restless in church, leaned forward and addressed an old gentleman thus:—"Pray, sir, can you tell me a rule without an exception?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "a gentleman always behaves well in church."

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Leisure for study, thought and social enjoyment, are to be counted as part of one's income.

A forward and talkative young man is not likely ever to become a great man.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

Most people complain bitterly of the troubles of life, yet often greatly increase life's real troubles by the anticipations of imaginary ones.

There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home.

Ever since there has been so great a command for type, there has been much less lead to spare for balls.

The severest punishment of any injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering pains of repentance.

So vital a necessity to all living men is truth, that the vilest traitor feels amazed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken when treason recoils on himself.

For everything you buy or sell, let or hire, make an exact bargain at first, and not be put off to an hereafter by one that says to you—"We shall not disagree about trifles."

The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend is the moment you receive them; then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate.

Who has not seen a child turn from the embodiment of all that could please the eye, to sit, a charmed listener, on the lap of one whose only attraction was a gentle voice speaking words warm with the love of a pure heart?

Cleobulus being asked, why he sought not to be advanced to honor and preferment, made this reply: "O friend, as long as I study and practice humility, I know where I am; but, when I shall hunt after dignities and promotion, I am afraid I shall lose myself."

One's age should be tranquil as one's childhood should be playful. Hard work at either extremity of human existence seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at mid-day the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor and nobility cannot obliterate.

The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship: but money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives.

Danger should be feared when distant, and braved when present.

A man's dress has a wonderful influence on his character. Dress like a rowdy, and in less than a month you will commence acting like one.

It was a maxim of General Jackson's:—"Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking."

Truth is a rock of strength sufficient to bear the universe; error, a mire in which bodies sink in proportion to their gravity.

Is it not better that your friend tell you faults privately, than that your enemy talk of them publicly?

It is in disputes as in armies; where the weaker side sets up false lights, and make a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not put up with the hangings and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candleabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the building.

It is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle than to sing a psalm at a bad man's death-bed; better to have a care while the bud is bursting to the sun than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded bosom.

We never are satisfied with our opinions, whatever we may pretend, till they are gratified and confirmed by the suffrages of the rest of mankind. We dispute and wrangle for ever; we endeavor to get men to come to us when we do not come to them.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing brighter than virtue—nothing warmer than love—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happiness.

USE THE MINUTES.—It is asked, says Channing, how can the laboring man find time for self-culture? I answer that an earnest purpose finds time, or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed that those who have the most time at their disposal, profit by it the least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

Although it was supposed that the discovery of gold in Australia would divert emigration to that country, and that the number of those seeking a new home in America would be materially lessened, later advices appear to indicate a more extensive exodus than ever. The numerous "strikes," for higher wages, which have lately taken place in several of our principal cities, have attracted particular attention abroad, where the people are greatly astonished at the prices paid by us for daily labor. This had never been made so plain to them before, and now, eager to share in what appears to be such excellent remuneration for services rendered, they are preparing to cross the Atlantic in thousands, and, unconscious that the cost of living is every way proportionate to the price of labor, already imagine themselves within grasp of a pretty little fortune. This influx of new laborers will probably be productive of several results. It will, by equalizing the supply of labor to the demand, prevent any future increase of wages for a considerable time, and may, perhaps, depress the laborer's stipend below the standard against which he has just successfully rebelled. It will compel employers, upon whom the new rates press heavily, to substitute the services of women for those of men, wherever this can be accomplished; and it will give a better chance of employment to the foreign laborer who remains in his own country, whose means of obtaining work will be increased by the reduced number of those remaining unemployed.

BETTER WORK FOR WOMEN.

One good effect of the recent strikes, will be to widen the circle of remunerative employments for women. In breaking up old usages, no one can tell into what new forms the released elements will arrange themselves. This is not always taken into consideration by those who venture to disrupt the order which does not wholly meet their approval. For many years, there has been an effort to introduce women into printing offices, the light labor of type-setting on book-work being particularly suited to them. To some extent this has been done in Boston, and, perhaps, in New York; but it has met the resolute and ungallant opposition of journeymen printers, whose stringent combination rules have been felt by employers as particularly oppressive.

Now, however, new or threatened strikes, and dictation to employers, particularly in New York, have turned the attention of many having printing offices to the practicability of employing women to set types, and already their free introduction to the composing-room has commenced. In the very beginning, two dollars a week can be earned; and, in a few weeks, sufficient skill can be acquired to earn four dollars. A year or so of practice, will enable a woman to earn from six to eight dollars a week. Only in book-offices can woman's work be made available. In newspaper

offices, the labor is too hurried and prolonged, occupying the compositor usually half the night.

The waiters' strike in New York is also about resulting in benefit to the working-girls of that city, as the proprietors of many hotels there have determined to employ women in their place. The work is light, and more suited to them than to men; and the change, when fairly made, will be felt as a most agreeable one by boarders, particularly in all that pertains to the dining-room arrangements.

Strikes, in other branches of industry, where woman's cheaper labor can be made available, will produce similar results. Indeed, the very fact of combinations among workmen to coerce employers, will lead the latter to anticipate the means of self-protection by introducing women into their establishments, if their work can be performed as well by women as by men.

The high prices of provisions plainly indicate a deficiency of labor and skill in agriculture. Let able-bodied men, who have no family ties, and who are dissatisfied with city rates of compensation, go the country and add to the general prosperity by tilling the soil. In so doing, they will become more independent themselves, and make it better for those who cannot get away from the crowded centres of trade and manufactures. While there is a surplus of labor, low prices will prevail. It is because so few avenues to industry are open to women, that their rates of compensation are so low. Even at the "starvation prices" accepted by them, work is not always to be obtained. Their industrial position can only be improved by widening its sphere; and the time is at hand when hardy manhood must give way to the needs of woman.

ADVISE TO AN OFFICE SEEKER.

On a certain occasion, some years since, so it is related, a young man made application to Secretary Corwin for a clerkship. He was refused, but applied again and again, when the Secretary gave him this piece of sound advice:—"My young friend," said he, "go to the North-west; buy 160 acres of government land—or if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an axe and a maul; put up a log cabin for your habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman; your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence upon any body. Do that, and you will become honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence; your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and more independent position. I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out again to-morrow; and there's another man over there at the White House, who can kick me out, and the people by-and-by can kick him out; and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom; and your cabin is your castle—you are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse,

and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you."

There is a great deal of earnestly spoken truth here. For our own part, we know of no office under government that we would, in our present mind, accept. We would rather be free from official domination, and uncertainty as to place. Independent productive industry, alone, gives to a man conscious independence, and, without this feeling, life to most men is a burden.

One of the worst features connected with office in this country is the fact, that, while the term is, in nearly all cases, brief, the dead routine of duties robs a man of his ability to go back to his old pursuits, even if the opportunity remain. The dishonest official, knowing this, hesitates not at corrupt practices, in order to lay by something for the time, when, in the natural order of events, he is removed that his place may be given to another; but the honest man generally goes out of office as poor as he came in, and with less ability to make his way in the world than before. We say nothing of that sense of humiliation which every official expectant—if he be a true man—must feel, while he waits for a competent office-holder to be turned out, in order that he may get his emoluments. The whole thing has, to us, a very unpleasant aspect.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

Mr. Putnam, of New York, has addressed a long letter on the subject of International Copyright, through the columns of Norton's Literary Gazette, to Mr. Hart, publisher of our city, from which we make an extract or two. American authors will thank Mr. Putnam for arguing their case so forcibly. Mr. Putnam says:—

"Has an author a moral and equitable right to *claim* property in his works reprinted in another country? Now I am not prepared for one to say *yes* or *no* to this—I am not a logician or a jurist—and much wiser men than myself have differed on this point. But this I do say; that there is a sort of innate sense of propriety, an internal satisfaction in the idea of permitting an author to control his works everywhere, and reaping from them a fair proportion of all gains they produce. Were the '*right*' both legal and moral—shall we not pay the author as a matter of courtesy, as a suitable acknowledgment of benefit received? Publishers, after all, only stand in the capacity of mediators between the author and his readers; and if the readers are ready to pay the author, why should the publisher object? Now what proportion, think you, of the ten thousand American purchasers of a popular English book, sold at a dollar for instance—what proportion of those who have derived instruction or amusement from such a work, would not, if asked, cheerfully and promptly add a shilling to the price of the book as his (the reader's) payment to the author? Talk of its being a burdensome tax on a reading community? The reading community would scorn such an absurdity. Supposing Macaulay, or a poorer author, should say personally to an American reader of his book, 'Will you not give me one shilling as my share of the benefit you have received from me?' Show me the man—the *thing* that would say 'No, I will not. I have got your book and

read it, and you have no legal right to demand a penny. Therefore I will pay nothing.' No, they would not say this *singly*, why should they in the aggregate? Ten thousand readers paying each *ten cents*—say for an ordinary duodecimo—will give the author \$1,000. Now would this be a burdensome tax? I do not believe that one in one hundred of intelligent American readers, if asked to decide whether they would add one-tenth to their book expenses, for the sake of the authors, would hesitate one moment. Who would not read his books with ten times the satisfaction, after knowing that the author was paid, and was in comfortable circumstances, ready to produce another and a better work? Observe: the *individual 'tax'* (if it be a tax,) of *ten cents*, might produce an *aggregate* for the author of \$1,000—perhaps a great deal more.

"I think you will admit, that in this country, with copyright or without it, the *interests* of publishers will prompt them to make books cheap—suited in price to the character of the market. It is more *profitable* to publish books at moderate prices, within the means of the largest number of readers, than it is to make them expensive. More than this—the publisher can afford to pay the author, whether American or foreign, a reasonable per centage for the protection afforded, and still sell the books without *any* increase of price. Even now, we publish *numerous original works*, for which we pay the author, and yet sell at the same price as others of the same size which pay no copyright. Is it not so? I repeat, that in publishing a book at our present average prices, I would rather pay ten per cent. to the author for copyright, than to have it without copyright, still selling it at the same price."

The last paragraph expresses the exact truth, and answers briefly, but conclusively, the plea that an international copyright will increase the price of books. It will do no such thing; for publishers know all about the advantage of large sales and small profits.

VELVET RELIGION.

Under this rather quaint title, the Cleveland Plaindealer makes some particularly plain remarks on one of the accompaniments of fashionable church-going. The perusal thereof will, at least, do those for whom they are intended no particular harm, and we give them a place in our columns, for the perusal of all whom it may happen to concern:—

"Every time the golden gates of a new week open, and usher in a fresh-born Sunday, many a man who has his thousands, and his coach and two, repairs to the *fashionable* church. Entering the sanctuary with an air of reverence, he treads the soft carpet of the aisle of his pew, seats himself upon the velvet cushion, opens the gilt-edged, morocco-bound hymn book, and goes through the entire service, to the inward satisfaction of himself, and the admiration of all. How majestically he walks out as soon as the last prayer has been uttered! As the voluminous notes of the organ swell upon his ear, his heart beats with a throb of pride, and he mentally ejaculates, 'what a good man am I!'"

All this while, (it is a bitter cold day in win-

ter, remember,) the driver of his coach and two has been busily employed at the church door in self-flagellation, and numerous ill-natured stamps on the carriage floor, in order to keep up the circulation of his blood. There he must wait and wait, thinking the sermon is very long, and wishing he might enter the precincts of the temple, if only to warm his feet.

He cannot help thinking—for that red-nosed, half-frozen inanimate *has* a mind—that his master has precious little religion, and less kindness. Soon he is inclined to believe that he has none of either. Finally by a logical deduction, he arrives at the conclusion that he has something worse than either—he has hypocrisy, pride, cruelty and heartlessness—and the driver stamps his feet unusually hard, perhaps as much to give vent to his indignation, as to drive the frost out of his boots. Without endorsing the sweeping denunciation, we must say we agree with him, that it does not look exactly Christian; and it is a sight we behold every Sunday. Perhaps it is a necessary evil, and perhaps not. Perhaps the driver wants to worship God himself, and perhaps not. Perhaps he loves to be frost-bitten, and perhaps not. At all events, it looks very singular—those twenty or thirty carriages in a row before the church every Sunday. It speaks to us of velvet religion."

WOMEN IN PRINTING OFFICES.

We find in the Boston Olive Branch the following statement of facts in reference to the employment of women in type-setting. It is important, as showing the practical working of the system, which is tested in this case by sixteen years' experience. Other weekly papers in Boston, we learn, also have their composition done by women. The paper above referred to says:—

"We have for sixteen years employed at least half females, not on the account of price only, or principally, but because they were more to be depended upon than many journeymen. We always employ a first-rate foreman, who is a good proof-reader. Him we hire on a salary; also men to do heavy work, and the others have been females. They have never failed to do their work in season and well. Not a single one has ever left us willingly, except on marriage, and no less than five have been well-married from our office, most of whom, in case of sickness of hands or other contingency, were ready occasionally to lend a few days or hours help, if needed afterwards, though the necessities of none compelled it.

Our rooms are well carpeted, and the girls do not come in till 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, retiring in good season, seldom making over seven or eight hours a day. Smart compositors can in that time earn from \$6 to \$8 a week. We have also one female clerk out of the three we employ. Added to this, one desk has been occupied by a female editor as our assistant, at a salary of \$900. She had spent seven hours a day in the office, for five days in the week, and we have offered her nearly \$1100 to engage herself two years more for the same services; but her health is so feeble, that she will probably have to decline the onerous task of reading and correcting manuscripts and

examining exchanges, and will be able only to write editorials.

As we observed, our room is carpeted, and we generally have in it an organ and a piano-forte, and have music at the meal hours, when the ladies feel like playing. Our salaried men work from eight to ten hours for a day's work, and this has been our rule for a great many years, not alone to favor the men, but because we find it profitable. The man is worth more, year in and year out, than he would be at a greater number of hours. But for the time a man sells us his time, we hold him to work, and allow him neither to make nor receive visits beyond mere calls. Our room is on a second floor, some 36 feet square, with high ceiling, and some dozen large windows, curtained, and is as quiet as a gentleman's parlor, except occasional business and friendly conversation at our desk, and the necessary business with the clerks and customers at the counter, and between editors and printers.

If women must do business out of their own houses, we know not a pleasanter situation than such an office as ours. We are sure that ladies can be honorably and profitably employed in well regulated printing-offices, both to themselves and publishers, and trust this field of labor will be largely occupied by them. We speak only of weekly papers, where there is neither night or other irregular work, but we think the proprietors of daily papers could so arrange their offices, as profitably and pleasantly to all parties to employ females during the day, if not in the evening."

The piano and organ are certainly vast improvements in printing office accessories. But why not let a cultivation of the taste go hand in hand with productive industry? We confess to liking the look of this. In a very short time we hope to see hundreds of printing offices fitted up in similar style to that of the Olive Branch.

MODERN BOYHOOD.

Are there any boys now a-days? We have sometimes been inclined to doubt it. Real, child-like, fun-loving boys, we mean; such as some we used to know in our early days; eager questioners upon subjects of natural history, and upon the mysterious complicities of strange machines, and upon the wonders of the earth and the heavens? Boys whose very immaturity of thought struck one as beautiful! It seems to us there are very few such of late years. In times that we can remember, children were children, and were true to their childish instincts. Their genial frolicsome ways softened slowly into soberness; they grew grave gradually. The shadows of manhood stole over their young faces so imperceptibly that the spiritual still seemed to predominate over the earthly. There is not half so much flying of kites, trundling of hoops and playing at marbles, as there used to be. Even "I spy," "prisoner's base," and "hide and seek," are fast falling into desuetude. Whistling, the child's earliest attempt at musical expression, we seldom hear now, either in city or in country. Instead of whooping, hallooing, and those shouts of merry laughter, which were wont to conjure

up delicious reveries in aged bosoms, we now have an unchildlike thoughtfulness, or, what is still worse, a chattering pertinacity. It is sorrowful to think that the accelerated progression of everything around us should have attached itself ever to little children. The distance from long to short clothes, from jacket and pantaloons to coat and vest, has been so narrowed down that, while you still have a distinct remembrance of the teething-coral with its silver bells, the child, for whose use they had been purchased, nudges your arm and quietly suggests the propriety of his wearing, in future, a long-skirted coat with a velvet collar.

There is an old Greek comedy extant, of which a free translation was made during the Elizabethan era, in which the natural order of things is reversed—the old men going to school with their satchels and books, while the boys, their sons, assume the duties strictly appertaining to manhood. Now, if we are not exactly in a similar condition of topsy-turvy, we are, at least, approximating to it. Our boys, in spite of their shrill treble—for nature is less disposed to hasten the evidences of maturity than republican fathers and mothers—are beginning to assert a sort of equality with grown persons, that is at all times annoying, and not unfrequently impertinent. Manners they have none; but of assurance a superabundance. And then, to see with what an air they will assume a part in a discussion, as if their mental superiority rendered their remarks entitled to peculiar deference. If you refrain from a courteous response, the little fellow takes it in high dudgeon, and considers himself insulted. It is very probable he will “cut you” the next time you meet in the street. But the boys of a lower grade in society are infinitely worse. They have all the appearance of immature men, and are fond of imitating, and even of exaggerating man's worst vices. They stand at the street-corners, or parade the public avenues, in gangs, with their hats cocked knowingly on one side, making bold and impudent remarks upon passers-by, and, not unfrequently, puffing whiffs of vile tobacco-smoke into their faces. Boys scarcely higher than the back of an ordinary chair make it their great ambition to chew and drink and swear to a degree, that their constitutions are perfectly shattered before they reach the age of maturity; while their swaggering and bravado, their bullying and fighting, is far more likely to lead them eventually to the house of refuge, than the house of prayer.

Any one who has lived long in a large city must have seen this “forcing process” going on, and many have, doubtless, wished to see the application of a remedy. That boys and girls of all social grades become immaturely mature is beyond all question; but we fear the evil lies in the nature of our institutions, and in the rush and whirl about us, quite as much as it does in the relaxed system of parental discipline. We regret this “progressive” tendency, especially in children; and, since it is impossible to check it, our duty is to guide it in the right direction as much as possible. If the old endearing graces of the infantile state are to lose some of their at-

tractiveness, if between boyhood and manhood is to be but one brief step, it becomes us to set a good example to those who mimic our ways so early, and to exhibit, in our own persons, an abhorrence of those evils which we wish our children to shun.

SPIRITUALITY.

We sometimes hear that class of persons who are seeking, through the aid of “mediums,” so called, to penetrate the mysteries of a higher life, denominated “spiritualists.” And these persons, so far as our observation goes, regard themselves as having higher spiritual affinities and yearnings than the majority of those around them. Just the contrary is the truth; for, as any one may see, they have no interior spiritual instincts; their minds being so immersed in what is *external and material*, that they will not believe until proof comes to the very *senses of the body*. Thus, they require rappings, writings, and movements of *material* substances. The true spiritualist rises inwardly, through purification from evil and sensual things, into the perception of spiritual truths as governing principles of his life; but the false spiritualist (rather materialist) descends to lower planes, by mere hearkening through the *bodily senses*, for those utterances which can only be made, discreetly, in a higher sphere. Can we wonder that, as a general thing, these “mediums” deny the inspiration of the Bible, and that in the erection of their Babel, by which to ascend to Heaven, a confusion of tongues has already seized upon them. They are blind leaders of the blind, and if they pause not, both must fall into the ditch. There is no way to Heaven but through a pure life, as all who seek to “climb up some other way” will sadly find to their cost.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With the May number closes the first volume of the HOME MAGAZINE. It includes *nine* numbers, and this, in order to let the volume end with the current half year. The future volumes will have each six numbers, and begin in July and January.

We are pleased to say that our magazine is succeeding quite up to our anticipations. Its reception by the public has been full of encouragement, and we see no reason to doubt our obtaining, in good time, a circulation that will bear no mean comparison with that of any other periodical in the country.

With the beginning of the second volume, the HOME MAGAZINE will be *liberally illustrated*, A fine *steel plate*, and many wood engravings, will be given in each number. The amount of reading matter—*eighty pages*—will remain as now; also the subscription price. Taken in clubs of four subscribers, at \$1.25 each, per annum, the HOME MAGAZINE will now be *the cheapest magazine in the world*.

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